

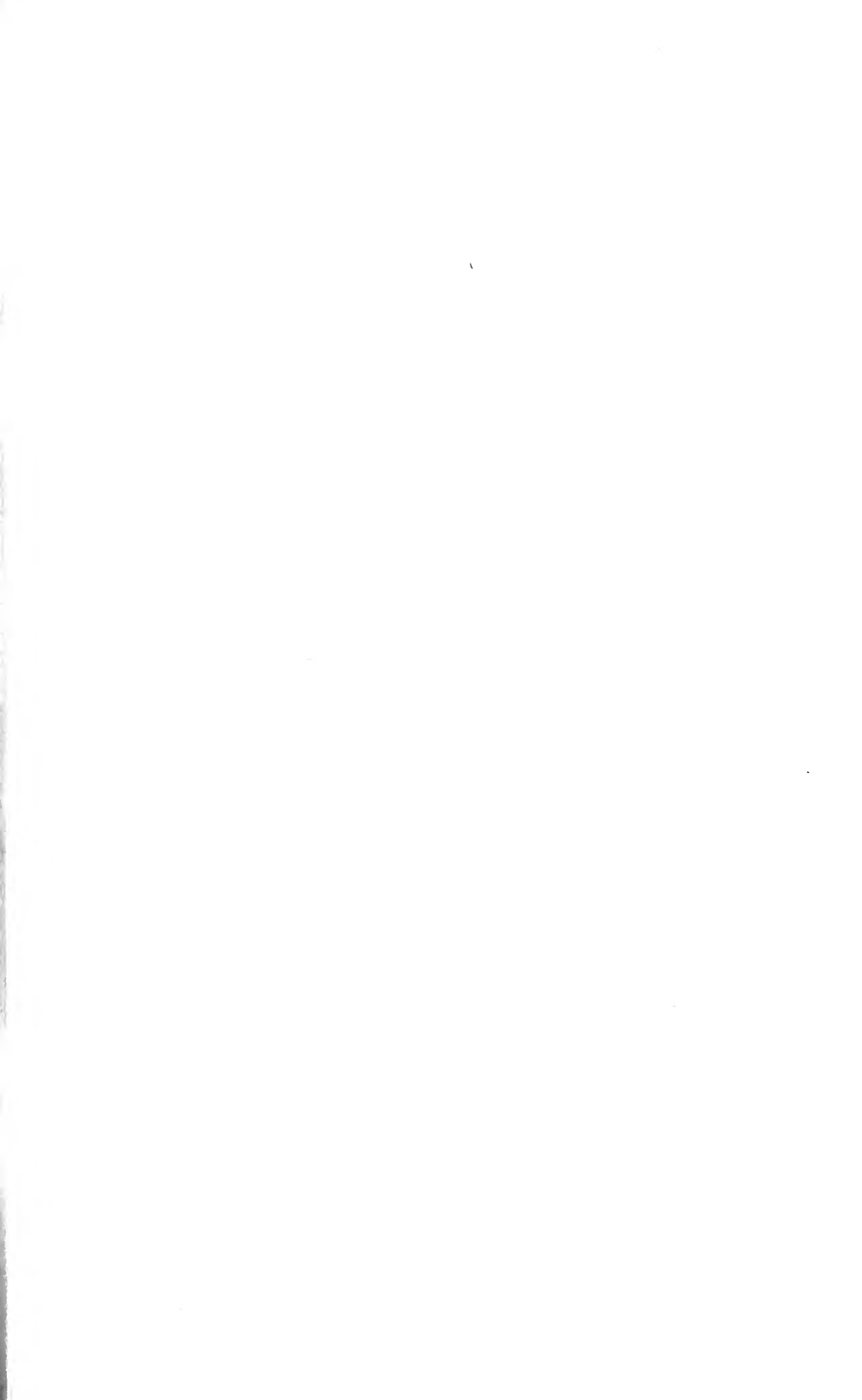
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# Overland Monthly

VOL. XXVIII.—SECOND SERIES

EDITED BY  
ROUNSEVELLE WILDMAN

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JULY-DECEMBER, 1896



Established 1868

SAN FRANCISCO  
OVERLAND MONTHLY PUBLISHING COMPANY  
Pacific Mutual Life Building  
1896

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34 California Street.

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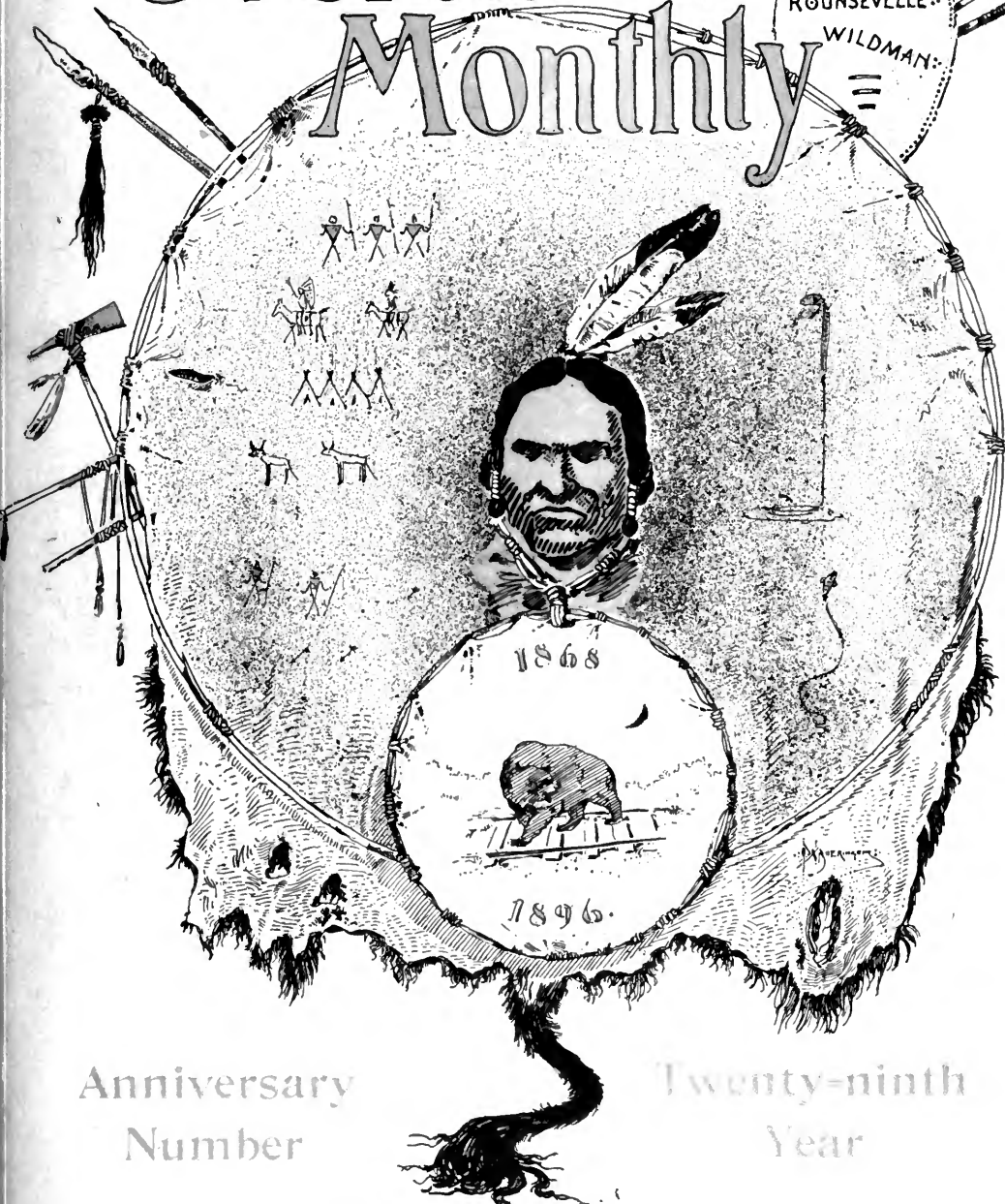
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JULY 1896

# Overland Monthly

EDITED BY ROUNSEVELLE WILDMAN



Anniversary  
Number

Twenty-ninth  
Year

A QUESTION OF JAPANESE COMPETITION..... John P. Young  
 DEFENDERS OF THE UNION..... Frank Elliott Myers  
 THE ADVERTISER AND THE POSTER..... Pierre N. Boeringer  
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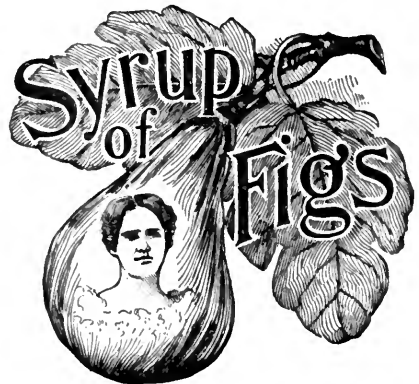
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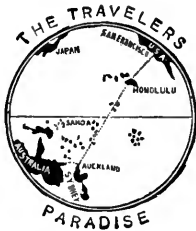
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VOL. XXVIII.

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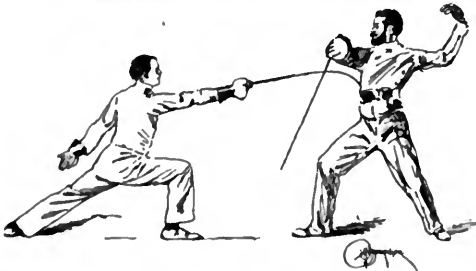
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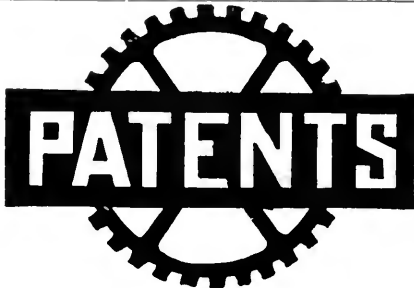
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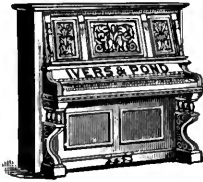
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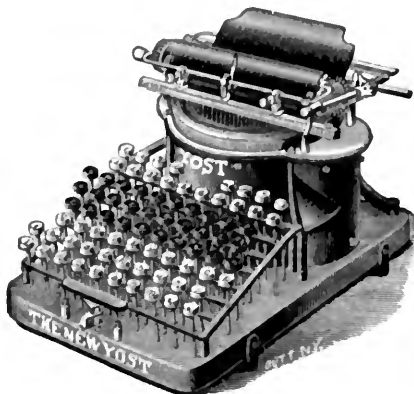
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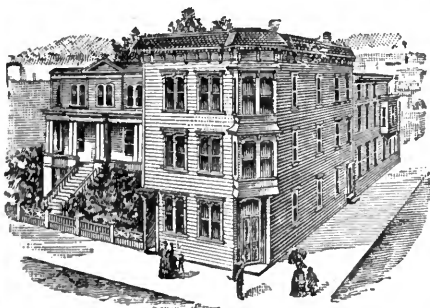
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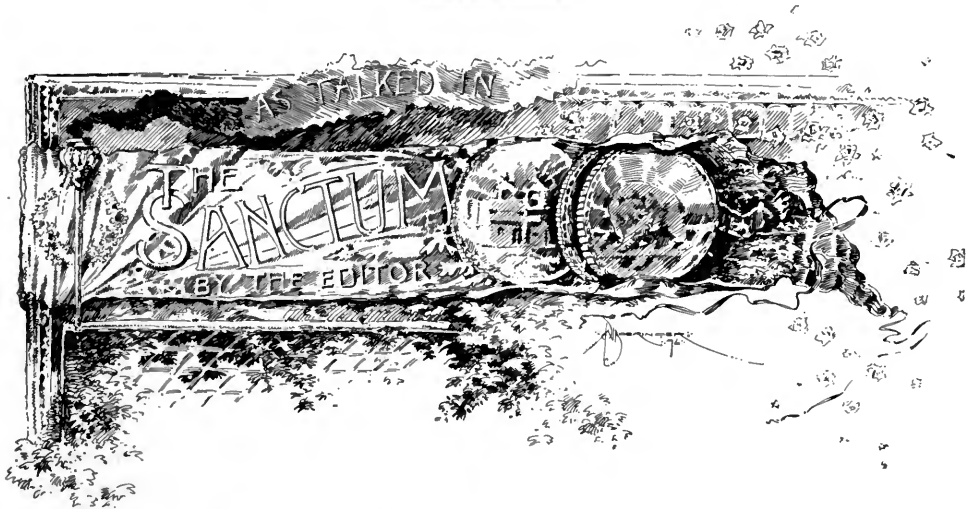


MOUNT SHASTA FROM THE CRAIGS.

"Well Worn Trails,"

# Overland Monthly

VOL. XXVIII. (Second Series.)—July, 1896.—No. 163.



I was reading the life of one of the great ones of the earth, long since gone before.

It was a simple, honest biography, one that would not do its subject or its "Boswell" any serious harm. I would not mention it here had I not been forced to admire, in spite of a wholly uncalled for prejudice, the marked, almost brilliant cleverness displayed in discovering a relationship between the triumphs of manhood and certain youthful characteristics or idiosyncrasies.

It was noted that in this lawyer-politician's youth he successfully organized a boycott on the aged taffy-man that sold sundry home-made sweets on the sunny side of the village court-house, who, profiting by an uncontested monopoly, charged a cent here and there in excess of the prices that prevailed during the past generation.

It was also a matter of record that in the subject's tenth year he "floored" the village pettifogger in a debate at the district schoolhouse on the question—"Resolved that city life is preferable to country life," and there are numerous instances that go to show that he was of an accumulative turn of mind.

The biographer eagerly deduces the fact that his hero was simply among men what he had been among boys—a leader. His mind contained a cog here and there that the ordinary mind lacked. He arrived at conclusions before his fellows had settled on premises. In politics and trade, as in chess and fencing, he saw his moves far ahead and while others were experimenting, he was simply following out a clearly foreseen policy. I became very much interested in this biographical analysis and it led to a discussion one day in the Sanctum.

I do not know that anything worth recording was said, but some ideas were put into words that had previously lived vaguely in the nebula of uncollected thoughts. One reason why the writer or the orator achieves fame for erudition is; that in his constant delving for something new to write about or to declaim, he unearths from the mental chaos of his brain — tunnels naked truths that only need a new dress for every one to instantly recognize familiar “saws” in unfamiliar garbs. No one is more surprised at what a drag-net will bring to light in the human mind than the owner of the mind himself.

The Contributor has a pretty and, I think, harmless little theory that the Creator is ever busy making minds for earthly bodies. The minds are mathematical mechanisms; they are not all equal in workmanship or finish. Some are hurriedly thrown together, others only half completed, but once in a generation a mind perfect in certain lines is created and then history makes note of a Napoleon, a Newton, an Edison. The theory is graceful, but it hardly calls for respect, although the Contributor fortifies it forcibly with examples that prove he has given the matter some thought.

He says Stradivarius and Guarnerious made one perfect violin to ten mediocre ones—that the steel workers of Damascus turned out thousands of faulty swords to a score of imperishable ones, but to the Circle all these arguments, more or less interesting, proved quite a different thing from what they were intended, namely that the Contributor would have made an excellent lawyer. So one’s thoughts fly in spite of all from the general to the particular and the Artist irrelevantly inquired if the talker believed in Woman’s Suffrage. The Contributor ignored the interrogation and it was noted that the Artist had been reading a four-column brevier letter in the *Call*, signed by Susan B. Anthony. He turned to the Parson.

The Parson. “I will believe in Woman’s Suffrage and will vote for it when the Parsoness asks it. I have never denied her anything that it was possible for me to grant, but until she requests it I do not feel inclined to do for Miss Anthony or Miss Shaw what might not please my home. When the ladies of this country ask their husbands to share with them the ballot “Woman’s Suffrage” will be possible, but until that time no self-respecting husband and father will raise a finger to enhance the notoriety of a bevy of professional agitators.”

The Reviewer. “Not being a benedict, I too, will take my marching orders from the Parson’s generalissimo.”

**G**RANTING that there was some reason in the biographer’s argument that the acts of our adolescence foreshadow the career of our mature manhood, I am curious to know how he would account for and apply to my own after life my boyhood passion for making “scrap-books.” If it is a sign that I possess the accumulating or saving instinct, I would answer that these are the only things I ever accumulated. If it shows that I was destined for any particular profession I would ask, why then do not fifty per cent of those who have the scrap-book mania choose the same profession.

However, it never struck me as curious until one day not long ago I discovered, that I had preserved these old books. Now I wonder at them; I have not opened them for years. Their potpourri of gleanings for the curious, curiosities of literature, words, facts and phrases, familiar quotations, and melange of excerpts

have done me no conscious good, and yet I have preserved them. The largest of these literary graveyards I opened. It is an old "Agricultural Report," and emits a damp, aged odor. It is as full of memories as it is of gleanings. The opening poem reads as follows:

Mary had a little jam,  
 She locked it up to grow,  
 And everywhere that Mary went  
 The key was sure to go.  
 She lost it in the grass one day,  
 While fleeing from a cow;  
 Her brother Johnny picked it up—  
 He is an angel now.

But as though to testify that I was not destined to be a poet of passion, the following page contains an editorial from the New York *Sun* on the "Distracted Condition of France," followed by a tabulation of "The Nation's Dead." Then comes an article that purports to have appeared in a London paper at the time James G. Blaine visited England. It begins:

"The Rt.-Hon. James G. Blaine and wife have just arrived in this city. Mr. Blaine is at present governor-general of Maine, a province on the southwestern coast of Lake Mississippi \* \* \* Mr. Blaine is a first cousin of the Rt. Hon. William F. Cody, better known as Buffalo Bill, and is expected to call upon him to-morrow to formulate governmental plans for action on the reassembling of the American Senate, Mr. Cody being a Senator from the province of Key West \* \* \* Mr. Blaine's military title is major-general. He gained it by gallant action on the field at Lookout Mountain where he commanded the Second Chicago Infantry under Gen. Beauregard, etc., etc."

This struck me as eminently funny at the time. I had then never been in England or lived among English people. I reread and copied the extract; it strikes me as sadly true, that is, the spirit of it. I was discussing American and English magazines with an Englishwoman of whose opinion on matters literary I have the greatest respect. In a general way I was boasting of the superiority of American magazines. "Yes," she assented, in that imperturbable, politely patronizing way that has become second nature to our English cousins, "there is no doubt but that your *Atlantic*, *OVERLAND*, and *North American* are creditable, but how can you compare them to our *Harper's* and *Century*." Neither would she believe me when I assured her that her favorites were the very American magazines of which I was so proud, although I was sorry to admit that one of them, like many good Americans, affected English-made clothes as soon as it touched English soil. The English know almost absolutely nothing of our geography. One of our California girls who had spent three years in a New York boarding school, was staying with friends in London before returning to her native State.

"Where do you live?" asked a titled caller.

"California," she replied.

"Ah, and went to school in New York. Did you go home every night?"

The Englishwoman knows those parts of our great country where her relatives are on a ranch, and the Englishman those sections where his surplus capital is invested. They talk of Johannesburg, Rajputana, Ottawa and Penang as though they were but a step from London Bridge, but St. Louis, San Francisco, Buenos Ayres and Havana are somewhere in that great undiscovered "States," and that is enough.

"I have a friend in the States," remarked an Englishwoman who was making polite conversation while we were waiting for the dining-room doors to open. "Possibly you have met him. He lives in — let me think, Oh, yes, how stupid; Rio de Janeiro."

English geographies and English histories are to blame for this want of neighborly knowledge of our affairs.

I could not help reminding an English governor who was dilating on Britain's prowess that the "States" had twice come off fairly well in wars with his great nation.

"Twice," he echoed while a genuine knot of amazement grew between his quiet blue eyes. "O, ah — you refer to your Revolution and — yes, I fancy that Chesapeake affair."

I found out later that the "Chesapeake" affair, an English naval victory, was all his school history had taught his nation of the War of 1812.

Since the death of that charming fellow and delightful companion, who was childhood's poet-laureate — Eugene Field — the story of his celebrated encounter with the famous author of "Robert Elsmere" at a dinner party in London has become the property of the newspapers. When it was related to me by one who heard it, it was known only to the "Saints and Sinners." Field was placed next to Mrs. Ward who was the bright, particular star of the evening. She ignored the modest American until the fifth course, then for the sake of making a show of conversation she turned to him with the stereotyped English enquiry :

"Mister — Mister —."

"Field," interpolated her auditor.

"Pardon, Mister Field of Chicago, eh? Do you know this Doctor Cronin (of Clan-Na-Gael fame)?"

"Certainly madame," he replied with the most intelligent expression he could assume, "we live in adjoining trees."

But to return to the Scrap-Book. I find that I have saved some one's estimate of the difference between the English poets :

Chaucer describes men and things as they are ; Shakespeare, as they *would be* under the circumstances supposed ; Spenser, as we would *wish* them to be ; Milton, as they *ought* to be ; Byron, as they ought *not* to be ; and Shelley, as they never *can* be.

I often wonder if any one else has ever thought it worth while to preserve the same items that I have. If so, we are affinities.

These earlier scrap-books are severely impersonal. They were made up when the compiler's life had not begun to interest himself and prior to that interesting period when he entered upon the record of his own comings and goings. At this date it is impossible to decide what great merit certain receipts of how to make guava jelly held for me. I doubt if I had a clear idea of what a guava was. I know I could never have hoped to see one. Neither can I imagine why I preserved an obituary notice of one G. Henry Snell. It must have been as an example of style for I am sure I never knew anyone of the name. However, it is not my intention to hold this old book up to scorn. Scrap-books will continue to grow and flourish as long as papers are published and good paste can be made from a handful of wheat flour and a cup of cold water.

The Office Boy. "Proof."



### VIII. SHASTA AND THE CRAGS.

I heard a tale long, long ago,  
Where I had gone apart to pray  
By Shasta's pyramid of snow,  
That touches me unto this day.  
\* \* \* \* \*

But this the Shastan tale.

*The Song of the 'Balboa Sea.—Joaquin Miller.*



THE mountaineer may smile at a description of a trip to the top of The Crag. To him it lacks the one element dear to the heart of every mountain-climber—danger. And yet with its narrow, tortuous trail that make the ascent possible to all, one misstep, one false move, and trained mountaineer or simple tourist could fall far enough to render it of little interest whether he had come by trail or up the sheer side of the virgin precipice.

Standing in the midst of the volcanic chaos that is known as — The Crag — 6,800 feet above the sea, looking twenty miles across cañon, valley, mountain, moraine, and glacier, full into the white face of Mt. Shasta, one forgets all else save the wondrous sublimity of the scene.

The Crag are dwarfed in the presence of Shasta and the great domes of the Sierras that surround them; yet they are nearly as high as Mt. Washington. As you stand on the veranda of the "Tavern of Castle Crag" and gaze up at their serrated, broken heights, you gather some idea of their wildness, but



CRAGS FROM CASTELLA.



SODA CREEK.

the distance smoothes out and makes indistinct fissures, crevasses and gulches that are two thousand feet in depth and as awe inspiring as those of the High Sierras.

On mule back we started one beautiful June day from the Tavern to explore these crags and discover for ourselves their fascination. The famous hostelry at which we were staying, is situated on a bench of land possibly a hundred feet above the rugged bottom of the valley and the flashing torrent of the Sacramento. The river bed is about all there is of level ground between the one side of the mountain or foot hills, on the lower reaches of which the Tavern stands, and the opposite side where the ascent for the Crags begins. The entire view from valley bottom or mountain top is one of savage mountain scenery. There are no soft studied lines, no fat, mild, rolling

hills, no easy approaches. The mountains are the mountains of the Sierras, bold, clean cut and fierce. The valleys are cañons and the cañons are precipices. The forests are in keeping with the scenery. They are of pine, cedar and fir and rivers and the creeks are clear, cold and turbulent. There is nothing disappointing to the lover of the mountains, nothing tame and make-believe.

As our mules plodded up the steep grades that lay between us and the more severe climbing, where earth gave way to granite, we let our eyes roam upward through the vast aisles of the pine into the cobalt blue of the sky. Occasionally a little rise or an opening in the forest glades would give us a fleeting glimpse of Shasta's great dome of light.

I know I have published at least four poems on Shasta within the last two years. I do not know how many I have





UPPER WINTUN CRAGS.

refused, a full dozen at least, and now for the first time, I fully realize the desire that takes possession of one to break out into a song of praise. Shasta is everywhere. It seems to fill the atmosphere. As you stoop to gather the purple lupin among the cedars, or to pick the blood red snow-flower along the denuded shoulder of the Craggs, your eye sees Shasta. From the Tavern veranda its vast pyramid of snow confronts you and along the bend of a lonely mountain trail you find yourself striving to bury your hand in its cooling crystals.

Of its 14,444 feet, at least 5,000 feet from the summit down, is one mass of snow so purely white that it hurts the eyes even twenty miles away. A whiteness that belongs to another world. And yet for days we only had momentary

glimpses of Shasta. It was hidden behind great banks of cumulus clouds. Now and then a peak or a point would break through the fleecy drapery so far above the point where we had expected it that it seemed but another form of cloud. The woods were bespangled with delicate wild flowers and ferns, purple lupin, pink sweet-williams, blue lilacs, iris, lady slippers, cats-ears, and thousands of modest little star-shaped flowers that seemed contented to form a delicate back-ground for their more radiant sisters. The many greens of the wood were broken now and again by the waxen white of the dog-wood blossoms.

The sweet, resinous breath of the pines filled the air.

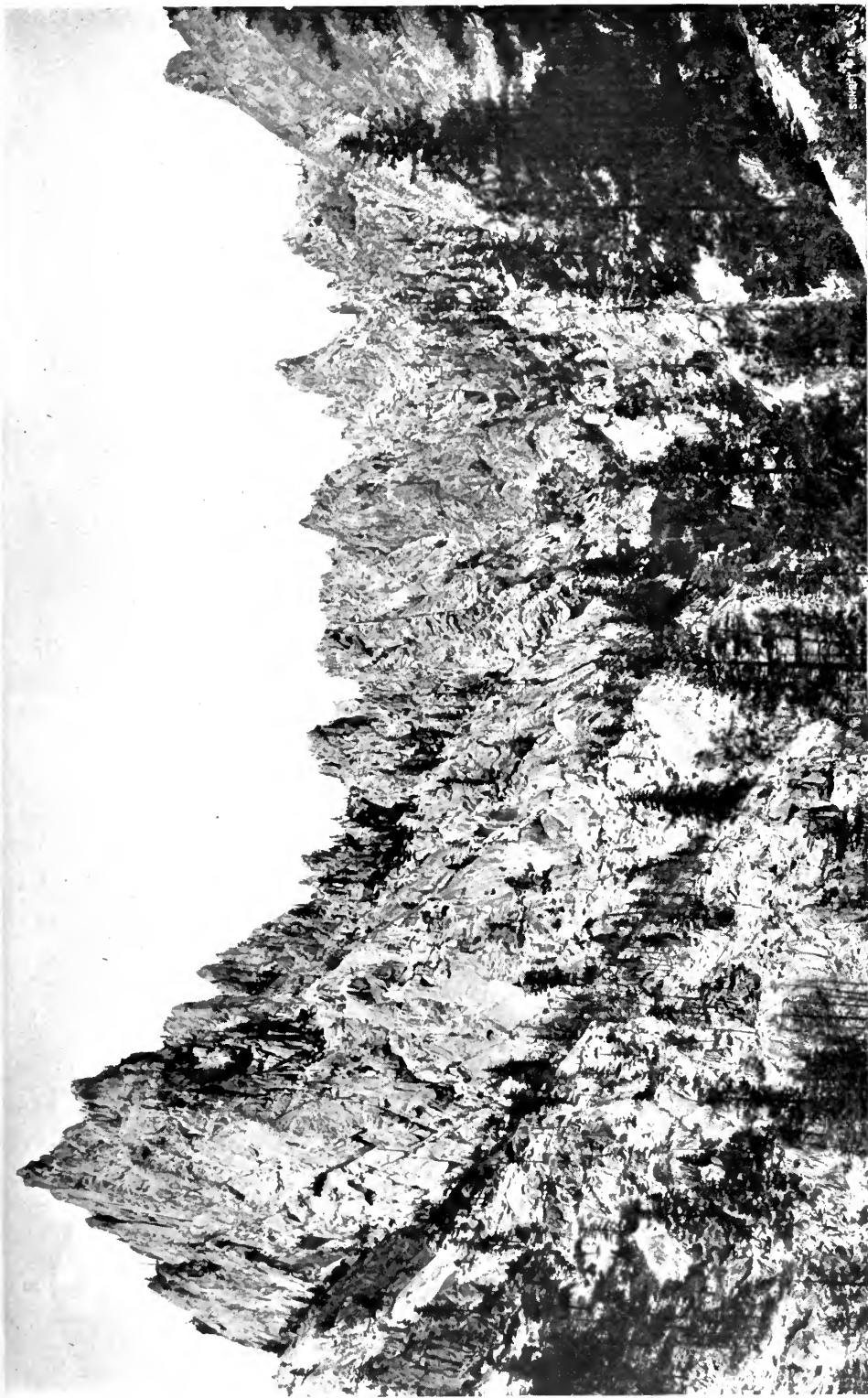
Without warning the red earth gave place to granite walls, the pines to the man-



CASTLE CREEK.



THE TAVERN OF CASTLE CRAGS.



WINTUN CRAIGS.



THE SPRING HOUSE.

zanita and the hardy brush of the colder zones, the iris to the snow-flower, and directly above our heads the first of the great cliffs towered five hundred feet into the brilliant sunshine. The trail winds on and up, along sheer drops of a thousand feet, and between primeval bosses so tremendous that you wonder how you could have mistaken them from the veranda far below. There are little plateaux paved with a shifting carpet of powdered gneiss, and, miniature deposits far up on the glassy side of a vast spire to which a stunted evergreen clings. From the top, Shasta seems only a stone's throw away, and Mt. Eddy, Eleanor, Tamarack Peak, Muirs Peak and the far-stretching upper world of the Sierra, within the sound of your voice. The Sacramento is but a silver thread, flashing white here and there among purple shadows, the Tavern

is but a dot distinguishable by a wavering line of thin blue smoke against the deeper blue of the sky. You are in the heart of the Sierras and with your first long deep breath you are thankful.

Here among these savage fastnesses forty-one years ago the last stand of the Indians<sup>1</sup> was made and their last war cry mingled with their death chant. It is a battle field worthy of the Trojans.

Set like a jewel in the very heart of such surroundings is this unique "Tavern of Castle Crag," a summer resort that is to the lovers of the mountains what the superb hotel of "Del Monte" at Monterey is to those who go down to the sea.

The railroad trip of 317 miles north from San Francisco is made in fourteen hours and covers a variety of Californian

<sup>1</sup> The Battle of Castle Crag. By Joaquin Miller. San Francisco. The Traveler. 1894.



CASTLE DOME.

BUNSET P.E. CO.



THE CRAGS FROM THE TAVERN.

scenery, from the last glimpses of the bay and the Golden Gate, the tulle marshes and low rolling hills at Suisun, the wide spreading farming lands about Chico, to the gradual approach from Redding on to the rugged scenery of the Sierras. Leaving San Francisco at 7 o'clock in the evening, the night's ride prepares one for a hearty breakfast at Castle Crag at half past eight the next morning. During the night the tropical heat of the lowlands gives way to the invigorating atmosphere of the hills, the land of the orange and the fig is lost in the orchards of the apple and the cherry. One short night's ride carries you from tropic to the temperate zone. It is an experience that is only possible on this sun kissed coast.

As far back as 1844 Col. Hastings established a stage station where the Tavern now stands and opened a permanent trail up the Sacramento River. Here he built his fort by the side of the famous

Soda Springs which has since become known to the world as "Shasta Water," although the bottling works are at another spring seven miles farther north.

The water is veritable soda water<sup>1</sup> and only needs the flavoring syrups to become a perpetual soda fountain. Hastings applied for a grant of the land and with that charming modesty that was characteristic of the early pioneer, asked that it include Mt. Shasta.

Analysis of Sample of Water taken by Thomas Price from the Main Spring at the "Tavern of Castle Crag."

Temperature of Spring, 53 degrees, F.

Free Carbonic Acid Gas, 355 cubic inches per gal.

	Grains per U. S. gal.
Silica .....	4.891
Carbonate of Iron .....	0.948
Alumina .....	0.402
Carbonate of Maganese .....	0.048
Carbonate of Calcium .....	30.193
Carbonate of Magnesium .....	52.237
Carbonate of Barium .....	0.062
Carbonate of Ammonium .....	2.281
Bicarbonate of Sodium .....	83.585





CASCADE CRAFTS FROM THE SACRAMENTO RIVER.



SACRAMENTO RIVER AT THE TAVERN.

	Grains per U. S. gal.
Bicarbonate of Lithium.....	0.293
Arseniate of Sodium.....	0.067
Chloride of Potassium.....	3.162
Chloride of Sodium.....	112.960
Bromide of Sodium.....	0.071
Iodide of Sodium.....	trace
Biborate of Sodium.....	trace
Phosphoric of Acid.....	trace
<hr/>	
Total grains per U. S. gal.....	291.200

The little fort until the day when the old Oregon stage made way for the iron horse had a varied history. Mountain Joe, frontiersman and Indian fighter, lived here and withstood the influx of miner and Indian. Its romance today holds a certain charm for the summer tourist while the more practical side of its early record is seen in the old orchard of apple trees before the Tavern and the broad meadow that surrounds the springs.

In the midst of all the modern luxury of a modern hotel, filled with pretty girls in sweet fleecy muslin and men in the

latest cuts from New York, one forgets for the moment that he is in the heart of the Sierras, and wandering beyond the sound of the orchestra one comes upon a miner washing gravel in the cool depths of an olive green cañon. A red-headed wood pecker, brilliantly red, flits down through the opening and into the sun light and the grizzled old miner looks up and nods pleasantly. Farther up there are others at work with here and there a Chinaman.

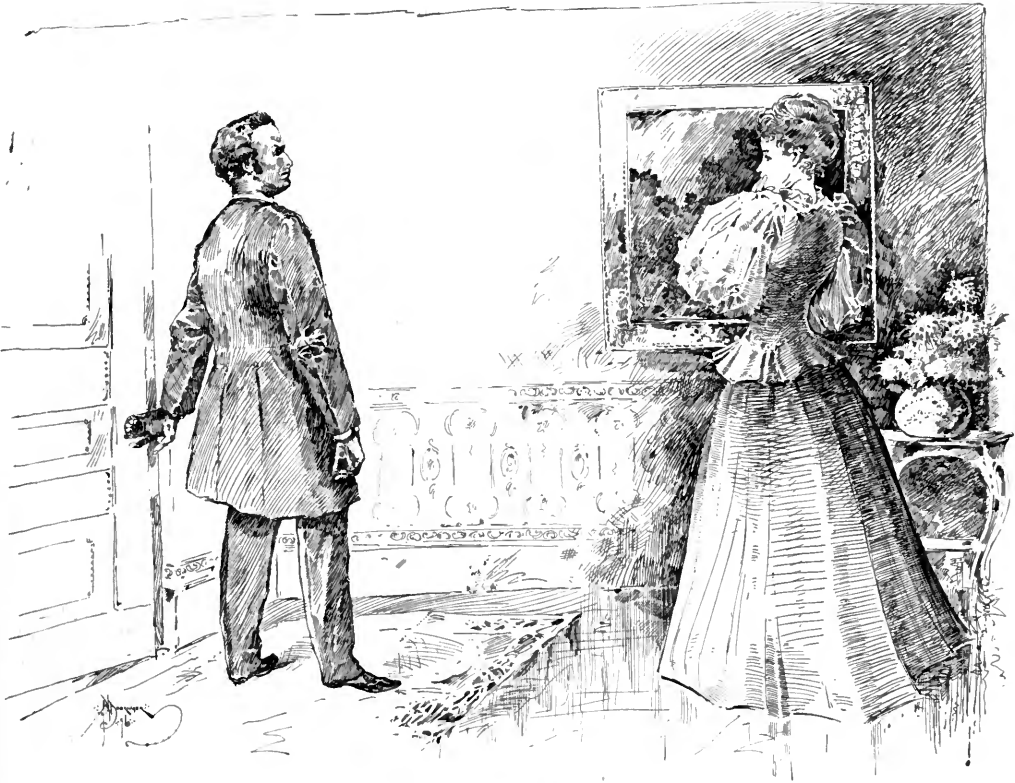
So here within a radius of a few miles you have a summer home, mountain scenery, fishing, hunting, riding, climbing, swimming, mining and — Mt. Shasta.

A cloud as transparent as a bit of mechlin lace rested lovingly on Shasta's very top as we said farewell and then a zephyr — jealous — brushed it aside and left this wonderful thing outlined against a sky as blue as the Bay of Florence.

The poet may do it justice, the prose writer never can.

*Rounsevelle Wildman.*





"SHE STARTED AS HE APPROACHED."

## THE QUICKSANDS OF PACTOLUS.<sup>1</sup>

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROMANCE OF JUDGE KETCHUM," THE "CHRONICLES OF SAN LORENZO," ETC., ETC.

BOOK II.

XV.

BY ONE of those coincidences, even less frequent in fiction than in real life, Fortescue had received, the morning of this same day, the report of Caleb Haskins, together with a letter from Rufus Barrington.

"I am constrained by circumstances," wrote the financier, "to submit to you Stella Johnson's wretched story, and to ask you, as a friend of the family, to see the young woman and use your influence with her to return to the hospital. I am

heartily sorry for her but common decency, to say nothing of common sense, should impel her to leave my daughter's house immediately. [She, I am confident, is the cause of the trouble between man and wife."

"I shall be detained in New York and Washington for some days yet, but hope to be back in San Francisco within the month."

Fortescue read this letter and the report of Haskins. When he had finished the latter his cheeks were unprofessionally red, and as he locked up the sheaf of papers in his small safe he roundly cursed

<sup>1</sup>Begun in August number, 1895.

Hector Desmond in language fleshly and profane. He confessed to himself that he liked the nurse; admired her pluck; respected the quality of her brains, but why — as Mr. Barrington said — in the name of common decency had she consented to become an inmate of Mrs. Desmond's house? To the resolution of this problem he brought to bear a not ill-equipped mind, but he failed signally in the task.

Fortescue made his usual round of visits, spent a couple of hours in the hospital laboratory and the rest of the day in his office, but he avoided Nob Hill. Not that he was in the habit of shirking disagreeable duties, but in this case he mistrusted his capacity as a plenipotentiary. The mission was infinitely irksome. Stella was one of the silent order of women. He had experience of her inflexible obstinacy and knew that she was not to be either cajoled or intimidated. To gratify Rufus Barrington he would run the risk of a snubbing — and a snubbing at the hands of a nurse was insufferable. Accordingly he procrastinated, and dining that evening with John Chetwynd at the club, submitted the case to him hypothetically, being careful to mention no names. Chetwynd, however, covered him with embarrassment by observing bluntly, "Ah! Mrs. Desmond's nurse? I see the point."

Fortescue, feeling guilty of a small breach of trust, flushed and stammered.

"Knowing the people," continued Chetwynd, "I can the better understand your predicament. You're between the devil and the deep sea, my friend. A doctor should never be the friend of the family. Candidly I advise you to wash your hands of the affair."

"What the deuce made the girl go there under the circumstances? That's what bothers me."

Chetwynd finished his cutlet in silence, not hazarding a conjecture.

"Can't understand her motive, psychologically considered, it's quite abnormal."

"I saw Desmond this morning," said Chetwynd, with a grim smile.

"It's not a pleasant thing to say, Chetwynd, but I should like to attend that fellow's funeral."

"Funeral, — no, — execution, — yes."

After that the conversation flagged, and when together with the salad an urgent summons came for Fortescue, he took his leave gracefully but thankfully. In the hall he found the assistant of Doctor Boak much out of breath.

"The doctor is in Oakland, and Mr. Desmond is dying. Can you go to him?"

Fortescue seized his hat and hurried off, followed by the messenger. They caught the cable cars and were rapidly whirled skyward. Fortescue was nearly as excited as his companion. Desmond dying! And of delirium tremens! Stella and his wife both present in the house, — what a situation!

At the door of the sick-room he met Stella, pale and composed, but he remarked that she started as he approached.

"Doctor Boak is in Oakland," he said curtly. "Where is Mrs. Desmond?"

"In bed," replied Stella, "and asleep. I found her raving with headache and gave her some chloral."

He pushed her aside unceremoniously and entered the room. Desmond, breathing stertorously, lay motionless upon the bed, and at the foot of it were grouped his valet, the butler, and the footman. Desmond was a remarkably powerful man, and from the disordered appearance of his servants had evidently, in his last attack, well nigh proved a match for them. Fortescue, bending down with his fingers upon the pulse of the patient, asked a dozen rapid questions. The Doctor lis-

tened with frowning brow, perplexity stamped upon his stern features.

"Amazing," he murmured, putting his ear to the broad chest of Desmond. "You say," he turned to the valet, "that the second attack was like the first, but much milder, but that the third, after he had taken the capsules, was entirely different?"

The man nodded. Judging by his face he seemed intelligent enough, but badly frightened.

"He cried like a baby," said the butler, wiping his forehead. "I never see a man cry as he did; never in all my born days. And jump,—why we three could n't hold him."

"Any salivation?" said Fortescue, addressing Stella.

"Yes."

"And vomiting?"

"Yes."

He turned to the patient and raised the right eyelid. The pupil was intensely contracted. With a muttered exclamation he beckoned to his side Doctor Boak's assistant, who carried in his hand a small case of medicines.

"Atropine," he said briefly, "and the hypodermic syringe."

As soon as the drug was administered he again laid his ear to Desmond's chest. The alkaloid began to take effect almost at once, and soon the Doctor raised his head. His eyes sought the eyes of the nurse which were raised composedly to meet his keen glance.

"Do you know what the capsules contained?"

"I understood from Doctor Boak a tincture of cinchona and Nux-Vomica."

"Can I speak to you alone?"

She walked from the room, the Doctor following. At the end of the passage she unlocked the laboratory door. Fortescue noted that her hand trembled as she inserted the key. Entering, she pressed a

button in the wall and flooded the apartment with electric light. Then she turned, and standing composedly in the center of the floor, awaited Fortescue's first words.

"Miss *Ramage*," he began, with emphasis. "I would urge you before it is too late to speak out. Mr. Desmond has been poisoned."

At the word she shuddered and tried to frame a sentence with white, parched lips.

"I know," continued Fortescue gravely, "the nature of your relations in the past with Mr. Desmond."

With an effort she regained her composure; her face hardening as she met the implied accusation. To Fortescue's surprise she asked a curious question.

"Are you certain that he is poisoned?"

"Absolutely certain. If it were possible to obtain the drug I should name it confidently,—muscarine."

"God help us," cried the girl.

"Tell the truth," said the man significantly.

She flashed upon him a look of contemptuous indignation.

"You take me for a murderess," she replied, her beautiful bosom heaving. *You*—the only man who really knows me! You judge me unheard. You jump to a monstrous conclusion like a girl in her teens."

"I cannot bandy words with you," he answered impatiently. "I believe I can still save Mr. Desmond's life if I knew for certain what he had been given."

"He has been given muscarine."

With an exclamation he turned to leave the room. Minutes were of infinite value. Stella caught him by the lapel of his coat.

"One moment, Doctor," she said coldly. "You will need my help?"

"Your help!" he cried, with a glance of aversion.

"My help," she repeated. "I will do what I can to undo what has been done."

He hesitated, eying her narrowly. The contemptuous indifference with which she submitted to his scrutiny astonished him.

"Come," he said curtly.

Through that awful night and far into the chilly watches of the morning, nurse and doctor kept their vigil, fighting doggedly for that paltry stake, the life of a cur! What science could compass on the one part and invincible patience on the other were accomplished, but for many hours the issue quivered in the balance.

Finally, the antidote prevailed.

"Will he live?" murmured the nurse, as the cold light of dawn fell fitfully upon her haggard face.

"I think so, but I've overdosed him terribly with the atropine. I look for febrile symptoms, possibly congestion of the brain."

Then for the first time since they had stood face to face in the laboratory he remembered Stella Ramage and the report of Haskins. The extraordinary qualities of the nurse threw into relief the glaring horror of her crime. Had it been the wilful impulse of the moment, pity would have tempered his condemnation, but here was premeditation unique in his experience. With cold-blooded malevolence she must have prepared with marvellous skill the lethal drops. To isolate muscarine from the fungus was—he knew—a wonderful performance, and the stimulus which had spurred her brain was ignoble revenge. Simultaneously the thought of the wife presented itself. He had forgotten her existence wholly in the exercise of his art. Stella interpreted aright his thought and glanced at Desmond. He was lying in a stupor: his face scarlet from the large doses of the

alkaloid: his respiration accelerated: the pupil of his eyes so dilated as to produce temporary blindness.

"Can I speak?" she asked.

"I will listen to what you have to say, but I make no pledge of silence."

"I demand none," she replied proudly. "You think," she continued, in low, emphatic tones, "that I poisoned this man. God knows that once I might have nerved myself to take his life. The injury done me would have served, even in the eyes of the law, as an excuse, but I never could have poisoned him; and long, long ago I dismissed from my mind all thoughts of revenge."

"Then who—" began Fortescue, in extreme agitation.

She held up her hand.

"I call Heaven to witness," she said, in the same monotonous impressive tone, "that I am innocent of the crime you charge me with. Do you believe me?"

He gazed into her eyes as she leaned forward, challenging and courting his glance. No guilty woman—he instantly determined—could bear herself as this woman. The quintessence of candor permeated voice, action and face. Truth, robed in righteous indignation, sat glowing before him.

In the silence that followed her appeal an emotion foreign to his experience routed speech. The cool, level-headed man was dumb and confounded, but subtly conscious of the extraordinary change in his attitude towards Stella.

"I believe you," he stammered at length. "Can you forgive me?"

"Yes," she returned, a glad light illuminating her face.

"Then," said Fortescue slowly, as if the words were painful to utter, "the guilty person is—"

"Hush," she murmured. "Let me speak. I can unravel the skein."

She fumbled with the pocket of her

skirt, and pulled forth a note book, the record of her experiments.

"Begin at the first page," she said, handing him the small volume.

Fortescue took the book, satisfied himself that Desmond needed no attention, and began to read. From time to time exclamations escaped his lips, tributes to genius. When he had finished, some warm words of approval and congratulation brought the color to Stella's cheeks.

"You isolated the muscarine only yesterday?"

"Yes. Mrs. Desmond was in the laboratory and I told her of the Czar Alexis and that the fungus was used by the Tartars to produce intoxication."

"It is best to keep such knowledge to oneself."

"I know,— I know,— but speech with a congenial, sympathetic companion seems almost a necessity. You, Doctor, were indiscreet enough to take me into your confidence."

The riposte silenced him.

"Mrs. Desmond," continued the nurse, "was so kind, so keenly interested, and I owed everything to her: the leisure for these experiments, the expensive apparatus."

"That is what tempted you to come here."

"That, and her friendship for me. I was so lonely at the hospital."

Her simple words cut him. He remembered, with regret, that he had treated her as a tool, a useful servant, not to be considered from aught save a scientific point of view.

"About noon, Doctor, Mr. Chetwynd called, and Mrs. Desmond left the laboratory."

"Ah! Chetwynd!" muttered Fortescue, recalling his grim jest about attending the execution of Desmond. "Yes. Go on."

She obeyed, investing the story with dramatic interest, as she detailed in the simplest, concisest language the events which culminated in the assault of husband and wife.

"Horrible," cried Fortescue, glancing with undisguised disgust at the swollen features of Desmond. Almost he regretted the night's work."

"When the fit seized him," proceeded Stella, "I did what I could and sent immediately for Doctor Boak. Mrs. Desmond went to her room. I could see that she was utterly unstrung, and begged her to go to bed. After the Doctor had gone, I remembered that the laboratory was in confusion and snatched a minute to tidy up. I found Mrs. Desmond sitting in a chair there, complaining of the heat. Recalling, Doctor, what she said and how she looked I am prepared to stake my life that she took the muscarine to kill not her husband, but herself."

Her loyalty to the woman who had befriended her touched Fortescue, but her hypothesis carried no conviction of its truth to him.

"About five o'clock, it might have been a little later, Doctor Boak sent up a note and the capsules which were carried to Mrs. Desmond's room. The capsules were in her possession for some five minutes."

"Time enough to introduce the muscarine."

"Then she sent both letter and capsules to me, and the butler told me that he feared she was seriously ill. She looked — so he said — wild. The directions in the doctor's note were explicit. They were to be administered immediately. I gave them to Mr. Desmond, and leaving him with the butler and his valet, hastened to Mrs. Desmond. I found her pacing the floor and raving about muscarine. Of course, I suspected

nothing, and forced her to swallow a large dose of chloral. Her maid, and I undressed her, and she fell asleep as soon as her head touched the pillow. I was still in her room when Mr. Desmond's man came rushing to say that his master was worse. I dispatched a groom to hunt Doctor Boak, wherever he might be, and returned to find my patient in convulsions."

"And you suspected nothing?"

"Nothing. Your face startled me, not expecting you, and your manner suggested to me that something was wrong. You see I have had no experience with cases of acute alcoholism, but when you called for atropine, I guessed the riddle."

"Mrs. Desmond will awake soon. What is to be done?"

"I will go to her now."

"But you need rest. This has been an awful night for you."

He glanced professionally at her bowed figure, her weary face, and the purple circles beneath her heavy eyes. What — he asked himself — could he have accomplished without Stella?

"When she wakes I must be with her. The realization of what she has done will overpower her then."

"Do you feel no horror, no detestation? Of all criminals a poisoner is the most hateful. My sympathy for Mrs. Desmond is paralyzed. If her husband dies she must answer to the charge of murder."

A man is logical in thought and restrained in action; a woman is, generally, the exact opposite. To this rule Stella was no exception despite her science and experience.

"Before Mrs. Desmond should be arrested for murder," she replied slowly, her eyes resting distastefully upon the stern face of the Doctor, "I would myself shoulder her crime. She is my

friend! She knows my story and still loves me. I am sorry for her and pity her from the bottom of my heart. If she killed fifty men, like the brute who lies there, I should still love her, and if I could, shield her."

Her vehemence, so feminine in its expression, raised a smile.

"Go at once to the dining room," he said in a kindly tone, "and eat something substantial before you go to Mrs. Desmond. I insist upon it."

He accompanied her to the door and on the threshold held out his hand.

"You are a trump anyway, he said with a smile still on his face. "Be sure and make a hearty meal."

#### XVI.

During the day it became known in San Francisco that Desmond was lying at the point of death, and the house was besieged by callers. Aunt Mary and Phyllis hastened from Menlo, and were the only persons admitted to Helen's presence. Both proffered heartfelt sympathy and love, but she waved them impatiently aside, sitting stony-eyed and silent in her chair by the window, paralyzed by suspense, waiting with throbbing pulses for the tardy bulletins. This dreadful torpor! Would it never cease?

He had been taken ill on Monday morning. Throughout Tuesday and Tuesday night his condition of coma remained the same. With the dawn of Wednesday there was no change whatsoever. Fortescue, intensely interested in the case, hardly left his patient. Doctor Boak, after consultation, consented to abdicate in favor of his junior colleague. He asked — good worthy soul — no inconvenient questions. Of late years he had devoted himself to the culture of chrysanthe-

mums. He admitted frankly to Fortescue that in obscure cerebral lesions he was not quite 'up to date.' A nurse was procured and Stella forbidden the sick room. Her presence there, if Desmond recovered consciousness, might be attended with undesirable results.

That Helen should take this blow so hardly passed the understanding of both Phyllis and Aunt Mary. Respecting her extraordinary grief, they sat apart, gazing at her sorrowfully with questioning eyes. They had offered to leave her, but she begged them anxiously to stay, faltering out nervously that she dreaded to be left alone. Langham came up from the Palace Hotel and knocked about the balls in the billiard room. His sense of duty kept him at his post. In the absence of Helen's male relatives he felt that no other course was open, and his indignation against Henry Barrington was the more violent because repressed. That gentleman, indeed, had pleaded stress of business and remained in the house about five minutes.

"Queer fellows, these Yanks," said Fred, chalking his cue; "here is Henry's sister likely to be made a widow any minute, and he's thinking of his cursed bank. And where the deuce is Dick. An Englishman would n't go off, leaving no address. He may be wanted by his country, or his relations or friends."

Langham's suit with Phyllis still hung fire. Since his arrival in California certain scruples had presented themselves. The bent of his mind, decidedly magisterial, withheld final judgment upon so important an issue as taking to his arms an American wife!

At three, Tuesday afternoon, Chetwynd called. He told the butler that he wished to see Mr. Langham and was shown into the library.

"Gad," said Fred, "I'm glad you've come, John. This sort of thing is terribly

wearing. Why, you look as solemn as an owl! Between you and me I can't help seeing the finger of Providence in this."

"Fred, I must speak to Mrs. Desmond."

"Impossible, my good fellow. Phyllis tells me she is quite off her head. Women are like that, you know. She despised her husband when he was fit and well; now it is all the other way. See her? Why, man, she won't see *me*."

Chetwynd seated himself at the writing table and scribbled a few lines upon a sheet of note paper. Dictated by the tact and delicacy of a gentleman, the letter contained nothing to offend the most censorious eye, but to Helen (appraising the simple phrases at their proper value) the importunity of his sympathy, the significance of his love, the ghastly impropriety of his presence in the house, were each and all insupportable. She decided instantly that nothing short of an interview would drive him from the State. His love for her, at all hazards, must be extirpated. Long ago he had deliberately blackened himself in her eyes. Now it was her turn to play the Ethiopian.

"Great God!" he cried, when she stood before him, in her own pretty boudoir with all its bibelots and knick-knacks, so woful a stage setting for the *dramatis personae*, "what is the meaning of this?"

His glance embraced her lack-luster eyes, her trembling limbs, her pallor, her indescribable air of suffering."

"It means," she said with a shudder, "punishment."

"Punishment!" he repeated blankly. "Punishment? I fail to understand."

Then she told him simply and incisively what she had done. No other course seemed possible. A half truth

even would defeat her purpose. The dramatic force of her words held him spell-bound.

"And now," she said huskily, "you must go—out of the State—out of the country. You know me for what I am. No fatuous memory of the woman you loved will oppress you in the future. Go!"

"Helen," he whispered. "Did you do this thing for love of me?"

"What does it matter?" she answered wearily. "Our motives are always more or less mixed. Please leave me."

"I shall not go," he said, "till I have told you what I think of you."

She misunderstood him.

"Spare me," she cried faintly, holding up her slender hands as if to ward off a blow.

"I will go," he answered, "and at once. Perhaps it is best—for the present. But wherever I may be, the memory of your sweet face will be the

thing I most value in this world or the next. You were made for me and I for you. If I loved you less I should stay with you to torment you, but at your bidding I go, and at your bidding I shall return. As for your story, I believe as much of that as I please. It makes no difference in my love for you. That we must both suffer is certain. I have my bills to meet and you have yours. And they must be settled to the ultimate farthing. That is what life has taught me! We spoke of heaven the other day. It is heaven for me to be with you. It is hell when we are apart. Yes, I go, but I must take with me this."

He seized her in his arms and kissed her passionately. Then lifting her from the ground he bore her swiftly to a couch and laid her down.

"May the curse of God light upon me," he said with emphasis, "if woman's lips meet mine till you claim from me that kiss."

*Horace Annesley Vachell.*

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

## HARD TIMES.

### IV. BIMETALISM.



IN the OVERLAND MONTHLY, May number, in an article headed "The Silver Question—Facts and Principles," Colonel John P. Irish, enjoying the repute of being one of the ablest champions of the single gold standard, adopts for premises the following propositions of Thomas Jefferson, viz:

First. "Just principles will lead us to disregard legal proportions altogether. The true pro-

portion between gold and silver is a mercantile problem altogether."

Second. "To trade on equal terms, the measure of value should be as nearly as possible on a par with the corresponding nation whose medium is in a sound state."

From these Col. Irish deduces that:—

"Therefore the policy of the United States should be the single gold standard as now, and permanent abandonment of the attempt by law to hold the metals at an unnatural parity on an artificial ratio."

In his argument, Col. Irish says:—  
"Jeffersonian wisdom dictates the single



standard." Now Mr. Jefferson was not a monometalist, but a bimetalist, as the facts of history clearly show. "In 1785 the American Congress adopted the Spanish milled dollar as the basis and unit of our money, making it the lawful dollar and standard." Thus in the country the single silver standard from 1785 to 1792 was the legal standard of money. Alexander Hamilton, the peer of Jefferson himself in statesmanship, said in his Mint Report :

"But upon the whole"—the silver standard being then in vogue—"it seems most advisable not to attach the unit exclusively to either metal, because this cannot be done effectually without destroying the character and office of one of them as money, and reducing it to the situation of mere merchandise. To annul the use of either of the metals is to abridge the quantity of the circulating medium, and is liable to all the objections which arise from a comparison of the benefits of a full, with the evils of a scanty circulation."

Thomas Jefferson, in returning to Hamilton this report, said :

"I concur with you in thinking that the unit must stand upon both metals."

Congress passed a bimetallic bill, framed in accordance with the recommendations of these great statesmen, fixing the ratio between silver and gold at 15 to 1, and George Washington signed the bill April 2nd, 1792.

Thus is furnished proof positive that Jefferson was a bimetalist; also that Hamilton, Washington and the Congress passing the bill were bimetalists.

Turning to the first proposition of Col. Irish, it is clearly seen from the foregoing that he fails to represent correctly the attitude of Mr. Jefferson with respect to his monetary views of gold and silver. Also obviously fails to sound the depth of meaning intended by the author of the proposition.

In international commerce balances are usually settled by weight of the exchange

medium and not by tale. It is quite likely that Mr. Jefferson in making the proposition may have had this mode of value measure in mind, and so far as feasible deemed a more general adoption of it advisable. Beyond this is presented a problem, "a mercantile problem altogether," requiring the determination of "the true proportion between gold and silver."

Now to ascertain "the true proportion between gold and silver," it will be necessary to determine the commodity value of each. It is difficult to see how this can be done without referring the matter to first principles. For so long as gold and silver have other than a mercantile use, their commodity value would be affected thereby. Let then the monetary or legal value of gold and silver be eliminated throughout the world, and so continue until manufactures shall consume the present stock of those metals. Were this done, it may be safely said, the gold that will now buy thirty bushels of wheat would not buy three bushels, and the silver that will now buy two bushels of wheat would not buy a peck; and that these proportions of the commodity purchasing power of gold and silver would hold good throughout general commodity. Thus we perceive that uninfluenced by legislative enactment, the commodity value of gold and silver would be but a bagatelle.

Law, in fact, not only confers upon gold and silver their respective monetary values, but largely their so-called commercial values. Indeed the commercial value of gold and silver is for the most part a derivative from their legal money value. "Use is the sole and supreme test of value." In all trade in which gold and silver are used as a medium of exchange, "just principles" require not more, that "the true proportion between" them shall obtain, than shall the

true mercantile or commodity value of the metals themselves.

Their mercantile value tested by the fundamental law of economics as seen is insignificant to answer in any tolerable degree the requirements of the world's business transactions. It seems obvious then, that the use of legal money is indispensable to convenience and thrift in trade — in a word, to the advancement of civilization. In the United States gold and silver on an equal footing, and at an established parity, were employed as legal money, with happy effect, from 1792 to 1873.

During this period of 81 years, their value lines were nearly coincident, and doubtless would have so continued till the present time but for the demonetizing crime of silver in 1873. The past is a safe criterion by which to judge of the future. Experience, the great teacher, invokes legislation to restore bimetallism and to make as near as possible, the money ratio of silver to gold in conformity to the commodity values of the two metals alike conditioned — standing upon the same footing. In this event, the ratio would not likely exceed 16 to 1, nor fall below 15 to 1. Col. Irish says that —

“The basis of Mr. Jefferson's scientific conclusion was the great economic truth that *law cannot create value.*”

True, the legal stamp placed upon gold or silver does not impart fineness or weight to the substance; does not change its quality or quantity. But law in this case does create use, and use creates demand upon the world's metal mass, limited in quantity, and thereby creates value by enhancing its purchasing power. It matters not whether the means binding together cause and effect is a single link or a chain. Law creates money, and “money by itself,” says Aristotle, “has value only by law, and not by nature.” “Money,” says Professor An-

draws, “is at best a measure of value by virtue of being itself a value. A metal not so already might however become more valuable by being made legal currency.”

With respect to the second proposition of Col. Irish, it is to be observed that the law of change is ever persistent, and varies in its operations in accord with the condition of things. In the time of Mr. Jefferson, comparatively little money was used in domestic transactions. Barter, quasi-barter, and the so-called truck system, then largely performed the offices of money. At that period our foreign commerce, in comparison with our domestic involving the use of money, was deemed of vast importance, reaching in 1800 \$85,000,000.00, and in 1820 \$115,000,000.00. As applied to the conditions then obtaining in the country, the proposition that, “to trade on equal terms, the measure of value should be as nearly as possible on a par with the corresponding nation whose medium is in a sound state,” is well worthy of its great author.

But the conditions now are essentially different from those of that period. In 1890, our foreign commerce, as by the United States Statistics, was \$1,600,000,000.00 nearly, and our domestic commerce, according to Mr. Atkinson, \$56,000,000,000.00 — our foreign being equal to 3 1-5 per cent only of our domestic commerce. Justice and wisdom require that legislation with respect to our system of money shall conform to these conditions. That is, if our monetary law is to be framed in the interests of commerce, let it conform, so far as may be, to the ratio; as 3 1-5 per cent conducive to our foreign commerce, to 96 4-5 per cent conducive to our domestic.

But in fact, our domestic commerce as determined by Mr. Atkinson, does not equal a tithe of the country's transactions requiring the use of money. Such being

the case, the 3 1-5 per cent assigned to foreign commerce, reduces as to importance in our money problem, to a fraction too small to be heeded.

No inconsiderable portion of our foreign commerce, amounting in 1890, to \$1,600,000,000.00, is with silver standard countries,—the Orient and Spanish America. This will evidently, from now on, vastly increase. The prospects of rapid development of the immeasurable resources of those countries are bright with promise. In effecting those developments, their demands upon our markets for ships, railroad material, machinery, and other products will be immense. Our commerce with Europe, so far as imports are concerned, will necessarily greatly diminish as we enlarge and perfect our manufactures. Wisdom, therefore, dictates that we cultivate commercial relations more assiduously with the silver money countries than with the gold. Their markets are ours by nature, and will be so in practice if we are discreet and energetic. They are at our doors, while wide oceans intervene between them and our competitors. Our geographical position defies competition. Our monetary policy, so far as our foreign commerce is concerned, should be shaped in accord with these advantages. From a foreign commercial standpoint, it would be better for us to adopt the silver money standard rather than the gold;—but better still for us to adopt the bimetallic standard.

The facts adduced in the preceding discussion, incontrovertibly show the premises of Colonel Irish utterly impracticable and inapplicable to the existing conditions of the country's financial and commercial affairs. Therefore, it logically follows, that his conclusion, since it can have no higher value than his premises, is no less impracticable and inapplicable. Nor is it in consonance with the views of their

author, Mr. Jefferson; for his, as shown, were in favor of bimetalism. The conclusion of Mr. Irish then is entitled to no higher dignity than merely his own notion without regard to his premises. In its clause "permanent abandonment of the attempt by law to hold the metals at an unnatural parity on an artificial ratio." The term "unnatural," since "money by itself has value only by law and not by nature"—seems redundant and to render the expression ambiguous.

The notion of Col. Irish that "the policy of the United States should be the single gold standard as now," is subject to very grave objections, and will, if continued, ere long evidently bankrupt the country. Mr. John Sherman, largely responsible for the evils that have been wrecking the country for the last twenty years and upward, pleads guilty to the charge of participancy in the crime against silver—against the people in 1873; sets forth the truths as to the effects of that crime, and for his execrable part therein, offers ignorance as his apology, than which, except fraud, it would be hard to find anything more humiliating.

Thus in a letter of July 15th, 1878, to W. S. Grosbeck, he said:—

"During the monetary conference in Paris, when silver in our country was excluded from circulation by being undervalued"—(the U. S. Statistics show that the commercial ratio of silver to gold was in 1873, 15.02 to 1, and that running back to 1834, at no time had it been as great as 16 to 1)—"I was strongly in favor of the single standard of gold, and wrote a letter which you will find in the proceedings of that conference, stating briefly my view. At that time the wisest of us did not anticipate the sudden fate of silver on the use of gold that has occurred. This uncertainty of the relation between the two metals is one of the chief arguments in favor of a monometallic system. *But other arguments showing the dangerous effect upon industry by dropping one of the precious metals from the standard of value, outweigh in my mind all theoretical objections to the bimetallic system.*"

John G. Carlisle never uttered more substantial truths than when he said, February 21st, 1878:—

“I know that the world’s stock of precious metals is none too large, and I see no reason to apprehend that it will ever become so. Mankind will be fortunate, indeed, if the annual production of gold and silver coin shall keep pace with the annual increase of population, commerce and industry. According to my view of the subject, the conspiracy which seems to have been formed here and in Europe to destroy by legislation and otherwise from three-sevenths to one-half the metallic money of the world, is the most gigantic crime of this or any other age. The consummation of such a scheme would ultimately entail more misery upon the human race than all the wars, pestilence and famine that ever occurred in the history of the world. The absolute and instantaneous destruction of half the movable property of the world, including horses, ships, railroads and all other appliances for carrying on commerce, while it would be felt more sensibly at the moment, would not produce anything like the prolonged distress and disorganization of society that must inevitably result from the permanent annihilation of one-half of the metallic money of the world.”

At the time these great truths were uttered by Mr. Sherman and Mr. Carlisle, gold as a commodity had appreciated in the preceding six years 14.77 per cent; whereas since 1872 to the present time, it has appreciated with respect to silver and general commodity 100 per cent and upward, and is still appreciating. The daily news informs us that European money operators are buying up gold at advanced rates, while the prospect is not remote that our Treasury will be made again an humble suppliant to them for their hoarded gold on their own terms. The single gold standard has proven and is proving most disastrous to the country. Thus in 1866 our national debt was \$2,773,000,000.00. At the prices at that time each of the following items would have paid it, viz:— 129,000,000 bbls. of beef, or 87,000,000 bbls. of pork, or 1,007,000,000 bush. of wheat, or 3,362,350,000 bush. of oats, or 2,218,000,000

bush. of corn, or 7,092,000,000 lbs. of cotton (1867), or 213,307,000 tons of coal, or 24,110,000 tons of bar iron.

Whereas, after paying the yearly interest and \$1,701,020,473.00 of the principal, it would require to pay in products at prices in 1894, the remaining debt \$1,071,979,527.00:— 178,663,254 bbls. of beef, or 107,197,952 bbls. of pork, or 2,143,958,014 bush. of wheat, or 4,287,918,028 bush. of oats, or 3,970,294,174 bush. of corn, or 15,313,993,242 lbs. of cotton (1867), or 267,994,881 tons of coal, or 26,145,842 tons of bar iron.

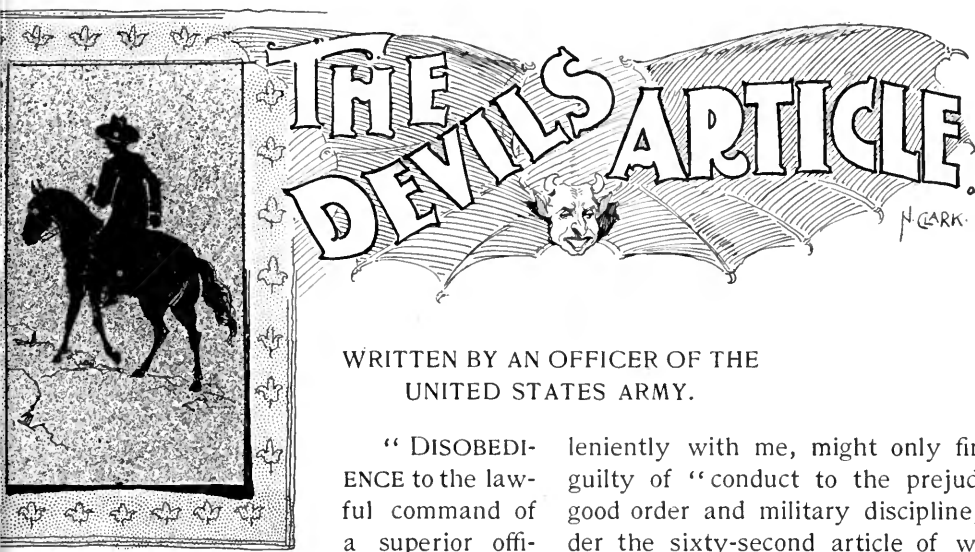
Thus conclusively showing that in consequence of the appreciated value of gold, it would require far more of the designated products to pay the debt of 1894, than that of 1866— more by 49,663,254 bbls. of beef, or 20,197,952 bbls. of pork, or 1,136,959,014 bush. of wheat, or 1,025,568,028 bush. of oats, or 1,752,294,174 bush. of corn, or 8,221,993,243 lbs. of cotton (1867), or 54,687,881 tons of coal, or 2,035,842 tons of bar iron.

These, as seen, are staple products, and may be taken as fairly representing the relative debt paying power of general commodity at the respective dates named. In presence of the fact that the national debt is equal only to about one-fortieth part of the aggregate debt of the country— principal and interest payable in gold—the thoughtful American can but stand appalled. The national debt— except the iniquitous bond portion of the last two years— was incurred when silver and gold, at an established ratio between them, were at par. And “just principles” demand that in its payment the dignity of silver shall not, in the least, be impaired— demand that as far as possible, the payment of a debt, public or private, shall not be made in money varying in value from that of general commodity at the time the debt shall have been contracted. Money is good in

proportion to its stability of value as compared with that of general commodity. Perfection in establishing a standard measure of value seems unattainable. The standard least liable to fluctuation should evidently be adopted. Gold monometalism has proved highly fluctuating — ap-

preciated over 100 per cent in twenty-three years—and should therefore be permanently abolished. Bimetallism long tested, proved highly efficient in performing all the duties required of money, and therefore may safely be re-established, and ought so to be.

*Irving M. Scott.*



WRITTEN BY AN OFFICER OF THE  
UNITED STATES ARMY.

“DISOBEDIENCE to the lawful command of a superior officer.”

The words rang in my ears as I dismounted and passed the reins over my horse's head, and allowed the animal to poke his nose among the dry pine needles which lay on the mountain trail. I tried to recall the exact phrasing of the article of war which seemed the most appropriate to my offense. It might be considered a clear case of disobedience to orders, — the lawful command of my superior officer, — and in that case, the twenty-first article of war, with its gruesome penalty of, “death or such other punishment as a court martial may direct,” stared me in the face. Possibly, however, there were mitigating circumstances to be considered in my favor and the court, if the members wished to deal

leniently with me, might only find me guilty of “conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline,” under the sixty-second article of war; — the “devil's article,” as it is called by the soldiers, since it includes, in its comprehensive scope, all offenders for whom a punishment to fit the crime may not be found under any other article of war.

“What does it matter?” I groaned to myself. “What difference does it make what infernal article I am tried for violating. I have only myself to thank for my ill luck. Had I done as I was told to do, I might even now be back at the post with my prisoners.”

The rain was falling gently in the open spaces between the trees, and therefore I motioned to my squad of seven troopers to lead their mounts to the shelter of a clump of cedars on my right, and I turned my own horse over to the nearest man.

Left to myself I turned over the events

of the unlucky day in my mind. I recalled how, shortly after guard-mounting that same morning, the Colonel had sent for me to come at once to his office. I wondered, as I hastened towards the Adjutant's office, if the time would ever come when the "compliments of the commanding officer" would cease to strike a cold chill down my spinal column, and a vague presentiment of something disagreeable to follow.

The Colonel, I found when I reached the august presence, was in an excited frame of mind; but this did not surprise me, for we Subalterns in the Eleventh Horse were used to his fits of excitement over trifles. He was pacing up and down the limits of his Adjutant's office, his hands clinched behind his back, as if to prevent them from clawing this air or the hair of the nearest second lieutenant.

"Mr. Romaine," he screamed in his high pitched voice, keeping up his walk, "The officer-of-the-day reports that two of our general prisoners — deserters serving sentence — have escaped from the guard house. Something is always going wrong when Captain Jones is officer of the day! You will take a detail of six men and a non-commissioned officer, and recapture these prisoners. You will also take the guide, Costello, with you, and be governed as to the direction the men have taken by what he says. He tells me they have gone up the Bear Pass trail and he knows every inch of the ground. So that is your route, and you ought to have no trouble in overtaking the rascals, don't be surprised if they resist arrest. They'll not come back without a struggle."

I listened in silence, saluted, and turned on my heel to carry out my orders. I must confess I felt discouraged at the threshold of my undertaking. I had not been long in the army, yet long enough to realize that no officer likes to be ham-

pered with directions as to how he is to do what he is ordered to do. Most commanding officers realize that they get the best results from their subordinates when they tell them simply to do a thing and leave them to determine the way to do it. I did not fancy the idea of being confined to the Bear Pass trail. Nor did I like having Costello, — "Gopher Bill," the soldiers called him — for a guide. From the first time I saw the greasy half-breed scout, I felt an unconquerable aversion for him. Like most young men I fancied myself a reader of character and I thought that I read "liar and rascal" in Gopher Bill's bearded face.

We rode out of the three company post, which guarded the eastern end of the Indian reservation, at a quick trot, less than fifteen minutes after my interview with the Colonel. I rode my hardy sorrel gelding at the head of the little column. Next came Gopher Bill, riding an Indian piebald pony, closely followed by a sergeant and six troopers in column of files; for trails are very narrow in the White River country.

I turned half way round in my saddle, as soon as we were out of the post, and said to Gopher Bill, "You know which trail the deserters took, do you?"

"Yes, Lieutenant. The Bear Paw trail," he replied.

"How do you know this?" I asked.

"Squaw man Joe saw them and passed them five miles up the Bear Paw trail, Lieutenant. I seen them turn in this way myself just after they was missed."

"I believe you are lying to me," was my inward comment as we rode on.

My distrust of the guide increased when I glanced down at the trail and failed to discover any signs of recent mule tracks in the dust. As we were leaving the corral the quartermaster sergeant had informed me that the escaping prisoners were, he thought, mounted



"HE WAS PACING UP AND DOWN THE LIMITS OF HIS ADJUTANT'S OFFICE,"

on mules, which they had found near the guard house. I mentioned this to the guide.

"Oh, no, Lieutenant, the quartermaster sergeant don't know nothin'. It was Injun ponies they rode and here are the tracks."

I remembered that the Bear Paw trail was a favorite one with the Indians at certain seasons, which would account for the pony tracks. I felt more than ever convinced that the guide was deceiving

me, and the prisoners had not taken this trail.

I knew that the only remaining trail which they could take, which would lead them anywhere near a railroad (and deserters seek railroads as ducks do water), was the White Oak trail. I also happened to remember that there is a "cut off" by way of the Bitter Root Creek trail to the White Oak from the Bear Paw, and that this cut off started just ahead of where we were then riding.

"The guide is wrong," what, later in the day, I called my silly presentiment said to me.

Obeying it, I motioned "Column right!" when we reached the cut off and we left the Bear Paw trail. The soldiers, of course, followed me with the unquestioning obedience of the regular. But Gopher Bill, his face livid with rage, tried to ride his horse abreast of mine and said in a voice shaking with passion:

"The Lieutenant is dead wrong. This ain't the right trail. The men we are after are not very far ahead on the Bear Paw. We 'd better go back there, Lieutenant. I say we 'd better turn back!"

I told him to keep quiet. I knew what I was about. He muttered something in

reply about the column and his orders and the Bear Paw trail. But I rode on, ignoring his grumbling.

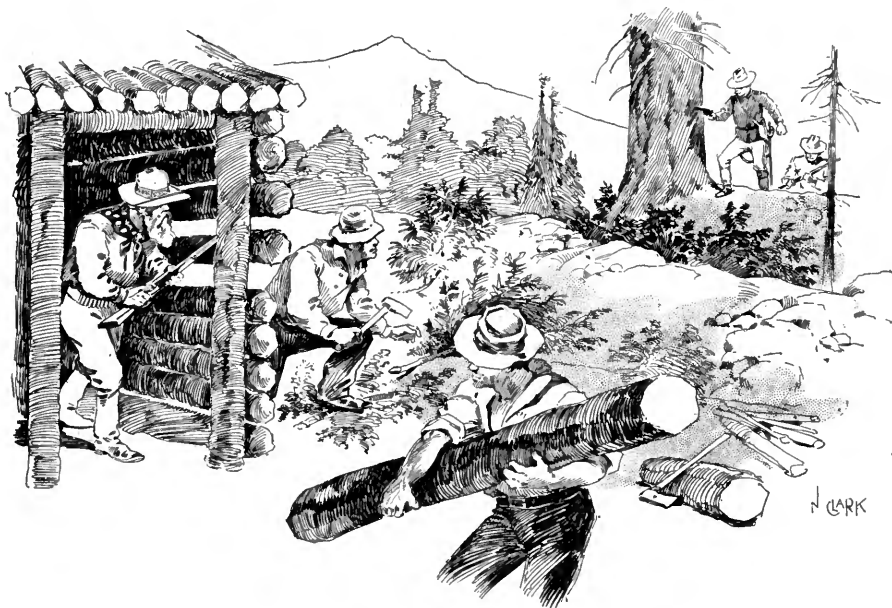
An hour later we struck the White Oak trail. To my chagrin and disappointment I saw nothing to indicate the recent passage of either mules or ponies, and the trail soon became so rocky and so confused that it took a more practiced eye than mine to discover any signs. The day wore on towards afternoon and our faithful horses, lagging along the rough trail, now at a slow walk, began to show signs of fatigue and thirst. I ordered a halt and Bill, the guide, apparently recovered from his ill humor, offered to go and look for water.

We waited for him for nearly an hour, but, as he did not return, I concluded



"TO MY CHAGRIN AND DISAPPOINTMENT I SAW NOTHING TO INDICATE THE PASSAGE OF MULE OR PONIES."





"SUDDENLY, WHIZZ! A BALL WENT BY MY HEAD!"

that he had either lost his way (not likely, however, as he knew the country), or else had returned to the post to pour his tale of woe into the colonel's ear. So we mounted and rode on.

Two hours later the lengthening shadows warned me that the afternoon was well advanced, and still no sign of the fugitives. Then rain began to fall. Soon I again ordered a halt, and this brings me to the time mentioned at the outset of this narrative when I went over, mentally, the events of the day.

I had to contemplate the disagreeable necessity of making a dry camp where we were for the night; for it was not raining hard enough to enable us to catch any water, and there was no stream or spring, apparently, in all the region we had traversed. But the prospects for a dry camp were as a minor evil when I reflected that next day I must return to the post with used up horses, disgusted men, and the object of the expedition worse than not accomplished, for had I not deliberately disobeyed my instructions and fully deserved

my failure? A court-martial certainly awaited me at the very outset of my military career. It would be the "devil's article" at the very least. Good luck if it was no worse.

With these melancholy forebodings, I left my detachment of soldiers, with orders to unsaddle the horses and picket them for the night, and strolled up the trail a little beyond our halting place, still hoping against hope for some signs of the men we were after.

All at once I heard the murmur of voices some yards ahead. I stole on, silently, stooping behind the thick underbrush in the direction of the voices. From the top of a low knoll I suddenly perceived two men, crouching down before a partially concealed dug-out and busily engaged in putting the finishing touches to the rude cabin by piling up logs and brushwood before its low entrance. It was a surprise to me to see men at work in this remote spot, but as they wore civilian clothing, and looked like laborers and had their faces turned away from me, I did not believe that the two men I

was looking for were before me. In fact my attention was distracted from them by the movements of a third man, whom I now perceived through the crevices and chinks between the logs which formed a rough barricade to the dug-out.

Suddenly, whizz! a ball went by my head, almost grazing my cheek, immediately followed by a loud report and smoke from the dug-out. The man within must have seen me at about the same time that I caught sight of him.

My hand was at my holster in an instant and I had my revolver out and cocked. Another bullet went singing by my head. A large tree was within two feet of me. I stepped in rear of it and fired in the direction of the dug-out, just as the two men outside stepped behind the breastwork of logs, but not before I recognized them as the men I had been ordered to pursue and capture.

My joy at finding them was allayed by the thought of the possible consequences to myself if I attempted their capture in their stronghold. It made me uncomfortable to remember how near those bullets had come! I had but four more loaded chambers in my revolver. I could but hope that the men of my party had heard the noise of the firing and would come to my assistance.

Such indeed proved to be the case. The sergeant and four of the troopers, attracted by the reports, came running towards where I stood. I indicated to them where the men we wanted were concealed.

All was now quiet within the dug-out. It was getting too dark to take anything like accurate aim. It was evident that the men in the dug-out were husbanding their ammunition, expecting that we would attempt their capture by assault. It ceased raining and the moon came up, making it lighter than before. Sandy Merrit, one of my detachment, and a

soldier always fertile in resources, remarked tentatively:

"If the Lieutenant says so, I'll smoke 'em out!"

There were plenty of stubble and brush lying around near the opening of the dug-out. The wind was blowing towards it. Merrit's suggestion seemed practicable. I said "Go ahead!"

He crept forward on his hands and knees, while the rest of us lay, with pistols cocked, behind such shelter as the trees and rocks afforded. An instant later a hissing noise and thick clouds of smoke arose between my party and the dug-out, coming from the damp and decaying brushwood which Sandy had set on fire. It was an ill wind for those in the dug-out. It blew the place full of smoke.

"Our game's up!" called out a choking voice. "We surrender!"

"Come out, then," I cried, "hands up! One at a time."

They did so, single file, hands up, being covered by the revolvers of half my men, while the rest stepped forward to disarm and secure them. As the last one of the three stepped out into the moonlight, Sandy Merrit exclaimed,

"Well, I'll be gol darned if I ain't smoked out Gopher Bill!"

Sure enough, our late guide was now one of our captives.

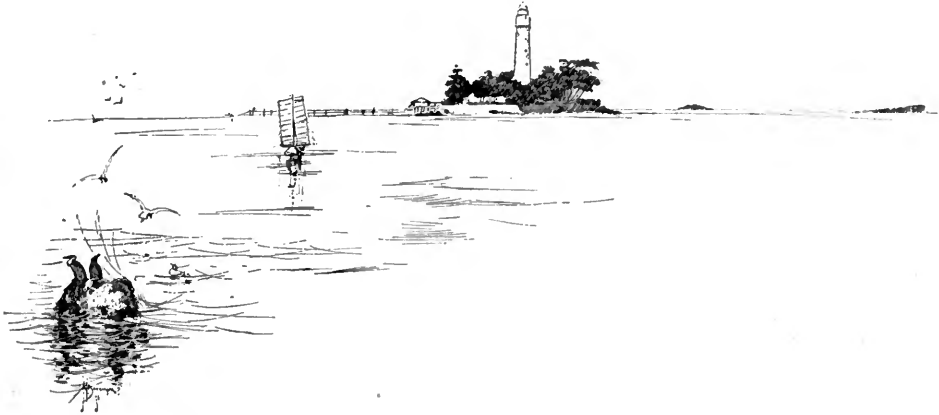
It was a weary march back to the fort next day for tired horses and men, and Gopher Bill seemed particularly possessed of "that tired feeling," as he tramped along leading his pony, under guard, doing what cavalry men call the "dough-boy act." It transpired that he had been bought up by the deserters some time before their escape from the guard house.

We reached the fort during the sound off at retreat, when I at once reported my return to the commanding officer, together with the fact that I had taken a

different trail from the one he had ordered me to take. It is unnecessary to add that I was not court-martialed. With

soldiers failure is the only unpardonable sin and success sometimes crowns even disobedience to orders.

*J. A. Lockwood, U. S. A.*



## HOW WE PLAYED ROBINSON CRUSOE.

### IN THE STRAITS OF MALACCA.



TWO hours steam south from Singapore out into the famous Straits of Malacca, or one day's steam north from the equator, stands Raffles's Light-house. Sir Stamford

Raffles, the man from whom it took its name, rests in Westminster Abbey, and a heroic-sized bronze statue of him graces the center of the beautiful ocean esplanade of Singapore, the city he founded.

It was on the rocky island on which stands this light, that we — the mistress and I — played Robinson Crusoe or, to be nearer the truth, Swiss Family Robinson.

It was hard to imagine, I confess, that the beautiful steam launch that brought us was a wreck; that our half-dozen Chinese servants were members of the family; that the ton of impedimenta was the flotsam of the sea; that the Eurasian

keeper and his attendants were cannibals; but we closed our eyes to all disturbing elements, and only remembered that we were alone on a sun-lit rock in the midst of a sun-lit sea, and that the dreams of our childhood were, to some extent, realized.

What live American boy has not had the desire, possibly but half-admitted, to some day be like his hero, dear old Crusoe, on a tropical island, monarch of all, hampered by no dictates of society or fashion? I admit my desire, and, further, that it did not leave me as I grew older.

We had just time to inspect our little island home before the sun went down, far out in the Indian Ocean.

Originally the island had been but a barren, uneven rock, the resting-place for gulls; but now its summit has been made flat by a coating of concrete. There is just enough earth between the concrete



"TABEK, TUAN?" (HOW ARE YOU, MY LORD?)

and the rocky edges of the island to support a circle of cocoanut-trees, a great almond-tree, and a queer-looking banyan-tree, whose wide-spreading arms extend over nearly half the little plaza. Below the light-house, and set back like caves into the side of the island, are the kitchen and the servants' quarters, a covered passageway connecting them with the rotunda of the tower, in which we have set our dining-table.

Ah Ming, our "China boy," seemed to be inveterate in his determination to spoil our Swiss Family Robinson illusion. We are hardly settled before he came to us.

"Mem" (mistress), "no have got ice-e-blox. Ice-e all glow away."

"Very well, Ming. Dig a hole in the ground, and put the ice in it."

"How can dig? Glound all same, hard like ice-e."

"Well, let the ice melt," I replied. "Robinson Crusoe had no ice."

In a half-hour Jim, the cook, came up to speak to the "Mem." He lowered his cue, brushed the creases out of his spotless shirt, drew his face down, and commenced:

"Mem, no have got chocolate, how can make puddlin'?"

I laughed outright. Jim looked hurt.

"Jim, did you ever hear of one Crusoe?"

"No, Tuan!" (Lord.)

"Well, he was a Tuan who lived for

thirty years without once eating chocolate 'puddlin'.' We'll not eat any for ten days. *Sabe?*'"

Jim retired, mortified and astonished.

Inside of another half-hour, the *Tukang Ayer* or water carrier arrived on the scene. He was simply dressed in a pair of knee-breeches. He complained of a lack of silver polish, and was told to pound up a stone for the knives, and let the silver alone.

We are really in the heart of a small archipelago. All about us are verdure-covered islands. They are now the homes of native fishermen, but a century ago they were hiding-places for the fierce Malayan pirates whose sanguinary deeds made the peninsula a byword in the mouths of Europeans.

A rocky beach extends about the island proper, contracting and expanding as the tide rises and falls. On this beach a hundred and one varieties of shells glisten in the salt water, exposing their delicate shades of coloring to the rays of the sun. Coral formations of endless design and shape come to view through the limpid spectrum, forming a perfect submarine garden of wondrous beauty. Through the shrubs, branches, ferns and sponges of coral, the brilliantly colored fish of the Southern seas sport like gold-fish in some immense aquarium.

We draw out our chairs within the protection of the almond-tree, and watch the sun sink slowly to a level with the masts of a bark that is bound for Java and the Borneoan coasts. The black, dead lava of our island becomes molten for the time, and the flakes of salt left on the coral reef by the out-going tide are filled with suggestions of the gold of the days of '49. A faint breeze rustles among the long, fan-like leaves of the palm, and brings out the rich yellow tints with their background of green. A clear, sweet aroma comes from out the almond-tree.

The red sun and the white sheets of the bark sail away together for the Spice Islands of the South Pacific.

We sleep in a room in the heart of the light-house. The stairway leading to it is so steep that we find it necessary to hold on to a knotted rope as we ascend. Hundreds of little birds, no larger than sparrows, dash by the windows, flying into the face of the gale that rages during the night, keeping up all the time a sharp, high note that sounds like wind blowing on telegraph wires.

Every morning, at six o'clock, Ah Ming clammers up the perpendicular stairway, with tea and toast. We swallow it hurriedly, wrap a *sarong* about us, and take a dip in the sea, the while keeping our eyes open for sharks. Often, after a bath, while stretched out in a long chair, we see the black fins of a man-eater cruising just outside the reef. I do not know that I ever hit one, but I used a good deal of lead firing at them.

One morning we started on an exploring expedition, in the keeper's jolly-boat. It was only a short distance to the first island, a small rocky one, with a bit of sandy beach, along which were scattered the charred embers of past fires. From under our feet darted the grotesque little robber crabs, with their stolen shell houses on their backs. A great white jelly-fish, looking like a big tapioca pudding, had been washed up with the tide out of the reach of the sea, and a small colony of ants was feasting on it. We did not try to explore the interior of the islet. We named it Fir Island from its crown of fir-like casuarina-trees, which sent out on every breeze a balsamic odor that was charged with tar-away New England recollections.

The next island was a large one. The keeper said it was called *Pulo Seneng*, or Island of Leisure, and held a little *campong*, or village of Malays, under an old

*Punghulo*, or chief, named Wahpering. We found, on nearing the verdure-covered island, that it looked much larger than it really was. The woods grew out into the sea for a quarter of a mile. We entered the wood by a narrow walled inlet, and found ourselves for the first time in a mangrove swamp. The trees all seemed to be growing on stilts. A perfect labyrinth of roots stood up out of the water, like a rough scaffold, on which rested the tree trunks, high and dry above the flood. From the limbs of the trees hung the seed pods, two feet in length, sharp-pointed at the lower end, while on the upper end, next to the tree, was a russet pear-shaped growth. They are so nicely balanced that when in their maturity they drop from the branches, they fall upright in the mud, literally planting themselves.

The *Punghulo's* house, or bungalow, stood at the end of the inlet. The old man—he must have been sixty—donned his best clothes, relieved his mouth of a great red quid of betel, and came out to welcome us. He gracefully touched his forehead with the back of his open palm, and mumbled the Malay greeting:

“*Tabek, Tuan?*” (How are you, my lord?)

When the keeper gave him our cards, and announced us in florid language, the genial old fellow touched his forehead again, and in his best Bugis Malay begged the great Rajah and Ranee to enter his humble home.

The only way of entering a Malay home is by a rickety ladder six feet high, and through a four-foot opening. I am afraid that the great “Rajah and Ranee” lost some of their lately acquired dignity in accepting the invitation.

Wahpering's bungalow, other than being larger and roomier than the ordinary bungalow, was exactly like all others in style and architecture.

It was built close to the water's edge, on palm posts six feet above the ground. This was for protection from the tiger, from thieves, from the water, and for sanitary reasons. Within the house we could just stand upright. The floor was of split bamboo, and was elastic to the foot, causing a sensation which at first made us step carefully. The open places left by the crossing of the bamboo slats were a great convenience to the *Punghulo's* wives, as they could sweep all the refuse of the house through them; they might also be a great accomodation to the *Punghulo's* enemies, if he had any, for they could easily ascertain the exact mat on which he slept, and stab him with their keen *krises* from beneath.

In one corner of the room was the hand loom on which the *Punghulo's* old wife was weaving the universal article of dress, the *sarong*.

The weaving of a *sarong* represents the labor of twenty days, and when we gave the dried-up old worker two dollars and a half for one, her *syrak*-stained gums broke forth from between her bright-red lips in a ghastly grin of pleasure.

There must have been the representatives of at least four generations under the *Punghulo's* hospitable roof. Men and women, alike, were dressed in the skirt-like *Sarong* which fell from the waist down; above that some of the older women wore another garment called a *Kabaya*. The married women were easily distinguishable by their swollen gums and filed teeth.

The roof and sides of the house were of *attap*. This is made from the long, arrow-like leaves of the nipah palm. Unlike its brother palms—the cocoa, the sago, the gamooty, and the areca—the nipah is short, and more like a giant cactus in growth. Its leaves are stripped off by the natives, then bent over a bamboo rod and sewed together with fibers

of the same palm. When dry they become glazed and waterproof.

The tall, slender areca palm, which stands about every *campong*, supplies the natives with their great luxury — an acorn, known as the betel-nut, which when crushed and mixed with lime leaves, takes the place of our chewing tobacco. In fact, the bright-red juice seen oozing from the corners of a Malay's mouth is as much a part of himself as is his *sarong* or *kris*. Betel-nut chewing holds its own against the opium of the Chinese and the tobacco of the European.

As soon as we shook hands ceremoniously with the *Punghulo's* oldest wife, and *tabebed* to the rest of his big family, the old man scrambled down the ladder, and sent a boy up a cocoanut tree for some fresh nuts. In a moment half a dozen of the great oval green nuts came pounding down into the sand. Another little fellow snatched them up, and with a sharp *parang*, or hatchet-like knife, cut away the soft shuck until the cocoanut took the form of a pyramid, at the apex of which he bored a hole and a stream of delicious cool milk gurgled out. We needed no second invitation to apply our lips to the hole. The meat inside was so soft that we could eat it with a spoon. The cocoanut of commerce contains hardly a suggestion of the tender fleshy pulp of a freshly-picked nut.

We left the *Punghulo's* house with the old chief in the bow of our boat — he insisted upon seeing that we were properly announced to his subjects — and proceeded along the coast for half a mile, and then up a swampy lagoon to its head.

The tall tops of the palms wrapped everything in a cool green twilight. The waters of the lagoon were filled with little bronze forms, swimming and sporting about in its tepid depths regardless of the cruel eyes that gleamed at them

from great log-like forms among the mangrove roots.

Dozens of naked children fled up the rickety ladders of their homes as we approached. Ring-doves flew through the trees, and tame monkeys chattered at us from every corner. The men came out to meet us, and did the hospitalities of their village; and when we left our boat was loaded down with presents of fish and fruit.

Almost every day after that did we visit the *campong*, and were always welcomed in the same cordial manner.

Wahpering was tireless in his attentions. He kept his *Sampan Besar*, or big boat, with its crew at our disposal day after day.

One day I showed him the American flag. He gazed at it thoughtfully and said, "*Baik!*" (Good.) "How big your country?" I tried to explain. He listened for a moment. "Big as *Negri Blanda?*" (Holland.) I laughed. "A thousand times larger!" The old fellow shook his head sadly, and looked at me reproachfully.

"*Tidah! Tidah!*" (No, no.) "Rajah. *Orang Blanda* (Dutchman) show me chart of the world. Holland all red. Take almost all the world. Rest of countries small, small. All in one little corner. How can Rajah say his country big?"

There was no denying the old man's knowledge; I, too, had seen one of these Dutch maps of the world, which are circulated in Java to make the natives think that Holland is the greatest nation on earth.

One day glided into another with surprising rapidity. We could swim, explore, or lie out in our long chairs, and read and listlessly dream. All about our little island the silver sheen of the sea was checkered with sails. These strange native craft held for me a lasting fascin-

ation. I gazed out at them as they glided by, and saw in them some of the rose-colored visions of my youth. Piracy, Indian Rajahs and Spice Islands seemed to live in their queer red sails and palm-matting roofs. At night a soft warm breeze blew from off shore and lulled us to sleep ere we were aware.

One morning the old chief made us a visit before we were up. He announced his approach by a salute from a muzzle-loading musket. I returned it by a discharge from my revolver. He had come over with the morning tide to ask us to spend the day, as his guests, wild-pig hunting. Of course we accepted with alacrity. I am not going to tell you how we found all the able-bodied men and dogs on the island awaiting us, how they beat the jungle with frantic yells and shouts while we waited on the opposite side, or even how many pigs we shot. It would all take too long.

We went fishing every day. The many-colored and many-shaped fish we caught were a constant wonderment to us. One was bottle-green, with sky-blue fins and tail, and striped with lines of gold. Its skin was stiff and firm as patent leather. Another was pale-blue, with a bright-red proboscis two inches long. We caught cuttle-fish with great lustrous eyes, long jelly feelers and a plentiful supply of black fluid; squibs, prawns, mulletts, crabs and devil-fish. These last are con-

sidered great delicacies by the natives. We had one fried. Its meat was perfectly white, and tasted like a tallow candle.

The day on which we were to leave, Wahpering brought us some fruit and fish and a pair of ring-doves. Motioning me to one side he whispered, the while looking shyly at the mistress, "Ranee very beautiful! How much you pay?" I was staggered for the moment, and made him repeat his question. This time I could not mistake him. "How much you pay for wife?" He gave his thumb a jerk in the direction of the mistress. I saw that he was really serious, so I collected my senses, and, with a practical, business-like air, answered, "Two hundred dollars." The old fellow sighed.

"The great Rajah very rich! I pay fifty for best wife."

I have not tried to tell you all we did on our tropical Island playing Robinson Crusoe, I have only tried to convey some little impression of a happy ten days that will ever be remembered as one more of those glorious, oriental chapters in our lives which are filled with the gorgeous colors of crimson and gold, the delicate perfumes of spice-laden breezes and with imperishable visions of a strange, old-world life.

They are chapters that we can read over and over again with an ever-increasing interest as the years roll by.

*Rounsevelle Wildman.*

---

## LIFE AND DEATH.

NOT two, but one is Life and Death:

Life is where God doth breathe his breath.  
 Death is, of Life, its silent side,—  
 A shore left lone by ebbing tide.  
 Life ebbs and flows, a tide of force,—  
 Itself the tide, itself the source.

*W. H. Platt.*



## THE ADVERTISER AND THE POSTER.

The last decade of the Twentieth Century imposes upon the brain an incessant travail; the dead walls themselves conspire to disturb the repose of sight and spirit; the changing decoration of each day, however busy one may be, however skeptical one may be, forces attention to the arabesque designs in the drawing and, mayhap, causes an investigation of the bright colors against the dismal gray of the city's walls.

For the purpose of striking more surely and convincing beyond doubt, the advertiser has allied himself to art; he has called to his aid the poetry of allegory, and the beauty of dress has opened up unexpected avenues of success and, the unrestricted regard of the esthete.

"He that runs may read." And the world has followed the metamorphosis of the poster, from the ancient wood cut, with the accompaniment of a horrible typography, unattractive and disfiguring, into the beautiful symbolism of the modern poster.

In referring to posters the current issue of the *Book Leaf* says:—

A good poster attracts the eye of the passer-by. So far it surprises only; and for this purpose alone might very properly be a splash of crimson ink on a field of white. A good poster also tells the passer-by something, in a glance; and for this purpose it must almost of necessity contain a line or more of print. For these two purposes alone the poster might be a splash of crimson ink on a field of white with a line of information below. But a good poster should also convey by the picture in it, at a second glance, a thought to the passer-by. For this purpose the poster might be a crimson cat chased by a yellow dog up a sea-green tree. But a good poster must not only catch the eye and give a word of information, and by its picture suggest a story—it should

also in its pictorial part, so tell the story as to please. We come then to the problem.

The crimson cat, the yellow dog and the sea-green tree may be a combination discordant as to color, in no way striking, and as to the idea it conveys not necessarily suggestive of anything beneath the surface. Whereas, the ideal poster



should be suggestive of much, should give by its color combination an agreeable sensation, and should, to the thoughtful mind at least, suggest something, start a train of ideas.

As a matter of fact the development of the poster art in recent years has done much more

# The Black Cat



THE SHORTSTORY PUBLISHING CO 144 HIGH ST BOSTON MASS

Copyright 1896 by The Shortstory Publishing Co.

# Outing



FEBRUARY \* 96

than furnish us with wall signs which tell us agreeably and quickly of this, that and the other commodity for sale. Posters of the Bradley and Beardsley kind have given many people, for the first time in their lives, an idea of the artistic possibilities which lie in black and white, and of the agreeable sensations which may be derived from the contemplation of nothing more than a beautiful combination of lines. Colored posters have given the lie, and very justly, to much of the current education in regard to appropriate and pleasing color-combinations; and have, moreover, opened the eyes of many people to the fact that a picture may be broad, and bold, and striking, and in its details unnaturally distorted, and yet pleasing and full of suggestion.

Jules Cheret, "master of the poster," recreated the art of poster drawing and designing some thirty years ago. With a gradual growth, aided by the professional and the amateur, by the Beardsley and the Bradley, this peculiar art has attained its full efflorescence in the modern poster.

The Editor of *Paper and Press* in an article on "tendency illustrating," remarks on Beardsley and his particular school in poster art:—

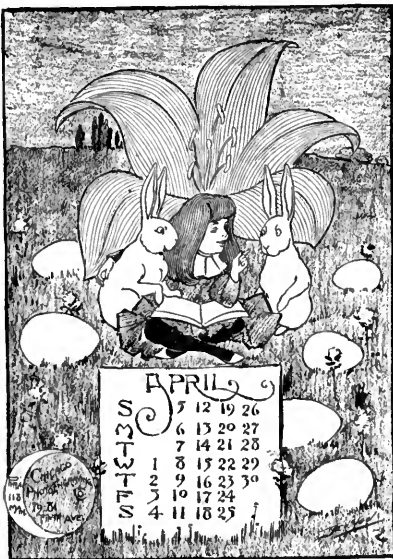




popular taste to contact with. Its main tendency is in the direction of the sensuous elements of human nature, and while it may be very practical and certain of applause in its appeal to the animal side of mankind, it is none the less a fact that this part of us needs no such fuel to make it burn fiercely. The types which art is here used to interpret appeal by their impure character. Few would care to admit that they are true to human nature, in any other than its lowest sense.

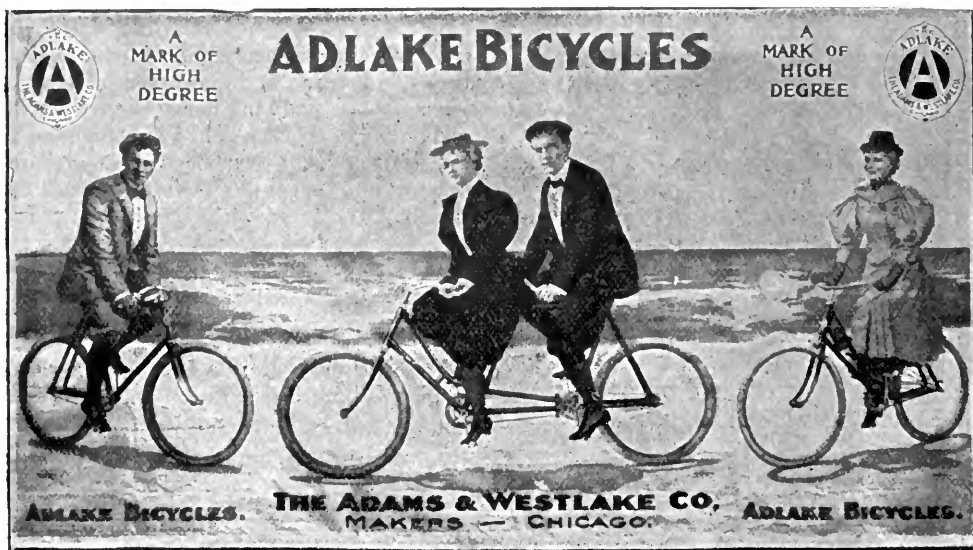
While this may in a measure be true, there remains that fact that a great impetus has been given to the better class of advertising and that the illustrative feature in commercial propaganda

The Beardsley influence may, it is true, prove a check upon the tendency of present-day artists to imitate Abbey, C. D. Gibson and others, but it only means diverting their thought and the formation of their style in the direction of Beardsley himself—and it is a question whether this is desirable. Wanting in subjective purity—purity of its models—without which no art can hope to endure, it is, moreover, a stimulus to degenerate canons in illustrative and decorative work, and a fountain of undesirable images for



has come to stay. Why there should be a check to the imitation of the splendid healthy drawing of Gibson and Abbey the writer does not state. The artists mentioned are neither of them decorators or poster makers and in their own particular field are pre-eminent and worthy of all following.

The many poster competitions of The Century Company and other magazines, *The Fourth Estate* and the great dailies of New York, *The Journal*, *Herald* and *World*, has been of great encouragement

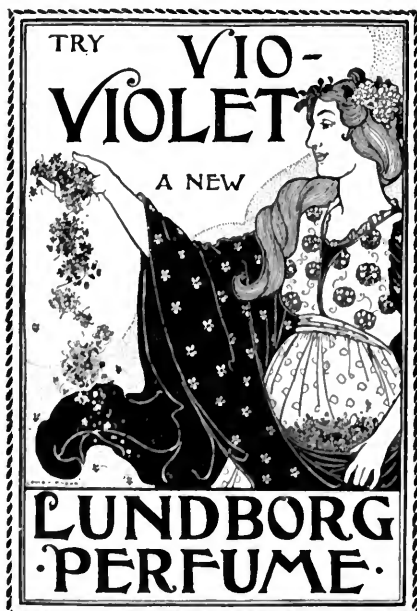


to the arts of designing, engraving and printing and to the shrewd advertiser has brought the "dollars of our daddies."

In these days of presidential campaign, it is astonishing that the American politician has not yet adopted the poster route to reach his constituency, in imitation of the French and English politicians. The following under the head of "The Poster

in Politics," is a clear exposition of the methods of the seeker for public favor across the pond:—

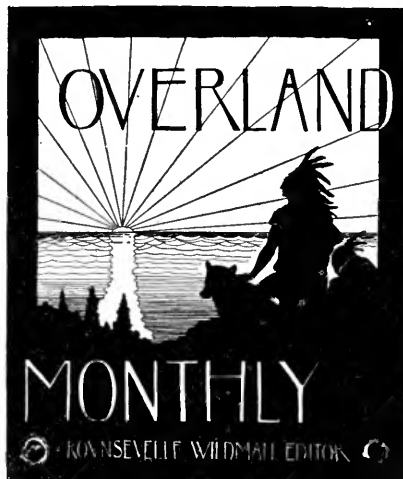
The librarian of the British Museum has issued a special appeal to all candidates in the recent English elections to forward to him for preservation in the archives of that great national library copies of bills, placards and pictures which they have issued for the purpose of influencing electors. Such a collection will undoubtedly be valuable to





the future historian, and a glance at this literature, which came into existence during the English political campaign of 1895, may serve as a suggestion to the politicians who are making American history and who so far have not availed themselves as extensively as our English relations of this form of appeal to the voter. The most noteworthy instance of the use of the poster in this country was during our presidential campaign of 1892, when several effective "protection," "free trade," and "force bill" cartoons were sent out by the National Democratic and Republican committees. These exerted a powerful influence in many quarters, especially the "force bill" poster in the South.

A whole volume of congressional eloquence may be condensed into a single placard. One effective picture in glaring color or bold black and white may bring home a political lesson or point a moral far better than all the oratory of the platform or all the appeals of the pulpit. Mural literature has a great advantage over other propoganda. Like wisdom in the book of Proverbs, the placard cries aloud in the main thoroughfares. It stands at the corners of the streets. It forces itself upon your attention the moment you stir outside your doors. Men can afford to read newspapers, they can absolutely abjure the public meeting, they can bundle the newspapers into the gutter, but unless they shut their eyes they cannot prevent themselves from seeing the pictures, cartoons and caricatures with



# VIN MARIANI

**POPULAR  
FRENCH TONIC WINE**

*Fortifies and Refreshes Body & Brain  
Restores Health and Vitality.*

# SALT AIR BEACH RESORT

ON GREAT SALT LAKE

ON THE  
RIO GRANDE  
WESTERN RAILWAY  
THE ONLY  
TRANSCONTINENTAL LINE  
PASSING THROUGH  
SALT LAKE CITY.

# "A GAETLY GIRL"

# VET AND WIBORG COMPANY

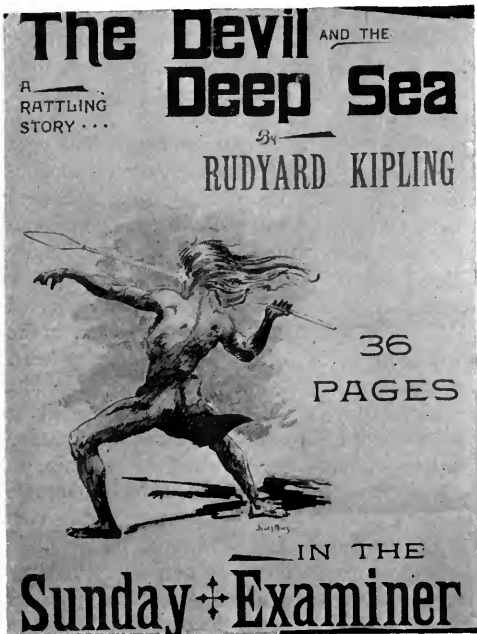
MAKERS OF  
LITHIUM BATH  
AND  
LITHIUM  
WATER

## PRINTING

INCINNATI

NEW YORK  
CHICAGO





which the party bill-sticker may cover the available walls which he must pass when he takes his walks abroad. Mr. Carlyle has told us how in the hot fever of the French Revolution the newspapers preferred the circulation which they obtained by means of the bill-sticker to the circulation secured by the ordinary method of subscription. It would be possible to construct from the placards and pictures issued during the recent English election a very faithful and accurate picture of the condition of the mind of England when the last appeal was made to the country.

—*Review of Reviews.*

Of course every success brings its attendant evils, and in some instances the poster designer has reached such a degree of atrociousness that it has called for a large amount of criticism. This to the merchant means money, for criticism is advertising; it is notice; the poster has in this way reached its destination, making it a profitable investment.

Grace McGowan Cooke writes in the Chattanooga *Sunday Times* regarding an article on the poster in a recent number of the *OVERLAND*, in the following entertaining strain :—

K. Porter Garnett writes of "The Poster," and numerous examples of poster work illustrate this and an article on "The Arts and Crafts," a San Francisco association.

This poster craze, and a certain trend this poster designing has taken, brings Max Nordau and his theories prominently to mind.

Most of the examples given in this *OVERLAND* article are admirable designs—this can be said especially of those posters which were designed for *OVERLAND* itself—but room is given, of course, for some work by Aubrey Beardsley and his likes.

Nothing but Nordau's degeneration theory will explain why a man who can draw well deliberately chooses to draw ill—nay, why he draws worse than anybody ever could draw before, and then calls upon the world to see that he has made a discovery in art, and founded a new school.

That the world obediently "sees" should make no difference to sane people. When a



THE AUBREY BEARDSLEY, AUTONISM, COPELAND AND DAY POSTER.

thing purporting to be the picture of a woman, and occupying the center of one of these productions, partakes of the nature of a serpent, seems to be own cousin to a flamingo, shows a tendency to sport fins like a fish; when the astonished gazer is fain to exclaim with good man Polonius, "By the mass, 't is like a camel, indeed;" to find with him that "it is backed like a weasel," and wind up with the opinion that it is "very like a whale," one begins to see that there must be something a trifle out of joint with the drawing.

We are told, too, that the coloring of these eccentricities is as atrocious as the outlining. The miserable manner being heretofore limited to advertisements and posters, is being applied to illustration by some of the minor magazines, and nothing could be more atrocious in effect.

However it may be, as regarded from the standpoint of Miss Cooke, the poster that through its beauty of line, its marked contrast, or its softness in color, or "atrociousness" of design has caught comment, has by that very fact a "raison d'etre." Then again, it must be remembered that the average citizen is not a judge of beauty, and that the artist who designed the poster only goes a *very short* way toward giving the general public, the "average citizen," a liberal education in art.

One of the poster competitions that generally attracted attention from the professional was that of the *Fourth Estate*. Of the design accepted and to which the first prize was awarded the *Fourth Estate* has this to say:—

"Forever" is the badge borne by the figure representing Journalism, or The Press, which the judges of the *Fourth Estate's* art competition unanimously decided to be the winner. Forever is the right word. It stands for the truth that is eternal. It might also be considered to tell of the continuous labor that is characteristic of the journalist. Undoubtedly it speaks of the life that shall last with the freedom of speech in a land of liberty.

Forever is a fortunate word, well chosen, and was a lucky token for the artist whose drawing was found superior by three shrewd judges. His artistic conception of the press is worthy of the prize we offered.

She stands with the sword under sandaled foot, and the pen in place of the sword at her side. There is nothing commonplace in this illustration of the familiar line, "The pen is mightier than the sword."

Her face is strong, fearless and fair. The eyes are large, with intelligent observation and tempered by the merciful knowledge of the weakness of men. The mouth is generous, big and sympathetic. The chin is firmly but roundly modeled.

Journalism surmounts two hemispheres, joined by the wires that flash the news of each to the other. She holds a trumpet, that all may hear. Her head is crowned with a halo of stars. The whole conception is new, dignified and worthy.

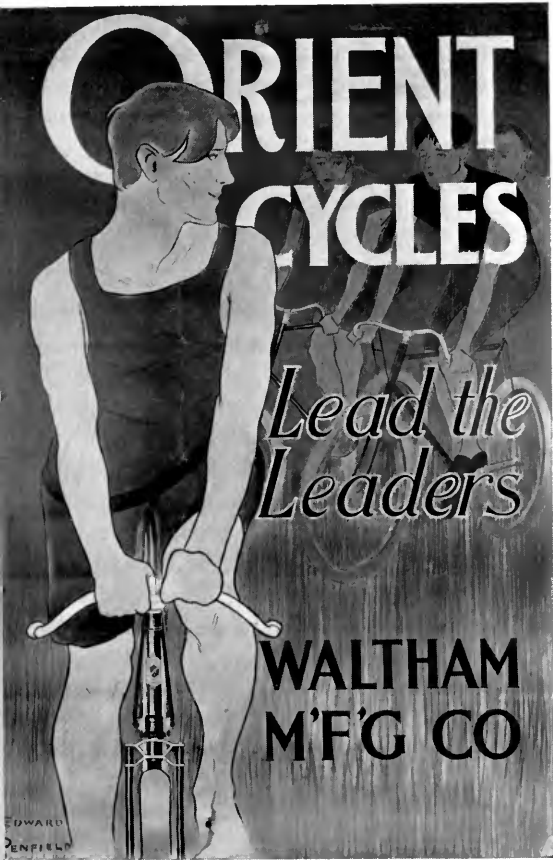
As the poet has been wont to woo his muse, so now the journalist has a being to worship, an idealization of the spirit that makes honorable the servitude of labor. He has a goddess to listen to his shop talk, one to rouse his ambition for the glory attached to the profession. Plodding through the darkness in his search for news, or hurrying in the light on the way to his assignment, he has with him, if he will, a fair companion.

Journalism is represented by a figure symbolic of its spirit. Its influence, resources and dignity have been cleverly pictured. The greatest power of civilization acquires the personality that art has given to other callings.

Some may object to the press wearing angels' wings, and suggest that they should have been like those that carry bats on their nightly flights, the sort supposed to bear misguided spirits from one hot perch to another. It would be futile to argue with them, for they are blinded with self-righteousness, or having felt the power of the press have howled hideously in fright, at the sight of sheets whose mission is enlightenment, and whose ways are those that work for the public weal.

The Outing Company has not been behind in the matter of posters, and while the rapacity of the average newsdealer has not allowed many of those issued for *Outing* to reach the Pacific Coast, there are a few samples in the local collections. The drawings have been such as to conform with the publication's ends and aims, and the subjects have been hunting scenes, or scenes in yachting or summer outings. A notable poster for this house is that of February, 1896. Here the

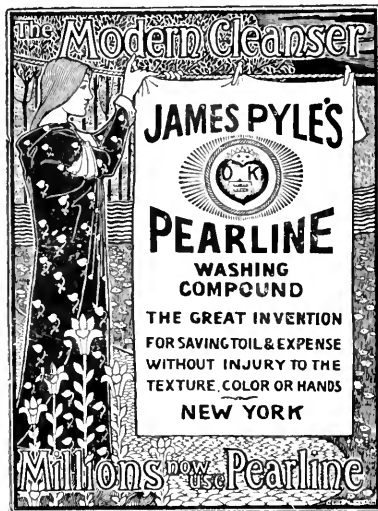
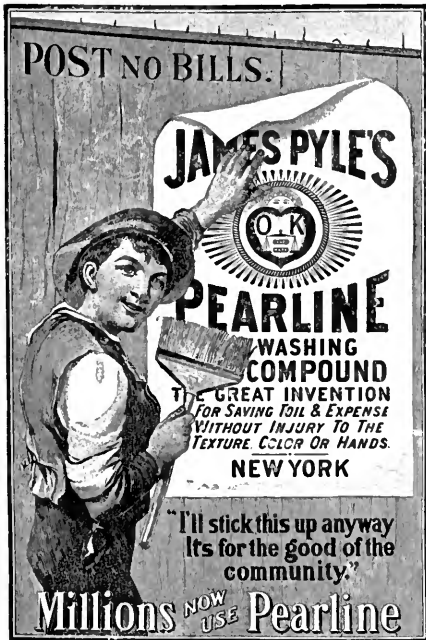




publisher has either purposely or carelessly expurgated the name of the artist from a really fine piece of work. The poster work of *Outing* has generally been confined to one or two colors.

Who can doubt the efficacy of the modern poster as an advertising medium, when the success attained in one month by *The Black Cat* is remembered? The posters for *The Black Cat* are from the pen of Nellie Littlehale Umbstaedter, a former Californian. They are remarkable for their simplicity of design and for their lack of resemblance to the *chat noir*, the prototype in idea of name, but not of contents. While the French cat is of the same color, there is a purity of tone and a chasteness of morals in the American cousin that is strictly Bostonian, and up to date in all that is considered good literature. It will be of interest to art lovers to know

that James Swinnerton received his first tuition in drawing from Nellie Littlehale Umbstaedter.





R. C. Masten, the ad-smith of the B. F. Goodrich Co., of Akron, Ohio, has done much to popularize poster art, and incidentally, by booklet and poster, he has benefitted his firm and brought it more prominently before the public. The posters used by this Company have not been burdened by intricacy of design, nor have they been of the class of high art requiring a guide book, for the better understanding of the masses. "Miss Foote of Chicago" which we reproduce is a sample of the "catchy" poster put out by this Company. Mr. Masten has issued booklets that are gems in their way, all in the line of pictorial advertising, notably, "Every Man His Own Pocket Book," "How to Breathe Easily," "Martha and John," "Things Are Not What They Seem," "Social Distinctions of Hard Rubber," and "The Diary of a Druggist."

What magazine reader is there that does not recall the posters issued by the Lundborg perfumery people, the beautiful Japanese designs and the later pictures

by Louis Rhead? The pictorial advertising of this firm is perfectly *en rapport* with the article advertised; there is the smell of sweet flowers and new mown hay, the fresh red cheeks of an early morning maid, taking a stroll through caressing grasses, under the shadows of the foliage of the still drowsy trees. True, this is the day of the designer, many of whom never get beyond the design and never to the finished picture, the first fragmentary thoughts unburdened by the weight of the finish that so generally spoils the picture.

The Adams and Westlake Company of Chicago are to the fore with a practical commercial poster advertising the Adlake Bicycle. Cissy Fitzgerald, Della Fox and Nat Goodwin, with Francis Wilson on the left are represented as riding their wheel into public favor. The drawing is exceptionally good, and the good-natured



face of Cissy Fitzgerald is especially attractive. This poster has received an unusual amount of comment from the different cycle papers, on account of its artistic beauty and its simplicity. The Adlake people have made a mistake in not placing the name of their artist upon this meritorious piece of work.

The Chicago Photo Engraving Company has produced some of the best posters for commercial purposes, in bright combinations of colors that cannot fail to attract the eye. The drawing is uniformly good and the subject such as to arrest and retain the attention of the passerby. The poster "Alone," which we reproduce, is a fair sample of their work. It is strong in value and correct in drawing and tells its story at a glance. The picture of the child and the hares is a very pleasant conceit in the calendar line by Denslow, a former Californian.

The clean cut drawing and beautiful lines of Louis J. Rhead, the sweet faces of his women are fittingly used by James Pyle & Son in advertising their Pearline. This firm makes an offer to forward to any one a Louis Rhead poster on receipt of ten cents in stamps. The posters used by James Pyle & Son have been of such unusual artistic merit that they have been published in *The Ladies Home Journal* and *Scribner's Magazine*. The same artist has applied his hand to a poster for The Packer Manufacturing Company. This is considered one of Mr. Rhead's best designs. A fair woman is represented holding a mass of beautiful blonde hair for inspection. The drawing is good, and as in nearly all of Mr. Rhead's, it tells the story at first glance. The design is decorative and embodies the proper proportion of commercial and artistic merit, a combination in which so many designs fail.

Soon after the article on Posters in the March number of the *OVERLAND* was

published the Editor was in receipt of a letter from T. Fisher Unwin in regard to the unauthorized use of an English poster by the publishing house of Copeland and Day. The letter is here published:

11 PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS, London, E. C.  
April 1st, 1896.  
TO THE EDITOR OF  
*OVERLAND MONTHLY*,  
San Francisco.

*Dear Sir:*

My attention has just been called to the March number of your journal containing an article on the Poster. On page 299 I notice that you are using without my permission a copyright poster by Mr. Beardsley. This design was done for me, at my suggestion, in accordance with my wishes, and the artist paid for it. It was prepared for the purpose of advertising a series of my books entitled the *Autonym Library*. This poster was used throughout England and indeed distributed in other countries and also used as a block in various advertisements. I found that it was being used by Messrs. Copeland & Day of Boston to advertise an English periodical, viz: *The Yellow Book*, which they sold in U. S. A. On my calling their attention to the matter they apologized, and I must now call your attention to it and request some explanation. Certainly if you are paid for the use of this block, I need hardly point out that you have not paid the proprietor or even the artist. Of course your action in the matter is one that I cannot understand and I must request an explanation.

Faithfully yours,  
T. FISHER UNWIN.

Of course the *OVERLAND* was in no wise to blame for reproducing a poster so widely distributed by the *Yellow Book*.

69 CORNHILL, Boston, June 2, 1896.

*Dear Sirs:*

Replying to your letter of the 23d ultimo, permit us to say that we can imagine no cause whatever for any action on your part regarding Mr. Unwin's letter.<sup>1</sup> That we had a very disagreeable correspondence with Mr. Unwin is quite true, but that he accepted any apology of ours is quite the reverse. That there is no legal point in Mr. Unwin's attitude, is notorious; and we are fully convinced that after the above men-

<sup>1</sup> The editorial in the *New York Evening Post* quoted elsewhere explains the matter fully.

tioned correspondence is taken into consideration the moral ground is entirely on this side of the water.

Yours very truly,  
COPELAND AND DAY.

P. S.

If, however, you wish to see extracts from these letters which passed between us and London we will be glad to have them made for you.

Had the OVERLAND known of any misunderstanding between Mr. T. Fisher Unwin and Messrs. Copeland and Day, it is possible that Mr. Beardsley's Poster would not have appeared in the magazine. Whatever the OVERLAND'S sense of humor may or may not have been, essentially unenglish wit was sufficient to make clear that the reproduction of a poster for the mere purpose of illustrating a certain class of art is no more a theft than the use of a photograph or sketch of the view *as a matter of art* of a land owners property.

Mr. Unwin rushes into print and this is what the New York *Evening Post* has to say in the matter:

British stupidity, in the presence of a crackling American joke, has had many grievous tales told of it, but the stupidest Englishman yet held up to ridicule for not seeing the point is a London publisher. He had issued and copyrighted in England a high-priced poster, designed for one of his series of books, and was somewhat surprised to find it reproduced, without authorization, in the OVERLAND MONTHLY of San Francisco. A letter of polite protest to the editor brought back a note in which the whole trouble was traced to the well-known lack of humor in the English character. The editor could not see that he was at all to blame, or that "there is any explanation due you." Coming to the real point, he added: "An American publisher would have looked on the whole matter as a joke, but of course British insularity prevents appreciation in this line." The inference is clear that an American, brought up on a broad continent, would split with laughter at the merry conceit of taking his property without permission or acknowledgment. We must say, however, that we have known more than one American publisher, with nothing insular or British about him,

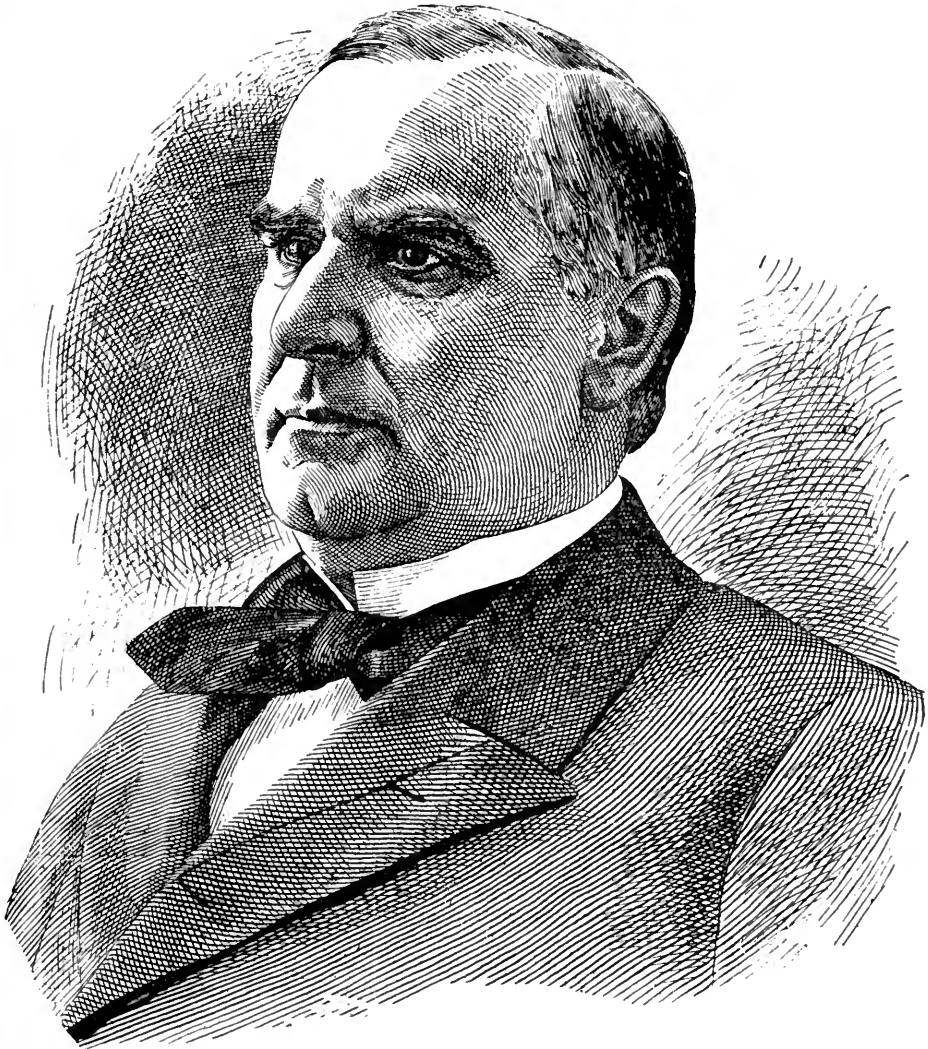
who had but the smallest "appreciation in this line." In fact, we believe Americans would rival even the Scotch in joking "wi' deefeculty," when the point of the jest lies in stealing their goods.

It has been notorious that the proclivities of *The Evening Post* were English, but it may safely be inferred that no one ever had a thought that this degeneracy would show itself in an invasion of decadent art.

The Palmer Pneumatic Tire Company is to the fore with a beautiful poster in many colors. It is like the Tire it advertises, made to last, being printed on an extra heavy board and mounted in brass, Mephisto in doublet and hose holds forth on his failure to puncture the Palmer Tire. It would indeed seem strange if by dint of continuous advertising by Poster route and otherwise the Palmer Tire were not in use in Hades and other suburban resorts. It is certain that the scorcher has found it a great desideratum.

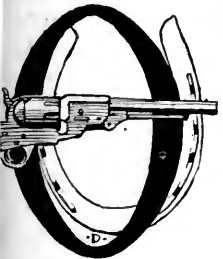
The DeWitt Publishing House, R. H. Russell and Son, have made use of C. D. Gibson's beautiful figures in Poster work. The Gibson girl does not lend herself easily to this style of work and aside from the fact that there is always a great deal of public curiosity to see Gibson picture the Gibson poster may not be styled a great success. A Gibson girl used by the DeWitt Publishing House is reproduced in this article and it will not take a student of "tendency" illustrating to see how strange she feels in her surroundings. At the same time it is doubtful whether a more striking poster than "The Quest of the Holy Grail," by the same house was ever published, there is a strength and a virility entirely uncommon. The drawing is broad and there is a feeling that (like an old memorial window) it tells eternal truths.

*Pierre N. Boeringer.*



MAJOR WILLIAM MCKINLEY, JR.

## DEFENDERS OF THE UNION.<sup>1</sup>



THE object in presenting these sketches to the readers of the OVERLAND is to show the military histories, without any interpolation, of those named. They have been prepared

with great care, and they modestly set forth the deeds of men who helped to

preserve the Union. They will enable the sons and daughters of veterans, and their children unto remote generations, to know that their ancestors were in the service of their country and did their duty. For future use and the instruction of posterity we cannot have too much war literature of the right sort, and what kind is better than that which tells of the valor of those in the field, of the men

<sup>1</sup>Continued from the April number.



COLONEL HARRISON GRAY OTIS.

who were satisfied to die in their country's cause?

In these sketches it will be observed that all but two or three named, entered the service as enlisted men, and note how distinguished some have become. The name of the ex-soldier, statesman and true American, whose splendid engraving heads this article, is the best known man in the United States;—a man whose love for the ex-Union soldier is only equaled by the love his old comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic feel for him. He, a soldier in the ranks of the Union army a third of a century ago,—today the coming man for the highest position in the gift of the sovereign people of this great country he battled to save from disunion. What an object lesson to the youths of our land, to inspire in them a patriotic love. The circumstance shows that this country appreciates its defenders, and what is more to the point, thousands of ex-soldiers of the South are awaiting their opportunity to help elevate a former courageous foe, now an ardent friend to the whole American people.

The lessons of the war should not be forgotten. Its end has been to make better lives and an increase of that natural and unselfish patriotism which does not evaporate in excitement, but settles into a clear appreciation of the real work the fathers of this Republic did nearly a century and a quarter ago. The North and South are no longer a foe, but fellow-citizens, friends, brothers; and as

once the gray and blue stood up against each other, so now they are ready to respond to the call of a common country, whether to fight a foreign foe with bullets to defend our land, or to fight with ballots to preserve and protect our home industries.

The Memorial Days which have recently been commemorated both North and South, recalled to mind those Comrades who are above the clouds, and reminded those on earth of the pure and unselfish patriot spirits of Grant, and Sherman, and Sheridan, and Thomas, and the hosts of others who have gone before, and who will tell of the mysteries of their deaths to Comrades who later join them. And there, no doubt, those who wore the "Blue," and those who wore the "Gray," mingle together and tell how they met in the shock of battle, and each striking for the heart of the other, their young souls freed from earth, were sent upward through the battle cloud to their God together.

Over the graves of those gone, the lessons of their lives are not naturally forgotten. The flowers that are liberally bestowed in memoriam exhale their fragrance upon the living Comrades, imparting a reverence and patriotic love that can never be defeated.

On the muster roll of patriots in the archives at Washington, appears the name of William McKinley, Jr. When the country's call for volunteers was sounded, William McKinley enrolled as a private soldier and was mustered as such, June 11, 1861, in the 23d Ohio Volunteer Infantry. In this capacity he served until April 15, 1862, when he was made Commissary Sergeant of his regiment, in which position he showed not only a careful regard for his comrades' wants but an unusual disregard for his own safety. It is an accepted theory that all those who are connected with the Commissary and Quartermaster's Departments during war, enjoy remarkable immunity from danger, and many an unnecessary sneer is directed against those branches of the service—sometimes even by the officers themselves, like the present Mayor of Sacramento does, who was for a part of the war a Regimental Quartermaster. It must be recorded to the credit of the



JUDGE J. A. WAYMIRE.

commissary department that McKinley, at the battle of Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862, performed an act that was not only heroic in itself, but gave great comfort to his comrades in the ranks who had been battling from early dawn.

It will be remembered that the battle began at daylight, and that preparations for it had been taking place even earlier, but before the men in the ranks had had an opportunity to provide a breakfast of hard bread and bacon — not even a simple cup of coffee, — the fight was on and continued almost unremittingly until after sunset. The unresigned spirits of our troops were nearly broken by thirst and hunger, when early in the afternoon McKinley appeared with hot coffee and warm meats, which he served with his own hands to the rank and file of his regiment, utterly regardless of the danger. He went further and supplied other regiments in his brigade the same way, performing an act that had never occurred under similar circumstances in any army of the world, thus showing not only the highest degree of courage, but a tender regard for the welfare and comfort of his comrades whose exhausted condition was relieved by his soldierly care.

His devotion to duty attracted the at-

tention of his superiors, and on February 7, 1863, he received his first commission — that of Second Lieutenant. In the following August he was made First Lieutenant and less than a year later, July 25, 1864, was promoted to a full Captaincy, and for gallant and meritorious services during the war was brevetted Major. After a service of about four years, during which time he experienced almost every hardship the volunteer soldier was called upon to endure, he received an honorable discharge from a regimental organization which was first commanded by General Rosecrans, afterwards by President Hayes, and during a part of the war by the late Stanley Matthews, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

It was during the war that Major McKinley was raised to the sublime degree of a Master Mason. In company one day with a Union surgeon who was making the rounds of an official visit, he noticed the latter's solicitous care of a wounded Confederate, and upon being asked the reason for such, the surgeon told McKinley that the wounded soldier was a brother Mason, whereupon McKinley expressed a desire to become one himself, saying that the brotherly service he had witnessed more than anything he had ever heard about the mystic order, commended it to his favorable notice. An opportunity soon after presenting itself, Major McKinley was made a Mason within the body of a just and legally constituted lodge of such in an obscure village in the very land which he was helping to preserve to the Union.

Comrade McKinley is a member of the G. A. R., and when at home in Canton, Ohio, never fails to attend the meetings of his Post. He is also a Companion of Ohio Commandery, Loyal Legion.

Colonel Harrison Gray Otis, president and general manager of the *Times-Mirror* Company and principal owner and editor of the Los Angeles *Times* has reason to be proud of an enviable war record. Not alone this but he has reason to feel proud of his descent from James Otis, the famous American patriot and orator, who emigrated to America from England at an early period in our Colonial history, settled in Hingham, Massachusetts, and won immortal fame in the splendid task of aid-





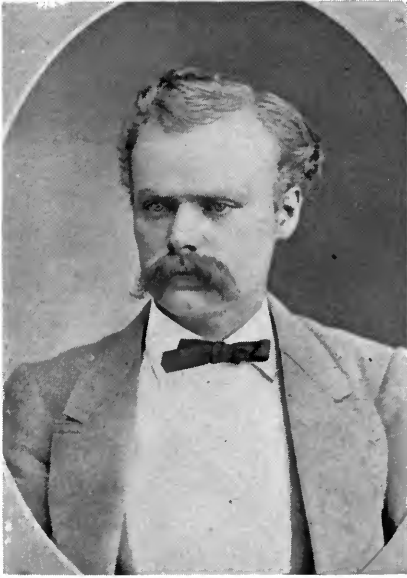
JUDGE HENRY C. DIBBLE.

ing to achieve our national independence. The grand-sire of Col. Otis was a Revolutionary soldier, who served in the glorious days of '76, was wounded in battle and pensioned. The father of Col. Otis, when only sixteen years of age emigrated from Vermont in 1800, penetrated the western wilderness, crossed the Alleghanies with a party and went to the new territory of "the Ohio," then an Indian country, settling at Marietta, near which place Harrison Gray Otis was born February 10, 1837. The latter's early educational advantages were limited to about three months' attendance at the usual country log-schoolhouse each winter, until he was about fourteen years old when he became a printer's apprentice, and subsequently a printer. His last service in that capacity before the war of the Rebellion was in the office of the *Louisville Journal*, under Geo. D. Prentice. While a resident of Louisville, young Otis was elected by the few organized Republicans of that city as a

delegate to the National Republican Convention which met in Chicago, May, 1860, and nominated Abraham Lincoln for the Presidency. For him Otis later voted, *viva voce*, under the Kentucky law.

Soon after the first call for troops to defend the Union, Mr. Otis returned to Ohio, where he was enrolled as a private soldier in the Twelfth Ohio Volunteer Infantry, June 25, 1861, "for three years or during the war." A few days later he was mustered as Sergeant of Company 1, and ten days after enlisting was in the field with his regiment in Western Virginia. During that year he was in the Kanawha, Carnifex Ferry, Cotton Mountain, Fayette Courthouse and other campaigns. The following March he was made First Sergeant of his company, and as such took part in several skirmishes and in the important battles of Bull Run Bridge, South Mountain and Antietam, being wounded in the last engagement, and where his services earned for him the shoulder straps of a Second Lieutenant,





COLONEL H. G. SHAW.

to rank from Sept. 30, 1862. Without leaving his regiment on account of his wound, he participated in Gen. George Crook's campaign against J. E. B. Stuart in October, when the rebel raid around McClellan's army, and into Maryland and Pennsylvania, was repelled.

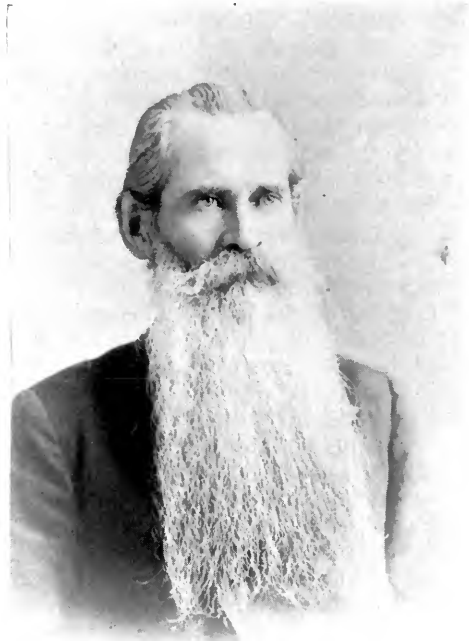
Otis was promoted to First Lieutenant to rank from March 21, 1863, and served with his regiment in the campaign against McCausland's rebel column in West Virginia, in May and June of that year, and a month later was with his regiment in pursuit of the flying cavalry column of John Morgan in Southern Ohio. Returning to the Kanawha after Morgan's capture, Lieutenant Otis and his regiment made two expeditions against the enemy on the line of Sewall Mountain, Lewisburg, Greenbriar River and Droop Mountain, the campaign extending deep into the winter. Later he was commended in published orders for his services while with a picked corps known as "Blazer's Scouts," operating against bushwhackers in the New River and Sewall Mountain regions.

In May, 1864, he was with Crook and Averill in their aggressive raid, destroying the tracks of the Virginia and Tennessee railroad and the salt works in

Southwest Virginia, and again with Crook while cooperating with Hunter in his campaign up the Shenandoah Valley, through the Alleghanies and against the same line of railroad, the James River Canal and the "rebel granary," Lynchburg.

On the 1st of July, 1864, he was promoted to Captain, and by transfer became consolidated with the 23d Ohio Veteran Volunteer Infantry, originally commanded by General Rosecrans, later by Colonel [President] Hayes, then by the lamented Cornly, and in which regiment "Billy" McKinley served successively as Commissary Sergeant, Lieutenant, Captain and Brevet Major — chiefly on Staff duty.

In his new command Captain Otis was in the Shenandoah Valley under Hunter and Sheridan, at Kernestown, Kabletown and Winchester, being severely wounded at Kernestown, July 24, 1864. After recovering from his wound, he performed all regimental duties, and also served on courts-martial, military commissions and official boards. While his regiment was in quarters during the succeeding winter



SURGEON E. T. M. HURLBURT.

at Cumberland, Md., Captain Otis was the senior officer present for duty, and as such was in command for several months.

The last campaign in which Captain Otis was engaged was that in the Shenandoah Valley in April, '65, when his regiment co-operated with the Army of the Potomac in the finish of the war. During this last campaign he was assigned to duty as Provost Marshal at Harrisburg, Va., suppressing partisan marauders, parolling Confederate prisoners, recovering public property and preserving the peace in his district.

After faithfully serving his country for over four years in the field, participating in fifteen actions and having been twice wounded in battle, Captain Otis was honorably mustered out of service July 26, 1865. During his service he received seven promotions, and the unsolicited brevets of Major and Lieutenant Colonel "for gallant and meritorious services during the war."

Colonel Otis has been a Commander of Stanton Post No. 55, Los Angeles, since 1882, prior to which he was Commander of Lincoln Post, Washington, D. C., in 1869. He is also a Companion of California Commandery, Loyal Legion, in both of which organizations he takes active interest.

The life pursuit and special pride of Col. Otis is his famous California journal, the *Los Angeles Times*, which he has been with since its infancy and whose creation is mainly his work. He has made it one of the foremost newspapers of the country, distinguished for enterprise, courage, independence and patriotism. Col. Otis has been a most unselfish laborer in the interests of Los Angeles. He is one of the hardest of workers and one of the hardest of hitters. A big, broad, brainy man, he has a kindly nature if it is rightly reached; a warm friend when he professes to be such and hating shams of every kind. There is a saying in Los Angeles that "he never knows when he is licked." The reason is obvious — he does n't get "licked."

When the country called for Volunteer defenders of the Union in 1861, Judge Waymire was teaching school in Oregon trying to earn money to go through a course at Havard. At the same time he devoted those portions of his time not given



CAPTAIN T. H. GOODMAN.

to school duties, to the study of law. In 1852, fatherless and only ten years of age, he with his widowed mother, in a company of immigrants led by his maternal grandfather, James Gilmore, made the overland trip from his native State, Missouri, to Oregon, where they founded a settlement near Roseburg. He belongs to a race of pioneers. Nearly 200 years ago his ancestors were pioneers in Pennsylvania and North Carolina; early in this century they removed to Ohio and Indiana; later to Missouri; in 1846 to Oregon and in 1852 to California and Southern Oregon.

Applying himself to study in the intervals of farm work he was at seventeen possessed of a good general education, with a fair knowledge of mathematics and Latin, the rudiments of Greek, and had learned phonography. From the time he was fourteen he earned his own living, and before reaching eighteen was a teacher receiving \$50 per month and "boarded."

The political campaign of 1860 found him an ardent Republican, although he had been brought up among relatives who were pro-slavery in their views.



GENERAL EDWARD HOUTON.



CAPTAIN J. L. SKINNER.

Though not old enough to vote young Waymire was active and zealous as a Republican and made many public speeches for Mr. Lincoln and the party. This interest, together with his reporting the proceedings of the Oregon Legislature for the newspapers, brought him to the notice of the lamented Colonel E. D. Baker, who was in 1860, after an exciting contest elected to the United States

Senate. It was upon Baker's advice that young Waymire took up the study of law, which he pursued with the energy that has characterized his life, until the war for the Union demanded the services of loyal men. The requirements of the war took away from the Pacific frontiers all the regular army and there was much apprehension of a successful movement for the establishment of a Pacific Republic. To meet these emergencies, volunteers were called for. Promptly closing his school, the money he had saved for college expenses was invested in a horse and equipments, and on December 9th, 1861, young Waymire enlisted as a private soldier in Company B, First Oregon Volunteer Cavalry. During the following year he was with his command and engaged in protecting the frontiers and the overland route, going East to Fort Hall, on the Snake River. Returning to Fort Walla Walla for the winter, the young cavalryman eagerly seized the opportunity to resume his studies which he kept up unremittingly when not on duty. In February '63, he received the chevrons of a Corporal and a month later was detached on recruiting service. In the performance of this duty his abilities were recognized and his superiors surprised him by commissioning him Second Lieutenant of Company D, April 23rd, 1863.

Rejoining his command as an officer,



CAPTAIN J. A. OSGOOD.



COLONEL EDWARD WADSWORTH JONES.

Lieutenant Waymire was sent in charge of an expedition against a party of Snake Indians that had committed depredations upon some immigrants at Bruneau River. After a rapid march he surprised the Indians who beat a hasty retreat into and across the river, followed by the Lieutenant and his intrepid party who plunged into the turbulent stream, all the while making a running fight in which a number of the marauders were killed and the balance put to flight. In this engagement Waymire was attacked by three Indians, two of whom he wounded, and had it not been for timely relief he would have been overpowered and killed. The results of his first service as a Commander were successful; the Indians were driven off, their horses captured and a large supply of ammunition taken in their camp, after which the latter was destroyed.

General Alvord who was in command of the Department recognized Lieutenant Waymire's pluck and ability and in February 1864, ordered him with twenty-five men and ninety days' rations, to proceed from Fort Dalles to the south fork of the John Day's river and there afford protection to the Whites from predatory Indians whose raids embraced a line one hundred miles long. Lieutenant Waymire had just reached his majority and was compelled to use his own judgment in the disposition of his handful of men. Leaving five of his command at

the fork of the river he pushed on with the balance to Canyon City, twenty miles distant. Here he learned that the Indians had killed several miners in that vicinity and driven off a number of horses. He induced the miners to raise volunteers to accompany him in pursuit, and a party of fifty under command of Joaquin Miller, (the Poet) as Captain, accompanied Lieutenant Waymire. The march was through deep snow which continued to fall for thirteen days. Without tents or other shelter than the forests afforded, the command reached Stein's Mountain on Harney Lake, when cold rains began and the measles broke out among some of the men. Here twenty-two of the miners, discouraged, returned home, leaving the young Lieutenant with fifty-two men. With these he pushed on until April 6th, when he came upon a village which he immediately attacked and drove the enemy to the mountains. At 3 o'clock the next morning he rode in pursuit and about twenty miles southward encountered the Indians numbering between three hundred and five hundred, whom Lieutenant Waymire attacked. It was a daring and impetuous movement and a hot battle continued for six or seven hours, during which the enemy was severely punished, while Lieutenant Waymire lost five men and a number of horses. But his object



CAPTAIN W. A. PHILLIPS.



MAJOR W. A. GOULD.

was accomplished for the home of the Indians was located and information obtained by which future campaigns were successfully made.

Lieutenant Waymire was complimented in general orders, and years after General Alvord wrote him a letter in which he said, "I always remember you as the pioneer of General Crook's expedition to Southeastern Oregon." It was Crook's expedition that conquered a permanent peace. The Adjutant General of Oregon made a report of this affair to the Legislature in which the courage and coolness of Lieutenant Waymire was highly commended and the opinion was expressed that if given the opportunity "he would rank high as a military leader."

During the following summer he served with his command on frequent raids, and in the fall was detailed to help recruit and organize a regiment of Infantry, after which he resigned to become Private Secretary to the Governor of Oregon, severing his connection with the Army, December 1st, 1864. Later, in January, 1867, he accepted a Second Lieutenantcy in Troop M, First United States Cavalry, and was stationed at Camp Lyon, Idaho Territory, as Post Quartermaster and Commissary. He was promoted to a First Lieutenantcy April 8th, 1869, but tiring of slow promotion

and inactivity he resigned August 2nd, 1869.

Returning to Salem, Oregon, he resumed his studies and was admitted to the bar by the Supreme Court of Oregon in September, 1870. He commenced the practice of law in Salem. He removed to Sacramento in December 1871, and in July 1874, he removed to San Francisco where he has ever since held a high rank in his profession.

In 1881, Governor (now Senator) Perkins appointed him to fill a vacancy upon the bench of the Superior Court in San Francisco where his industry and patience were widely remarked, and at the close of his term he retired from office with the universal respect of the bar.

His practice has been confined to civil cases but has been very general extending to several of the States and to Mexico.

In January 1884, Judge Waymire was elected by the Grand Army of the Republic, one of the Directors of the Veterans Home at Yountville. He was elected President of the Board in March 1885, and served as such continuously until April 1893. During his entire connection with the Home he has been an earnest and sincere friend and comrade of the Old Soldier. It was greatly owing to his indefatigable labors that a branch



CAPTAIN E. B. JEROME.



COLONEL JOHN A. WHITESIDE.

of the National Soldiers' Home was established at Santa Monica, California, in which nearly two thousand Veterans are happily housed and provided with comforts in their old age.

As a delegate to the National Encampment at Portland, Maine, in 1885, he did much towards securing San Francisco as the place for the National Encampment in 1886.

In 1890 President Harrison appointed him a member of the Board of Visitors to West Point. He is now one of the Regents of the University of California, and while a member of the last Legislature introduced and materially aided the enactment of the law establishing the Affiliated Colleges, appropriating \$250,000 for that purpose. Recently he has been very active and efficient in securing the vote of California in the National Republican Convention for Major William McKinley for President.

Comrade Waymire is a member of George H. Thomas Post, San Francisco, and a companion of California Commandery Loyal Legion. Coming from Revolutionary stock on both sides, there were representatives of his family in the wars of 1812-15 and later in the Indian wars. Adding to these his own services in preserving the Union, his unswerving loyalty to the party with which he became actively identified before obtaining

his majority, what better or brighter heritage could he leave to his children and their children for all time?

Comrade Henry C. Dibble is well known to every surviving veteran in California, Nevada and Arizona, where he has been active in Grand Army circles, and in Louisiana where he resided for a long time after the war. He is still in the prime of life, for his service in the army was rendered when he was a mere boy; it was cut short in 1863 by the loss of a leg. Among the survivors of the conflict who have been prominent in public affairs it would be difficult to find one into whose life there has been crowded a greater number of interesting and stirring incidents.

Descended from pre-revolutionary stock, he was in the host of young patriots and enthusiasts who went to the front in 1861. He served in the New York Marine Artillery under Burnside in North Carolina; was on the Lancer at the taking of Roanoke Island, ashore with his battery at the engagement before Newbern and in several minor affairs along the shores of Pamlico Sound during the year 1862. Early in 1863 the Marine Artillery organization was mustered out; he returned North and immediately enlisted in the 14th New York Cavalry, which was then being



THEODORE V. BROWN.



GENERAL EDW. S. SALOMON.

raised in New York City. The battalion which he joined was sent to New Orleans and the regiment participated in the campaign in Western Louisiana under General Banks, which culminated in the investment of Port Hudson on the Mississippi. During the siege which followed Corporal Dibble was severely wounded and suffered the amputation of a leg.



GENERAL SAMUEL W. BACKUS.



HERMANN L. JUDELL.

After his discharge late in 1863 he was tendered an appointment as a Captain in the Veteran Reserve Corps by General Banks, but his wound broke out afresh, necessitating a second amputation, and he was unable to continue in the service; he declined the commission.

Taking up his residence in New Orleans with relatives he studied law and was admitted to the bar by the Supreme Court of the State just at the close of the war in 1865, though he was not yet twenty-one years of age; he subsequently graduated from the Law School of the Louisiana University with the degree of L.L. B.

During a residence of eighteen years in New Orleans Judge Dibble was one of the busiest of the busy men in public life during that eventful period. He served for three years when quite young as a Superior Judge, was Assistant and Acting Attorney General for four years, was for six years President of the Board of Education of New Orleans and held various other public positions. In the State Military Service he was Judge Advocate with the rank of Brigadier-General. During the whole time, except while on the bench, he was in active politics, being chairman of the local committee in New Orleans and was twice a candidate for Congress.

Judge Dibble has resided in San Francisco since 1883 where he has been



COLONEL WALTER SCOTT DAVIS.

active in public and political life, at the bar and among his comrades of the war for whom he has an ardent attachment. He served for three years as Assistant United States Attorney and was a conspicuous member of the Legislature from 1889 to 1893. He is known far and wide as an eloquent speaker and as a forcible writer. In the Grand Army he has held various positions; has been twice elected Commander of Lincoln Post and has served as Junior Vice-Commander of the Department. He is now on the staff of Department Commander Masteller.

Colonel Walter Scott Davis, of Auburn,

Cal., was born at Milton, Massachusetts, July 15, 1837. He is a blood connection of Sir Walter Scott and comes from an old line of English and Scotch ancestry. On the paternal side his earliest ancestors arrived from England in 1636 and settled in the Dorchester Colony of Massachusetts. His maternal line first came to America in the early half of the eighteenth century. During the Revolutionary War Col. Davis' great-grandfather was in the Massachusetts line, and in the War of 1812-15 the father of Col. Davis faithfully served his country.

With an inherited taste for the military, Col. Davis in his youth attached himself



to a local organization in Boston, and when the country's first call for volunteers was made he was already prepared with a military training to enter the service and did so as a Second Lieutenant in the 22d Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, August 7, 1861. This was the same regiment in which General Nelson A. Miles commenced his military career as a Lieutenant. Immediately after being armed and equipped the regiment of Lieutenant Davis took the field and was assigned to the Army of the Potomac. Soon after he was detached for staff duty and served first as an aide-de-camp and subsequently as Assistant Adjutant General to General Martindale, commanding 1st Brigade, 1st Division, 5th Army Corps. Still later in the war he was on the Staff of General Charles Griffin, commanding 5th Army Corps. It was not long after going to the front that his intelligent discharge of duty brought him to the notice of his superiors and he was tendered the Lieutenant Colonelcy of a New York regiment which he declined, preferring to remain on staff duty where he felt he could be of greater service to his country. In this sentiment he was generously supported by his commanding generals who, in every official report made favorable mention of Lieutenant Davis' gallant conduct on the field, and of his ready comprehension and quick execution of orders with which he was entrusted.

For his fidelity and worth as an officer he received rapid promotion, reaching the grade of First Lieutenant June 28, 1862, and less than two months thereafter that of Captain. At the battle of Malvern Hill the concussion of an exploded shell quite near knocked him several times his own length from his horse and he was rendered unconscious for four hours from its effects. But he was not permitted to escape with such a casualty. At Gaines' Mill a musket ball passed through his right leg, and again at Fredericksburg another embedded itself in the opposite member. At the engagement of Jerico Ford Capt. Davis saw the importance of holding an unguarded position of great value to our arms and took upon himself authority to place a battery in position supported by a very limited number of

Infantry, but which he so judiciously disposed as to make his strength seem much greater, and this point of vantage he held until reinforcements arrived, thus saving our army from what might have been a serious disaster. For this prompt service he received the warmest commendation of his commanding general and was soon after surprised upon the receipt of a commission conferring upon him the brevet rank of Major for gallant and meritorious service on the field of battle. For his gallantry at the engagement at Peeble's Farm he was brevetted Lieutenant Colonel, both of these honors coming to him unexpectedly, and to the present day he is ignorant of the source from which they were inspired. Soon after the war had ended Col. Davis was tendered the brevet rank of Brigadier General, which he declined on the grounds that if the honor had been earned by him during the war he should have received it at that time, but as a compliment it was without any significance, and he preferred to go down to posterity with the rank that had been conferred upon him as a reward for actual services rendered on the fields of battle.

During the war Colonel Davis participated in the second battle of Bull Run, and those of Antietam, Chancellorsville, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, Petersburg and many other engagements of less magnitude and importance, including every action in which the First Division, Fifth Army Corps was engaged, from Yorktown to Petersburg, except that of Gettysburg. At the close of the war Col. Davis was honorably mustered out of the service with a record which will be a proud inheritance for his children. He immediately returned to his home and at once took up the duties of an active life which he has continued to the present. He was elected a First Class Companion of Massachusetts Commandery Loyal Legion, Aug. 7, 1868, but upon his removal to California transferred his membership and now belongs to California Commandery.

There is an interesting episode in the life of Col. Davis connecting him with the famous Fitz-John Porter event. It will be remembered that Pope's Inspector General (Roberts) preferred charges and specifications against General Porter for

a violation of the Ninth Article of War, the specifications setting forth that Porter disobeyed a lawful command of Pope in the face of the enemy at Manassas, Va., on the morning of August 29, 1862. Porter was also charged with a violation of the Fifty-second Article of War, the specification alleging that he shamefully retreated in the face of the enemy at Manassas on the 29th and 30th of August, 1862.

A general court martial was appointed consisting of nine general officers of which Major General David Hunter was President and Colonel Jos. Holt, Judge Advocate General of the Army, Judge Advocate and Recorder. To all of the charges and specifications General Porter pleaded "not guilty." The Court was in session from November 27, 1862, until January 10, 1863, when it decided that General Porter was "guilty" and sentenced him to be cashiered and to be forever disqualified from holding any office of trust or profit under the Government of the United States. The sentence was approved and confirmed by President Lincoln and carried into effect.

Colonel Davis was present on the occasion of Porter's alleged violation of Pope's orders, and when, about seventeen years since, the matter was reopened, Col. Davis was a witness before the Commission, and after undergoing a most rigid examination in which every effort was made to disconcert him, but without success, his testimony being so lucid and directly in Porter's favor that counsel for the latter declared that it was greatly owing to the positive manner and wonderful memory of Col. Davis that an injustice of many years' existence was partly removed, and the punishment of General Porter to some extent mitigated by his restoration to a retired rank in the regular army.

Col. E. W. Jones, of Los Angeles, was born November 28, 1840, at New Hartford, Connecticut. His direct ancestors, both paternal and maternal, were among the earliest settlers of New England and both his great-grand-fathers were officers of the line in the Revolutionary War.

Col. Jones was a student at a Southern college when the war broke out and late in 1861 escaped from the South and returned to his home in Connecticut. In

June, 1862, he obtained authority to enlist men for the war; was sworn in himself as the first of his recruits; raised a company for the 19th Connecticut Infantry, and was elected its Captain. The regiment was mustered into the United States service on September 11th and left for the front September 15, 1862. All being from Litchfield county it was designated the "Mountain County" Regiment, and served for three months on patrol duty at Alexandria, Va. It was then ordered into the fortifications back of Alexandria where a year later it was changed to artillery and designated the 2d Connecticut and as soon as possible recruited to a full complement of twelve companies and 1800 men. It was not what they cared for and all longed for relief from the tiresome routine of garrison duty and incessant drilling and begged to be sent to the front. In the spring of 1864 these welcome orders came and the regiment joined Grant's army at Spottsylvania. It had the high honor of being assigned to the 2d Brigade (Upton's), 1st Division, 6th Army Corps. From that time to the close of the war the regiment held its own in every battle and minor engagement with the dauntless veterans of that brigade.

In "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," vol. 4, page 219, the regiment is mentioned as showing "a mute and pathetic evidence of sterling valor" at Cold Harbor where its dead and wounded, distinguishable by their new uniforms, were thickly scattered over the field up to and upon the breastworks of the enemy which it carried and held, and with occasional reliefs continued to hold for twelve days under heavy fire and incessant labor in strengthening the most advanced portion of the lines. At Cold Harbor the Colonel was killed and Captain R. S. MacKenzie became Colonel of the regiment. Of Colonel MacKenzie Grant says in his memoirs that he was "one of the most promising young officers in the army." Led by such a man no regiment could fail to distinguish itself. At the first attack on Petersburg — the first movement to take the Weldon Railroad, in the Shenandoah Valley with Sheridan — at Winchester, Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek, at Hatcher's Run, at Petersburg again on the 25th of March,

1865, at the attack on the defences of that city on the morning of April 2d, then all afternoon and night in the bloody trenches of the captured rebel works at Fort "Damnation," moving into Petersburg on the heels of a retreating enemy on the morning of April 3d, at "Little Sailor's Creek" and finally at Appomattox, the 2d Connecticut Artillery did its duty under the red cross of the First Division of the Sixth Corps.

Sheridan says of the battle of Winchester: "For a moment the contest was uncertain, but the gallant attack of Upton's Brigade of the 6th Corps restored the line of battle." Col. Jones was in every engagement with his regiment. He was in command of the regiment from the middle of the forenoon to the end of the battle at Cedar Creek and there a day or two after was promoted to Major. He was brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel on April 6, 1865, for gallant and meritorious services before Petersburg and at Little Sailor's Creek.

Since the war, after spending ten years in Utah and Idaho, he came with his family to California in 1882, making his home at Los Angeles where he has resided ever since, and in which city he is a prominent man of affairs and highly esteemed by all. He is a comrade of Stanton Post, No. 55, of that city and a companion of California Commandery, Loyal Legion.

Henry Glenville Shaw was born in England in 1843. His father, William Shaw, was a native of Dublin, the inventor of the first numbering machine and afterwards proprietor of the Melbourne, Australia *Daily Age*. His mother was the daughter of a Scotchman, whose father was killed at the battle of Waterloo while fighting under Wellington. The subject of this sketch has resided in the United States since he was nine years of age and was educated in the public schools of New York City. In 1862, he was an apprentice in the Cleveland, Ohio *Herald* office. In May that year he went to the front with the "Cleveland Grays," mustered in as Company E, 84th Ohio Volunteer Infantry. During its three months' service the regiment did garrison duty in Maryland and Virginia. Private Shaw re-enlisted in Octo-

ber, 1862, in the 125th Ohio Volunteer Infantry, and was promoted First Sergeant. The regiment participated in all the engagements fought by the Army of the Cumberland after the battle of Murfreesboro.

On the second day of the battle of Chickamauga, Shaw was shot through the right side and back. A Confederate surgeon bandaged his wound that night, but with that exception he lay unattended on the battlefield from Sunday noon until Thursday night. With about 2,000 other paroled wounded soldiers, who were also prisoners, he was subsequently ambulated under a flag of truce into the Union lines at Chattanooga. He was sent to Camp Dennison Hospital, near Cincinnati, where he remained until May, 1864.

As soon as he was able to move, Shaw rejoined his regiment while it was in front of Atlanta, where he received a commission as Second Lieutenant, he having been one of three sergeants of the regiment specially recommended by Colonel Opdycke, for promotion, for good conduct at Chickamauga.

Lieutenant Shaw thereafter served with his regiment until the end of the war, and was engaged in the battles around Atlanta and at Spring Hill, Franklin and Nashville.

When our army fell back before the advance of Hood's forces into Tennessee the pursuit was very vigorous. During the withdrawal of the Union army across Duck river, opposite Columbia, on November 27th, 1864, Lieutenant Shaw was given charge of a detachment of thirty men, made up of details from all the regiments in Opdycke's Brigade, with orders not to retire until the fort in the town had been blown up. The army retreated across the stream during the night. The rear of the column, supposing that all had safely got over, set fire to the railroad bridge. At daylight the magazine was exploded and the enemy's skirmishers drove Shaw's party back to the river. When the forgotten little detachment reached the bridge the flames were leaping up the high trestle work. The planks having been removed before the blaze was started, Lieutenant Shaw's party had to pick their way over the wide ties and through the sparks and

blinding smoke. The Confederates in the gray of the morning huddled close to the south bank of the river, but their commander had chivalrously ordered them not to fire on fugitives in so desperate a plight. As the last blue-coat cleared the burning bridge the rebels took off their hats and cheered.

In April 1865, Shaw was promoted to First Lieutenant and after being mustered out, returned to New York City where he began work, at first as a compositor in Harpers Brothers' establishment and afterwards as a reporter on the Jersey City *Times* and New York *Sun*, of which latter paper he was assistant night editor.

In Jersey City he was elected Captain of Company E, 4th Regiment New Jersey National Guard, soon attaining the rank of lieutenant-colonel. He then took the leading part in the introduction of the present system of military marksmanship. He organized the first great State rifle shooting tournament in the United States at Clifton, New Jersey, acting as executive officer. To Colonel Shaw's personal efforts was directly due the organization of the National Rifle Association in New York in 1871. While serving as a director of that body he coined the word "Creedmoor" the name by which the great range has been ever since known.

Colonel Shaw came to California in 1872 under an engagement with the San Francisco *Chronicle*. He introduced as a new feature in San Francisco journalism a department devoted to the National Guard. His criticisms of its shortcomings were taken kindly. The effect was almost magical. The revolution which followed in methods was largely accomplished by the skill and tact with which he exposed weak points. He organized the California Rifle Association, of which he was President for two years. It was during his administration that the marksmanship fever took its rise and that California sent a team to New York which won the Inter-State Championship of America at Creedmoor. In 1875 Colonel Shaw conducted a great rifle shooting meeting at the Presidio of San Francisco, by consent of General Schofield, at which were present Governor Pacheco and Staff and the representatives of nearly every regiment in the State. The regular army

soon caught the spirit of the movement and adopted substantially all the methods introduced both on the eastern and western shores of the continent for the new training of the soldier.

As a journalist Colonel Shaw has filled many responsible positions. He was in 1874 part owner and editor of the Santa Cruz *Sentinel*. He published the *Pacific Life* in San Francisco for four years. He next edited the *Territorial Enterprise* in Virginia City, Nevada, for five years and has since held editorial positions on the Los Angeles *Tribune* and the Los Angeles *Express*. He is at present doing editorial work on the Stockton *Mail*. The only public offices he ever held were those of Deputy Collector of Customs at Redondo Beach, California, and Regent of the Nevada State University. To the latter place he was elected by the joint unanimous vote of the Legislature. Though a Republican the Democrats paid him the compliment of voting for him; the first time in the history of that State that both political parties ever thus acted together in making an appointment. He also served as Brigade Inspector on the staff of General Mathewson. Colonel Shaw is a companion of California Commandery, Loyal Legion, and a Royal Arch Mason.

Captain William Armstrong Phillips was born in County Down, Ireland, June 13, 1828, he immigrated to the United States in 1850. He entered the U. S. Navy as Acting First Assistant Engineer, and had the good fortune to be assigned to duty on that famous and historic old ironclad monitor, "The Monadnock."

Serving in the North and South Blockading Squadrons it can easily be imagined that such service was full of adventure.

He served in the blockade of Charleston Harbor and was present at the evacuation of that City and its fortifications and the destruction of the enemy's ironclads. For a brief period he did blockade service at the mouth of the Savannah River watching for the rebel ram "Stonewall," and was attached to the fleet sent to Havana under Admiral Godon after the same ship. The Monadnock left Havana and proceeded to the James River there to assist in the fall of Petersburg and evacuation of Richmond.

Hostilities having ceased the *Monadnock* was destined for further honors having received orders to fit out at the Philadelphia navy yard for a voyage through the Straits of Magellan to San Francisco, one of the most memorable ever made by such a craft, from the fact that grave doubts were from the very first entertained about the gallant ship and her heroic crew ever reaching their destined harbor.

Completing her equipment at Hampton Rhodes, she sailed from there November 2d, 1865, in company with the Steamers *Vanderbilt*, *Powhatan* and *Tuscarora*, under command of Commodore John Rodgers — Capt. F. M. Bunce (now Admiral) commanding the *Monadnock*. When crossing the gulf stream on the way to St. Thomas, W. I., the fleet encountered a fearful gale that separated the *Monadnock* from the other vessels. The *Tuscarora* making bad weather abandoned the squadron, and the *Vanderbilt* and *Powhatan* were driven out of sight of the *Monadnock*. It was at one time supposed by the officers of the *Vanderbilt* that the *Monadnock* had met the fate of the original *Monitor*.

However she arrived in safety at St. Thomas, and received a visit from that old Mexican hero Santa Anna.

At Rio de Janeiro, Jany. 9, '66, Don Pedro II paid her a visit together with Conde de Eu, Officers of State and Household of the Emperor when a royal salute was fired by the *Vanderbilt*, after which the *Monadnock* fired two 15 inch guns to show the royal party the effect of her rebel extinguishers.

When passing through the Straits of Magellan news was received that the harbor of Valparaiso was under blockade and no vessels would be allowed to enter. The day before arriving at Valparaiso orders were issued to raise turrets, load guns with solid steel shot and clear decks for action, should a forcible entrance be necessary but the harbor was entered without asking permission. The City of Valparaiso was defenceless through statements made by French and English representatives that if the Chilenians would not fortify no bombardment would be permitted. Upon the arrival of the United States vessels Commodore Rodgers and Gen. Kilpatrick then U. S. Minister to

Chile together with the French and English Admirals entered into negotiations with the Spanish Admiral to prevent the bombardment, but failed in their purpose. The result of their conferences somehow leaked out, and to Admiral Rodgers is due the credit of compelling the Spanish Admiral to give the inhabitants twenty-four hours' notice before opening fire upon the City.

The French war vessels having left port, the English Admiral declined to interfere, excusing himself by saying that as he had only two wooden ships at his command he could not cope with the Spanish Ironclad "*Numancia*" to which excuse Admiral Rodgers was credited with proposing to the Englishman to withdraw his ships and if he would only shoulder half of the responsibility he (Rodgers) would do all the fighting. Rumor had it in Valparaiso at the time that its citizens were about to present the Englishman with a wooden sword as a token of his valor. Preceding the Spanish fleet to the harbor of Callao, Peru, Captain Phillips was there an eye witness to the bombardment of a well fortified City by the Spanish "*Armada*." A four hours' engagement crippled the fleet and it had to withdraw with many killed and wounded, Admiral Nunez being severely wounded while conducting the movement of his squadron.

June, 1866, the *Monadnock* arrived at San Francisco. She was sent to Mare Island, put out of commission and Capt. Phillips was transferred to the U. S. S. *Vanderbilt* as engineer in charge. That vessel was placed at the service of her "*Majesty, Queen Emma*," to carry her to her island home, after a prolonged tour of Europe. Upon her arrival she was greeted by her people with a right royal native welcome, and the officers of the *Vanderbilt* were accorded a kind reception and handsomely entertained by members of the Royal family and citizens. Returning to San Francisco Engineer Phillips tendered his resignation and on May 11th, 1868, received an honorable discharge. Immediately thereafter he entered the service of the merchant marine as Chief Engineer, and in 1871 was appointed Superintendent of the Oregon line of steamships which position he occupied for over ten years — during which

time he served four years in the Board of Education of San Francisco being elected twice to that office and in 1880 was appointed State Harbor Commissioner by Governor Geo. C. Perkins.

When the Veterans Home Association was founded (March 7th, 1882,) Capt. Phillips was one of the first incorporators of that institution serving on the executive committee and as its Treasurer until January, 1884, when he resigned.

The Captain is a comrade of George H. Thomas Post No. 2 and a Companion of California Commandry Loyal Legion. On May 8th, 1891, he was appointed by the Secretary of the Treasury Local Inspector of Boilers and Steam Vessels, a position which he intelligently and faithfully fills.

There are few survivors of the War of the Rebellion who rendered more valuable services to the Union than did General Edward Bouton, of Los Angeles. His soldierly character is the part of a proud inheritance dating back to the early half of the seventeenth century when Sir Edward Boughton, of Barchester, County of Warwick, England, of whom General Bouton is a lineal descendant, was baroneted August 4, 1641. In the Revolutionary War General Bouton's grandfather, Daniel Bouton, distinguished himself as the commander of a Connecticut organization, and was wounded at Bunker Hill. At the battle of Stonington this grandsire served under the eye of Washington who commended his skill and courage. The father of General Bouton fought against England in the war of 1812, and with such examples it was only natural for the son to follow in the footsteps of his illustrious sires.

When volunteers were called for General Bouton raised a battery of light artillery in the City of Chicago, which was then his home. This organization was officially designated as Battery I, First Regiment Illinois Light Artillery, but throughout the entire war never lost its identity as Bouton's Battery, and its participation in the battle of Shiloh will cause it to live in history as long as the records of that memorable engagement are preserved.

In a sketch of this character it would be impossible to give the details of Captain Bouton's services and those of his

battery in that sanguinary conflict. It will be well remembered that on the first day's battle, Sunday, April 6, 1862, the army under Grant was compelled to fall back, and about 2 P. M. Bouton's Battery had changed its position towards the left of our line, taking a commanding position about a thousand yards from and in front of Pittsburgh Landing. Its value was well understood by the rebel commander and its capture meant the destruction of our commissary and other supplies stored there, as well as our river transports, thus preventing Buell's approach and the rendering of any service by our gunboats abortive.

A rebel battery of six six-pounder guns opened fire on Bouton from about six hundred yards distant, and then commenced one of the most wonderful artillery duels that ever took place. The rebels brought into action an additional battery of four twelve-pounder howitzers, thus subjecting him to a heavy cross fire. Both rebel batteries failing to drive Bouton from the ridge, a brigade of Mississippi Infantry charged his battery in front, which Bouton met by guns double shotted with canister, breaking the enemy's ranks and sending them back in disorder. The artillery duel was then resumed and continued until approaching darkness caused both batteries to cease; and it was just as well, for Bouton had fired the last round of ammunition his caissons contained. The position thus maintained by Captain Bouton and the few infantry supporting him, unquestionably saved the day at Shiloh.

In the second day's engagement Captain Bouton with his battery made a daring dash across a cotton field subjected to a most galling fire from infantry and artillery, occupying and holding a position from which two of our batteries had been driven, and with canister at short range assisted in forcing Breckinridge from nearly the same ground a portion of our army occupied at the commencement of the first day's battle.

Passing from this period to a year later, during which Captain Bouton served as Chief of Artillery of Sherman's division, an order was issued to recruit colored troops and Captain Bouton was commissioned Colonel of the 59th Regiment. Although General Sherman was

reluctant to part with his best artillery officer, he admitted that if any one could make a soldier out of a "darkey" it was Bouton. He not only made soldiers of them, but good and efficient soldiers, and for the ability he displayed was soon after placed in command of a brigade. It was while discharging the duties of a brigade commander that General Bouton formed a guard with four hundred and fifty men, and defended the rear of General Sturgis' demoralized army, which was retreating from Forrest's victorious forces, after our disaster at Guntown, Miss., and held the rebels, about eight thousand strong, in check from the battle field to Germantown, Tenn., some eighty-one miles, constantly under fire for two days and nights, constituting one of the most sublime examples of heroism during the war.

Only a month after this occurrence, on the 13th of July, 1864, General Bouton, in command of about four thousand five hundred men, white and colored, made a march of twenty-two miles in a single day, going from Pontetoc to Tupelo, Miss., and guarding a heavy train of three hundred wagons, during which he fought four distinct engagements against superior numbers, in each being successful. This achievement was pronounced by his superiors to be without a parallel in the war.

When General Bouton was selected to act as Provost Marshal of Memphis, Tenn., he was vested with unusual power. Prior to his taking the office a most scandalous condition of affairs existed. Permits for shipping supplies had been freely given and these supplies found their way into the enemy's lines and helped to sustain and furnish vitality to the very enemy our armies were seeking to subdue. Cotton was shipped back in payment of such supplies on which vast fortunes were realized. Different officers had been placed in charge of these important matters, but the temptation to "speculate" was too great for them to resist, and in despair President Lincoln telegraphed an imperative order to "place an honest officer in charge if one could be found." General Bouton was selected. He immediately began a rigid system of restraint upon those engaged in contraband commerce, which soon put a com-

plete stop to the practice, receiving the approbation and thanks of President Lincoln.

As a comrade of Stanton Post, No. 55, of Los Angeles, he is held in the highest esteem, and as a companion of California Commandery Loyal Legion, none has a higher record. He is a prominent man of affairs in Los Angeles and as a citizen respected by all.

E. B. Jerome was born in Carrollton, Greene County, Illinois, June 2d, 1844. His father, Theo. F. Jerome, was of Huguenot descent, his ancestry coming to this country in 1666. His mother was a sister of Senator E. D. Baker, of Oregon, the soldier, statesman and orator, who was killed at Ball's Bluff.

Jerome's father came to California in 1849, leaving the boy in Illinois with his mother. He attended the public schools till about fifteen years of age, and then commenced his collegiate course at Bereah College, Jacksonville, Ills., intending to become a civil engineer, but at the first call of Abraham Lincoln, offered himself, volunteering as a drummer in the 14th Illinois Regiment, Col. John M. Palmer. When his uncle, Col. E. D. Baker, raised his celebrated California Regiment, he sent for young Jerome and after having him enlisted as a private in Company E., promoted him to be 2d Lieutenant. He afterwards, when Col. Baker completed his Brigade, served on the Staff of Baker as Captain and aide-de-camp until the latter was killed, his remains being brought from the field by the subject of this sketch in conjunction with others, such as the brave Captain Berial, and Col. Geo. Stone. Some time after the death of Col. Baker young Jerome was commissioned by President Lincoln, in March, 1862, as 2d Lieutenant in the First Regular Cavalry. At this time his father, who had returned to Illinois in 1857, and had gone again to the mines in Idaho, was reported to have been killed by the Indians, and his mother urged him to go to Idaho in search of information and facts. President Lincoln, who was a warm friend of the family, advised him to comply with his mother's request, and to decline the commission, which he did, and afterwards, learning of his father's safety, he urged his mother to come with him to this country, which she did and



for many years was an honored resident of San Francisco. She died in August, 1892, but his father yet lives, a hale and hearty man of 81 years.

Mr. Jerome arrived in San Francisco in 1863, bringing with him a personal letter from President Lincoln to Governor Stanford. He secured a position in the San Francisco Post Office, which he held for four years, and then, in 1867, General John F. Miller, who was Collector of Customs, offered Mr. Jerome the position in the office which he has since held for 28 years, under various titles, such as a Secretary, Deputy Collector, Chief Clerk, etc., under ten different Collectors, enjoying the confidence of such Collectors and the great body of the mercantile community.

Mr. Jerome has taken a very active part in Grand Army matters, and was a charter member of the first post organized in this State, the old Starr King Post, and which is now known as Lincoln Post No. 1, San Francisco. He was also the first Commander of Admiral D. D. Porter Post of Oakland. When the Veterans' Home at Yountville was projected, Comrade Jerome became one of the original organizers and was Chairman of the Committee which first raised funds for that object. He is a Companion of California Commandery Loyal Legion and member of the California Pioneer Association of which he has served several times as a Director.

Captain J. L. Skinner, of Los Angeles, was born in Jamaica, Windom Co., Vt., Nov. 29, 1838. Removing to Massachusetts, he, at the breaking out of the war, was a clerk in Amherst. He immediately responded to the first call for troops, but the company he offered his services to failed in obtaining a maximum number of enlistments and in consequence Capt. Skinner's first offer was unavailing. Upon the next call, he, with three associates, enrolled from among the loyal patriots of Amherst and adjoining towns a full company in two weeks, and divesting himself of every feeling but devotion to the Union, cheerfully waived his right to a commission, enlisted as a private but accepted the position of First Sergeant of Company D, 27th Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry.

Taking the field in the fall of '61 it was

sent into Maryland where it performed ordinary duty during the winter until January 7, '62, when Sergeant Skinner's regiment became a part of Burnside's Coast expedition, which resulted in the important captures and occupation of Roanoke Island, New Berne and Goldsboro, N. C., and enabled Lieutenant Skinner (who had been promoted,) to gain some practical knowledge of war.

In the battles of Kingston, Whitehall and Goldsboro, the regiment of Lieut. Skinner bore a conspicuous part, and throughout the campaign in North Carolina, its marches were long and tedious, the men often dragging howitzers through swamps and passing sleepless nights in drenching rains.

In 1863 he was with his command at the siege of Washington, which continued for eighteen days, and later at Gum Swamp, Dover Cross Roads, Beaufort, Trenton and New Berne, N. C. During this campaign he was made a First Lieutenant dating from May 29, 1863. Thence he and his regiment went to Fortress Monroe, Hampton, Newport News, Norfolk and Portsmouth, Virginia.

Up to May 16, 1864, Lieutenant Skinner was with his regiment in all its engagements and campaigns, but on this date, at the battle of Drewry's Bluff, — one of the hottest, if not the very fiercest fight in which his regiment was engaged, as its severe losses will testify — he was captured and taken to Libby prison. Thence he was sent with others to the officers' camp at Macon, Ga., and later transferred to Charleston and to Columbia, S. C. From the latter place he escaped Nov. 4, 1864, but was recaptured four days after. Nothing daunted, Capt. Skinner, (for during his imprisonment he had been promoted to a Captaincy Sept. 29, 1864,) again attempted his escape, this time on the 29th of November, and, after weary marches through swamps, he at last, emaciated from two weeks' fasting and fatigue, reached our squadron off the mouth of the Santee River. From this point he was sent to Fortress Monroe, and on January 21, 1865, was honorably mustered out of service to date from December 31, 1864. The sword which he lost at Drewry's Bluff fell into the hands of Captain Hill of a Virginia Confederate regiment, who used it until the war ended,



when his sister returned it to Capt. Skinner since he has resided in California.

Returning to his old home Capt. Skinner was soon after appointed Postmaster of Amherst, which position he continued to hold for twelve years and which he resigned to come to California. He located in Sacramento where he entered the employ of W. P. Fuller & Co., remaining there for four years, thence going to Los Angeles with the same firm, where he now is and has been for the past ten years.

Comrade Skinner organized E. M. Stanton Post No. 36, Department of Massachusetts in 1867, and was its Commander four years. He was also its Adjutant, Officer of the Day, Senior Vice, and in 1876 Senior Vice Commander of that Department, beside being several times a delegate to National Encampments. In California he was two years Commander of Sumner Post of Sacramento, during which period its membership increased from fifty-five to one hundred and eighty. In 1886 Dept. Commander Smedberg appointed him Special A. D. C., with power to establish Posts and muster recruits wherever he could do either. His roving power enabled him to establish a number of new Posts while his activity produced a very large number of new Comrades to the Order, for Comrade Skinner mustered recruits wherever he found any eligible — a barn, or freight-shed answering the purpose as well as a Post room.

For one year Comrade Skinner was commander of Stanton Post No. 55 of Los Angeles.

Doctor E. T. M. Hurlbut, of Sebastopol, has an army record that was vouchsafed to few who entered the ranks. In August 1862, he was enrolled in the 24th New York Independent Light Battery, and in less than two months was in the field. At Newport Barracks, North Carolina, there were about five hundred men at the Post which was without a surgeon. Doctor Hurlbut was examined and found qualified to act as hospital steward and was detached for that service, at the same time performing all the duties of an acting assistant surgeon. After the battle of White Hall, N. C., Doctor Hurlbut was ordered to Newberne with his Battery and later to Plymouth, N. C., in all those places

acting in the capacity of Assistant Surgeon.

During the yellow fever epidemic at Beaufort, N. C., he was in charge of medical supplies at that place and filled the responsible position of apothecary until he was ordered to Morehead City, N. C., to take charge of a hospital ward as Assistant Surgeon under Surgeon J. M. Palmer, the latter's attention having been attracted to Doctor Hurlbut while serving at Plymouth. The arrival of a part of Sherman's army at Morehead City caused Surgeon Palmer to remove Doctor Hurlbut back to Beaufort where he was placed in charge of a refuge camp and some time later of the general hospital. It was here that Doctor Hurlbut's experience was taxed to the utmost. In addition to having full charge of the general hospital he professionally attended to a ward of another, which contained about one hundred and fifty patients who were visited daily and their wants administered to. And this character of service the Doctor continued to perform until the war ceased and he was honorably discharged.

The attempt was frequently made to reward him with a commission, but notwithstanding the fact that he was nearly always performing the duties of a medical officer, and rendering services as such that were cheerfully recognized and endorsed by his professional superiors, the circumstance of his entering the army before quite completing a medical course and securing a diploma, operated against his claim for a commission, as there was always some one on the Board of Examiners who opposed a commission, whilst officially testifying to his valuable services and endorsing his ability and efficiency as an acting surgeon.

Doctor Hurlbut immediately resumed his medical studies after the war closed and in February 1867, graduated with high honors at the University of Buffalo, N. Y.

He went to Los Angeles to live and during his residence there established a large practice and good record. During his residence in that city he became a Comrade of Stanton Post and for the years 1888-89 was surgeon of the same. Removing to Northern California he selected the lovely Sonoma Valley for his

home and lives in Sebastopol, where he now commands a leading position in his profession and practice, and where he is respected for his ability as a physician and surgeon and honored for his manly qualities as a citizen. He is at present Commander of Ericsson Post, No. 164, Sebastopol.

Captain Josiah A. Osgood of Los Angeles, was born in Chelsea, Mass., Dec. 6, 1841. Both his paternal and maternal great-great-grandfathers fought in the battle of Bunker Hill and throughout those of the Revolution, his maternal great-great-grandfather having been killed while conveying dispatches for General Washington.

Capt. Osgood entered the service as Private of Co. C. 24th Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, in Oct. 1861, at a time when he had just completed a preparatory course and was about to enter Harvard College. His regiment was one of the crack organizations of Massachusetts, and was immediately sent to the front where he was assigned to Burnside's command. Young Osgood was made Corporal soon after his enrollment and was assigned to the Color Guard—a position known to every old soldier as one of honor and demanding a high order of courage. In this capacity he served throughout the expedition to North Carolina, participating in the engagements at Roanoke Island, New Berne, Little Washington, Trenter's Creek, and taking part in the various raids made into the enemy's country, and for a year performing most active and wearisome service.

When, in the latter part of 1862, Governor Andrews concluded to make officers of new regiments from worthy non-commissioned ones of old organizations, Corporal Osgood was sent home for promotion, and was made Captain of Co. K. 47th Massachusetts Infantry. Soon after the regiment was organized, uniformed and equipped, it was sent to New Orleans, and reported to Banks for duty, and at the time of the Red River Expedition it was held for service in and about New Orleans, as it was splendidly disciplined and could be relied upon to quell any disturbance likely to arise in that then turbulent city, but at the same time it was poorly equipped with the old and almost obsolete Austrian rifle, a weapon

that could better be relied upon in the hands of men who would fearlessly use the bayonet when the worthless construction of the weapon rendered powder and shot inoperative.

In and about New Orleans, Capt. Osgood served with his regiment for a period of about a year, during which time the terrible sanitary condition there developed in his system disease which reduced him from a strong and robust young man to an almost human wreck weighing hardly one hundred and fifteen pounds.

In this condition he was mustered out, but partially recovering, he again tendered his services to the government. Upon examination his condition was found to be such that the surgeon declared his life would be forfeited through disease in a few weeks, if he was permitted to go to the front again. Capt. Osgood then took a trip to Europe where he remained for nearly a year in the hope of recovering his health. In this he was partially successful, but to the present day he feels the effects of exposure to which he was subjected while on duty in the swamps of Louisiana.

On his return from Europe Capt. Osgood entered upon a course of study in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and finishing his education there embraced the profession of surveying in which he is now occupied.

Capt. Osgood went to Los Angeles nine years ago when he became a Comrade of Stanton Post No. 55, and of which he is Past Commander. He was also one of the first to become a Companion of the Loyal Legion and is now a member of California Commandery. In his profession and in social and business circles, Capt. Osgood is a well known and popular resident of Los Angeles where he has resided since 1887.

Among Ohio's native sons who early responded to the call for volunteers was Comrade John A. Whiteside of Lincoln Post, San Francisco. Born in Camden, Feby. 8, 1843, he was just eighteen years old when the war began. At that time he was passing through an examination to graduate at Miami University, but casting aside his future prospects he enrolled himself April 18, 1861, as a member of the "University Rifles," which

became Company B, 20th Ohio Volunteer Infantry. In this organization he served first as First Sergeant and as Second Lieutenant for three months, receiving while in the field, his graduating diploma in the Scientific Department of the University he had abandoned.

In 1862 he became attached to the medical corps of the 6th Ohio Infantry, in which capacity he served until March, 1863. From this organization he was transferred to Company B, 86th Ohio Infantry, of which he became "Orderly Sergeant," which position he retained until fall of that year, when, owing to the political excitement then engendered in Ohio by reason of Vallandigham's copperhead teachings, a number of temporary military organizations were created to uphold the laws and preserve peace at home. Comrade Whiteside became Lieutenant Colonel of one of these battalions which performed such service in Preble County, Ohio.

After this excitement had subsided, he, in the winter of 1863, entered the volunteer Navy, and served as Mate on the U. S. S. Essex and later as Executive Officer of the U. S. S. Huntress, both vessels being in commission and forming a part of the Mississippi Squadron then doing such excellent service by patrolling the River, preventing the transfer of rebel reinforcements and the introduction of contraband supplies for the aid and comfort of the enemy. In this official capacity Comrade Whiteside continued until the close of the war, when he received an honorable discharge, after a somewhat broken but singularly varied experience as soldier and sailor for a period of four years.

Returning to his old home in Ohio, his military training peculiarly fitted him for service in the National Guard and he was elected a Lieutenant Colonel. He remained identified with the State military until coming to California, where he at once sought association among his old comrades of the war, and is now an active member of Lincoln Post No. 1.

Along about the Christmas holidays in '59, Hermann L. Judell arrived in San Francisco on a trip around the world, and, forming a fancy for the climate he remained to seek his fortune. He was only a youth, having been born in Hamburg, December, 1846.

When the war broke out he was not fifteen years old, but he promptly offered his services. His youth and stature were a barrier to his ambitions, as the authorities would not accept him without parental consent or that of a guardian. Young Judell took steps to obtain the latter and in February, '62, he was "mustered in" in Company D, First Washington Territorial Infantry, more than half that organization having been recruited in California. Judell's activity and ability being readily recognized, he was sent to Sacramento and Folsom on recruiting service, where he remained until May following, meeting with flattering success. The regiment having enrolled its quota, the California contingent embarked for Vancouver where the organization was armed, equipped and completed. In the following September it was sent into the field to the Siletz Indian Reservation on Yaquina Bay. At this place there were six thousand Indians of the Klamath and Rogue River tribes, and it became the duty of Judell's regiment to assist in keeping them in a state of subjection and prevent an outbreak against the white emigrants who were then beginning to occupy the great Northwest.

At this time the present site of Boise, Idaho, had been selected as a depot for the distribution of supplies and in consequence vast quantities of valuable government stores were kept on hand there. To guard this property the company of Judell formed part of an expedition of about one thousand troops and covered the extreme northwest overland route, keeping it open and affording protection to the early settlers. That fall the Indians were committing many depredations at a large cattle ranch about sixty miles northwest from Fort Boise, and an expedition was formed with fifty volunteers to drive away the marauders. Young Judell was one of these, and well mounted the little party came up with a large number of Snakes or Shoshone Indians and steadily drove them into their mountain resorts, after being compelled to abandon their horses on account of heavy snows and follow on foot. This kind of service was kept up during the entire winter, the troops suffering from extreme cold, lack of sufficient shelter, clothing and subsistence.

In the spring of '63 a garrison of four companies was left at Fort Boise and the remainder of the troops were distributed in detachments as far as Salt Lake City. Judell belonged to that stationed at Fort Douglas, and when a party of emigrants collected at Salt Lake his command would afford it escort towards Fort Boise or until meeting with another detachment.

These expeditions were nearly always accompanied by attempted depredations from hostile Indians who hung upon the flanks of the settlers. It was not alone Indians that our troops had to contend with; the Mormon element was just as rife in these respects. On one occasion a Paymaster of the Army *en route* from Boise to Salt Lake was attacked and robbed of many thousands of dollars in greenbacks, and this act was supposed to have been committed by Mormons disguised as Indians. It was this officer whom young Judell and a detail afterwards escorted in safety to Omaha.

Returning from this duty he formed part of a command of about two hundred Union troops and went upon the trail of some six hundred Utes, Shoshones and Piutes. Overtaking them at War Eagle Mountain the Indians were cleverly corralled and charged upon. During this battle the Indians lost about one hundred killed and the balance of their force was scattered in every direction. This same band had but a short while before captured, killed and scalped ninety Chinamen whom they had encountered on the plains and who were without the power of resistance.

In February, '65, Judell's command returned to Boise, meeting with and dispersing small bands of hostiles all the way. From here he returned to Vancouver and in April, '65, was honorably mustered out after more than three years of active service. He then returned to Boise and engaged in business, remaining there until 1870, when he returned to San Francisco where he now resides and is well known as a man of business.

Comrade Judell is a member of Geo. H. Thomas Post.

Major William Oliver Gould, who has long been Actuary of The Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company, was born in Exeter, New Hampshire, June 29, 1828. He was residing in Kansas, when the

Rebellion began, and on August 16, 1861, enlisted as a private in Company E, Fifth Kansas Volunteer Cavalry. Two days after he was appointed First Lieutenant of Engineers, and assigned to the Kansas Brigade, commanded by General J. H. Lane. He continued to serve in this organization throughout its active career in South-eastern Kansas and Western-Missouri, seeing much of that trying warfare — scouting after marauding parties — that tries the nerves of the bravest soldier.

His excellent judgment and business qualities commended him to his superiors, and when Kansas was called upon for more troops he was assigned to duty at Leavenworth for recruiting service, and by his efforts helped raise the Eleventh, Twelfth and Thirteenth regiments of Infantry, Kansas Volunteers. His success in this duty caused his appointment as Assistant Commissary of Musters, and in that capacity was ordered to Fort Gibson, I. T., where he remained until November, 1863, when he was transferred to the Fourteenth Kansas Cavalry, and with his regiment went to Fort Smith, Arkansas, participating with it in several minor engagements. He was again detached from his regiment for staff duty as Mustering Officer which he filled until on March 19, 1864, he was promoted to the Majority of his regiment, the 14th Cavalry, which position he held until honorably discharged on August 11, 1865 — lacking less than a week of having been four years continuously in the Union Army. After he had been made a Major he was made Mustering Officer of the District of Kansas, Department of Missouri.

There is probably no official place in the army, particularly during actual war, which calls for the exercise of more care and intelligence from a staff officer than that of the Commissary of Musters. It is most important to the officers or men being mustered, for all their rights of pay and emoluments depend upon the exactness with which the rolls are prepared; then there is the subject of time service of which all are so jealous. As the Mustering Officer is a part of the General's personal staff he is not exempted, like the Quartermaster and Commissary of Subsistence, from going upon the field of battle. Major Gould saw his share of service during the war, and when it is

considered that Kansas lost a larger number of troops during that time in proportion to the number she was called upon to raise, than any other State in the Union, it means a great deal. Comrade Gould is a member of Geo. H. Thomas Post, and Past Commander of California Commandery Loyal Legion, having belonged to both societies for many years, well known and respected by all.

Among the Masonic fraternity he is very prominent, having taken all the degrees in York Rite and the Order of The Temple. He is a 32 Degree in the Scottish Rite and is a Past Master, Past High Priest, Past Eminent Commander and Past Grand Commander all of Kansas Masonic Societies. In those of San Francisco he is held high for his activity, zeal and everything which makes a good man a good Mason.

There are few Comrades with better records as soldiers or as members of the order than Edw. S. Salomon. Of German birth, he came to this country and located in Chicago in 1855, where he began the study of law and in two years was admitted to practice. When the war of the Rebellion broke out he immediately offered his services to the Union and was made Second Lieutenant in the 24th Illinois Infantry and with that regiment went into active service, first in Missouri under Grant, but subsequently in Kentucky under Buell. His baptism under fire was at Frederickston, Mo., and at Munfordville, Ky., he gained further experience in real war. Passing through well merited promotions he was mustered as a Major early in 1862.

Through some disagreement among the officers with Colonel Hecker, Major Salomon with about twenty other officers espoused the cause of their old Comrade and resigned. They immediately proceeded to organize another regiment, the 82nd Illinois Infantry, which was assigned to the Army of the Potomac, and going to the front participated in the battle of Gettysburg. In this engagement it was commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Salomon, and he was officially commended by his Division General for the highest order of coolness and determination throughout the battle.

When the Army of the Cumberland needed reinforcements at Chattanooga,

Colonel Salomon with his regiment, which was a part of the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps, was sent there and took part in those most dramatic of all battles of the war — Missionary Ridge and Look-out Mountain.

When Sherman opened his campaign in the early spring of '64, Colonel Salomon and his regiment were at the front and engaged in the most memorable events of the war — Resaca, New Hope Church, Alatoona, Kenesaw Mountain, Peach Tree Creek and other battles which led to the capture of Atlanta. From the latter place Colonel Salomon "marched to the sea," and after reaching and moving toward Johnston's army fought at Averysboro, Bentonville and other places—the very last engagements of the war.

Perhaps nothing attracts more highly the confidence reposed in him than the brevet rank of Brigadier General, which the President conferred upon him in March, 1865, "*for distinguished gallantry and meritorious service.*"

After the great army of nearly a million men had passed in review in Washington and was mustered out, General Salomon returned to Chicago and civil life. He was elected County Clerk and held that important office for four years, going thence to Washington Territory of which President Grant had appointed him Governor, but from which he resigned in 1874, coming to San Francisco, where he has ever since been engaged the practice of law. Among his pleasant memories is the remembrance of an elegant and massive silver service which was presented to him by Chicago friends headed by General Sheridan, together with a handsomely engraved testimonial of respect and personal regard.

As a comrade in the Grand Army his record is as bright as were his services as a soldier. In 1867 he served as Commander of Ransom Post, No. 4, in Chicago. In 1882 he was unanimously elected Commander of James A. Garfield Post, No. 34, San Francisco, and again 1886. During the National encampment held in San Francisco he was one of the most active and untiring members of the Grand Committee. As Chief of Staff during the grand parade he brought into use those trained qualities gained in

years of active service, which made the procession move throughout its long line of march with perfect precision.

In 1887 he was elected Department Commander of California and Nevada, and during his term of office he probably visited more Posts officially than any other similar officer in the same Department.

Theodore V. Brown, who was honored by his comrades of the Grand Army with election as Grand Marshal of this year's Memorial Day Parade in San Francisco, is a native of the same little country town — Matbach — that gave birth to the poet, Schiller, and he has made clever translations of his great townsman's poems. He ran away from home and enlisted in the U. S. Army when but little over seventeen years of age, being possessed with a desire to help wipe out the Mormons, who in 1857 were making it warm for Albert Sidney Johnston. He served under that distinguished soldier in a regiment (10th Infantry) commanded by Lieut. Col. Chas. F. Smith.

When the war began Brown went East with his regiment, and as he knew something of medicine, was appointed a hospital steward. Having been attached to the 3rd U. S. Infantry he was present at the battles of Gaines' Mill, Malvern Hill, Second Bull Run, Antietam, and Fredericksburg. The gallant Major Rossell, commanding the regiment, was one of the first to be hit at Gaines' Mill, and Brown helped to carry him to the rear where he soon expired.

At Malvern Hill he assisted the surgeon of the regiment, Dr. Geo. M. Sternberg, the present Surgeon General of the Army, in amputating an artilleryman's arm under a heavy fire from the enemy's artillery, and a few days afterwards when, at Harrison's Landing on the James, all the doctors of his brigade became sick and were put on transports and sent north, he was ordered to collect all the sickest men of the brigade, take them to a barn not far away, and do the best he could for them; which he did.

In March, 1863, Brown was relieved from duty with the 3d Infantry and ordered into the Medical Director's office, Headquarters Army of the Potomac. In August of the same year he accompanied the regular troops to New York City to

assist in putting down the Draft Riots, and in October he was ordered to report to General W. W. Averell commanding an independent Cavalry force of about 4000 men in West Virginia. He accompanied that officer on his famous "Raid to Salem" in December, 1863, being eight days and nights in the saddle — five of which without food. The Jackson river, usually an insignificant stream, had become a raging torrent from a three days' fall of rain and snow, and was encumbered with drifting ice. This the raiders were obliged to swim seven times in twenty-four hours, losing only seven men by drowning. Most of the officers and men, including the general, had their feet more or less frozen: still, when at one time the roads were for forty-eight hours so frozen and slippery that a rider risked his neck at every step, they had to foot it and keep up, or be captured. The sufferings in store for the captured soldier were so well known, that nearly all managed to keep up, few falling into the hands of the pursuing force. Not only this, but when the horses proved to be unable to drag the six guns over the slippery roads, details of soldiers, many of them with frozen feet, had to do it.

In June, 1864, Brown was ordered to the headquarters of General Franz Sigel at Martinsburg, W. Va., and with him retreated before the advancing forces of Jubal A. Early when he made his great raid into Maryland and Pennsylvania in July, 1864, Martinsburg being the first place to be attacked.

In August of the same year he was ordered to report to Surgeon J. Boone of the 1st Maryland Regiment, Potomac Home Brigade, who was directed to organize a depot field hospital near Harper's Ferry for the accommodation of the worst wounded of General Sheridan's army in the Valley, and did not know how. Two hundred men were needed as a guard and working force. As the hospital was not under the orders of General Sheridan but reported direct to Washington, it was thought useless to apply to Sheridan for men, so Brown made raids at night with a sergeant and twelve men whom Dr. Boone had borrowed from his regiment, and pretending to be a Provost Guard, stole two hundred stragglers in three nights. Then one hundred hospital and

the same number of wall tents were pitched on a flat topped hill sloping down to the Potomac river, and when, after a week's work, the hospital was reported ready to receive wounded, a force of nineteen surgeons, six hospital stewards, and three chaplains reported for duty. The guard and the working force were given separate camps, and a chain of sixteen sentinels was put around the foot of the hill, so that no one could enter or leave the hospital without a permit. Brown was Chief Steward and Executive Officer, and managed things pretty despotically, putting seven Brigade Quartermasters under charge of the guard one night for interfering with him in the unloading of wounded, and it took some of them two days to round up their wagons afterwards.

In November, 1864, Brown was ordered into the office of the Surgeon General of the Army, in Washington City, where he remained on duty until February, 1866, when, at his own request, he was sent to California. Since then he was on duty for five years with Explorations and Surveys west of the 100th Meridian under Capt. Geo. M. Wheeler, Corps of Engineers and a number of frontier posts, and it is largely owing to his representations and suggestions through the medium of the *Army and Navy Journal*, and otherwise, that the Canteen System was introduced in the Army. He availed himself of the privilege of retirement after 30 years' service in May, 1890, and has been at the head of one of the leading hospitals on the Pacific Coast (the German Hospital) ever since.

General Samuel Woolsey Backus was born in Poughkeepsie, New York, Nov. 6, 1844. His great grandfather, Colonel Nichols, was a distinguished officer of the Revolution and commanded a portion of the American army at the battle of Bennington, Vermont, August 16, 1777. His grandfather, Gurdon Backus, of Norwich, Conn., built the Flag Ship Saratoga, commanded by Commodore McDonough, and fought aboard her at the battle of Plattsburgh, September 11th, 1814.

In the fall of '62, when it was discovered that volunteers organized in California would be held for service on the Coast many who desired to fight the

rebels determined to go East and there become a part of the Union army. Among others General Backus offered himself and he was enrolled in Company L, Second Massachusetts Cavalry, this command being formed in part from which was known as the "California Battalion." It was immediately sent into the field for active service with the Army of the Potomac, and first performed outpost duty in the vicinity of the National Capital.

In the spring of '63, it was employed in scouting along the Potomac River alertly watching Lee's movements who was maneuvering to get into Maryland. Having accomplished this duty it was sent out through London and Fairfax Counties, Virginia, in quest of Mosby's marauders. Failing to come up with the guerrillas, the command to which Backus was attached obtained much valuable experience and a knowledge of the country which serve a good purpose for future movements.

It the latter part of June the Regiment was attached to the Twelfth Army Corps and was sent to oppose the rebel cavalry under J. E. B. Stuart. A forced march did not enable the command of Backus to prevent the enemy's advance, but it brought up with the latter's rear guard near Brookville, Maryland, where, on the first of July, a spirited engagement took place.

Hanging on the enemy's heels the Second continued to harrass the rebels, making many stragglers prisoners of war, and following Stuart's column into Pennsylvania, then *en route* to the aid of Lee at Gettysburg.

After Lee's defeat the California battalion, occupying the right of the line, was sent with a cavalry force into Virginia, making a rapid reconnoissance east of the Blue Ridge and through Ashley's Gap into the Shenandoah, to watch Lee's retreating army. At Ashley's Gap the command encountered the enemy, driving them from their position with considerable loss on both sides. During the balance of that summer and fall the Californians were constantly engaged with the commands of Mosby's, Imboden's and other Confederate cavalry, covering extensive movements, sometimes meeting defeat but oftener



victory, always experiencing those hardships the cavalry was called upon to endure.

In the beginning of '64, the same dashing tactics were employed by the Californians. One day they would be harassing the flank of the enemy; another day guarding a valuable train of supplies and another capturing such from the enemy. When Early's command was driven out of Maryland this Battalion was on the right and at the head of the column performing service that won for it the hearty encomiums of the commanding general. The Californians were brigaded with the Regular Brigade, Colonel Charles Russell Lowell commanding, who was killed in the battle of Cedar Creek.

It was with the gallant Sheridan in his campaign to Winchester—a campaign noted for hardship, daily fighting and brilliant success—which began at Shepherdstown August 10th, and ended in the famous battle of Cedar Creek, October 19th—a period of more than two months during which no less than twenty-two engagements were fought, in all of which the Californians bore a conspicuous part. Following up the enemy their battalion was in the advance and made many captures of cannon, small arms and prisoners. It went into winter quarters about the first of December, but had hardly become comfortable when a raid was ordered during which the men and their animals suffered severely from the intense cold, but finding some relief on again reaching camp at Winchester. Here the troops remained until February '65, when "boots and saddles" sounded and the Californians were on a march of three hundred miles to Pittsburg, through rain and mud, almost every step being contested by stubborn fighting of the enemy. During their march, railroads, canals and every species of property that would be beneficial to the enemy were destroyed. Arriving in front of Petersburg the Californians took part in those brilliant operations which resulted in the fall of Petersburg and Richmond and the surrender of Lee.

In all these campaigns General Backus was a participant, excepting the few days when he was specially detailed with others as escort to President Lin-

coln on his entry into Richmond April 5, 1865, and as a reward for his fidelity he was promoted to a Lieutenantcy in Company F, Second California Cavalry. Returning to this State he served with his company and as Commander of Fort Bidwell, winter of 1865-66, until there was no further need for troops even on the Pacific Coast, and in June 1866, he was honorably mustered out after a continuous service of nearly four years. Served as Assistant Adjutant General 2nd Brigade N. G. C. from 1875 to 1880.

In 1880 Governor Perkins appointed General Backus Adjutant General of California which position he filled for several years, bringing with him that actual experience gained by long service during the war, and which proved of such value to our National Guard.

General Backus served two terms as Post Master of San Francisco. He was first appointed by President Arthur and again by President Harrison. This last appointment was brought about by the business community of San Francisco, which appreciated the efficiency and skilful administration of General Backus during his first term. He introduced many needed reforms in the Post Office during his long service that have become permanently adopted.

Comrade Backus is one of the organizers of the G. A. R. on this Coast, and Past Commander of Lincoln Post No. 1, Past Department Commander of California and Nevada, and Past National Senior Vice Commander-in-Chief, Grand Army of the Republic. He is also a Companion of California Commandery Loyal Legion and Past Commander of the same, and in both these patriotic organizations he has always taken great interest, his appointment of many worthy ex-soldiers to positions in the Post Office showing a genuine regard for their welfare that might be well emulated by others.

Past Department Commander Theodore H. Goodman, was born in Mt. Morris, New York, July 12, 1830. Prior to his coming to California in 1859 he had been connected with several Eastern railways. Arriving in San Francisco he accepted a position with Freeman's Express Company, since merged into Wells, Fargo & Co. When President Lincoln made his



first call for troops, Comrade Goodman immediately resigned from the Express Company and intended to go East to join some portion of the Union army there. He was disappointed to learn the call was only for three months' men, and this determined him not to go East at that time.

When the second call was made Goodman joined the Second California Cavalry, entering the service as First Lieutenant of Company A, Sept. 10, 1861. His soldierly presence, attention to duty and ready regard for discipline, as well as the superior clerical abilities he possessed, caused the regimental commander to make him Adjutant, in which position he served until May 22, 1862. Into this new position Adjutant Goodman brought his early business training, and it was greatly owing to his capacities that the Second California Cavalry became so quickly and completely organized and placed in the field.

He was promoted May 21, 1862, to be Captain of Company G of his regiment, where he remained until Jan. 31, 1863, when he resigned. Capt. Goodman's Company was sent to southern parts of the State and performed efficiently such duties as it was ordered to; scouting after hostile Indians, protecting public property and that of the settlers.

After leaving the army he went East, with the expectation, it was thought, of joining some Union organization then in the field against the Confederates. But his former railroad experience as an officer made him a valuable acquisition to any such corporation, and he became General Passenger and Ticket Agent of the Atlantic and Great Western Railway. In this position he made a most enviable record which he has continued to uphold during the long period he has been General Passenger Agent of the Central and Southern Pacific Companies, now nearly thirty years. In his official relations Captain Goodman has the highest regard and devotion from his subordinates. He has a kind and generous nature, although a certain natural and habitual air of dignity about his movements might lead some to mistake this for haughty reserve. His long service in the important and responsible position he now occupies, prob-

ably exhibits more than anything else in what esteem he is held by his superior officers.

Captain Goodman became a charter member of Geo. H. Thomas Post in 1879 and is now a member. In 1888, he was elected Commander of the Department of California and Nevada G. A. R., and as such intelligently and faithfully represented his Comrades at the National Encampment the same year at Columbus, Ohio. He is also a Past Commander of California Commandery Loyal Legion. As a member of these societies many Comrades and Companions have reason to remember with gratitude his singular acts of kindness.

These men have been selected as representative defenders of the Union, not because of any particular claims they may possess to superiority over other members of the Grand Army, not because of their irreproachable standing as citizens in the community, not because of any honors won during the war or distinction since gained in civil life, but because they may be cited as fair examples of those whose names are on the muster roll of an organization held together by a spirit of comradeship that no other order can ever possess. Their ties are welded by the memories of the war during the dark days of the Rebellion, when possibly the lives of hundreds of thousands and the safety of the country hung upon the courage and fidelity of a single sentinel. Their badge is more honorable than any shield, for it is emblazoned with heroism and patriotism. Those who wear it remember that in the cause it commemorates, four hundred thousand lives were sacrificed; that three hundred thousand Union soldiers and sailors were crippled for life; and that more than a million devoted mothers, widows, sisters, and orphans, were left to mourn for the loved ones who did not return.

And may it be that in generations to come there will linger a loving memory of those Comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic, the last of whom will in a few more years have followed the solemn sounds of the muffled drum to his final resting place.

*Frank Elliott Myers.*

## THE QUESTION OF JAPANESE COMPETITION.

BY THE MANAGING EDITOR OF THE SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE.



IN a rather notable paper on an economic subject the President of the United States, Grover Cleveland remarked: "It is a condition and not a theory that confronts us." The observation appears to me to be as applicable to the discussion of the question of Japanese competition with Western nations. It is no longer necessary to confine ourselves to theories. The existing facts have been observed on so extensive a scale that we have a large body of evidence from which to make deductions that ought to be more satisfactory to a practical people than conclusions reached by the *a priori* method.

The mental exaltation produced by a resort to deductive argument is appreciated by the writer who is willing to confess the pleasure derived by following the line of reasoning adopted by Mr. W. H. Mills in his interesting paper on "The Prospective Influence of Japan upon the Industries of America," which appeared in the June number of the OVERLAND, and the temptation to meet him on his own ground is almost irresistible. But it will be avoided so far as possible, and the reply which I have been requested to make will be confined as nearly as practicable to a relation of such facts as will combat the optimistic views of Western superiority over the Japanese entertained and advanced by Mr. Mills.

It will be wise perhaps to point out in the beginning that Mr. Mills is in error in assuming that the present discussion is the result of the apprehensions or prejudices of American protectionists and of the advocates of bimetallism in this country. He does not state in exact terms that this is the case, but it may reasonably be inferred from the prominence he gives to the expressions of two United States Senators, and the stress he lays on the antipathy to Mongolian immigration, that he thinks the discussion has been precipitated by Americans.

Nothing could be further from the truth than such an assumption. The subject had been ably discussed in England long before it received serious attention in this country. The Consular Agents of Great Britain in Oriental ports for years past have been faithfully noting the rapid development of the modern industrial system in Japan and China and pointing out its effects on British trade. The matter has so exercised the English intellect that it forces itself into all sorts of discussions. A recent and most curious instance of this is contained in Lecky's "Democracy and Liberty." Professor Lecky, who is a pronounced free trader, has been so much impressed by the modernization of industry in the Orient he does not hesitate to throw out the intimation that the condition of labor throughout the whole world may be revolutionized by the new development. After relating that "Japan has followed swiftly in the steps of India," and that

"it already possesses a large, flourishing and rapidly growing cotton manufacture," he goes on to say that:

"In the great awakening which is taking place in the East the same industry is likely to spread through other countries, where the manufacturer may have his cotton growing at his door, where the cost of living and the price of labor are a mere fraction of what they are in Europe, where labor is so abundant that machinery might easily be worked the whole of the 24 hours by relays of fresh laborers."

Captain Lugard, who has made an especial study of Asiatic markets with reference to the extension of British trade speaks in the September number of the *Nineteenth Century* of "the rise of a new commercial power, Japan, which bids fair to become a successful rival of England in the markets of China and the East," and Sir Alfred Lyall in the same review declared that "we are discovering not without anxiety, that by forcing open the gates of commerce with the industrial races of Asia we have let out upon ourselves a flood of formidable competition."

In a noteworthy article under the caption "1920" which appeared in the December *Contemporary Review* the writer says: "We shall have to face, in the near future, a very serious or even ruinous commercial competition," and he sums up by saying that "the general outlook for the future is very threatening for Great Britain whose prosperity is so largely based upon and bound up with commercial success. We seem likely to be underbid by Eastern competition, first, in all the Eastern markets, and then in the natural and inevitable course of things in all the world's markets."

When we add to expressions such as the above the predictions of Sir Edwin Arnold that Japan will attain commercial supremacy; the testimony of the correspondent of the *London Times*, who made a special investigation of the sub-

ject, and pointed out the enormous advantages of Japan; the warnings of numerous English consuls who have carefully noted the facts which are practically only beginning to attract attention in this country; the offering of large money prizes by Englishmen for the best essays on the subject of Oriental competition, and the fact which Mr. Mills does me the honor to mention, that an article on the subject of Japanese commercial development, prepared by me for the *Chronicle*, "has been extensively copied in English publications," it must be admitted that Mr. Mills has made a mistake in assuming, even by indirection, that the talk about the dangers of Oriental competition is merely the product of prejudice diligently made use of by American politicians to attach the people of this country still further to the doctrine of protection.

Mr. Mills presents an interesting sketch of the industrial progress of Japan and concludes it with the observation that "the inherent capacities of its people are clearly disclosed in the statement that a well defined form of organized society, with a well established central authority in government, with other attributes of civilized life, had existed in Japan for 2,500 years at the time when modern civilization found these people and pronounced their condition to be one of arrested development." It is not quite clear that an arrest of development is due to lack of capacity. A stationary stage in human progress sometimes merely represents a breathing spell. If Mr. Mills' theory were sound the indictment of incapacity would have to be brought against all Western peoples, for their development was certainly arrested during the long period known as the "dark ages." For centuries Europe remained under a cloud. Commercial enterprise was only sporadic in character.

Measured by modern standard there was no progress. Population increased with incredible slowness, and the comparatively few inhabitants seemed to maintain existence with difficulty. But the discovery of America changed conditions as if by magic. It is not necessary to inquire here whether the new vent for enterprise caused the awakening or whether it was the abundant supply of the precious metals derived from the mines of the new world. We only need to refer to it to emphasize the fact that there was a period of arrested development in Europe, which the subsequent exploits of its people abundantly prove was not due to lack of inherent capacity.

So too with Japan. Her civilization developed along certain lines and finally there was an arrest of progress. But with the readvent of the Westerns, who forcibly imposed upon the Japanese their ideas and methods, came a remarkable change. They were scarcely influenced by the Dutch and Portuguese, whose trading and visits Mr. Mills described. The Dutch and Portuguese were merely bent on trade. They were not propagandists as were the Americans and English, particularly the latter, who unquestionably, as every line of Sir Harry Parkes' diplomatic correspondence attests, were bent on inducing the Japanese to adopt Western habits so that they would become large customers of British manufactured goods. The operations of the Japanese and the Dutch and Portuguese were like the currents in two sluggish streams flowing side by side without interfering with each other; but when the Americans and English came the result was such as may be witnessed when a mighty stream, fed by the copious rains of one section, discharges its turbid waters into another great river nearer the ocean, imparting to the latter all its characteristics, including its muddiness.

Mr. Mills calls attention to the fact that an attempt was made sometime between 1600 and 1610 to introduce the art of shipbuilding, as understood by the Europeans, into Japan, and infers that because absolutely no progress was made for over three hundred years in this industry that the Japanese lacked both capacity and appreciation. But there is a well authenticated story which may perhaps explain this. It is related in an American official document that when the ruler of Japan, on the occasion of a noted European interference, saw the efficiency of the fighting ships of the Westerns, he promptly told his officers that it would be senseless to attempt to cope with such superior machines. His discovery of Japanese impotency seems to mark the rude awakening of the nation which first manifested itself in extraordinary attempts, to imitate the customs, dress and everything else of the powerful people who had invaded their shores. The contempt with which the Dutch and Portuguese, whom they only knew as traders, were regarded, gave place to a wholesome respect and appreciation of the abilities of the invaders. In the beginning the peculiar manifestations of the changed spirit of the Japanese excited gentle amusement among European residents and travelers in that country. The spectacle of a people who had developed a convenient and tasteful dress for both sexes discarding it for the stiff and highly inconvenient European garb, provoked sympathy. It must be confessed that the first appearance of Japanese in billycock hats must have seemed ludicrous, but these who made fun of the tendency to imitate, did not see back of it the menace of meeting the Westerns on their own ground, or they might have considered the matter more seriously. Had the Japanese merely taken to the wearing of billycock hats, provided by foreigners, the amusement would have

been strongly tinged with satisfaction over the prospect of thirty or forty millions of new customers for English, French, German and American manufactured goods. But when the Japanese began to make their own billycock hats and weave the fabrics from which they fashioned their European-cut clothes, and not only this, but to presume to sell billycock hats and European clothes in competition with the foreigners who had planted themselves on Japanese soil, the point of view changed. Then it began to be perceived that the remarkable imitateness, allied with the acknowledged skill and taste of the Japanese, might result in the creation of a formidable competition whose operations would make the once expressed belief that the Orientals would always be the customers of Western workshops vanish like an iridescent dream.

How well founded this apprehension was the present extraordinary development of Japan's manufacturing industries exhibits. Every day fresh testimony is being added to that we already have on the subject. Not alone by protectionists desirous of proving a case is the evidence being piled up that Japan is bound to become a formidable manufacturing rival; the free-traders who are anxious to break the force of the protectionist argument are contributing to the general stock of information. We have the statement of the American Minister to Japan, Mr. Dun, made in the middle of May, that "with unlimited cheap skilled labor, an abundance of coal and magnificent water power, the indications are that in the near future the manufacturing industries of Japan will increase enormously." "In the near future" is a vague phrase, but it must be remembered that Mr. Dun, as a free-trader, is trying to make the best of his case, and there is a suspicion that he wishes to divert attention from the

imminence of the trouble by an admission. There is, however, abundant proof that Japanese manufactures have already increased at such a pace that the record of American progress has been paled. Some of it will be adduced later on in this article, but before parting from Minister Dun it is desirable to call attention to a remarkable suggestion thrown out by him which has an ominous ring. In the same paragraph in which he speaks of the enormous prospective increase in the near future of Japan's manufacturing industries, owing to her possession of "unlimited cheap skilled labor, etc." he says: "When the new treaties come into operation there will, however, be nothing to hinder American enterprise from taking advantage of these great opportunities by starting factories in Japan."

It does not occur to Minister Dun to assert that American manufactories can successfully compete on even terms with the "unlimited cheap skilled labor of Japan," for the terrible advantages of that country have been too painfully impressed on him; and being an appointee of a "tariff reform," *i.e.* free-trade administration, he does not venture to suggest protection, but desirous of imparting some comfort he points out that the manufacturers of the United States may transplant their capital and machinery to a place where it may be operated profitably.

Adam Smith, the so-called father of modern political economy, is responsible for the obscuration of a tendency which he had himself noticed, but which he carefully avoided discussing. He stated in his "Wealth of Nations" that he had "been assured by British merchants who had traded in both countries that the profits of trade are higher in France than in England; and it is no doubt on this account that many British subjects choose rather to employ their capitals in a country where trade is in disgrace, than in one

where it is highly respected." He then goes on to explain that "the wages of labor are lower in France than in England, and seems to think that an impelling cause of this kind will always operate powerfully enough to remove capital from the countries in which labor is highly recompensed to those where the working man is not so largely rewarded.

The mobility of capital which the above observation illustrates would have attracted more attention had Smith not dwelt with such persistency upon his theory of the creation of capital. In scores of places in his book he emphasizes the idea that seems to be continually present in his mind that each country must create its own capital. His principal argument against artificial stimulus to manufactures rests on the postulate that the country devoid of a manufacturing industry ought not to possess one until by accretions of savings in primary industries it can spare enough capital for the purpose without injuring agricultural or pastoral pursuits. He says in Book IV., chap. 1, that "no regulations of commerce can increase the quantity of industry in any society beyond what its capital can maintain. It can only divert a part of it in a direction into which it might otherwise not have gone, and it is by no means certain that this artificial direction is likely to be more advantageous to the society than that into which it would have gone of its own accord." Had Adam Smith given due importance to the fluidity of capital, and had he not underrated the capacity of man to create it, he would have foreseen the enormous part which the surplus capital of England would play in the development of the industries of rival countries. We have the authority of J. Thorold Rogers for the statement that "there are said to be \$10,000,000,000 of foreign indebtedness known or ticketed as English property,"

and the winner of one of the prizes recently offered by the London *Statist*, for the best essays on Imperial Federation, figures the foreign credits held by Englishmen at the enormous total of \$15,000,000,000.

These vast holdings of Englishmen represent in large part capital employed in the development of industries in countries foreign to Great Britain. An immense amount of British capital is invested in the United States, and has been employed in the construction and operations of railroads, the opening of mines, and the prosecution of manufacturing industries. Of course it would be preposterous to assert that any portion of this capital, which has been tempted into American enterprises by the protective tariffs of the United States, was at the expense of the agricultural development of the country. This, however, seems to be the assumption of American free-traders who have servilely followed a part of Smith's text and who have failed to perceive that he wrote at a time when it would have been almost impossible to foresee the conditions of modern industry.

But apart from the failure of Smith and his earlier followers to divine modern conditions, the argument above quoted would hardly have fitted those which prevailed in England when Smith wrote. He informs us in several places that manufactories react favorably upon agriculture, and in Book I., chap. 21, he develops the idea that there can be no satisfactory advance in agriculture unless it is preceded by a highly developed manufacturing industry. He says :

Though it is late, therefore, in the progress of improvement before cattle can bring such a price as to render it profitable to cultivate land for the sake of feeding them, yet of all the different parts which compose this second sort of rude produce they are perhaps the first which bring this price ; because till they bring it, it seems impossible that improvement can be brought near even

to that degree of perfection to which it has arrived in many parts of Europe.

In further elucidating this idea he says :

It is of more consequence that the capital of a manufacturer should reside within the country. It necessarily puts into motion a greater quantity of productive labor and adds a greater value to the produce of the land and labor of the society.

There can be no question about the truth and force of this observation. When the great spool cotton manufacturing concern of Paisley, Scotland, concluded to transfer a portion of its capital to the United States, for the purpose of availing itself of the advantages of our protective laws, a direct benefit was conferred on agriculture. The improvement of the lands in the vicinity of the immense concern established in this country was promoted, and farmers profited thereby. And what is true of this one concern is equally true of all the industrial concerns planted in the United States with foreign capital. The agriculturist would never have had occasion to complain of the results of the fructifying influence of imported capital if the measurer of values had not been tampered with, compelling him to surrender more than an equitable share of his produce for its use in the development of the country.

There is no doubt that the manufacturing industry would have made progress in Japan without the assistance of outside capital, but its phenomenally rapid expansion can only be explained by the fact that foreigners, as they did in this country, are availing themselves of the opportunity to profitably employ the "unlimited skilled cheap labor" of Japan that Minister Dun speaks of. How rapid this development is even those who are narrowly observing can hardly tell. When the writer first heard Mr. Mills' interesting paper read a gentleman who had the fortune to be a listener corroborated a detail which suggested that

the Japanese had been unable to spin the finer counts of yarns, and were contenting themselves with the manufacture of the coarser variety of cotton goods. The inference was that a people who had confined themselves to the production of coarse cotton manufactures could not be considered formidable competitors of those who had developed the textile industry to its present high state of perfection. Had the observation been correct its force would have been admitted, and there might have been some reason for assuming that the Japanese would confine themselves to the production of the coarse cotton cloths required for the dense population of the country. But we are told by Kaneko Kentaro, Japanese Vice-Minister of State for Agriculture and Commerce, that in "in 1895 there had been more or less production of smaller kinds of smaller (yarn)" and that "the production of smaller kinds of thread is increasing year after year," so we must perforce assume that in the very near future all the fine counts of cotton yarn used in Japan will be spun in that country. This may also be inferred from the explicit statement of the official above quoted, that when all the spindles in Japan, and those of new plants projected and under way, are set to work "there will be an excess after it has supplied the home demand, and the amount of cotton cloth or thread exported will be greatly increased."

There is no escape from the logic of such statements. Translated into plain English they mean that Japan is already on the verge of supplying her home demand, and that she will soon become a large exporter of her surplus production—She began exporting long before she had developed the ability to supply the home demand, a circumstance both significant and ominous.

An editorial writer in the "New York

*World*'' commenting on the expansion of the Japanese cotton spinning and weaving industry remarked that it would be time enough for Americans to feel apprehensive when the Japanese found themselves able to supply their home market and the markets of the Oriental countries they are in close touch with. The remark is about as sensible as it would be for the inhabitant of a town in a gorge like that in which Johnstown is situated, to say it will be time enough to manifest anxiety about a flood of waters let loose by the breaking of a dam, when all the towns above are swept away. The flippant commentator of the *World* entirely overlooked the fact that India has already developed a large cotton spinning and weaving industry, and that China threatens to emulate the Japanese example, and apply its still larger supply of cheap labor to the same manufactures. What the result of such a contest will be may easily be divined. In the London *Times* of December 12, 1895 was printed the account of an interview between Lord George Hamilton, Secretary of State for India, and a delegation of Lancashire cotton manufacturers, who were protesting against the imposition of the Indian Government of a duty of five per cent on manufactured cottons imported into India. During the discussion his Lordship stated that "Great Britain is the greatest producing and exporting country in the world." "I do not know," he added, "if many people are aware that, taking the returns of the last ten years, the exports of cotton manufactures alone comprise twenty-five per cent, on the average, of the whole total exports of Great Britain and that they amount on average to the enormous total of 60,000,000 sterling per year." The simple contemplation of the fact contained in this statement ought to convince anyone that the success of Oriental competition

in this one industry would bring disaster to the Western world. It is not necessary as the writer in the *World* assumes that Japan should commence shipping manufactured cotton goods to us to feel the evil effects of the competition, she only needs to accomplish the occupation of the Oriental markets to produce disastrous results. If England and Germany are shut out of the Orient the protection wall of the United States would have to be reared as high against them as though we were confronted with a flood of direct imports from Japan.

Mr. Mills in his article lays great stress on the efficiency of labor and contends that the admitted superiority of the Westerns will more than offset the assumed advantage of Japanese cheap labor. But this is a broken reed to lean upon. Results are more to the point than theories. We know that the superior Englishmen in the Lancashire cotton weaving and spinning districts have been unable to earn dividends for the owners of the mills in which they work, many factories in Oldham and other places having been operated at a loss during several years past, while joint stock companies operating cotton factories in Japan have earned dividends ranging from fifteen to thirty-six per cent., per annum. Some doubt is also thrown upon the greater efficiency of labor theory by the frank statement of William Tattersoll in an article in the "Fortnightly" of February of 1896. Mr. Tattersoll was selected by the cotton manufacturing interest of Lancashire to state its position on the question of the Indian duties. In the course of his argument he declares that "in face of the keen competition to which we are yearly more subject, Lancashire cannot afford to be handicapped in competing with India even to the extent of one and one-half per cent. for although seemingly a small percentage,



it is equal to £1,000 per year in favor of India on every 1,000 looms, which of itself is a profit for which Lancashire manufacturers would be thankful." Surely there is no exultant note in this statement such as we should be likely to hear if the manufacturers of Lancashire felt confident that they could hold their own through the superior skill of their workmen. Running factories at a loss year after year has taught them the vanity of the Cobdenite assumption, and as practical men they realize that dividends tell the story more truthfully than the *a priori* conclusions fraudulently put forth as the results of induction.

The absolute unreliability of the superior efficiency of labor theory is being disproved every day in Europe. The almost pitiful attempts of English trades-union managers to persuade their fellows on the Continent to conform their standard of hours of labor to that of English workmen show how keen is the contest, and that the better informed of the English working classes realize that the inevitable tendency of unrestricted competition is bound to reduce labor to that economic condition in which wages are constantly being pressed to the limit of subsistence. Lecky in his "Democracy and Liberty" notes this condition of affairs and says:

"It is far from improbable that, in no very distant future, some of the chief centers of the cotton manufacture may be in these regions (the Orient); or, if the legislative tendencies that now prevail in England increase, it is also probable that the machinery that works them may be largely provided by English capital. The capitalist, discouraged and restricted at home, will find his profit—but what would be the fate of the English workman?"

The legislation here referred to is that which supports the pretensions of the trades unions, and the discouragement and restrictions of the manufacturer, which Professor Lecky speaks of, are

those which he meets when attempting to cut down the wages or increase the hours of labor of his workmen in his efforts to hold his own against the labor which is supposed to be inefficient because of its cheapness.

In the space at the command of the writer it would be impossible to fully discuss Mr. Mills' assertion that "However nominally cheap the labor employed in agricultural production in Japan, it becomes dear when judged by the standard of productiveness;" and his further declaration that, "farm labor in California is cheaper by what might be termed an infinite degree without exaggeration."

It cannot have occurred to Mr. Mills, when he took this ground, that valuable inferences representing relative cheapness can only be drawn from carefully observed results. We are reminded by Mr. Mills, in comparing Japan with the United States, that the former has a territorial area of only 155,000 square miles, comprising thirty million acres of cultivable land, or a quantity of 7,000,000 acres less than California possesses. And yet Japan with the smaller area produces nearly enough food to feed forty millions of people, and has an extensive system of farming such as Krapotkin and others, who have made a special study of the subject, say must be resorted to in the future if peace and the present state of health continues to obtain throughout the world.

Mr. Mills tries to destroy the force of the writer's assumption, made in an article on the subject which appeared in the *Chronicle*, that the state of education and simplicity of life are such in Japan that there is little hope that the standard of living in the Orient can be brought up to anywhere near the level of that of the working classes of the Western world by arguing that it would be foolish "to assume that a race of men will become

producers of wealth on a very large scale without becoming consumers on a correspondingly increased scale is to attribute to them the stolidity of purpose to become rich without other object than the mere love of being productive without any corresponding personal benefits to themselves." Mr. Mills here fails to distinguish that a nation may grow wealthy without an equitable distribution of the increased wealth. He must be aware that in Russia the producers of wheat consume rye bread, being too poor to consume bread made from the wheat they raise. He also knows that Germany has created a colossal beet sugar industry without increasing her consumption of sugar in anything like the ratio of her production. It is one of the curious anomalies of this industry that the United States and Great Britain, which produce scarcely any beet or other sugar, consume nearly fifty per cent more sugar than the countries of continental Europe which yield a tremendous quantity annually.

In 1887 the Continent produced 2,732,000 tons of sugar and consumed only 1,900,000 tons, while the United States and England together absorbed 2,600,000 tons. The beet sugar production of Germany, according to Mulhall, was 297,000 tons in 1879. Licht's estimate of the crops available for 1895-96 is that Germany will have 1,560,000 tons of sugar. There are no exact data of consumption at hand, but it is not, according to one authority, likely this year to exceed 23 pounds per capita per annum. If this is correct then we have the spectacle of a five fold increase of production, while during the same interval the consumption has only advanced from 15 to 23 pounds per capita per annum. In one case a 500 per cent increase and in the other 50 per cent, a ratio which completely negatives Mr. Mills' assumption

"that the consumption of any people keeps pace with their productive capacity."

There is no more foundation for such an assumption than that under existing economic conditions the effective consuming ability of the world can keep pace with the production of improved machinery. The distinguished economist Malthus formulated a theory which most thinkers have recognized as sound, namely, that the production of food stuffs only increasing in arithmetical ratio, population which increases in a geometrical ratio must overtake production and ultimately press the limits of subsistence. It is true that since Malthus wrote ratios of production, and the ability to effectively consume have undergone a great change owing to the multiplication of improved machines. But this machinery, which so greatly increases production, is largely in the hands of a class which has reached the limit of its consumptive ability, while those who manipulate the machines are becoming relatively few in number. Thus we have presented to us the phenomenon of ability to produce increasing at a tremendous pace, while the number of consumers is relatively declining and the consumers are constantly becoming less able to absorb the products. The term labor saving is perfectly familiar to us, but has any one formed a concept of its ultimate possibilities? If a machine can be made which will do the work of a thousand men, why not one that will displace 10,000 or a 100,000? What becomes of these displaced men? Adam Smith and his disciples jauntily assume that the man driven out of one employment by improved machinery could easily betake himself to another. But the modern world knows the difficulty of such a transference. The country which gave birth to Smith's idea supports at the pub-

lic expense a million paupers and has perhaps a couple of million more, unknown to the official statistician, within its borders whose poverty can largely be traced to improved machinery.

It is because machinery can be indefinitely supplied that the world has been compelled to reject the economic theories which Mr. Mills extolls. He says:—

The commercial policy of Great Britain appears to be devised with reference to the most advantageous trade relations with all the nations of the world. The policy of America appears to be devised with reference largely to commercial exchange with ourselves.

This does not exactly state the case. The theory or policy of the American protectionists is founded on the observation of the fact that the conduct of a roundabout foreign trade is economically wasteful. Adam Smith fully illustrates the truth of this. Protectionists contend that it is absurd to import those things which can be economically produced at home, and assert that any exchange of commodities between nations except of those kinds which are not mutually producible, if the term may be used, is both illogical and unprofitable. It is foolish, they insist, for Americans to import iron and steel and cotton from Great Britain because the United States produces those things in abundance and must produce them to preserve her existence; but it is sensible and profitable to import coffee from Brazil because it cannot be raised in the United States. In short, they agree with Adam Smith that "the capital employed in the home trade of any country will generally give encouragement and support to a greater quantity of labor in that country, and increase the value of its annual produce more than equal capital employed in the foreign trade of consumption; and that the capital employed in this latter trade has in both these respects a still greater advantage over an

equal capital employed in the carrying trade." Even if Americans did not have the stimulus of a sound economic axiom like the above to impel them to devote themselves to developing the resources of their own country rather than to turn to the less profitable pursuits of a trade of foreign consumption, whether roundabout or direct, there are causes at work which would force them in upon themselves and prevent them imitating the commercial policy of Great Britain, which was not chosen by the people of that country but was imposed upon them by circumstances. It is a fact which is becoming more and more recognized that the capabilities of peoples are very nearly balanced, and that the hitherto fancied natural advantages of one country or nation over another in manufacturing were simply due to prior occupation of the field or superior accumulations of capital invested in improved machinery. But the facility with which capital is created when the work of developing the resources of a country is once vigorously entered upon soon wipes out such advantages. As a consequence we see England forced to abandon her ideas of commercial supremacy and compelled to engage in a competitive struggle with rivals which she once despised. There is not a self respecting modern nation which is not now eagerly striving to effect its industrial emancipation not alone for economic but for political reasons as well. Under such circumstances economic maxims, no matter how beautiful or apparently symmetrical, must disappear, for when nations conclude that commercial and industrial independence are essential to the preservation of their integrity all other considerations will be swept aside. As a matter of fact the free trade idea has run its day. Professor Lecky tells the truth when he asserts that free trade is only retained

as a policy by Great Britain for selfish reasons and because that country cannot help itself. He says :

In England more than in any other great country, free trade holds its ground, and it still governs our commercial legislation. But England is very isolated, and if I read aright average educated opinion, the doctrine has become something very different from the confident Evangel of Cobden. It has come to mean little more than a conviction that, if all nations agreed to adopt free trade, it would be a benefit to the world as a whole, though not every part of it ; that though protective duties are of great value in fostering the infancy of manufactures, they should not be continued when these manufactures have reached their maturity, or be greatest when there is no probability that they may one day be disregarded ; that free trade is the manifest interest of a great commercial country which does not produce sufficient food for its substance, while its ships may be met on every sea, and its manufactures might almost supply the world ; that cheap raw materials and cheap food are essential conditions of English manufacturing supremacy.

There is not sufficient space to discuss all the points raised in this paragraph ; it is only quoted to show that England has adopted the free trade policy because she believed it essential to the maintenance of her commercial supremacy and because she hoped that her factories would become the workshops of the whole world. To achieve this object her economists have laboriously built up a theory which will yet come home to England to plague her. If the prime object of the removal of all restraints from import trade was to give the British the cheap food and raw products so essential to carrying out the policy of promoting her manufacturing supremacy, it may occur to the nations having cheap food and raw products to make them still cheaper and keep them at home so as to promote manufactures in their own midst. Indeed this has already been done to some extent, although not by premeditation and the singular and al-

together anomalous result has been to provoke free trade opposition. The case of Germany's bounties to sugar producers is referred to. This policy has so greatly stimulated the production of beet sugar in Germany that the cane sugar industries of certain English colonies have been nearly destroyed, and the business of refining sugar has almost become a lost art in England. This result has promoted the extraordinary spectacle of an English commission actually begging the Germans to cease making sugar cheaper.

But this is digressing into a general discussion of the question of protection, pardonable enough under the circumstances, for Mr. Mills' article, to which this is a rejoinder, depended almost wholly upon the *a priori* assumption of free traders that we need not fear Japanese competition. To return to this detail of the subject, and to perhaps fittingly conclude it, it may be well to note an exception taken by Mr. Mills to a statement in my article in which I took the liberty of questioning the accuracy of some figures presented by him in a letter which was published in the *Call*.

Mr. Mills, if he was not misquoted, said that "our imports from Japan of manufactured silk in 1894 aggregated \$16,234,182 while our imports of silk in the form of manufactured articles only reached the value of \$755,404." Commenting on this I pointed out that while the total imports of all kinds of silks in the year named amounted to \$11,458,132.86, the proportion of manufactured silk goods was \$4,205,460.

The noting of this inaccuracy was unimportant, but the deduction I drew from the fact that in the total Japanese export trade of \$56,982,957 in 1894, the manufactured goods amounted to \$17,604,304 was highly so and seems to me to be very significant. If we bear in

mind that after a century of attention to manufacturing the people of the United States have only succeeded in making the proportion of their manufactured exports to the exports of the rude products of the soil reach 23 per cent, and that the Japanese in scarce a score of years have reached the proportion of 31 per cent of manufactured to rude products in their exports the importance of the observation will be recognized.

It would be a waste of space to repeat all the details which have led the writer to the conclusion that the Japanese are destined to become formidable competitors of Western peoples, but it may not be amiss to correct an impression which Mr. Mills' limited list of exports of manufactured articles from Japan may have created by printing a tolerably complete one. According to the official reports the Japanese in 1894 exported bamboo ware, beverages, books, boots and shoes, carpets, cotton manufactures, fans, drugs, furniture, glassware, hats and caps, ivory ware, jinrikishas, lacquer ware, lanterns, leather and ware, imitation

paper, matches, mats, metal ware, brass wire and ware, bronze and ware, copper wire and ware, gold and silver ware, paper, paper ware, screens, silks, soaps, straw braids, tortoise shell, cigarettes, umbrellas, and wooden ware. These different articles the Japanese exported to the value of \$17,604,304 in 1894. An inspection of the list shows that with few exceptions they are such things as come in direct competition with similar ware manufactured in Europe and this country. We are told by trustworthy observers that they display extraordinary skill in the manufacture of all these articles, and that they have taken advantage of their unrivalled powers of imitation to copy some of our most valuable patented machinery, there being no international agreement which would restrain such an act. The circumstances here presented and an infinite quantity of equally strong evidence convinces the writer that Sir Edwin Arnold was not visionary when he declared that Japan had a better chance in the race for the commercial supremacy of the world than any other nation.

*John P. Young.*

EDUCATIONAL  
DEPARTMENT.

## THE STUDY OF THE CLASSICS.<sup>1</sup>

AN ADDRESS TO PREPARATORY STUDENTS.

ANY of you doubtless remember that delightful scene in the Vicar of Wakefield,

where the principal of the University of Louvain says to the young hero, "You see me, young man? I never learned Greek, and don't find that I have ever missed it. I have a doctor's cap and gown without Greek; I have ten

thousand florins a year without Greek; I eat heartily without Greek; and in short, as I don't know Greek, I don't believe there is any good in it."<sup>2</sup>

The worthy gentleman of Louvain has many sympathizers in our own time, successful men of the world, who feel that anything of which they are themselves ignorant cannot be essential as a

<sup>1</sup>Portions of an address delivered at Mount Tamalpais Military Academy.

<sup>2</sup>For this illustration, as well as for several other suggestions I am indebted to Professor Butcher's admirable book "Some Aspects of Greek Genius."



preparation for life. It is natural that Greek should bear the brunt of the attack which is often made against our whole system of classical education, and I shall therefore confine myself chiefly to this side of my subject, in this plea for the classics.

For the purposes of our discussion we may accept the popular distinction between education which is practical, and that which has for its object the training and enlarging of the mind, and the acquisition of wide intelligence. This distinction has been used a thousand times to give point to the current argument against the study of the classics. "We have not time for Latin and Greek;" the busy world tells us. "Give us something more practical. Now this word "practical" plays so important a part in every discussion of this question, that it may be worth our while to stop for a moment and see what it really means.

Practical education, we should all agree, is that education which a man will use in his daily life. To ascertain, then, what studies are truly practical, we must inquire how much education the average man actually uses in his ordinary occupations. The answer is a very easy one. Every man must be able to read and write; he must know enough of arithmetic to perform the ordinary computations of business; and if we add to this a slight acquaintance with the history and politics of our country, we have mentioned all the branches of study which are universally necessary. I say universally necessary, for, of course, each man must add to this general education the knowledge of those subjects with which he, in particular, expects to deal. The miller must understand the manufacture of flour, the bookkeeper must understand accounts, the physician and apothecary must un-

derstand physics. So, too, the clergyman must know something of Hebrew, and the professor of Sanskrit must be familiar with the Vedas. But all of these subjects may be left out of our consideration at present, since we are not now speaking of special, or professional education, the necessity of which we should all admit, but of that education which men in general must have, to prepare them for the duties of every day life.

On this basis the only practical subjects are reading, writing and arithmetic. Even English grammar may be omitted, for every one knows that correct speech is far more easily learned by imitation, than by formal study. If, then, education is to be conducted on a severely practical basis, a boy needs only to go through the grades of the common school, and then he must decide at once what his life work is to be, and devote himself strictly to preparation for that. The high school, the academy and the university, will practically disappear, since the public cannot afford to keep up elaborate courses in physics for the few who are to become electricians, or provide instruction in Latin for the handful of teachers and others whose life work will require them to use that language. The boy would pass directly from the common school to the business college, the trades school, the technical school, or the professional school, and you of the academy and we of the university would find our occupation gone. If we judge by the so-called practical standard, this should be our system of education.

But perhaps you will object to this narrow limitation of the studies which are practical. "We believe in practical education," you will say, "but what studies could be more practical than physics and chemistry? Surely every boy should understand these subjects."

Certainly he should, but not because

they are practical in the narrow sense; not because he is going to use them in his daily life. There is so much of careless statement on this point, that we must pause here and inquire how much the oft asserted practical utility of the study of science really amounts to. And in order to get at the truth we must free our minds from all cant, and look the facts squarely in the face.

Let us take up the cases of a few average men, and ask their testimony. And perhaps I may be allowed to begin with myself, since I am the witness particularly before you. In college I studied most of the branches of science usually taught, but today, so far as practical use goes, I could well afford to exchange my physics for Hebrew, and my chemistry for Zend. These languages, unimportant though they are, in comparison with many others, come oftener into my daily work than any branch of natural science.

But you will say that I am not a fair witness, since my profession is that of a student of language. Well then, let us ask the average business man, who has studied natural science, just how much practical use he makes of it. When did you, sir, of the stock exchange, last make a practical use of chemistry? When did you, sir, dealer in dry goods, employ in your business your knowledge of physics? Does your chemistry enable you to compound your own doctor's prescriptions, or to test the purity of the gold in a proffered coin? Does your physics make it possible for you to dispense with the services of the plumber? Or, I will leave it to you, young gentlemen, to inquire for yourselves. Ask your parents, ask your teachers, ask the first man you meet in the street, how much actual, practical use he makes of his knowledge of natural science, and unless his profession directly calls for such knowledge he will be at loss for an answer.

Modern science is a wonderful thing, and there is no more beautiful illustration of its power than an electric railway; but when it comes to practical use, the most ignorant man in San Francisco, if he has the money to pay his fare, is as well off as Edison himself.

"But," you will say, "the study of science makes us intelligent; it helps us to understand the world we live in."

Ah yes! the knowledge of the workings of nature is indeed of priceless value to every intelligent man, but not because he is going to use his knowledge in the daily business of life, for such actual use is confined to the very few men whose special profession or occupation calls for it. And this brings us to the second step in our argument.

Our discussion so far has shown, I think, that the test of so-called practical utility cannot be applied to education at all, outside of the common school, and the professional or trade school. The very men who object to the study of the classics as unpractical, would introduce, instead, other subjects which are equally unpractical, so far as the daily needs of the average man are concerned. In fact no one would think of excluding from our school all studies which will not be used by the ordinary man in his daily life; for this, as we have already seen, would be to destroy our whole system of education, and leave no mission for either the high school or the university to perform. We have, therefore, reached the point where we can affirm that it is not the object of education, in the secondary school or in the university, to give the young man merely those poor crumbs of learning which will help him in the narrow round of duties by which he earns his bread. Those boys who are so unfortunate as to be obliged to limit their studies to the requirements of such a theory, never, for the most part, reach the academy or the

high school at all, but pass directly from the common school to the workshop or the farm. The education which is sought by every boy in an academy, and by nine-tenths of the pupils in our public high schools, is something quite different; its objects are far broader and deeper than merely to learn to do the one thing by which a living will be earned in later life; for there are few, indeed, who earn a living by means of algebra, or history, or chemistry, or English literature.

We must try then, to define those broader objects which we have in view when we decide to carry a boy's education beyond the mere power to read and write and cipher, and the elements of the trade or profession by which he is to live. And when these objects are once clearly stated and apprehended, the value of the study of the classics, and particularly of Greek, will become so obvious as hardly to need further argument.

In attempting to make this definition, I shall differ somewhat from many who have discussed this question, in stating the point on which most stress should be laid. Much has been truly said, in the past, of mental discipline, as the most precious result of a liberal education. But it has been argued in reply, that this training of the mind should accrue to the earnest student as a necessary, but secondary, result of the educational process, while we are aiming at a more immediate object. The chief object, we may say, of all education beyond the narrow limits which have been mentioned, is to make a man intelligent, to help him to understand the world into which he has been born; to put him in a position from which he can clearly see and comprehend the environment in which he is placed and the various factors with which he will have to cope. But this world in which he is to live consists of two parts or hemispheres, the physical and the intellectual, and

both of these are of equal importance. The knowledge of the physical world we call natural science, while that which has to do with man, as an intellectual being, includes literature, history, sociology in its broadest sense, and philosophy.

A century ago physical science was in its infancy, and the chief stress in education was laid upon literature and philosophy. Today after the splendid triumphs of scientific discovery and invention we are in no danger of neglecting this side of education. Our error seems likely to lie in the opposite direction. We are becoming so absorbed in physical and material progress that we are inclined to forget that, after all, a man is infinitely more important and more interesting than a rock, and that an epic poem is more wonderful than a volcano. I for my part thoroughly believe in the study of physical science, and if there were any danger of its being neglected in our schools, I should be ready to speak in its defense. We cannot fail to honor its magnificent achievement, and all that it has done to make our lives easy and comfortable. But the study of nature and her works can never supplant or take the place of the knowledge of man and his creations. He who understands only science, and is not versed also in literature, will always be a half-educated man. The troublesome problem of labor and capital is a standing lesson that science alone cannot pilot our civilization to its destined goal; for, as a recent writer has said, "You may mine ever so skilfully, but you will always have to settle with the crowd at the mouth of the pit." There is no quarrel between science and literature, for both should have their place in every scheme of liberal education, but I do not hesitate to say, that if it were necessary to choose, a man could better afford to be ignorant



of chemistry than of history, that he who has never read a play of Shakspeare is a more ignorant man than he who has never seen a spectroscope.

My argument, then, for the study of the classics, and especially of Greek, is briefly this : It is absolutely necessary that an educated man should understand the intellectual side of our complex civilization, and in all that pertains to our intellectual life, the Greeks are supreme. "We are all Greeks," said Shelley, "our laws, our literature, our religion, our art, have their roots in Greece." It is as futile for a man to try to study the civilization of the nineteenth century, without understanding its sources among the Greeks, as to attempt to practise medicine, without knowing anything of anatomy and physiology.

The historical method of study is the pride of modern scholarship ; that method which is not content to examine a phenomenon as it appears today, but must see it in its growth and origin, must trace it to its sources, and so discover its inmost nature. This kind of study, if applied to almost any aspect of modern life, leads us inevitably to the Greeks, who originated all that is most precious in our art and literature, yes, and in our civic life as well.

Perhaps, some one may feel that this is an exaggerated statement. Let us consider it for a moment. As citizens of America at the close of the nineteenth century we pride ourselves upon our science, our literature and art, our civil liberty, and our sublime religion. It is these possessions that raise us above the rude barbarians who were our ancestors, and separate us from the backward people of Asia and Africa, in our own time. But nothing is more certain than that we owe to the Greeks, either directly or indirectly, the foundation, and in some

cases, the whole fabric, of each of these admired features of our civilization.

How is it with science which we are inclined to regard as a peculiarly modern achievement ? The Egyptians and Assyrians had nothing worthy of the name of science, but spent their force in vague and dreamy speculation. It was the genius of Aristotle which taught the world that true science could only be based upon the patient observation and classification of facts ; and all the splendid discoveries of our own time are but the harvest which we have gathered from the seed he planted. From a purely intellectual standpoint the step from the wisest Egyptian to Aristotle was greater than that from Aristotle to Darwin.

Of art and literature I hardly need to speak, for who does not know that in these departments the Greeks not only began the work, but perfected it as well ? No modern sculptor dreams of rivaling the Hermes of Praxiteles or the Venus of Melos. The most enthusiastic student of Dante and Milton can claim nothing higher for these great men than a place beside Homer. The Greek poets, philosophers, orators, and historians, are still the models which men of today can only strive to imitate. To excel them is out of the question.

Civil liberty, too, is a gift to us from Greece. The nations which preceded her knew only the two extremes of anarchy and despotism. The Greeks first conceived the idea of a self-governing community regulated by law and not by force. They were the first people in history of whom it could have been said, in the words of Demaratus the Spartan to Xerxes : "Though free, they are not wholly free, for over them there is one supreme master, the law." And as for our religion, though its divine founder was a

Hebrew, yet its early theology was molded by Greek thought, as its gospels have come down to us in the Greek language, so that a knowledge of that language is still indispensable to every teacher of Christianity.

It would require too much of your time, and a more eloquent voice than mine, adequately to rehearse what the world owes to Greece. I have sketched but the merest outlines of a subject too broad for an occasion like this. The details will suggest themselves to every thoughtful student of history. Enough has been said to show that he who would understand our own civilization, our own history, or our own literature, in short, any one who desires a really liberal education, must be a student of the Greeks.

But let us look at the question in a more practical light. Let us put ourselves, for a moment, in the place of a student who is beginning his course of higher education. English literature is perhaps the most popular study at the present time, in the schools and universities of California, and we will suppose that our student wishes to devote himself to the study of English. He cannot advance far before he finds that he is constantly hampered without the knowledge of Greek. The very words of our mother tongue are largely derived from Greek, and its sister Latin. These words will never yield their full beauty and significance to the student who knows no Greek. Those underlying meanings, which come by instinct to the classical student, are only mastered by his less fortunate comrade with endless toil and pains. And when he takes up the masterpieces of English literature, he is confronted by the same difficulty. If he studies Milton and the epic, his instructor will desire to show him how all epic poetry goes back to Homer. If he reads the wonderful dramas of Shakspeare he is re-

ferred for comparison to the no less perfect tragedies of Sophocles. He cannot appreciate English oratory without knowing something of Demosthenes, the prince of orators; and as for philosophy, it is unintelligible to him who is ignorant of Plato. Our own gifted poet and critic, Edmund Clarence Stedman, banker and stockbroker though he was, won his early laurels by a beautiful exposition of the dependence of Tennyson on the Greek Theocritus. Quotations, allusions, and illustrations, from Greek history and mythology are sprinkled through our literature from beginning to end, and hard is his lot who is obliged to quarry out their meaning with the laborious aid of dictionary and encyclopedia. "Why!" said the head of the English department in one of our largest universities, "they come to me to teach them English literature without any Greek. What can I do for a man who knows no Greek?"

It is not long since I myself met one of the brightest students of English in our State, a man who has already begun to make his mark, and who is destined to be still more widely known. He was sitting by the side of the street waiting for the car, and as he sat he was studying a Greek grammar. In response to my look of inquiry he said: "You know, I made the mistake of going through college without Greek. For five years I have been hindered at every turn, and now I have determined to make good the deficiency." His experience is a very common one. It is unfortunately true that the value and importance of a knowledge of Greek cannot be appreciated in the early stages of education. Boys in school find it hard to realize it. But after they have climbed a certain distance, and attained a wider view of the intellectual horizon, they will see it when, perhaps, it is too late. We have at the University a number of stu-

dents in the upper classes, who, after going partly through their course without Greek, have come to see that it is an absolutely essential element of such an education as they wish to obtain, and so they have turned painfully back and taken up the study, out of due season, with added toil and much regret. In twelve years of University teaching, I have never known a single student who chose the classical course and afterward regretted it. But scarcely a year has passed in which I have not met students who regretted that they had refused to study Greek.

And this is why I feel so strongly that it is the duty of parents and teachers and friends to urge the boys to start right at the outset. Of course there are a few who could not learn Greek if they would, and would not if they could. But if a boy has one spark of scholarly ambition, if he has in him the first glimmering of real intellectual life, let him be advised, by all means, not to neglect the most truly intellectual of all studies. If he once tastes the charm of Greek literature, he will never repent of the effort it cost him; while experience has shown that in a considerable percentage of cases he will regret it, if he remains in ignorance of a subject of such vital importance. The boy is not to be blamed that, at the age of fifteen or sixteen years, he does not realize what he will need to know when he is older and takes his place in society among cultivated men. It is we who are older who are to be censured if we do not tell him. I have a man in mind who is the cashier of a bank in a city in Central Illinois. I once heard him exclaim, with an earnestness which was almost bitter: "Why did my father allow me to give up Greek? I knew no better then, but he knew better. What was my father for, if not to save me from making such mistakes?"

I do not mean to take an extreme position. Not every boy needs Greek, and not every man will regret its omission from his course of study. But I do assert most confidently, that among the hundreds who graduate each year from our academies and high schools, without Greek, there are very many who would have profited immensely by such an addition to their mental outfit, and not a few who will one day regret their mistake. And here in California this will be true to a much greater extent in the future than it has been in the past. We are passing out of the period of foundation and physical development, and are entering upon an era of intellectual activity and culture. As society settles down to a condition similar to that of old communities, men will turn their attention more and more to study, to reflection, and to literary effort. The education which was well enough a generation ago will not satisfy the needs of the generation to come. Society will demand in the future a broader culture than it has required in the past. And in this broader culture, the study of the classics will be sure to have its place, and the man who has not enjoyed the privilege of filling his mind with the wisdom and beauty of Greece and Rome will feel his loss more and more keenly.

We often hear it said that the study of Greek is dying out, but nothing could be farther from the truth than such a statement. It is true that with the wonderful development of physical science, and the great awakening of interest in English literature and in social questions, the relative importance of Greek has much declined. A century ago, no man was called a scholar who had not devoted himself to the study of Greek and Latin. But during the past twenty years men have justly rebelled against this exclusive claim of a single line of study, and have

demanding and gained recognition for the more modern subjects. And no true lover of the classics regrets this change. As Greek is no longer required of all, it is chosen only by those who are able in some measure to profit by it, and the gain is apparent in all our class-rooms.

But though Greek has thus relatively declined in popularity, it is making constant progress in the actual number of its devotees. At Yale the classical course is constantly increasing in numbers, keeping pace with the rapid advance in the scientific departments. At Harvard, the students entering with Greek outnumber those without it in the ratio of three to one, though the subject is entirely elective. And farther West, at the University of Michigan, the classical course, requiring Greek, is chosen by a far greater number of students than any other course. Even in the University of California, though we are yet far behind our Eastern rivals in this respect, still the number of students entering with Greek this year was more than fifty per cent in advance of any preceding year. New books in every department of Greek study are constantly being issued from the press, and their sale, instead of falling off, is increasing. The mercantile instinct of publishers would be quick to warn them if Greek were dying out, but instead of showing any timidity about new ventures in this line, they are continually projecting new series of books, and Greek scholars of reputation are besieged with unsought offers for books which are not yet written.

Is it not possible that here, in California, in a new civilization, and somewhat removed from the settled current of an older culture, we may be deceived in a matter like this? Every sensational utterance of the extreme opponents of classical study in the rest of the world is brought to our notice in the press, while

we forget, or overlook, the strong and steady undercurrent which runs the other way. The fact is that the love of noble literature is a fundamental trait in human nature, and as long as modern literature is intelligently studied, thoughtful men will always desire to trace it to its sources in the wonderful productions of the Greeks.

The question may be asked why we cannot study Greek literature in English translations, and thus avoid the drudgery of learning a difficult language. I cannot answer this question better than in the recently published words of Professor Butcher of Edinburgh. He says: "Well, one may no doubt learn much about antiquity by this means, but translations, the very best, are but shadows of the original. You cannot transfer the life blood of a poem into a translation. One language differs from another, not only in outward form, but in inward and essential character. The words of a language stand rooted in the soil of national life; they are nourished from a people's history. About them cling the associations of poetry and eloquence. Words, whose nearest equivalent are for us dead and prosaic, stirred the pulses of a Greek, and vibrated with memories of Troy and Salamis. To the student of language, one word may be the epitome of a vast chapter in the history of thought or represent a revolution in our ideas of morals and religion. The abstract words, in particular, which represent intellectual moods and processes, moral sentiments and religious aspirations, are essentially untranslatable. They have no exact, and often no approximate, equivalent in other languages."

And Professor Jebb says with equal truth, "Any one who reads thoroughly and intelligently a single play, such as the *Oedipus Tyrannus*, would have derived far more intellectual advantage

from Greek literature, and would comprehend far better what it has signified in the intellectual history of mankind, than if he had committed to memory the names, dates and abridged contents of a hundred Greek books, ranging over half a dozen centuries."

A good translation can render the thought and contents of a work with considerable accuracy, but it can give no adequate impression of the beauty of style, the tone and color and feeling with which the thought is expressed, and in which much of the writer's power and genius lie. We all remember how feeble even the most skillful copies of great paintings always appear, after seeing the masterpieces themselves. And yet a copy of the Dresden Madonna is far more like the original than the best translation of the Iliad is like the splendid eloquence of Homer himself.

The classical course in the University of California is substantially the same as that which is required for the degree of Bachelor of Arts at Yale University, at the University of Michigan, at the University of Chicago, and at most of our universities of the highest grade, both old and new and both East and West. It is the course which is usually accepted as furnishing the very best general education for the average young man, to fit him for any pursuit in life. It is the best course, because it is the broadest course. It does not demand of the young man that he study Latin and Greek to the exclusion of everything else, for that would be narrow and unwise. On the contrary, the University says to him: "If you take this course we will see to it that with your science, your history, your English, your mathematics, none of which shall be neglected, you shall also gain that knowledge of Latin and Greek which experience has shown that most educated men need. You can take the

classical course and specialize in science if you wish, and if the official report of German scientists can be trusted, the young man with a classical training will often outstrip his competitors in science itself. You may specialize in any line you prefer, only we demand of you a certain minimum of Greek; and we believe that in the end you will be the better English scholar, the better mathematician, the better historian, for your broader training."

I emphasize this point because it is so often overlooked. The question between a classical and a non-classical course, is often argued as if it were a question of putting all one's time on Latin and Greek. But the truth is quite the reverse of this. The classical course at our university requires nine hours of Greek, nine hours of Latin, fourteen hours of French or German, ten hours of mathematics, ten hours of science, eight hours of English, and sixty hours of any subject or subjects which the student may prefer. In other words it allows the student the widest choice of studies, but insists that he shall make fair attainments in each of the six most important fields of thought. On the other hand, the course in social science, which is generally taken by those among our students who desire general culture without Greek, offers a similar choice of subjects in other respects, but allows the student to graduate in entire ignorance of Greek. The classical graduate may be an expert political economist, but the social science graduate knows nothing of Homer. The classical graduate may have had forty or fifty hours of natural science, but the scientific graduate has never read a page of Plato. He will have to go to the dictionary for the meaning of the very scientific terms which he uses every day, for most of them are pure Greek, and his classical friend can inter-

pret them at a glance. The classical graduate, if he chooses, can get, in his course, more mathematics than the average professor of mathematics will ever use, but the graduate in engineering will never understand the classical allusions in English literature. All the other courses, then, are deficient in one respect, that they omit this very important department of study. The classical course, offering essentially all that they do, excels them all in giving also a knowledge of that wonderful language and literature, which still wins the endless admiration of those that know it best. It is the truly liberal course, because it is the broadest.

As I have already said, I do not mean to argue that every boy should take the classical course, or study Greek. If the young student has an invincible bent towards engineering, if he knows exactly what he wants, and wants nothing but that, it may be best in some cases to yield to his wishes, just as in some cases it may be well to put him directly into business, and not send him to college at all. But these cases are exceptional. The average intelligent boy, if his circumstances permit, had better go to college. And this same average boy, whose future is yet undecided and whose tastes are immature, will certainly gain a broader preparation for life, and be more likely to take his place among the cultivated men of his community, with the classical course than with any other. The other courses will fit him for some of the duties of life; the classical course gives him the opportunity to prepare for any of life's duties, and opens to him beside some of life's choicest privileges. Study science, then, those of you who love it, study English, study political economy, for none of these subjects should be left out, but study them in the classical course, which gives you ample

room for them all, but which gives you also something else, which I assure you is too important to be omitted.

One objection remains to be answered. "Greek is hard." Well, most things that are worth doing at all are more or less difficult. But Greek is no harder than many other studies which we all successfully accomplish. I am confident [that out of one hundred average boys, quite as many would find trouble with algebra as with Greek. But since algebra must be studied, we accept it as inevitable. Greek can be avoided, and consequently all the pressure is directed against Greek. It is true that many teachers of Greek have no real enthusiasm for the study, and teach it in so dry and dead a fashion as to rob it of all interest, and make its difficulty the only thing the student remembers. But if properly taught, the difficulties are mastered with moderate effort, and the reward comes quick and sure. The first year's work in Greek is probably a little more taxing to the student than the corresponding year in Latin, but afterwards there is no such difference. If the student will begin his Greek courageously, and persevere for a reasonable time, he will soon be glad that he undertook it. I have never known a student that had reached the first page of Homer's Iliad who afterward wished to give up his Greek.

In closing, let me say that the Greek question is entering upon a new and different stage from any that has preceded. In former years the study was forced upon many unwilling students, and the result was rebellion. For some years past, the more modern subjects have been clamoring for recognition and for the right to an equal place beside the classics. That struggle has now practically ended in a complete victory for the modern party. Greek has stepped

down from its aristocratic position as the subject which all must study, and now takes its place as one of many important branches of learning, asking only for its share of favor. But as the chief cause for its former unpopularity has now been removed, the reaction in its favor will not be long in making its appearance.

Greek teachers are learning to use more efficient and attractive methods of instruction, and better results than ever are being realized. The consequence will be that in the years to come we shall see more Greek students and better ones than ever before. This is true in our own great State of California, where there is so much in climate, in scenery, in the productions of the soil, and in the restless activity of the people, to remind us of fair Hellas of old; but where, today, the study of Greek is more neglected than in any other equally prosperous portion of the civilized world. The charm of Greek literature is imperishable, and Californians, always reaching for the best, will inevitably come to see that they cannot do without this choicest means of culture.

It is a literature which offers delight and instruction to every age and every profession. The boy can revel in the splendid epic of Homer, and read with delight the

knightly combats of Greeks and Trojans before the walls of lofty Troy; or the thrilling adventures of Odysseus by land and sea, with his miraculous escapes from savage monsters, and his final triumph over all his foes; while in the pages of Herodotus his imagination is stirred with tales of travel in far off lands, and with the inspiring story of the victorious struggle of a handful of Greek freemen against myriads of barbarian slaves. The young man can find in Euripides, or Pindar, or Theocritus, all the romantic fire, or noble lyric, or sweet strain of sentiment his nature craves. For the man of affairs there is the far-seeing statesmanship and splendid oratory of Pericles and Demosthenes, the deep sagacity and scientific erudition of Aristotle, and the perfect dramatic skill of Sophocles. The maturest philosopher can never exhaust the profound yet poetic wisdom of Plato, the subtle reflection of Thucydides or the sublime theology of Aeschylus. So long as men continue to reverence genius, and to admire the immortal thoughts of great minds, expressed in the most perfect of all languages, we need not fear that Greek literature will lose its interest, or the Greek language cease to find a place in our scheme of liberal education.

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## MUNICIPAL CONDITIONS AND THE NEW CHARTER.

CONSIDERING the importance of the subject it is no surprise that a great deal of attention has been given by publicists to a study of municipal government; and there is every reason why it should attract the best thought and enlist the most patriotic service in this country, for municipal government is avowedly the weakest spot in our system.

It is important, on account of the vast populations it affects; and, being defective and corrupt for the most part, it becomes a serious danger not merely to isolated communities, but, considering the marvelous growth of urban population, to the whole country. Albert Shaw in his work on "Municipal Government in Great Britain," gives interesting statistical information showing how the rural population has been, and is being to a still greater extent, absorbed by the industrial cities. The reason of this is plainly the development of manufactures and the subordination of agriculture.

By the census of 1801 the total population of Scotland was 1,600,000 and only a small proportion were town dwellers. In 1891 the total population was 4,000,000 of which only 928,500 were strictly rural. The town population was 2,631,300 and the villagers, forming an intermediate class, numbered 465,800. The decline in rural population between 1881 and 1891, for example, was 4 per cent and the increase of the town population for the same period, 14 per cent. It used to be in the old days three to one in favor of the country, but this proportion is completely revolutionized and there are today three citizens in the town where one lives in the country.

In France the people of the country districts have numbered steadily for the

last half century about 25,000,000, while the towns-people have increased from 7,000,000 to 13,000,000.

In Germany half the population are living in cities and towns of more than 2000 inhabitants. (Shaw pp. 12, 14 *et seq.*)

But what may be said of the United States? Our republican government was formed by and for an agricultural people of simple lives and Thomas Jefferson went so far in his desire to maintain this simplicity as to deprecate manufactures which he easily foresaw would woo the people from field and forest and lead to the creation of large cities. He feared the problem of municipal government as well he might. He felt perhaps his inability to deal with the multitudinous questions which would necessarily arise as soon as men come numerous in close contact. He foresaw the loss of sturdy health and calm contentment, the growth of vice and crime, the restraints imposed upon the individual; he foresaw the labor problem and could not perhaps reconcile all these things with his ideals of freedom. But his fears could not turn back the tide of civilization, for it is after all the modern city that stands for civilization. There were only thirteen cities in the year of 1790 with a population exceeding 5000, and none with more than 40,000. One hundred years later there were at least thirty American cities with a population in excess of 100,000; and the cities are growing out of all proportion to the country, while the rural population in many States is actually declining or merely holding its own.

These are the facts of our time and generation and they have given us new problems to solve which Thomas Jefferson foresaw and feared.

But as "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" must be sought by so many in the great cities, municipal charters



take their place by the constitution itself in their importance as instruments for the accomplishment of these great purposes. It is hardly flippant to say that without sanitation life is in greater danger than from the dreaded tyrant: "War kills her thousands peace her ten thousands;" without well paved and clean streets, parks and libraries; without order and security and all that flows from good government, that is, the government with which we are in close daily contact, liberty becomes other people's license, and happiness consists in a day out of town!

The corruption, the tyranny, the petty annoyances and the persistent exactions of bad municipal government in no small measure subverts the guarantees of the constitution itself. We are free to pursue these objects but the conditions make the pursuit intolerable.

Large cities however are the repositories of everything that science and art and invention have done for mankind and they are a dear possession of every country. We must make our cities habitable. We must make them fit for a free and enlightened people. If they present new problems we must meet them. If they require government to put on new functions we must assume them. If they demand new administrative undertakings we must not shirk the task. Whatever is defective must be made whole.

We might by a patient inquiry ascertain what a municipal government should do for a community and then determine the best way of doing it. Some one has objected to the use of "government" in this connection as being ill adapted "to embrace at once the mechanism and the varied tasks of modern municipal corporations." And this suggestion opens the door to a contemplation of the varied tasks that many cities have assumed. There is nothing that is calculated to add to the health, comfort and prosperity of communities that municipalities have not undertaken.

A study of Manchester, Glasgow and other European cities will show their advanced position. While American cities are struggling with corporations these cities have in fact become corporations. The Mayor has swallowed the Octopus, and, more than that, it seems to agree

with him! Shaw quotes Sir J. R. Somers Vine, a high authority, as saying that "Manchester, by the excellence of its local regime has come to be regarded, and not without good reason, as the foremost example of English modern municipal government." What has Manchester done? Manchester is a city of 520,000 people and within a radius of twenty miles dwell 3,000,000 souls. It has public baths, libraries, art galleries, markets, cemeteries; sanitary wash houses for disinfecting clothing, dwellings, etc.; water supply, gas and electricity, street railroads, a ship canal, schools common and technical. It is interesting for those who fear the consequences of municipal ownership to know that this city has owned its own gas works since the introduction of that fluid in 1807 and that last year it supplied the city at cost and consumers at 60 cts. a thousand feet and made a profit of \$500,000, \$200,000 of which went to interest and sinking fund and \$300,000 was turned over to the treasury as net profit. It distributes electric and hydraulic power for the benefit of the industrial community and for its own treasury. It owns, but leases, its street railways, laying 40 miles of track for \$1,000,000, receiving 10% on its investment net and there is a workingman's morning and evening service at a ½ penny a mile. Glasgow owns and operates its own trams with equal success; and one American City operates a steam rail-road running through three States. The conclusions that we draw from this are that the scope of a municipal corporation is very extensive and that in providing a form of government for ourselves the possible ownership of public utilities must not be overlooked. Many American cities own their water and light works and it is the general experience that such ownership does not expose the communities to any danger greater than does the ownership in the hands of private corporations. The works are conducted for the benefit of the consumers at less cost and at the same time such ownership eliminates from municipal life a fruitful source of corruption.

Supervisors and Aldermen notoriously, and, in this city it is common report, betray the interests they are supposed to guard and the officers of the corporations

uphold the interests of those they are paid to serve. This see-saw of corruption will ceaselessly continue so long as public utilities are in the hands of private owners. Would it not be wise statesmanship to destroy corruption, increase efficiency and lower cost at one blow? We may come to that and hence we want a charter that will enable us to assume new duties and responsibilities in line with modern progress. Under our present law it is practically impossible, as we will see. The charter does not provide for public works but it sets up the machinery, by the creation of a Board of Public Works, for their operation as soon as they may be acquired. But, surprising as it may seem, some opposition has been made to the charter on the very ground that the present law is more favorable to the acquisition of such utilities. Let us examine it.

Under our present law, the Supervisors, who are not always impeccable and whose estimate of the value of other people's property may be exaggerated, must initiate the proceedings by a two-thirds vote and submit the proposition to the electors who must approve by a two-thirds vote. Then bonds must be issued and it is a grave legal question if there is power in the City under the statutes to create such a bonded debt. Under the charter a Board of three called the Board of Public Works must initiate the proceedings by a unanimous agreement as to the reasonable value of the public utilities to be purchased or the estimated cost of new construction whether they be gas, water, electric, telephone or street railways. Now what is the composition of this Board of Public Works? It consists of three Commissioners appointed by the Mayor and who must engage in no other occupation. They will receive \$4000 a year each and have under them and appointed by them an expert engineer at \$5000 per year salary, an Architect at \$3000 salary and a superintendent who must be a master builder, at \$3000 a year salary and such clerks and employees as may be necessary, under civil service rules. This body, so organized, makes its report to the Supervisors who can approve it and order an election by a three-fourths vote. That is, under the present system eight Supervisors can act, under the

charter it will take nine. The opponents of the charter say the difficulty is increased by that one vote. But what offset have we for these obstacles so-called? Remember the proposition goes to the people as now for a two-thirds vote of approval. But is it at all likely that the people would vote for any measure looking to the acquisition of public franchises if such franchises were to be operated under our present system. Without a Board of Public Works the proposition might be the easier laid before the people, but without a competent Board and a civil service the two-thirds of the electors would never give their consent. Such opposition is factitious.

In harmony with these suggestions I will here say that the principal need in this city for a new charter arises from the fact that the present government has broken down. It can not do its work. The Consolidation Act of Horace Hawes was made for this city when it possessed a population of only 40,000 and since then it has been amended by the Legislature so many times and with so little consistency that it is extremely difficult even for attorneys, not to speak of laymen, who should be able to know what the law is, to have a satisfactory comprehension of its provisions. The Supreme Court has taken away the principal advantages which we formerly possessed in the Consolidation Act by practically eliminating the Mayor from the City government. His veto in other years was a check upon hasty and corrupt action of the Supervisors especially in fixing water rates and making the tax levy, but in these respects the Supreme Court has decided that he has no right to interpose his veto. One of the great evils also of our present system, if it be maintained, is the greater danger of the Legislature passing measures for the City and County, which are not in conformity with the desires or wants of the municipality. Seth Low said that it was a large part of his duty as the Mayor of Brooklyn to attend the sessions of the Legislature and prevent that body from making unwise and unnecessary laws for the government of that city. Today we are entirely at the mercy of the Legislature which can pass acts for the city in spite of the protests of the citizens. Under the charter they can pass, it is

unfortunately true, general laws, which, however must be applicable to every other county of the same class. The Supreme Court is however closely divided on this question and the Chief Justice is of the opinion that any act to affect, for instance, cities of 300,000 inhabitants and over would, although couched in general terms, be clearly special legislation and an invasion of our rights under a charter. Suffice it to say that the charter will largely decrease our danger from interference by the Legislature and will give us a systematic, rational, consistent and responsible form of government, and ultimately home rule. It will give us laws to which every citizen can refer for his information and which are as little obscure as law ever is. The spirit of the old Consolidation Act was to save the city from being robbed by its chosen servants. Every new Board of Supervisors was a danger. Like the ancient Egyptians, who worshipped the devil in order that he might do them no harm, so the San Franciscans set up a form of government not that it would do them positive good but that it would save them from outrage and oppression. And yet the poor objects that they set before themselves to accomplish have not been fulfilled and between the Legislature and the Supreme Court they have fallen prostrate and helpless. The animating spirit of the new charter, drafted by twelve reputable citizens, whose fidelity to their trust has never been questioned, is to give the city a government by which positive good may be obtained. The devil is not placated — he is circumvented and defied! While there are still checks and balances it is not a government which consists exclusively of checks and balances without fixing responsibility. The Mayor is the head of the municipal corporation and is in a very large measure made responsible for the good administration of the city's affairs. He has the power to appoint executive boards who are to a very great extent responsible to him, because he holds over them the power of removal and over the elective officers the power of suspension. These Boards become a part of the executive of the city, and, as a city's affairs are largely administrative, in order to insure efficiency, responsi-

bility must be placed somewhere, and not as now, under the loose system of our municipal government, where responsibility is shifted from one committee of the Board of Supervisors to the other and from the Supervisors to the several departments and back again from the departments to the Supervisors and the nominal head of the city government, who should be the guiding mind of the municipal system, is without a voice even to stay the hand of plunder. He has not the power of a policeman.

We shall again return to the executive department, but first let us consider the other important department of the city government, the legislative department, consisting as now of twelve Supervisors who shall receive \$1,200 per year salary. It requires nine votes to overcome the veto of the Mayor and he can veto any bill or ordinance; so four Supervisors and the Mayor can block corruption where it is most feared. The Supervisors shall appoint their own clerk, beyond that they practically have no patronage. Their business is purely legislative; they can pass local police and sanitary regulations, regulate the use and cleaning of streets and sewers, provide for the proper lighting of the Park and streets, protect the health and comfort of the inhabitants, fix water and gas rates, regulate and impose beneficial license taxes, exempting, by the way, all legitimate mercantile pursuits, regulate the salaries of the municipal officers that are not fixed by the charter, which however they cannot increase after they have been fixed, except such as may be graduated under civil service rules within certain limitations. They make the tax levy after the heads of departments, through the Auditor, have made estimates for the year. They can regulate street railroads, their tracks, their cars, and their fares, and they can give the privilege to railroads, under proper restrictions, and for a sufficient compensation, the right to pass over the tracks of any other railroad with a view of preventing a monopoly. The finance committee of the Board of Supervisors is invested with far greater power than they now possess and it is their duty to investigate the offices of the city government. They may administer oaths, subpoena wit-

nesses and require the police to carry out their orders and processes. They must report to the Mayor every six months. While the legislative power is important, as you will see, its duties are not as now both administrative and legislative. A sharp line is drawn between the two great functions of our city government so that each department has a large measure of independence. You will perhaps say that under the charter what reason have we to believe that the twelve Supervisors will be more reliable than those which have officiated under the present system. We must admit that it is difficult to get the best men to serve the city as Supervisors for there has been little honor in such service and much labor. But under the charter the labor has been to a large extent transferred to the executive boards and the mere legislative part requires of the Supervisor sound judgment rather than long hours of uncongenial toil. The work will be less objectionable to the citizen who desires to be of some service to the town in which he lives; and, whenever a good man rises to assume the great responsibility of Mayor there will always be under such a system a sufficient number of good citizens to assume the duties of members of the local legislature in order to back up his good intentions, plans and purposes. But there is a more practical reason why there is a likelihood of getting better Supervisors. Under the present law the Supervisors must be selected one from each ward. It has been the experience of political parties that some wards of this city were absolutely destitute of fit candidates who were willing to serve. Under the charter you will have the whole city from which to select the twelve men. That is a great measure of practical reform. We have recently experienced a recklessness on the part of the Supervisors in fixing an excessive tax rate. With three hundred and twenty-eight million dollars worth of property subject to their power it will appear at once that the taxpayers ought to have some guarantee, first, that their taxes will be not fixed at a rate that will make them unjust and oppressive, burdening their property with debt, confiscating its income and depreciating its value; and

secondly, that there should be some guarantee that the money which is raised by taxation shall be wisely and economically expended and certainly spent for the purpose for which it is raised. I claim the charter does that. The only check the citizens could impose under our present system was to pledge the Supervisors before they were elected to do them no harm in excess say of \$1 per \$100 valuation, but these pledges as we know were writ in water. The servants treasonably betrayed their master. But under the charter any levy will be illegal in excess of \$1 on the \$100 of valuation (or a maximum of \$1.17 including City Hall construction as we will see,) which past experience has demonstrated is abundantly sufficient, with the other revenue of the city, to pay for its current wants and to maintain its municipal establishments. In addition to the \$1 to the \$100 valuation there may be a State tax and the tax for interest and sinking fund for city debts; second, not over 10c. for the completion of the New City Hall; not over 5c. for the construction and repair of other public buildings; not over 2c. for the public library and reading rooms. The School tax levy is limited to \$32.50 per year for each pupil. Now here is a pledge which cannot be violated. But there is with respect to revenue and finance another very important provision which saves us from the plunder and reckless extravagance of past administrations. All the revenue must be kept in specific funds and cannot be transferred from one fund to another. There are twenty-four such funds and when the money is proportioned to each fund at the beginning of each fiscal year, as it must be, the money can only be spent for the purposes for which it is raised. And if each fund is not exhausted it goes into the same fund for the ensuing year. As it is now, the Supervisors have the power to and have actually diverted funds set aside for specific purposes, because there is no law to prevent it. And it is further provided that no more than one-twelfth of the money raised for the year shall be spent in any one month, thus insuring us a paid-up government for each fiscal year without deficits. These provisions seem to strike with unusual force the weak

spots of our government and will scatter and destroy the parasites that infest the body politic, aggravating its wounds and sapping its vitality.

Now we come to a consideration of the office of Mayor which seems to be, so far as it is invested with large powers, the principal objection raised against the new charter. I will recite briefly the powers of the Mayor, which, compared to those exercised by the Mayor under the Consolidation Act, as interpreted by the Supreme Court, appear large. The Mayor holds office under the new charter for two years and shall receive an annual salary of \$6,000 and he has the general powers which would naturally pertain to such an officer as presiding over the Supervisors and supervising all the departments of the city government, and he can appoint the following officials: The City Attorney, Public Administrator, Board of Public Works, Park Commissioners, Library Trustees, Police Commissioners, Fire Commissioners, Board of Health, Election Commissioners, Civil Service Commissioners. When the Constitution is amended, and an amendment will be submitted this year to the vote of the people making the change, he will have also the appointment of the following officials, but of course the amendment may fail: County Clerk, Recorder, Justices of Peace, Tax Collector, Coroner, Police Judges and Board of Education of five. Now the fear has arisen, first, that the people are losing some power by delegating these duties to the Mayor, but on brief consideration you will see it is not true to any appreciable extent. The City Attorney and Public Administrator are now elected. The Board of Public Works, a new creation, absorb the Superintendent of Streets and the County Surveyor, so these four officials are taken from the elective list and put upon the appointive list. That is the whole extent of the change at present so far as the people are concerned, because heretofore the Governor appointed the Park Commissioners, the Police Commissioners, the Fire Commissioners, the Board of Health and the Election Commissioners, while the Library Trustees are self-perpetuating. The Civil Service Commissioners compose a new body. So the principal change is the transfer-

ance of the power of appointment of Commissioners from the Mayor, say, of Stockton, to the Mayor of San Francisco. So the offices really are nearer the citizens of this city than formerly. I suppose the presumption of the old law was that the Governor was a better man than any Mayor could possibly be. But under the charter it is assumed that the Mayor will be worthy of his office; that the people will be careful in selecting him, knowing the important functions of his trust and that he himself, though he may be a weak man, will be made strong and conservative by the possession of power. It has almost passed into proverb, as the Germans have it, "office gives understanding." It has been the experience of Boston, New York and Philadelphia, where large powers have been given to the Mayor under charters, that the Chief Executive officer was capable and honest and that only fit men were chosen for that high position. Even our poor honorary office has been filled with but one exception, perhaps, by worthy men, and that one exception was shot into office and shot out again into obscurity.

But under the charter the people lose no control. They still elect a sufficient number of important officers to direct the public policy. They elect the Mayor, the Supervisors, the Auditor, the Treasurer, the Assessor, the District Attorney, the Sheriff, the Superintendent of Schools and the Judges of the Superior Court.

And unless the law be changed as above by constitutional amendment, they will continue to elect the County Clerk, Recorder, Justices of the Peace, Tax Collector, Coroner, Police Judges and Board of Education.

There seems to be no manner of doubt that a fairly good Mayor will make, to put it mildly, as good appointments for the several appointive places as can possibly be had by election. We know the methods of election. We know that the old political parties name a great number of our officials and we know that in a large city the party machines and the party boss are dominant. The small officials are put upon the ticket in consideration of trades and patronage and other forms of corruption and that they have no independence after they are elected. We know that self-respecting and independ-

ent men stand no chance in the turmoil of practical politics. But we also know that these political machines and bosses very often put a self-respecting and independent man at the head of their ticket in order to give it standing and character.

If we are to have a boss let us have a boss of our own choosing. That would be the answer I would make to all these objections to the Mayor as a repository of power and patronage. But when we analyze the power and patronage of the Mayor we will see that it is not of a dangerous character; but before I pass to that I would again refer to the matter of selecting all officers by election which is in vogue. Every two years there is presented to the electors on the Australian ballot a long list of names, (equal to the number of places to be filled multiplied by the number of political parties) which is unquestionably confusing even to the best-informed voter. But what must we say of the average voter when he is called upon to select from these names the fittest candidates? When he gets in the booth he must in five minutes make his decision; and do you mean to say the average voter can inform himself as well as a conscientious Mayor as to the merits of candidates; or that he will act with the same high regard to his public duties in casting a ballot in a secret place as the mayor acting with deliberation before all men in the light of day? And you must also bear in mind that when the voters have elected their officers and these officers have proved false to their trust, which is not uncommon, there is practically no power in the electorate to make a change, or to rebuke a faithless official until the next election. But the Mayor as we have seen can remove an officer who fails to do his duty. But it is said that it is a danger to give the Mayor this extensive power of appointment. It is a groundless fear. The first Mayor elected under the charter appoints the members of the Executive Boards, the Board of Public Works, the Board of Police Commissioners, Fire Commissioners, etc. They consist for the most part of three members, the Fire Commissioners of four members, and they cannot all be of the same political faith. These Commissioners then, by lot, determine among themselves that one shall

go out the first year, one the second and one the third year, and thereafter the Mayors as they may be elected will be called upon to fill vacancies in these Boards, and thus no Mayor, save the first incumbent, will have the appointment of a full Board. As to patronage in the matter of subordinate places the Mayor has no patronage. The heads of Departments appoint, but from the Civil Service list. Here then is the crowning feature of this new scheme of municipal government. The Civil Service Commission, which is charged with classifying civil service of the City and County of San Francisco, providing for the permanent employment of worthy subordinates without regard to political affiliations, and scaling their wages, which are to be fixed the same as those in commercial houses for the same class of service, so that long and meritorious service will be duly rewarded. This keeps the evil of patronage out of the offices of the Mayor and out of the several Executive Boards, out of the several departments under elective officers and out of the hands of the Supervisors, and destroys, by one stroke, the race of tax-eaters, so-called, who have for the last forty years infested our municipal building and have bequeathed to the City waste and extravagance and jobbery and everything that has made vile the mention of local politics. The charter will tend to make public life honorable. Employment by the City under this system instead of overpaying bad clerks for poor service would yield young men regular compensation for public work, in which they should take a certain civic pride, and open up to them a career of honor and usefulness. It cleanses the political atmosphere as does no other single provision of the charter. As we have before seen it relieves the Mayor, not only of the time-absorbing and vexatious duty of appointing subordinates and which some regard as a dangerous power, but it leaves him free to perform his own proper functions. Seth Low said that his success as Mayor of Brooklyn was due to the fact that he took no part whatever in urging upon the several Boards and officials the appointment of any individual, but that he made these Boards and officials of his own appointment responsible to him for

the faithful performance of their duties and he considered that his interference would be destructive of those ends. Under Civil Service we will always have a working staff for the municipal offices tried and competent; they will be protected by the law, even against the Mayor himself, so long as they are not guilty of dishonesty, inefficiency, insubordination or discourtesy. Who does not appreciate the candor, uprightness, practical experience and honorable service of Seth Low, ex-Mayor of Brooklyn and now President of Columbia College, whom I delight to quote? He has given his testimony in support of every material change which this charter proposes to make in the municipal government of San Francisco. He says: "Americans are sufficiently adept in the administration of large business enterprises to understand that some one man must be given the power of direction and the choice of his chief assistants. They understand that power and responsibility must go together." Speaking of Brooklyn he says the Mayor appoints absolutely without confirmation of the common council all the executive heads of departments. He appoints for example the Police Commissioner, Fire Commissioner, the Health Commissioners, the Commissioners of City Works, the Corporation Counsel, the City Treasurer, the Tax Collector and in general all officials who are charged with executive duties. These officials in turn appoint their own subordinates (as they will do under the charter from the Civil Service lists) so that the principal of defined responsibility permeates the city government from top to bottom."

And I would say in closing that provided the provisions proposed in the new charter appeal to your judgment as being

worthy of trial, the only manner in which you can reassure yourselves as to the probable results of the workings of such a scheme of government will be derived from a consideration of the experience of other communities. We have testimony of Boston, Philadelphia and St. Louis favorable to just such charters as is proposed for your adoption, and furthermore, Seth Low says this in reference to the experience of the City of Brooklyn: "The charter went into effect on the first of January, 1882. It has been found to have precisely the defects and merits one might expect from such an instrument. A strong executive can accomplish satisfactory results; a weak one can disappoint every hope. The community however is so well satisfied with the charter as a vast improvement on any system which it has tried before that no voice is raised against it."

I am disposed to believe for these reasons that the charter should be adopted. It should be adopted because our present system is defective in fact and inadequate to the needs of a growing city; it strengthens the government by simplifying yet rendering more important the duties of the voter; by concentrating power, taken from the Supervisors where it suffers abuse, it fixes responsibility where it belongs; by establishing a Board of Public Works it will give us a clean and beautiful City; by creating a Civil Service Commission the evils that flow from patronage—tumult, corruption, inefficiency and extravagance will gradually disappear; it puts an organic check on the raising and the expenditure of public revenues and all to the great and desirable end that we may have a scientific, systematic and responsible government which will, at the same time, be both progressive and economical.

*James D. Phelan.*

## THE MEASURE OF VALUE.

### IS IT'S APPRECIATION IN THE INTEREST OF THE CREDITOR?



NCE upon a time a man, by great good fortune, succeeded in gaining possession of all the silver metal in the world. There was none in any shape, beyond that which he had stored in his warehouse. One morning, on awakening, he was greatly elated by the discovery that during the night his silver had shrunk to one sixteenth its weight and had turned to gold. It had thereby become the universally recognized *measure of value*. His joy was soon changed to chagrin for on going out to make use of his gold it transpired that so large an increase in the volume of the measure had correspondingly increased the value of all commodities. Thus was his gold of no more value than had been his silver. The boon conferred upon mankind by the reduction of the value of the gold of others to that of his was his only satisfaction.

When the earnest searcher for light on the much discussed financial question now agitating the civilized world in general and the United States in particular, has faithfully studied the matter for a short time his head becomes filled with a jumble of almost meaningless expressions: "Redemption money — currency — circulating medium — money of full debt paying power — silver standard — gold standard — silver craze — gold monometalism — bimetalism — silver basis — crank — fool — gold bug — knave, etc., are some of the technical terms which,

added to a maze of statistics containing figures an inch and a half long, usually cause him to throw up his hands and conclude that the silver question is too much for him. When he reaches this stage he may go to his financial priest, his banker, to be straightened out and come away more firmly convinced than ever, that the question is beyond him, and should the banker happen to hold his note or overdraft he is very apt to accept the weak explanation, he, the banker, not being entirely clear himself, is able to give him.

Could the student be made to realize that, stripped of its side issues which are constantly dragged in to confuse him, the controversy is over one point only and that the main issue, he would be surprised to find that an understanding of the great complex question is possible by the application of no more than ordinary intelligence with which he is as well endowed as the banker consulted. Every business man solves more difficult problems many times a year, the great difference being that politics do not enter into them as they do in the silver question.

The business man does not, as a rule, recognize any function of money other than as a circulating medium or medium of exchange. This is perfectly clear to him for he employs it in that capacity every day. Its function as a "*measure and storer of value*" is to him a dead letter, for said function is performed in so obscure a way that unless something



unusual occurs his attention is not attracted thereto.

Therein lies the whole difficulty of acquiring a proper basis of reasoning; money as a measure of value, its most important function, has everything to do with the question under discussion and the circulating medium nothing whatever. The latter is the currency and is improperly called money. Gold and silver as metals, not as coins, are money. While *they* may be both the measure of value and the circulating medium nothing else can operate in both capacities, while anything by common consent can operate as currency or circulating medium. The metals prescribed by law as the money metals are the electric power, while the currency is the wire over which that power is transmitted. If the power is insufficient more batteries are added to increase it. That is what the silver men want to do. The financial current is too weak to perform the work required of it.

Money is the metal or metals which are designated by law to be such and they are just as much money in one form as in another. The currency is the form taken by the money metals or their representatives, also prescribed by law, but only the metals themselves can perform the function of the measure of value and they perform that function as bullion, plate, jewelry, or in any form whatever, so long as their identity is not destroyed. Coinage is not necessary to make money of them. When it is claimed by bimetallists that one half the money of the world was destroyed by the demonetization of silver no reference is intended to silver coin. Silver, as a metal, ceased to be money and was no longer the measure of value.

When the word money is hereafter used in this paper it will refer to money metals only and the circulating medium

will be designated the currency. The latter is not likely to figure often for, as already stated, it has nothing to do with the point at issue.

In this country today gold and gold only is money! U. S. notes or greenbacks, treasury notes, national bank notes, gold and silver certificates, silver, copper and metal coins are the currency. Silver bullion is neither money nor currency, but a commodity pure and simple.

All the confusing terms, except those of endearment, used by writers on the subject refer either to the money metals or the currency; eliminating them all but these two, boils the muddy liquid down to something solid and tangible.

The Constitution of the United States provides that "gold and silver *shall* be money." Nothing here is said about gold and silver coin. The metals are the money. Coin being part of the currency is otherwise provided for. "Gold and silver shall be money" is the mandate and it goes further and says that *nothing else* shall be.

Commodities *must* be measured by these money metals or bartered against each other.

It is here that many able writers on bimetallism make the mistake of claiming that the value of money is fixed by law. The assertion gives the gold standard advocate an argument which is the very thing he is most in need of. It enables him to drag the bimetalist over into his yard and there thump him. The latter had better stay in his own yard which is broad and spacious enough to enable him to defeat an army if he but stand by his one gun — "the contraction of the measure." Law commands what shall be money — gold and silver — and gives a fixed weight and fineness the *nominal* value of one dollar, but does not and cannot fix the *relative* value of the dollar which must be subject and obedient to

the law of supply and demand. It is a much better argument to claim that, owing to its scarcity, it is dear which is the whole trouble. Its value as against commodities, not one money metal against another however, is determined as is that of commodities and had there never been any money and trade had been conducted by barter no depreciation of values could have taken place. Fluctuations would have accrued in one commodity as against another, but no general and uniform depreciation, such as the world is now suffering from, except through the enhancement of the measure of them all through its scarcity.

That law can regulate the nominal value of more than one money metal, that is, fix the ratio between them, has been demonstrated by centuries of successful practice. The difference between the nominal value of money or the name given a fixed weight of it, and its relative value to commodities should not be lost sight of.

How, it is asked, does money perform its function as a measure of value? It has been the custom for ages for the price of a commodity to be designated by a portion of some metal recognized as money, the amount being governed by contract. We say that one ton of wheat is worth \$20 and one ton of oats \$10,—not that one ton of wheat is worth two tons of oats. Thus the dollar is the nominal measure of both and the storer of the value of both. A man having \$20 in money has stored therein the same value as has either the one with the one ton of wheat or two tons of oats.

Bimetallists claim that the reduction of the money metals by approximately one-half, which was the result when silver ceased to be money, has had the effect of causing the depreciation of values which is admitted by every one. That a great depreciation has taken place is

the one point on which both sides agree. It is here the discussion or dispute commences, for no honest and intelligent gold advocate denies that silver was demonetized.

How then were values affected thereby? The volume of the measure having been reduced by one-half, the burden put upon the other half must have been doubled so that a given quantity of it must of necessity measure twice as much as formerly. Thus one dollar today will buy twice as much as it would twenty years ago. To make it clearer, for this is the all important point, let us employ the mechanic's two-foot rule to represent all the money metals in existence prior to 1873. With the rule open we have twenty-four inches, each inch being a given quantity of the measure. Now let twenty-four beans represent all commodities or more properly their value. Place a bean against each inch of the rule and we find its entire length is employed. Close the rule and it becomes one foot long containing twelve inches. The measure is reduced one-half—not so the measured. Each inch will now, in order that all the beans shall be measured, be forced to measure two—do double duty. When silver was demonetized the rule was not merely closed—it was broken and the gold half has ever since been doing double duty. How long would a provident mechanic delay getting a new rule exactly like the old one?

It is customary for mono-metalists to assert that a double standard is impossible—"that there cannot be two yard sticks."

Here the two foot rule can again do a service—one foot of gold joined to one foot of silver would constitute a serviceable rule and one end of it would measure as correctly as the other and jointly the two would measure two feet so long as they were *firmly joined by a hinge*. It is

equally possible to have a single standard of money composed of the sum of both gold and silver. When the latter was demonetized it was as if the silver half of the rule was not only broken off from the other half, but its character changed — from being part of the measure it became the measured.

It was added to the long list of commodities, thereby increasing the burden put upon gold. Proof of its being a commodity is furnished in the fact that silver bullion is daily quoted in the market reports — gold bullion never is. A money metal cannot have a quotable value being the measure of value itself.

“Why, if this is all true, has it taken twenty odd years for prices to shrink one-half?” “Why was there not an immediate depreciation to the present standard?” These questions are generally encountered at this point. The answer is at least plausible. It has taken time for money performing its function as currency or circulating medium, through the sifting process of trade and commerce to reach its present pinnacle of appreciation. Besides there has been a large constant increase of the measure in the yearly production of gold, but the increase of property values has been in such a greater ratio that gold as the only measure has not kept pace. Prices almost at once felt the effect of demonetization, although slightly, but like the avalanche the depreciation of the value of commodities or rather the appreciation of gold has been accumulating speed and force until today it is rushing madly on to — what? This feature of the case will be gone into later. Gold advocates claim that, were silver admitted to coinage on equal terms with gold, the latter would go to a premium and out of circulation. Is not gold at an enormous premium today as against commodities — 100 per cent in some cases as compared with former years? Would

not a small apparent premium be preferable to a large actual but hidden one? Let gold go out of circulation. *This is not a question of circulation* and gold could not shirk its duty as the measure by hiding its — should be — much diminished head. Wherever it might be it would continue to perform that function and bimetallic prices would result. After the civil war and up to 1873 neither gold nor silver was in circulation but the country was on a bimetallic basis and prospered as never before or since.

The foregoing is an effort in a simple kindergarten fashion to put the student of the subject on a basis from which he can reason out for himself by observation and the study of history, whether the cause of the present deplorable condition of affairs is, as claimed by bimetalists, the result of the relative scarcity of the measure of value; or, as claimed by monometalists, of other causes. It should be borne in mind that the “other causes” are a vague factor, and are not generally specified. At least there is no consensus of opinion as to what they are. It is undoubtedly true that improvements in machinery, the application of steam and electricity as generators of power and other wonderful inventions and discoveries of the 19th century, have reduced the cost of production and cheapened commodities, but it is also true that the same factors have stimulated the production of the money metals. New processes have been discovered by which gold and silver can be reduced at a profit from ores that were formerly considered worthless. New deposits have been found and it would seem as though nature were doing her utmost to provide sufficient of the “measure” to offset and balance the increased production of commodities and to sustain prices. But man, in his blind folly, has thrust the blessing from him and declined to use one of the

metals as money and thereby defeated nature's efforts in his behalf. When the world should be enjoying the greatest prosperity and happiness as a result of the increased supply of both commodities and the money metals, it is, as a matter of fact, suffering the greatest misery and privation as a result of the liquidation which is going on. At a time of the greatest plenty, the greatest woe. What children we all are.

Admitting the force of the contention that these other influences have had the effect, as they undoubtedly have, of depreciating the value of commodities, all the more reason exists why the evil — and evil it is, for a *constantly* falling market must result in bankruptcy and wreck — should not have been aggravated by decreasing the volume of the measure of value. It should, on the contrary, have been increased as an offset, and would have been, had not the production of silver been discouraged by taking from it, *by legislation*, its standing as a money metal. Taking this view of it, overproduction of commodities, by which monometalists account for their depreciation, becomes a powerful argument in favor of the increase of the measure of value by the remonetization of silver.

Assuming that the bimetallic view is the correct one and the shrinkage of value is due to the insufficiency of the measure of value, how is the creditor affected thereby?

Advocates of bimetallism are constantly asserting, in order to impress upon the debtor that he is being oppressed by the creditor, that the appreciation of gold is in the interest of the latter, who is guilty of committing a crime in using his influence to perpetuate existing conditions. The cause would make greater progress if it could be demonstrated to the creditor that his interest

and the debtor's are identical. Assure a man that a certain course, whether good or bad, is to his interest and he will be very apt to believe you and persist in it. Convince him to the contrary and he becomes an easy convert. That the interest of the debtor and creditor *are* identical no business man will deny. What would be thought of a money lender who, as soon as his loan is consummated, should immediately set to work to depreciate the security he holds? He, at once, assumes a part interest in the property, becomes a partner in the business and to attempt to ruin the property or business is not only striving to work his own ruin but is a breach of faith with his co-owners. But is this not exactly what the creditor class of the commercial world is doing through greed? The immense trust companies and life insurance companies of the eastern cities have millions of dollars invested in the west in the shape of mortgages on farms, loans on and investments in bonds and stocks of railroads and industrial enterprises. When they bring their enormous influence to bear to maintain the present gold monometallic basis of this country are they not depreciating the value of their securities and inviting disaster? They *say* that the so-called "silver craze" of the West is an effort on the part of the debtor to pay his debt in a depreciated money. Do they really think so? Does it never occur to them that the debtor may be honestly anxious to pay his *gold debt in gold* and merely wishes the gold cheapened to aid him in so doing and that denying him that aid may force him to repudiate *all* his debt and surrender the property he has pledged which cannot be made to pay interest in the vastly appreciated money in which the debt was contracted?

During and after the civil war when greenbacks were a legal tender and

worth about forty cents on the dollar in gold, obligations in coin (silver was as good as gold then) were made on the Pacific Coast and were paid invariably in coin, although under the law, advantage could have been taken of the discount by the enforced payment of those debts in currency. This is the way a Western debtor regarded the sanctity of an obligation. It may be different now for there are many Eastern men amongst us. What must be the moral standard of the East if it has so poor an opinion of the West as to assume that it desires to repudiate any part of an honest debt?

And after foreclosure has resulted what are these big corporations going to do with the farms which cannot be made to pay the *expenses* of sowing and harvesting and the railroads that have defaulted in the interest on their bonds and gone into the hands of receivers? The railroads can be reorganized at a loss of millions to the bond holders and the process repeated. But how about the farms? Nobody wants them and the new owners can have the satisfaction of going into the farming business and losing more or letting the land lie fallow. Is this condition of affairs in the interest of the creditor? If so let us wish him God-speed. Where is the sagacity of the great army of bond holders of the American railroads of the West? Was the sale of two hundred and thirty millions of bonds of the Atchison system for sixty millions an unheeded lesson? Was the default in its interest of the Baltimore & Ohio, resulting from reduced earnings in spite of largely increased traffic, not a heeding to the bondholders to stop and think that perhaps, after all, the West has not the "silver craze" but the East the "gold craze."

Chauncey M. Depew is said to have asked of a reporter during an interview, upon his arrival in Los Angeles recently,

why it was that everything in the West was for sale. This was a Depew joke, the point of which the West may find some difficulty in locating. Does not the question furnish its own answer to such a master mind? It should have proved a sermon and added to the list of things which Doctor Depew claimed to have discovered during his trip to California, that the West "is not as big a fool as it looks" and the East does not know it all.

Send us out some more such men but let them be younger and of quicker conception and their own mouth pieces. Then the creditors of the East may awake to the fact that their interests lie with and not against those of the debtors of the West and that if it be true that the constant appreciation of the money metal gold is the cause of all the trouble, the time has come when the proper remedy should be applied. Oh! ye wise men of the East, we of the West need something more than "missionaries" and while we may be wrong as to what that something is, you will and do need the same thing. So help us to find it. Here in California, "the land of sunshine, fruit and flowers" and mortgages, all, mortgages included, heavily taxed, we can stand the strain longer than less favored sections, but the spectre has gone abroad and incipient paralysis has set in. The gold grip of the East on the neck of the Western goose has well nigh shut off the supply of golden eggs. A mixed diet of gold and silver might have a revivifying effect and save the poor creature's life and the East from the folly of having killed it.

And what is the logical outcome of existing conditions? If matters continue to go from bad to worse as they are doing what will be the result? Unlike states and nations, individuals cannot repudiate their debts and retain the securities;

foreclosure comes and general bankruptcy. When the large corporations of the East referred to, are obliged to take in sufficient of these securities to materially affect their earnings and the public begins to realize their condition the country will see a panic such as has never been dreamed of. How many of them would dare go into liquidation today if the truth were known? How many are allowing interest to accumulate, having failed to collect it, knowing the properties could not be made to pay expenses and foreclosure therefore bad policy?

The gold creditors of New York justify their position from a desire to avert a panic. In what? The stock market. And that is the entire range of their vision. Their gold jaundiced eyes can not see beyond the limits of the stock exchange. Better far that it should cease to be than that the charge of dynamite, which they are ramming home should be exploded.

President Cleveland has been abused and hounded by the New York financial journals for his patriotic Venezuelan message because stocks went off a few points. Such is the patriotism of the first city of America and the second in the world. First in population, where in patriotism it would be hard to say.

And the manipulators of the stock market are seconded in their efforts by the banks of New York. Whose money are those banks the custodians and trustees of? Look at their statements and see how many millions are due the banks and are owned by the people of the Western country which is said to have the "silver craze." They assume that all the honesty and sagacity is located east of the Alleghany Mountains. All the brains and integrity concentrated as near the New York stock market as space will allow and all the folly and knavery are scattered through the boundless West. Oh! ye Pharisees.

And if those same Western bankers, many of whom in their heart of hearts, know that the contraction of the measure resulting from the appreciation of gold, is ruining the Western country and consequently hatching disaster for them and through them for the Eastern banks and the country generally, would have the courage to state the truth, their Eastern correspondents would experience a great change of heart. But no; they either circulate resolutions that mean nothing but "bogieman," or tacitly give their support by not refuting them. Let them say what they know to be the truth, that their mutual interests are being jeopardized by the narrow view taken by the East and that the business of the country is being paralyzed by the maintaining of the gold standard and the constant cry of "wolf" that is being wafted by on the Eastern breeze. Let the Eastern banker be made to understand that the Western bankers are alive to the danger menacing the creditor class of both East and West and while they deprecate any monetary reform that would suddenly change conditions, thereby causing distrust and panic, they recognize the restoration of silver as a money metal as the proper and only remedy and look to their Eastern correspondents for immediate aid in bringing the country to a true bimetallic basis. The Western banks owe it to their depositors, whose money they are the trustees and custodians, of to bravely face the issue and stand by their own convictions and not allow themselves to be swerved by the influence of the New York stock exchange. It would be interesting to watch the effect, such a stand by the Western banks would have on the price of silver bullion and the disappearance of the 50c dollar argument of the gold monometallists.

The following is an exact copy of a circular letter to the Western banks from

their New York correspondents and is being by them endorsed and distributed amongst their customers :

NEW YORK, April 9, 1896.

Dear Sir:

In view of the near approach of the National Conventions for the nomination of candidates for the Presidency of the United States, we desire to aid to the fullest extent in our power in the effort to remove from the field of politics all doubtful or equivocal expressions regarding the maintenance of the gold standard of value, in line with all the other leading and solvent nations of the world.

*The business of this Bank, covering every state and city in the Union, is closely allied, by long continued relations, with the most important commercial and banking interests in the district where the free silver sentiment is said to prevail; and this fact only emphasizes our duty to use the full measure of our influence to turn the current of thought towards the only safe and sure standard of value.* History is full of examples of the failure of efforts to create something out of nothing. In the interest of the prosperity of the whole country we desire your assistance in an effort to force the politicians to "come out of the woods" and declare themselves plainly upon this most important question, in terms which will admit of but one interpretation in all parts of the country.

The business of the country is languishing; confidence is lacking; values are diminishing. Therefore, in what we consider to be the vital interest of the whole people, we ask all citizens to unite in a vigorous effort to urge the selection of such delegates to the political conventions of both [the great parties as will advocate] clear and distinct platform utterances in favor of maintaining the present gold standard.

The time is short, and action ought, therefore, to be prompt and determined.

Very respectfully yours,

President.

We call the attention of our correspondents and friends to the foregoing letter received by us from the National Bank of New York, which we heartily endorse and request their aid in furthering its object.

We believe our country should declare that its obligations shall be redeemed in Gold and we wish to emphasize the fact that *California's pride has always been the Gold Standard.*

Respectfully,

President.

Thus do the New York banks assume to know what "the district where the free silver sentiment is said to prevail" wants better than it does itself. If the writer's business is so "closely allied by long continued relations with the most important commercial interests" in said district is it not possible that the resident partner is better informed as to its needs and the mutual interest existing than the one far away on an island, which he never leaves, where he moves in a gold atmosphere so dense that he cannot see the opposite shore?

Here is another which recently appeared in the San Francisco press:

NEW YORK, May 20, 1896.—Resolutions protesting against any departure from the existing monetary standard of the Nation were adopted at the annual meeting in this city today of the Savings Banks Association of the State of New York. In the preamble the association claims to represent 1,700,000 depositors, with deposits amounting to \$700,000,000.

1,700,000 depositors of the Savings Banks of New York say, through their representatives, the officers of the banks, that they propose to endorse and maintain a monetary policy which *may* result in their being forced to foreclose on such of their securities as may be located in the West and throw the borrowers of a large part of their seven hundred millions into bankruptcy. If they knew they were saying such a thing they would say something else. But they do not know. How can they when they are in the position of having their financial brains carried by others and are those others acting as faithful stewards in keeping the knowledge of the truth from them?

Many other evidences of ignorance or at least erroneous deduction of this vital subject could be cited but enough has been said to suggest to an honest mind that, at all events, its bearing on the

relative position of debtor and creditor is worthy of thought and investigation. The object of this article is to induce every property owner and voter to think for himself whether he be a debtor or a creditor and not to be content to have it done for him.

What is true of New York and the East is also true in a much greater degree, of London as the financial hub of the universe. It is the central office from which the wires radiate and as the greatest creditor so will it have to sustain the greatest loss when liquidation comes.

The article is predicated upon the soundness of the theory that the contraction of the measure of value is the cause of the deplorable stagnation of trade and particularly the depreciation in prices of agricultural products. Whether the theory is sound or not, time will have to determine but if it be sound are not the creditors of the country assuming a terrible responsibility in using their efforts to thwart the application of the evident remedy, to say nothing of the danger to themselves in laying a train of powder to the mine on which they stand. When Phaeton lost control of the chariot of the sun a bolt from Jupiter saved the earth but the chariot was wrecked. To help the student to come to a conclusion as to the truth or fallacy of this all important theory the prophecy of Eugene Seyd is appended hereto.

He was a writer on bimetallism in England and made this prophecy in 1871, two years before the demonetization of silver was accomplished in the United States, Germany and France. When any part of the testimony of a witness is disproved a jury is justified by law in

discrediting it all. Can any one claim that a single prediction of Eugene Seyd's prophecy has failed of fulfilment? Can any one read it without being impressed and forced to the conclusion that he was, not only a monster of the monetary science but was endowed with almost supernatural powers?

Mr. Seyd said:

It is a great mistake to suppose that the adoption of the gold valuation by other states besides England will be beneficial. It will only lead to the destruction of the monetary equilibrium hitherto existing, and cause a fall in the value of silver from which England's trade and the Indian silver valuation will suffer more than all other interests, grievous as the general decline of prosperity all over the world will be.

The strong doctrinarianism existing in England as regards the gold valuation is so blind that when the time of depression sets in there will be this special feature: The economical authorities of the country will refuse to listen to the cause here foreshadowed; every possible attempt will be made to prove that the decline of commerce is due to all sorts of causes and irreconcilable matters; the workman and his strikes will be the first convenient target; then speculating and overtrading will have their turn.

Many other allegations will be made totally irrelevant to the real issue, but satisfactory to the moralizing tendency of financial writers. The great danger of the time will then be that, among all this confusion and strife, England's supremacy in commerce and manufactures may go backward to an extent which cannot be redressed when the real cause becomes recognized and the natural remedy is applied.

The logical conclusion here sought is that the contraction of the volume of the measure of value by depriving silver of its standing as a money metal has largely augmented the depreciation of all commodities and that abstract bimetallism is in the interest of creditor and debtor alike.

*George A. Story.*



## THE NATURAL LAW OF MONEY.

BY THE PRESIDENT OF WELLS,  
FARGO & CO.



THE late Walter Bagehot remarked that the United States was a country for exemplifying by experiments on a large scale the old truths of political economy. The people were in-

different to experience gained elsewhere, while they were protected by their magnificent resources from the most serious consequences of mistakes in their own practices that in old countries would be supremely disastrous. They were thus constantly renewing old experiments under favorable conditions and confirming, if *not* enlarging, the knowledge of the principles of political economy. The latest experiment of this kind is the silver legislation, of which we have all heard so much.

It is not my design or expectation to present anything new or original in the consideration of this question, but simply some of the laws and established facts that govern it, and in doing this I have frequently utilized, without giving credit, the exact phraseology of the best writers upon the subject.

Of all things in the world, "money," which can least bear tampering with or anything but scientific treatment, is being made in this country the bone of noisy contention, instigated partly by the influence of mining interests which ardently desire to raise the price of silver, and the adherents of a soft money heresy who hope to create abundant money out of metal of some kind if they can not have inconvertible paper.

The natural law of money is, in general, the law of civilization, viz: evolution; beginning, it may be, with the barter of a horse for a cow, a sheep for a hog, a goat for a dog; after that, the use of pebbles or shells as the representatives of value in the exchange of different commodities; next, iron; then copper, bronze, or brass; then silver; and finally, gold, and obligations expressed on paper,—

showing throughout a law of displacement, the inferior by the superior; or the survival of the fittest—gold,—as the standard money—money of ultimate redemption; that metal having demonstrated to the world of commerce its superior utility, efficiency, and refinement, as the best basis and medium for the interchange of commodities, as well as for discharging the terms of time obligations.

Aristotle, on the origin and definition of money, says:—

It is plain that in the first society (that is in the household) there was no such thing as barter, but that it took place when the community became enlarged; for the former had all things in common, while the latter, being separated, must exchange with each other according to their needs, just as many barbarous tribes now subsist by barter, for these merely exchange one useful thing for another, as, for example, giving and receiving wine for grain, and other things in like manner. From this it came about logically that as the machinery for bringing in what was wanted, and of sending out a surplus, was inconvenient, the use of money was devised as a matter of necessity. For not all the necessities of life are easy of carriage; wherefore, to effect their exchanges, men contrived something to give and take among themselves, *that which being valuable in itself*, had the advantage of being easily passed from hand to hand for the needs of life; such as iron or silver, or something else of that kind; of which they first determined merely the size and weight, *but eventually put a stamp on it in order to save the trouble of weighing, and this stamp became the sign of its value.* Aristotle's *Politics*, 1-9.

It should be borne in mind, however, that all trade is barter, even when the precious metals are employed as intermediaries—the latter being articles of barter also, *possessing intrinsically the same value as the things for which they are exchanged.* The whole science of money hinges on this fact.

One commodity employed as money does not go out of use until it is superseded by another of superior qualifications for the service. This is the natural law that governs the change from one kind of money to another.

To give to coin all the elements of efficiency that it can possess, it is really

only necessary to start it into circulation with its full weight and fineness of precious metal, that is, intrinsic equivalency, and its mintage or assay stamp, and let it go where it will. For examples, the Schlick Thaler of Bohemia; the Spanish milled dollar; Bechtler's gold coinage of the Carolinas; the ingot of Moffatt & Company, and coins of Kellogg, Hewston & Company, of San Francisco; the Utah and Colorado gold coinages, and others. It is an advantage of a good standard, as gold or silver, that it may be used as a common measure of value, without altering very much the supply and demand of the article itself, so that the exchange value of the article may be wholly left to natural conditions. Here we have the natural law of metallic money in all its simplicity. The complexities are of our own making.

Debased money has entered into the experience of every civilized nation at some period of its history and it is not necessary to particularize, but there are interesting chapters in Jacobs, showing conditions under Henry VIII., and Edward VI. and Macaulay, of a later date, also, describing the imposition of brass money on Ireland, etc., etc.

What I have designated as the natural law of money is inverted by the interjection of the legal tender quality into money of unlimited issue; and what is commonly known as the "Gresham Law" demonstrates itself with certainty. Simply stated this law is the operation of brokerage, assorting, culling, garbling, etc.,—thus always forcing the poorest money into circulation. And this all proceeds from the delusion on the part of men that in some mystic or supernatural manner governments can permanently regulate the value of money by conferring upon it a legal tender quality. If by legislative enactment Government could exert that power, similar legislation would enable it to regulate the value of all commodities.

About 1366, Charles V., King of France, sometimes styled Charles the Wise, observing that the coins of the realm were in dire confusion, empowered one of his ministers, Nicholas Oresme, a man of distinguished attainments, a member of the French Imperial Government, and subsequently President of the College of

Navarre, to investigate and apply a remedy. As a result Oresme published a treatise, entitled "A Theory of Money," and in this he outlined what is now called the Gresham Law. In 1526, Sigismund I. of Poland, to which Prussia then belonged, observing that the coins and money of his realm were in a deplorable condition of debasement, which was and had been the chronic condition of all Europe, selected Nicholas Copernicus, the great astronomer, to consider the subject; and Copernicus, after investigation, wrote a treatise setting forth doctrines that had been formulated 160 years before by Oresme, for the King of France, though there is no evidence to indicate that he knew the conclusions arrived at by Oresme. The doctrines of Oresme and Copernicus are substantially identical.

1. That it is impossible for the law to regulate the value of the coins, i. e., the purchasing power.

2. That all the law can do is to maintain the coinage at a fixed denomination, weight and purity.

3. That it is robbery for the law to change the denomination, diminish the weight, or debase the purity, of the coinage.

4. That it is impossible for good full-weighted coin and debased coin to circulate together.

5. That the coins of gold and silver must bear the same ratio to each other as the metals in bullion do in the market.

In 1558, Queen Elizabeth, discovering in her realm the same unfortunate conditions connected with the coins that had existed in France two hundred years before, and in Poland the previous generation,—especially produced in England by the repeated debasements that occurred under Henry VIII. and Edward VI,—selected Sir Thomas Gresham, one of the most eminent men of the day, who, amongst other claims to distinction, possesses that of having founded the Royal Exchange of London, and he, after a careful examination of the matter, reached the same conclusions that had in turn been reached by Oresme and Copernicus, known now as the Gresham Law, and which, as formulated today and accepted by economists and financiers the

world over, is briefly expressed in the following terms :

When two coins of the same denomination, but differing in commercial value, are current in the same nation, that which has the least value will be kept in circulation and the other withdrawn from it as much as possible, and hoarded, melted down, or exported,—*in short that bad money drives out good.*

It may be fairly stated that this fundamental law of money is found to hold universally true in all ages and countries and has been recognized and acknowledged by learned men in all discussions on the subject. It applies in the following cases :—

1. If the coinage consists of only a single metal, as in the early coinage of England, and clipped, degraded, and debased coins be allowed to pass current with good coin, all the good coin will disappear from circulation. It is either hoarded, melted down, or exported. All laws are ineffectual to prevent this ; the clipped, degraded, and debased coin will alone remain current.

2. If coins of two kinds of metal, such as gold and silver, are allowed to pass current together in unlimited quantities, and if a legal ratio is attempted to be enforced between them which differs from their relative value in the markets of the world, the coin which is under-rated disappears from circulation,—it is either hoarded, melted down, or exported,—and that which is over-rated alone remains current. The law holds good also in relation to bank note circulation.

3. This law is not confined to single and separate countries ; it is not limited in time or space : it is absolutely universal. The Oresme, Copernicus, Gresham Law, was expounded to the government of Great Britain by Locke, Newton, and other eminent men of the times, but a knowledge of its workings did not reveal to them a remedy for continually existing and recurring evils of coinage, viz : the variations,—the partings of the metals, the breakdown of parity of coin in circulation, etc., which were universal. A solution was found by Sir William Petty, who died in 1687, in a treatise of his discovered in 1691, viz : to make one metal the standard money, and the other subsidiary to it ; that so much subsidiary coin as could be kept in free circulation, redeemable in or exchangeable with the

standard metal coins was not only the best but the only method practicable for using both. That there could, of course, be no such thing as a double standard, and the greatest stability of money was to be attained by using one metal as standard. This theory was elaborated at a later date by Adam Smith.

It was the unbroken experience of centuries when Locke took up the question in England, as it has been the experience ever since, that immediately side by side with the legal ratio there is a market ratio, and there is no discernable tendency for the former to govern the latter.

*The laws that finally govern finance are not made in conventions or congresses. The foundation of the international bimetallic theory—a purely empirical proposition—is thus erroneus from the beginning.*

It is not claimed by any prominent advocates of bimetalism, for example, Lavelleye of Belgium, Cernuschi of France, Arendt of Germany, Seyd (deceased), Balfour, and Helm, of England, or Andrews or Walker of the United States, that the unrestricted free coinage of silver by any one government now maintaining a gold standard could be otherwise than disastrous. On the contrary they declare in print, that it would be calamitous and that they do not desire to debase the standard of value ; they would have every debt paid in gold or its equivalent. And this is the attitude of bimetalists generally in Great Britain and Continental Europe. To all of which I remark : *When the two metals have unlimited free coinage at fixed ratios and are legal tender, the cheaper will, under all possible circumstances, drive the dearer out of circulation.*

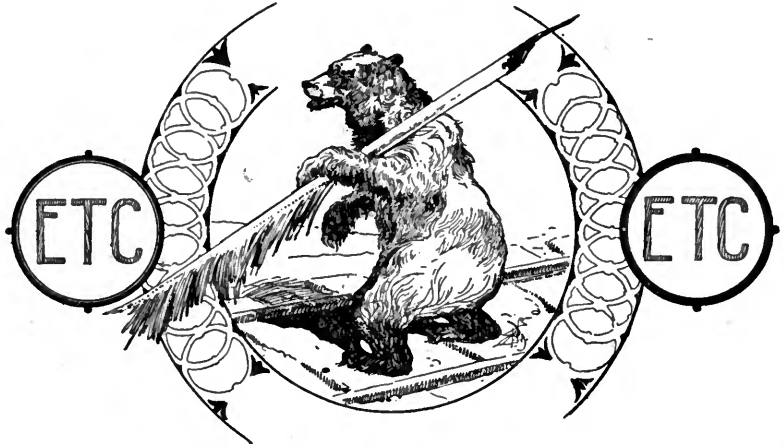
Says Mr. Elijah Helm, one of the ablest bimetalists of England :

“The scheme put forward by bimetalists for the resuscitation of the joint standard by an international agreement is a new thing to the World. Nothing exactly like it has ever yet existed.”

Says Prof. W. A. Shaw :

“The modern theory of bimetalism is almost the only instance in history of a theory growing not out of practice, but of the failure of practice ; resting not on data verified, but on data falsified and censure-marked. No words can be too strong of condemnation for the theorizing of the bimetalist who, by sheer imaginings, tries to justify theoretically what has failed in five centuries of history, and to expound theoretically what has proved itself incapable of solution save by cutting and casting away.”

John J. Valentine.



**Santa Monica  
and the Los  
Angeles Times.**

THE Los Angeles *Times* has declared a boycott upon the OVERLAND MONTHLY. The *Times* itself has been the victim of a boycott. It openly defied the Typographical Union and refuses today to employ any man who is a member of a Union designed to protect him against the greed and rapacity of employers or to elevate and ennoble his employment. The *Times* does not want self-respecting working men. It wants no man who is conscious of the kinship of craft. It is in search of abject docility. It wants men who are willing that the laborer shall forever remain a clod, and so it declared a boycott against the Typographical Union. In retaliation for this, the Typographical Union declared a boycott upon the *Times*.

During the American Railway Union strike of 1894, the *Times*, at the instance of the banking interests of San Francisco and Los Angeles, took a position against the strikers. Pullman had reduced the scale of wages in his factory to a point below which the laborer could live respectably, and the railways of the country were the beneficiaries in the way of cheaper rolling stock. The Pullman scale of wages would have crushed all the manhood, all the self respect, and all the dignity out of labor. There is a scale of wages which denies to skilled workmen participation in the embellishments of civilized life. There is a grade of wages which denies education, cultivation and refinement to common people; and of such was the scale established by Pullman.

Against the monstrous crime of denying to citizens of the United States their due participation in the common privileges of civilized existence, a great protest went up from thousands of skilled employees and unskilled operatives, who saw in the success of the precedent sought to be

established by Pullman, an impending fate to all the working classes.

But railroad securities were held in bank vaults by millions, and the Los Angeles *Times*, bound by the chains of a mortgage to subserviency, entered upon the menial service demanded of it by the bankers with an alacrity reinforced by its own hatred of all who desire to maintain a distinction between the wage earner and the slave. The *Times* became the hired blackguard of the banks. It did not point out with dignified persuasion any mistake or error of the strikers. It denounced with an ardor of hate which loudly proclaimed the congenial task of reducing risen slaves to their proper place of submission to task masters.

The strikers and their sympathizers boycotted the *Times*, and its editor and proprietor appealed loudly to the railroads for sympathy and support. The conduct of the *Times* during the railway strike of 1894 afforded the most perfect test of subserviency to railroad interests and railroad demands that any paper has been called upon to undergo in the century. It is in great matters that the true relation of master and hireling is disclosed.

But there is one point concerning which the Southern Pacific Company and the *Times* are at variance. Los Angeles is not a seaport. Its nearest point on the ocean is at Santa Monica, about twenty miles to the west, and at that point there is no harbor. The sea is reached only to find an unbroken seacoast. To the south, a distance of twenty-two miles, there is the semblance of a small harbor or inlet, suitable for coasting schooners and vessels of light draught. The task of producing a protected area at either of these places is about equal, and the task of securing the necessary appropriation to create an artificial harbor out of the untamed surf of a harborless seacoast was prospectively more difficult than the construction of a breakwater itself.

The Los Angeles *Times* early espoused the cause of San Pedro. There is a large private interest connected with the construction of a deep water harbor at that point. The location of such a harbor there will earn for landed proprietors, and especially the owners of a certain Terminal Railway and of Rattlesnake Island, anywhere from \$20,000,000 to \$40,000,000,—for wherever the deep sea harbor goes, there the city of the south will be built.

Under the pretense of opposing Santa Monica because of the existence of a private interest, the *Times* favored San Pedro because the private interest at that point was better concealed. At no time has this boycotted and boycotting newspaper ever had the manliness to confess that a vast private interest eagerly awaits the increment of value due to the development of a deep sea harbor. At no time has it had the frankness or the manliness to admit that the construction of a deep sea harbor at either San Pedro or Santa Monica was the foundation of a thriving seaport city. That a Board of Government engineers had recommended the construction of a breakwater at San Pedro was the *Times'* pretense, not its reason, for the advocacy of that point. That it cared more for the success of San Pedro than for the interests of Southern California was evidenced by raising the cry of "San Pedro or nothing."

But hypocrisy is not the only offense of the Los Angeles *Times*. It stands self-convicted of venality. We quote from the columns of the Los Angeles *Times* in its issue of January 1st, 1896, the beginning of this year, the following expressions of opinion.

"The interests of commerce demand that a harbor should be built where the business of the two great interstate transcontinental railroads will be most facilitated as they extend into trade districts of vast dimensions. And if any subsidies are appropriated by Congress to aid such improvements they must be through such an incentive and not to satisfy any local demand or trivial interest. There is little doubt considering the joint interests above alluded to Santa Monica is far more advantageous than any other ocean port.

"The Board of 1891 estimated the cost of a breakwater at San Pedro, constructed of rubble and cement, at \$4,594,494 and at Santa Monica at \$5,715,965, the difference in cost being in the greater depth of water at Santa Monica and the greater expense in moving material to it. This estimate has since then been materially reduced by cheaper construction, etc. At best, the difference in cost cannot be objectionable to the south-

ern portion of the State, and especially to Los Angeles. No partiality in this decision favoring Santa Monica can be construed to either road. The Southern Pacific will have no advantage, for the Santa Fe is already there and their facilities are equal. The Southern Pacific Company has upwards of \$1,000,000 invested in a wharf. The Santa Fe can without burdensome expense construct a line from its present terminus along the beach and have twice the width of way that the Southern Pacific has got, and have the same wharf area and superior approaches, with equal protection from the elements. Recent extensive improvements have been made at Santa Monica. A wharf extending from the beach seaward about 4700 feet, the outer 1000 feet being 132 feet in width, while surrounding the wharf is a complete system of moorings and buoys. The depth of water alongside the wharf for 1000 feet from the end shoreward ranges from thirty-five to thirty-two feet, with a rise and fall of tide which increases this five to eight feet. Fire plugs, fog bells, red and green lights are conveniently arranged, and coal bunkers with a capacity of 10,000 tons are constructed for the discharge of this kind of cargoes. Every requirement is met as the business requires."

The foregoing are not news statements. They are the expression of opinion and the declaration of policy. Here is a statement of fact, put forth with the moral support of the *Times* behind it, that the "Southern Pacific Company will have no advantage at Santa Monica, for the Santa Fé is already there and that the facilities of the two roads are equal." Here is a statement that at best "the difference in cost between San Pedro and Santa Monica cannot be objectionable to the southern portion of the State and especially to Los Angeles." To these arguments the Los Angeles *Times* gave utterance and to their enforcement it gave its full moral support.

When challenged for inconsistency, its defense was not inadvertence, mistake, or imposition of subordinates, or any other excuse which might have palliated the charge. Curiosity will be on the tip-toe of expectancy as to what defense a self respecting journal could make under the circumstances. However inconceivable, it is irrefragably true that the answer of the *Times* to the charge of inconsistency was that the expressions to which the *Times* had lent its full support were paid for and therefore excusable. Inconsistency is but another name for hypocrisy, and we defiantly declare that the Los Angeles *Times* is the only instance that can be found in all the realm of modern journalism where venality was interposed as a defense against the charge

of hypocrisy. We challenge the *Times* to cite another instance in all the history of American journalism where the proprietor of a public journal has attempted to answer the charge of hypocrisy by the confession that the expression of opinion concerning matters of public import were for sale. The defense of the *Times* in this case wears an aspect of monstrosity when it is remembered that if venality is an excuse for hypocrisy, then all journalism is a crime. If when men are brought face to face with the inconsistency of their professions they are to escape the force of the charge of hypocrisy by declaring that they have made it profitable, then civilization should look upon all journalism with the abhorrence it has heretofore bestowed upon murder.

Such is the character of the journalism from which emanates the demand for a boycott of the OVERLAND by the people of Southern California. What was the offense of the OVERLAND? It clearly perceived that the one hope of Southern California obtaining a deep sea harbor was the assistance of the Southern Pacific Company. It as clearly perceived that the selfish ends of the proprietor of the *Los Angeles Times* would defeat the hope of the people of Southern California unless the accomplishment sought could in some manner be made to inure to his personal benefit. The OVERLAND declared then and repeats now as follows:

"Much of the opposition to the construction of a breakwater at Santa Monica, which would convert that open roadstead into a protected harbor, is said to arise out of the fact that the Southern Pacific Company has constructed a splendid wharf at that point, and thereby made Port Los Angeles the terminus and natural ocean outlet of the southern portion of its great system. The intellectual and moral feebleness which would not perceive in this single fact a great opportunity for the accomplishment of a public enterprise is to be pitied if not despised. Every monument ever reared to human enterprise and energy has arisen despite the efforts of ignorance, prejudice, and selfishness. We earnestly hope our southern friends will obtain a deep sea harbor. Until they do theirs will be a case of arrested development. Ignorance, prejudice, and selfishness, however, will not win for them this prize. A greater breadth of intelligence and its natural concomitant, liberality, will be necessary to the accomplishment of that result."

At last the people of Southern California have achieved their deep sea harbor. The appropriation has been made. The place of its expenditure only remains to be determined. That the

*Los Angeles Times* has contributed in the slightest degree to this result may safely be denied. That it has obstructed it may as reasonably be affirmed. Its war cry of "San Pedro or nothing" was a disclosure of its unpatriotic, selfish, narrowness. Its publication of argument in favor of Santa Monica, was brazen hypocrisy. Its apology for that hypocrisy was a confessed venality. Its demand for a boycott of its contemporaries because they have the temerity to express adverse opinions to those it deems just is a manifestation of cowardly intolerance; while its entire journalistic course is a daily expression of intellectual and moral feebleness. Behind every public journal there is a personality which the outflow of journalism invariably expresses. Behind the *Los Angeles Times* there must be a personality, the sum of whose characteristics can be expressed in the words immeasurable littleness.

#### The Death of Kate Field.

WHEN I last saw Kate Field in San Francisco while she was waiting the departure of the steamer that was to take her to the Summer islands that were to be her grave I thought I had never seen her look so well. She was just fresh from a sojourn at the capital of the new State of Utah, studying Mormonism with the ballot in its hand, as she had studied it years before when Mormonism defied both law and religion.

She had written a series of letters on this new Utah that had made the very Bishops and Saints who had once threatened her life, rise up and publicly thank her. She did not take all the credit for what was due her for her twenty years' work with the pen and on the lecture platform against the crime of Mormonism. She simply and tersely pointed out the facts as they existed on the day when Utah elected her first Senators to Congress. And the facts showed that Utah was worthy of sisterhood in our great family of States.

Kate Field may some day have a monument erected to her memory in Salt Lake by the women and mothers whose honor she battled for and whose cause she made her own.

Yet Kate Field did not burn the midnight oil or give her time, strength, and earnings in any cause for selfish glory. She never considered herself. Had she, she would have been alive today. She undertook one colossal task after another, because the task was a worthy one and there was no one else to do it. Her "Kate Field's Washington" was not a failure. It was a gigantic success. True it died with its brilliant editor's

failing health but the measures of great public import it made live, and the practical reforms it brought about make it rank high among the great journals of the past. The International Copyright Law, the reduction of the tariff on works of art, the admission of the new States of the Northwest, the civilization of Alaska, the preservation of John Brown's home, and the cause of true womanhood, true Americanism, and true temperance, all owe Kate Field much, more than the world will tax itself to remember.

Kate Field had no sympathy with short haired women and long haired men who went through the country crying out against the times and taking up collections. She had to do with live subjects and vital issues and made herself felt in every great movement. She possessed the mental strength of a man and the physical strength of a woman. Whether on the lecture platform or in the editorial she commanded a hearing and the respect of all. She felt that there was a great work before her in Hawaii and she went about it with all the enthusiasm and dash of youth. She asked too much of her waning health and her great soul broke from its feeble tenement and Kate Field was dead. Hers was a glorious life, one that will long leave its impress for good behind.

**The Overland the Official Journal of the Schools of California.** THIS number of the OVERLAND MONTHLY begins a new volume and a new advance in its prosperity and usefulness.

On June 13th, the State Board of Education recognized the magazine's long career and great work for the whole Pacific Coast and designated it the official journal of the schools of California. It was a graceful and we feel a fitting compliment. The OVERLAND has always been an educational, historical, and literary magazine devoted to this Coast and to the upbuilding of its education and its industries. It has not profited by the ups of the gold days or lost its independence with the downs of the hard times. It has steadily been the advocate whatever was for the best interests of California and the Pacific Coast. The 3,200 schools into which the action of the State Board places it adds 300,000 readers and double its influence for good and quadruple its hold upon the West. We thank the State Board for this generous endorsement and trust we will merit their continued esteem.

**Book Notice.**

MR. CHARLES M. SHORTRIDGE editor of the San Jose *Mercury* as also of the San Francisco *Call*, sends out for the kindly notice of his brethren of the quill an illustrated souvenir, *Santa Clara County and its Resources*.<sup>1</sup> It requires no professional courtesy, however, to speak well of this volume; for in no similar work yet issued in California, to judge by anything that has come to the OVERLAND'S table, has there been anything like the attractiveness of form, the fullness of presentation, or the lavishness of illustration, that this souvenir contains. It has over three hundred pages about eleven and one-half by ten inches in size, and about half of them are occupied by full page halftone cuts. No considerable interest, no prominent person, no picturesque feature, of the whole county but is presented in these plates. To see it is to be convinced, beyond all possibility of cavil at "California yarns," that Santa Clara County offers allurements to the homeseeker equaled by few spots on earth.

HARRY CASTLEMON always writes a good stirring book with a moral, and *Houseboat Boys* is not an exception to the general rule of his stories. It is the story of two plucky Pennsylvania boys who finally won success in a novel way by their energy and perseverance. The boys worked their way through school and academy and decided to go to college. As their families were poor they were obliged to strike out for themselves and accordingly built a "houseboat" and determined to live as trappers until they had saved money sufficient for their purpose. After a few months' experience on river and lake with many adventures, success comes to them in an unexpected way. The book is a wholesome one and will doubtless prove that Mr. Castlemon still holds the attention of his young readers today as he did a generation ago. Henry T. Coates & Company are the publishers.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY, since it has passed under the control and editorship of Rounseville Wildman, has gained a place in the front rank of current literature, rivaling in the quality of its illustrations and the excellence of its contributions some of the best work done in the more pretentious Eastern magazines. *Mail*, Stockton, Cal.

HON. W. W. FOOTE, a director of the OVERLAND MONTHLY Pub. Co., was elected by the

<sup>1</sup>Santa Clara County and its Resources. The San Jose Mercury. San Jose, California: 1895.

State Convention at Sacramento on June 18th a delegate-at-large to the Democratic National Convention at Chicago.

J. F. DOUTHITT, the famous tapestry painter, has published a superb *Manual of Art Decoration*<sup>1</sup>. The book should be in the hands of every person of wealth who is building or refurnishing his home. For the man of humble means a glance through its charmed pages and colored plates is almost foolish. The homes that Mr. Douthitt decorates are the homes of the millionaire. The designs in colors for "Grotto Rooms," "Greek," "Mary Stuart," "Cinderella," "Mother Hubbard," "Sleeping Beauty" rooms, and "Dens," must be seen to be believed. Still the work is an education to all, and if one is not a millionaire he can at least hope to possess one or more of the tapestry paintings that are illustrated. The contents of the book embrace discussions and hints on "Colonial American Homes, Wall Papers, Tapestries, Halls, Fire Places, Dining Room Decoration, Draperies, Embroideries, Ball Rooms, Floor Coverings, and so on. The work is printed on heavy plate paper, Royal Quarto size. Neither the letter-press or illustration can be too highly commended.

THE PACIFIC HISTORY STORIES teach the geography, topography and history of the Pacific Slope in a most attractive manner. Harr Wagner, both as a writer and school superintendent, is well equipped for preparing such a work for our public schools.

THE "Care and Culture of Men," by Pres. Jordan, is the first book that the famous scientist has published on this Coast. It will be followed by a book entitled, "The Innumerable Company."

"THE LITERARY WORLD" of Boston, the leading literary journal in the United States, says of the OVERLAND MONTHLY . . . "it is well worthy the attention of all magazine readers East and West."

<sup>1</sup>Manual of Art Decoration. By J. F. Douthitt. 286 Fifth Avenue, New York.

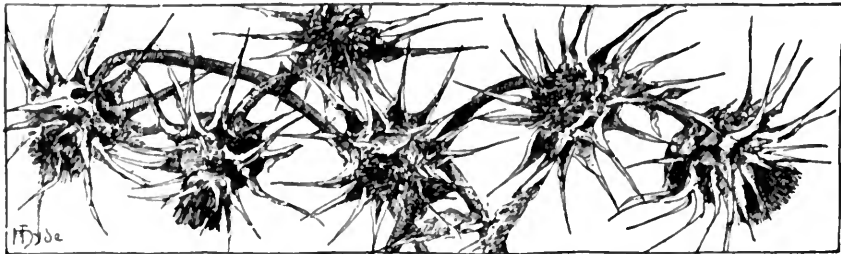
At a meeting of the State Board of Education held June 13, 1896, the University of Nebraska was placed upon the accredited list.

The OVERLAND MONTHLY was designated as the official organ of the Department of Public Instruction beginning July, 1896.

THERE is something restful in Mr. Barrett's *A Set of Rogues*<sup>2</sup> that is very grateful after a course of the everyday spirit-rending stories of love or adventure of the fashionable school. Its story flows along like the deep, changeless waters of a giant river,—full of mysterious pools and surprising curves, but never breaking into rapids or shallows. There is an abundance of exciting incident and fascinating plot, but it all comes naturally and is never forced or overdone. The Set of Rogues are a company of players who find themselves out of employment and funds after the great London fire. They go out into the provinces and there meet a mysterious Spaniard, who induces them to enter into a plot to personate an English gentleman who has been captured and is held in captivity on the Barbary Coast. Sweet Moll Dawson, the daughter of the head of the players, personates Judith Godwin, the captive daughter. The Spaniard takes them to Spain, where they stay a year preparing the several rôles. Then they return in their new names to England and obtain possession of the coveted estate. It is not fair to relate the story; for it is full of quaint old world adventures and sweet old-fashioned love and friendship. The Set of Rogues are not bad, they redeem themselves nobly before the close. The style of the writing is old English, the narrator being one of the rogues, Christopher Sutton.

The scene changes from England to France and Spain, and back again to England, and finally the book closes in Algeria. Other than for its story interest the novel is really valuable as a study of the life of strolling players shortly after the death of Shakspeare. The book is well worth reading.

<sup>2</sup>A Set of Rogues. By Frank Barrett. New York: Macmillan & Co.: 1895.







GENERAL MANUEL L. BARILLAS EX-PRESIDENT OF GUATEMALA.

## GUATEMALA AND GENERAL BARILLAS.

IT is a pleasant thing for Californians to note the recognition the state is receiving from the distinguished men of Central America. It is beginning to dawn upon us that we have their friendship and good will and that these gentlemen too are citizens of a great and prosperous nation whose confidence and trust is essential to our own prosperity.

There is a citizen of Guatemala whose history is remarkable in many ways, but in no way more than in realizing just exactly what his destiny should be, and what his people wanted it to be. General M. L. Barillas, a man celebrated for his valor and successes in the history of his nation, Guatemala, is a modest unassuming man with a clear penetrating eye and the appearance of a military chieftain, a noble rugged strength about him, that denotes firmness, good health and mental activity that inspires you with respect and admiration. He is of medium height, of solid build and looks—every inch a soldier." Austere and at times forbidding until his restless eyes light up suddenly with a generous fire and then it is discovered that you are in the presence of a most genial liberal hearted and generous minded gentleman. Extremely sensitive and retiring in his disposition, courting no notice, desiring to travel as a private citizen, the intrusion of visitors only arouses his kindly feelings and he treats every one in a princely and genial manner.

The associate and colleague of J. Rufino Barrios, he succeeded that eminent commander as President of Guatemala and ruled its destinies until the breaking out of the disastrous war with Salvador in which he sought to avenge the murder of his friend Gen. Mendez. His father was of old Spanish stock and his mother a native of Guatemala, he was born in Quezaltenango in 1845, he joined the Revolution in 1867 which Barrios had

instituted to overthrow the regime established by Carrera. Barillas was full of fight and entered the army as a Captain and his brilliant military ability was soon recognized and he was advanced to the office of General which he held at the close of the war.

When Barrios was in full power and had utterly defeated his enemies, he naturally turned to Barillas, his distinguished General and recognised his valuable services by appointing him commander of the Occidental Division of the forces, and Governor, with headquarters at Quezaltenango.

General Barillas was fast becoming an important and famous man in his country and his alliance was naturally sought by the proud and aristocratic families.

He won the heart of one of the fairest and richest heiresses in Guatemala, Dona Encarnacion Roblas whose fortune represented millions. In his marriage he became allied to the aristocratic Roblas family, one of the noblest and best known in the country. This added much to his popularity and he advanced in importance and dignity. General Barillas entered into coffee planting on the advice of friends, and with such success that the result was the establishment of the great industry which has made the wealth of Guatemala. General Barillas made enormous profits from the business and is today considered one of the richest men in Central America.

President Barillas controlled the destinies of Guatemala for seven years and made an excellent record. He built up the native industries, promoted enterprises, and was beloved by his people as a wise, conscientious and benevolent ruler who maintained friendly relations with all foreign powers and endeavored to carry out the policy of his predecessor in establishing schools throughout the country.

## GUATEMALA AND GENERAL BARILLAS.

His liberal spirit manifested itself on many occasions for he was generous and unselfish in his patriotic desire to leave an honored and illustrious name to his countrymen. He has entertained on a royal and magnificent scale and spent vast sums of money for the benefit of his people, thrusting his hand into his own pocket for the expenses of the government.

Barillas' ambition has been for the progress and prosperity of his people, and especial good will and amity to foreigners. His wise and provident course has stimulated business at home and given faith and credit abroad, and under these advantageous conditions capital can afford to enter and test the merits of the mining interests. From recent favorable tests, and taking into consideration the reliable mining traditions of the past and the known presence of the precious and useful metals spread over such an extensive area of territory, favorable results may surely be expected.

The population of Guatemala is composed of 1,500,000 inhabitants, the proportion of the public debt is about \$11.41 per capita. Guatemala in this respect can be compared favorably with other countries of Europe and America.

Guatemala is a healthy country, abundant in fertile and vacant lands, two-thirds of which are not cultivated for want of labor, and the country offers to immigrants great advantages. The soil needs no fertilizers and the industrious immigrant without capital will simply have to till the land slightly and sow the grain to obtain a crop after six months, sufficient for the ample support of a family, and until the cuttings and seeds are transplanted, as time is required for their development.

The above relates particularly to immigrants without means. Those who possess a little money can make a fortune

in a few years in establishing coffee plantations, others who have a profession or trade find unlimited fields to exercise them profitably.

No person ever left the country on account of the want of an opportunity to invest his capital or for lack of lucrative employment. The exports of Guatemala are about \$14,000,000 and imports over \$9,000,000 annually.

Guatemala is about two hundred and thirty miles along the Pacific Coast and has an average width of about one hundred miles. The aspect of Guatemala is generally mountainous, covered with magnificent forests; hence its name Guatemala, or to be more exact *Quauhitemallau*, meaning "full of trees," the interior of the country watered by innumerable rivers presenting high table lands and extremely fertile plains of remarkable beauty. The country has a variety of climates; on the coast of the Pacific the heat is very great, but it is less intense than on the Atlantic Coast.

The principal wealth of Guatemala is its coffees; the plantations improve and increase in number every year and will no doubt continue to do so, insomuch as its quality is acknowledged to be superior and is consequently in great demand. Guatemala produces about 70,000,000 pounds of coffee annually, the department of Quezaltenango raises from thirteen to fifteen million pounds or nearly one fourth of the entire crop.

The independence of Guatemala was declared when the Central American Confederation dissolved in 1847. The regular army is composed of nearly four thousand officers and men and a militia force of sixty-seven thousand three hundred men, the government has lately expended money to procure modern military arms.

It has also erected many new public buildings and entered into heavy engage-

## GUATEMALA AND GENERAL BARILLAS.

ments to subsidize railroads. The legislative power is vested in the National Assembly, a single chamber elected for four years by universal suffrage. Custom duties provide nearly one-half of the the revenue and excise duties on alcohol and tobacco more than a quarter, about a tenth of the revenue goes to provide for the regular army and militia force. Education is free and compulsory and the Government maintains nearly two thousand primary schools containing over seventy-five thousand children.

A railroad from San Jose to the Capital, seventy-two miles, and one from Champerico to Ritalhuleu, twenty-seven miles, were completed in 1883, the latter was afterwards extended to San Felipe, twenty miles from Ritalhuleu. A railroad from the Capital to the Pacific Coast built by an American Company was opened on March 15th, 1805, the division completing the line to the Atlantic is to be completed by 1897.

Since retiring from office General Barillas has devoted his time largely to his own interests, and has lived on his estate busy with the cultivation of his vast plantations. His immense residence supplied with every modern luxury is the far famed La Libertad, his home palace. There is no

private garden as extensive or as picturesque as that of General Barillas, the palace rising in the midst of an ocean of verdure and tropical flowers, and architecturally it is the grandest residence in the Republic. It is furnished in a magnificent manner and it is here that the General lavishly entertains his friends. His popularity and fame as a dispenser of a patriarchal hospitality is known over the entire country, and his place is always full of guests. At a recent birthday celebration he entertained over one hundred friends. His stables at La Libertad contain the finest thoroughbreds, and he has an army of men constantly at work for him attending to his high-bred stock.

General Barillas is the finest sportsman of the Republic. From his earliest infancy he devoted his leisure to outdoor exercise, indeed it is said that he spends days on horseback and never tires. He is proud of his plantations, is an ardent agriculturalist, and the most practical of coffee growers.

As a citizen, statesman and soldier he is a most interesting historical personage. It is his first visit to California, and the first time in many years that political and private matters have permitted him to cross the boundaries of the Republic.

*Arthur Wheeler.*



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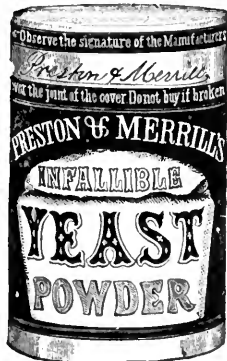
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**THE SWELLEST WHEEL OF THE YEAR**

Nine Models—Aluminum Silver, Maroon and Black Enamel Finish. Extremely Handsome. Large Tubing—Narrow Tread—Detachable Sprocket. Weight, 17-25 lbs

"MOTHER OF PEARL QUEEN" IS A BEAUTY

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**Plymouth Cycle Mfg. Co.,** Plymouth, Ind.



## The Three Cardinal Virtues

which a bicycle may possess, are strength, speed and ease of propulsion. In most wheels one of the three is the dominating feature to which both of the others are more or less sacrificed. The supreme merit of the STEARNS Bicycle lies in the fact that in its construction all three are harmonized and blended into one almost perfect whole. That's why so many cyclers ride

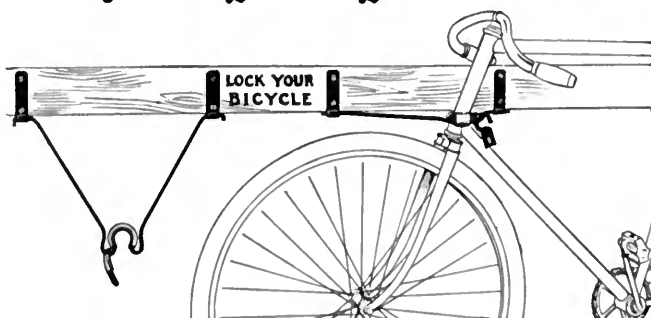
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Watch the sunlight glisten on those **ORANGE RIMS** !

## The "SAFETY BICYCLE LOCKER."

Excels  
Quickly Adjusted  
Used Anywhere Everywhere  
Retail Price 75c.



Best and Cheapest  
Needs No Repairs.  
Wheel Cant Be Stolen

MAILED TO ANY ADDRESS

**The Chase-Thompson Co., Masonic Temple, Minneapolis, Minn.**  
Agents wanted in Every State. Exclusive right to workers

## MILLARD HOTEL,

OMAHA, NEB.,

J. E. MARKEL & SON, Proprietors.

First-Class in all its Appointments. Centrally located

RATES, \$3.00 TO \$5.00 PER DAY.

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THAT'S ALL THEIR OWN.

ELEGANT BOOKLETT  
FREE ON APPLICATION

"Just hear dem bells a ringing, dey's ringing everywhere."

The Chimes of Normandy could not excel in sweetness and purity of tone

## THE "New Departure" BICYCLE BELLS

The standard of excellence the wide world over. In 16 different styles and prices. All dealers sell them.

The New Departure Bell Co., Bristol, Conn., U. S. A.





# Columbia Bicycles

“The added pleasure of riding a Columbia is worth every dollar of the \$100 a Columbia costs.”

The supremacy of Columbias is admitted. They are Standard of the World. If you are able to pay \$100 for a bicycle, why buy any other? ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁



Full information about Columbias and the different Models for men and women—and for children, too—is contained in the handsomest art book of the year. Free from any of our Branch Houses or Agencies or by mail for two 2-cent stamps.

**POPE MFG. CO.**  
HARTFORD, CONN.

Branch Stores and Agencies in almost every city and town. If Columbias are not properly represented in your vicinity let us know.

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# They Seem Alive

Every maker of tires to-day is seeking to make his tires have the springy "life" peculiar to **Hartford Single Tube Tires.**

But none succeed! The original Hartford Single Tube is still the standard for quality, speed and ease of repair & can be had on any bicycle. You may need to insist. They cost most.

The Hartford Rubber Works Co., Hartford, Conn. Branches, New York & Chicago



“Ball-Bearing”

Bicycle Shoes



“Put “Ball-Bearings” on your Feet”

MAJ. MCKINLEY, SARAH BERNHARDT AND TENS OF THOUSANDS OF OTHERS WEAR THEM

Many styles—Men’s—Ladies’—Corrugated Soles. Price Black, \$3 00; Tan, \$3.50; Ladies’ Knee Boot, \$4.50 to \$8.00. Pratt Fasteners secure laces without tying.

Purchasers are cautioned to look for the “Ball-Bearing” on the heel. Do not be misled by designs which are made to LOOK LIKE the “Ball-Bearing,” but which are not the same. Insist on having the “Ball-Bearing” Bicycle Shoes.

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E. T. Allen Co.; San Francisco  
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**KING OF BICYCLES**

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**MONARCH CYCLE MFG CO.**  
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**NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO TORONTO**

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and all sorts of Summer Outings  
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**SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY'S**

## Campers' Excursion Tickets

at **REDUCED RATES**

to various portions of the State.

OUT-OF-DOOR LIFE in the

### Shasta Region

Fascinating, Healthful, Inexpensive.

#### Sweet Brier Camp

Near Castle Crags, established  
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Mountain Home of the Chau-  
tauquans, near Dunsuir.

#### Mt. Shasta Camp

In Strawberry Valley, Attract-  
ive and Homelike.

These Camps are supplied with all the conveniences  
for camping, and provisions may be had in abundance  
cheaply on the grounds.

In the

### Santa Cruz

Mountains

are a number of  
delightful camping locations.

Alma, Wrights, Laurel,

Glenwood, Felton,

Ben Lomond and

Boulder Creek.

The Santa Cruz Mountains make up in charming  
picturesqueness what they lack in the fearful grandeur  
of the Shasta country, and their proximity to the sea  
gives the climate the delicious flavoring of the salt  
sea breezes. The locations are quickly reached, pro-  
visions are abundant, rates are reasonable, and op-  
portunities for pleasurable diversions are limitless.

**The Mountains of California are a Paradise for Hunters and Anglers.**

The Southern Pacific Company has just published attractively illustrated folders, describing  
in detail the various resorts of the State, where situated, how reached, rates, etc. These folders  
contain much valuable information, and will be distributed freely. Send your name to  
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. Agent, or apply to any S. P. Co. Agent.

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# Yellowstone Park

IS

THE  
**King of Parks**

**62**  
MILES LONG

**54**  
MILES WIDE

Geysers

Lakes

Falls

Cañons

Hot Springs

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Wild Animals  
Found



**The Grand Cañon**

**1,200 FEET DEEP**  
**20 MILES LONG**

Has all the colors of the Rainbow  
and some it has not

SIX CENTS  
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OUR NEW TOURIST BOOK

Take your vacation trip to the Park  
It is the cheapest and most interesting line

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St. Paul, Minn.



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General Agent Northern Pacific R. R.

638 Market St., San Francisco

# Lower Geyser Basin

YELLOWSTONE PARK



Join our Excursion to the  
Yellowstone leaving S. F.  
July 12th ♦ ♦ ♦

"We have now reached that part of the Park where the most peculiar phenomena found there, the geysers, are seen at their best. We had a foretaste of them at Norris Basin. Here we find them bunched together. Like the deer and antelope in the Park, they are in herds and droves. The first of these localities — for there are three, more or less connected — is the Lower Basin. Here again one's powers of pedestrianism are made available. Near at hand, indeed, are the rare Paint Pots, and a group of geysers and hot pools. But farther away are springs and geysers so much finer that it were a pity to be 'so near and yet so far.' For the regular tourist it will be a tight squeeze to work these into his programme, unless he is routed out of bed early in the morning.

Of the group near the hotel, the Fountain Geyser is the chief, and, whether it be in full play or quiescent, it is a captain. It plays at intervals of about five hours for from thirty to forty minutes. The crater is about 20 x 20 feet, and it ejects large volumes of water to a height varying from fifty to one hundred and fifty feet. The eruption is a beautiful one, and more like a large fountain than the typical geyser, if indeed there be one. There are several small geysers and some beautiful hot pools near the fountain. These, with the richly-colored clay Paint Pots, worthy of a careful examination, will serve the tourist a good turn if he does not visit the larger collection. In close proximity to the Paint Pots is the spring that supplies the Fountain Hotel with its hot bath-water. The larger and more distant group of springs and geysers — about a mile and a half from the hotel — extends over a considerable area. They constitute a wonderful collection. The more prominent — if distinctions can honestly be made — are Firehole Lake, the natural hot Swimming Pool, the Pink Dome, White Dome Geyser, Great Fountain Geyser, Surprise or Sand Spring, Firehole Pool, Mushroom Spring, Buffalo Pool, the Five Sisters and others. Of these I can refer

specifically to only two or three. Firehole Lake is some 300 feet long by 100 feet wide, and has a small geyser in the center that plays continually, and is called the Steady Geyser. The name of the lake is derived from a peculiar feature of it. From deep down in the north end of the lake, large globes or bubbles of a bluish silver cast are always ascending. On a clear day or a moonlight night, these bubbles, apparently of gas or hot air, appear like a bluish flame, hence the name Firehole Lake. On cloudy days the resemblance is not so striking. It may be, on such days, difficult to discern the bubbles clearly, as the water gives off such clouds of steam.

The Great Fountain Geyser is the mammoth geyser of Lower Basin, and one of the largest in the whole Park. Special efforts are now made to keep a record of its eruptions, so as to advise tourists of them. It appears to play with moderate regularity every eight to eleven hours, throwing water and steam to a height of from 60 and 75 feet to 150 feet. Before eruption and just previous thereto, it gradually fills both of its basins — an inner within an outer one — to overflowing, and when the drainage begins to seek the various outlets the display may be looked for. It comes suddenly, first boiling furiously, then becoming quiescent. The outburst comes violently and it lifts an enormous mass of water from the whole pool, some fifteen feet in diameter. The eruptions follow each other quickly at first. It then takes matters more leisurely, and alternately, boils furiously and throws out its seething contents for an hour and a half. The first three expulsions are usually the finest. Some of them are very violent, and the mixture of water and steam and the variety of effects produced are beautiful beyond description. Between its convulsions, after a time, one can walk out on the formation and look down into the throat of the monster. The crater and the entire formation are white, and are exquisitely beaded and fretted."

From "Wonderland", our Tourist Book for 1896.

When you write, please mention "The Overland Monthly."

## A Picturesque and Delightful Trip Through Colorado.

*"Into a world unknown—the corner-stone of a nation."*

Have you ever tasted of the delights of a Colorado trip? No? Well, I will tell you all about it. Leaving Ogden in the evening, we made the thirty miles to Salt Lake City in an hour. Traveling nearly all the way along the borders of the Great Salt Lake, the mystic "Dead Sea of America," on through the city of temples and tabernacles and Mormon fame, and through the basin of the Great Salt Lake, to where in the early morning we come upon Grand Junction basking in the new-born sunshine, rightly named, being the converging point of the lines of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, and the confluence of the two largest rivers in Colorado, the Gunnison and the Grand. It is the commercial center of a great agricultural region. The scenery between Grand Junction and Glenwood Springs, is a delightful variety of mountain, valley and river views. Traversing the downward course of the Grand River, the line offers attractions of a charmingly varied character, to royal Glenwood Springs, fully five thousand two hundred feet above sea-level, protected on every side by lofty mountains. Above the springs, as they rush out of the rocks, are large open caves, which, somewhere within their recesses, must have communication with the hot sulphur water below, because they are filled with the hot sulphur vapor or steam, which rushes out from their mouths in dense clouds. The trout fishing is superb. Trout of two to eight pounds weight are taken in great numbers, and with little trouble. In the fall and winter the hunting is very fine; deer, elk, bear, grouse and ptarmigan being driven into the park in great numbers by the heavy snows on the surrounding mountains.

The Springs are noted for their curative properties, and the climate is so mild that it is customary to bathe the year round in the open air, and hundreds of invalids remain at the Springs the entire season.

Seeing the wonders of a beautiful world among the mighty colonnades and minarets of nature in grand cañons of the Rio Grande and Eagle River Cañons, winding among the everlasting mountains, the trains of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad break the stillness of the air with the sibilant sound of escaping steam, or the strident shrill cry of whistle echoing from one mountain giant to another, one grand "fan-far" announcing to the traveler the entry into the only "wonderland" in the world. Darkness falls, and should there be a moon, the scene in part revives in light, a thousand spectral forms projected from inscrutable gloom, dreams of mountains, as in their sleep they brood on things eternal.

The town of Gilman! Suddenly the emotion aroused by our view of the wonders of nature is arrested by incredulous surprise at the handiwork of man. The shaft houses and abiding places of adventurous miners can be seen from the railroad track two thousand feet below. Admiration and awe may well take possession of the mind in viewing the grandeur and beauty of nature in Tennessee Pass. Long may we loiter powerless to shake loose from the charm, breathlessly intent upon the beauty of the landscape.

The cañons sink into mysterious purple shadows, until the sun is sunk low in the west; the farther peaks are tipped with a golden ray, and above the horizon is reflected a light, softly brilliant and of indescribable beauty,—a light that surely never was on land and sea.

Then historical Leadville,—known to fame in 1859 as "California Gulch."

From 1859 to 1864, \$5,000,000 in gold dust were washed from the grounds of this gulch! The camp was afterwards nearly abandoned, and it was not until 1878 that the carbonate beds of silver were discovered. Immediately after this discovery a great rush ensued to the carbonate camp, which was named Leadville, and the population rose from a nominal number to 30,000. It is the greatest and most unique carbonate mining camp in the world.

Salida the beautiful! Salida the picturesque! On through the grand and unrivaled beauties of Royal Gorge to Cañon City. Florence is the junction point to the far-famed Cripple Creek mining district. Pueblo is the center of the Rio Grande system; it is situated in a basin surrounded on three sides by mountain ranges. It is a delightful place.

Pike's Peak, snow-capped, towering above its brothers, and lifting its mist-shrouded summit far into the Heavens,—sentinel of the centuries, keeping watch and ward for hundreds of miles over the plains to the east, casting its shadow far in the direction of Denver, "Queen City of the Plains," one of the portals through which all the grandest wonders of nature ever sung by poet or apostrophized by author may be reached.

The Denver and Rio Grande Railroad offers to the traveler "all the comforts of home," the most complete passenger equipments in the West, and the unequalled advantages of a trip of a thousand miles through the glorious grandeur of the Rocky Mountains.

The Denver and Rio Grande is, "par excellence," the "Scenic Line of the World."



# The Only Transcontinental Line

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## SALT LAKE CITY

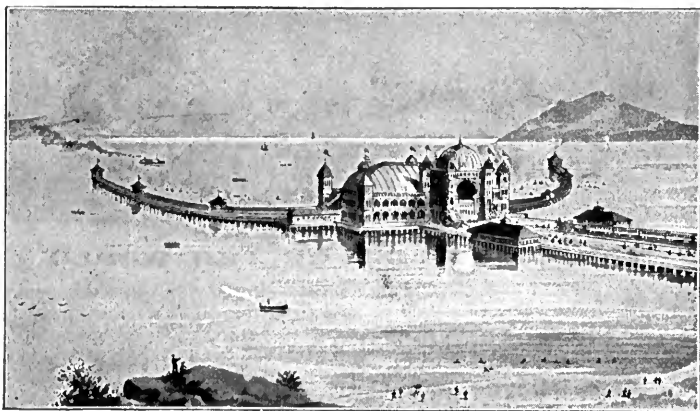
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All . . .  
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Offers choice of three distinct routes and the most magnificent scenery on the continent. Equipment unsurpassed in the West



### TWO THROUGH TRAINS DAILY ACROSS THE CONTINENT

**Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars**

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Through to Chicago and Boston without change

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# A LIVING VOLCANO

The Wilder's Steamship Company have perfected arrangements by which the Volcano can be reached with trifling inconvenience.



## THE SCENIC LINE OF THE WORLD

Fine iron steamboats fitted with electric lights and bells, convey the passengers from Honolulu to Hilo. A greater part of the voyage is made in smooth water. The steamers pass close to the coast so that the shore can be readily seen. Natives engaged in their simple occupations, planters raising sugar-cane, and cattle men in the midst of their herds give life to an ever varying scene. The scenery is the finest in the world. Leaving Honolulu the rugged coast of Oahu and Molokai is passed, thence the beautiful and fertile island of Maui. After crossing the Hawaii Channel a continuous view of sixty miles of the coast can be had. First high cliffs, against which the ever restless waves dash. Just above, the black rocks and further up, the cliffs are decorated with a most magnificent tropical growth. Every few hundred feet cataracts and waterfalls lend an ever changing beauty to the scene. From the brow of these cliffs fields of sugar-cane stretch back for miles; beyond, the heavy dark green of the coffee plantations and the tropical forest form a sharp contrast to the lighter shade of the fields of cane.

The sea voyage terminates at Hilo Bay, pronounced by all who have seen it, by far more beautiful than any of the far famed ports of the Mediterranean.

The sailing time of the steamers has been changed and the speed increased so that only one night is spent on the water. Tourists are conveyed from Hilo to the Volcano over a fine macadamised road wending its way through a dense tropical forest of great trees and huge ferns, beautiful climbing and flowering vines.

The Volcano House is modern in all its appointments. The table is supplied, not only with all that the market affords, but also with game, fruit and berries from the surrounding country.

Steam sulphur baths have been entirely renewed and refitted. Wonderful cures from consumption, rheumatism, gout, paralysis, scrofula and other blood ailments have been effected. Those suffering from nervous prostration regain complete health in a few weeks, the pure air of the mountains and the steam sulphur baths being the necessary remedies. Beautiful walks in all directions give ample employment for those to whom brain work is prohibited.

Parties contemplating a long stay can arrange to visit the Puna Hot Springs. Elderly people find these springs particularly efficacious in building up and toning the system. The sea bathing is one of the great attractions. Accommodations are good and prices moderate.

The Puna District contains the finest coffee lands in Hawaii. Coffee plantations located there are paying from forty per cent. to seventy per cent. on the capital invested.

For further particulars inquire of **Wilder's Steamship Company (Limited) Honolulu.**



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## WITHOUT CHANGE OF CARS

Drawing Room Sleeping Cars

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## SANTA FE ROUTE

when you go **EAST**. This popular line now in the lead. Operating **ten thousand miles of track** in ten different States and Territories, with equipment of the latest design. **Running daily and leaving San Francisco at 5 P. M.**—both Pullman Palace and Pullman Tourist Sleepers, newly upholstered

and up to date in every respect.

Weekly excursions leave every Wednesday for Boston, personally accompanied by polite attendant through to destination.

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JAPAN AND CHINA

Occidental and Oriental Steamship Co.

SAN FRANCISCO, HONOLULU, YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG

Connections at Yokohama for all ports in Japan, North China and Corea; at Hongkong for East Indian, Australian and European ports.

Four First-Class Steamers—Superior Table.

In winter the O. & O. Line steamers take the southern track, thereby avoiding the cold winds and rough weather of the northern route.

Steamers Leave San Francisco at 3 P. M.

Gaëlle (via Honolulu).....Thursday, July 2, 1896	Coptic (via Honolulu)..Wednesday, Aug. 26, 1896
Doric.....Tuesday, July 21, 1896	Gaëlle.....Saturday, September 12, 1896
Belgic (via Honolulu).....Saturday, August 8, 1896	Doric (via Honolulu).....Wednesday, Sept. 30, 1896

Principal Agencies in the United States: Baltimore, 207 East German Street; Boston, 292 Washington and 9 State Streets; Chicago, 191 and 238 So. Clark Street; Cincinnati, Carew (Union Pacific Co.) and Chamber of Commerce Buildings (So. Pacific Co.); New York City, 287 and 349 Broadway; Philadelphia, 40 So. Third and 20 So. Broad Streets; St. Louis, 213 and 220 No. Fourth Street. Also at offices of Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, Henry Gaze & Sons, and Raymond & Whitcomb, Tourist Agents.

Head Office: 421 Market Street, San Francisco. Cal.

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225 Rooms, Single or En Suite  
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American Plan. Rates, \$2.00 to \$2.50 per day. Parlors and rooms with bath extra.

Coach and Carriage at depot on arrival of all trains

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SHORT SEA TRIP

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For All Points North and East.

No Traveler Should miss a ride on the beautiful  
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ALL THE NOVELTIES .. ..

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GEO. W. SHREVE,

739 Market Street, San Francisco  
Opposite Examiner Office.

## Half Rates to Washington, D. C.

Via the Baltimore & Ohio R. R.

On July 4, 5, 6 and 7 the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad will sell excursion tickets to Washington, D. C., at a rate of one fare for the round trip, account of Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor Convention.

Tickets will be good to return until July 15, but are subject to an extension until July 31, provided they are deposited with the Joint Agent at Washington, D. C., prior to 6 o'clock P. M., July 14.

For further information call on or address L. S. Allen, Ass't Gen'l Pass'r Agent, Chicago, Ill.

## Low Excursion Rates to Buffalo, N. Y.

Via the Baltimore & Ohio R. R.


On July 5 and 6 the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad will sell excursion tickets to Buffalo, N. Y., at the rate of one fare for the round trip, plus \$2.00 for membership fee, account of National Educational Association Meeting. Tickets will be good for return until July 12, inclusive, but are subject to an extension until September 1, if deposited with the Joint Agent of Buffalo Terminal Lines at Buffalo on or before July 10, 1896.

For further information call on or address L. S. Allen, Ass't Gen'l Pass'r Agent, Chicago, Ill.

## Northern Pacific Steamship Co.

# THE JAPAN AND CHINA

### LINE FROM TACOMA

Operated in connection with the 

## Northern Pacific Railroad

The Steamers will sail from TACOMA, WASH., for YOKOHAMA and KOBE, JAPAN; HONGKONG, CHINA, and intermediate ports, about as follows:

Steamer	Leave Tacoma	Arrive Yokohama	Arrive Hongkong
"BRAEMER,"	July 10, 1896	July 26, 1896	Aug. 4, 1896
"TACOMA,"	July 28, 1896	Aug. 13, 1896	Aug. 22, 1896
"VICTORIA,"	Aug. 15, 1896	Aug. 31, 1896	Sept. 9, 1896
"OLYMPIA,"	Sept. 2, 1896	Sept. 18, 1896	Sept. 27, 1896

The Steamers on the return trip arrive at Tacoma, Wash., about July 1, 19, August 6, 24, September 11 and 29, 1896

For cabin plans, accommodations, later sailing dates, etc., apply to any of the general agents, or district passenger agents of the Northern Pacific R. R.

Connections and through tickets to all local points in Japan and China

Rates via this line are lower than via any other route, and the service, accommodations, and table are unsurpassed.

### DODWELL, CARLILL & CO., General Agents

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**Eight Years Ago**

Mr. Trevillyan, of Minneapolis, took our Treatment for

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and was cured to stay cured. Seven seasons have passed and he now writes us:

**RELIEF**

from the Itching,  
Burning, Sneezing,  
Running of Nose,  
Inflammation of Eyes,  
Wheezing and  
Struggling for Breath,  
and a final cure which  
will stay.

Changes of Climate unnecessary

24 FIFTH STREET, N. E.  
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., Jan. 3, 1896.  
P. HAROLD HAYES, M. D.:

Dear Doctor—Your letter of the 30th at hand. I cheerfully give you permission to publish the testimonial. Also that I have not had one attack of Hay-Fever or Bronchitis since I used your medicines in 1888. I am positive that I am cured of both the above wretched diseases. Wishing you a Happy New Year, I remain.

Yours respectfully,  
J. L. TREVILLYAN.

- 8 Years Cured:  
W. L. WEDGER, Roslindale, Boston, Mass.
- 7 Years Cured:  
J. L. TREVILLYAN, 24 5th St., N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.
- 8 Years Cured:  
MRS. A. P. FOSTER, Chelsea, Mass.
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**We Offer A CURE THAT STAYS**

Our constitutional treatment not only gives relief, but eradicates the cause of the disease and cures to stay cured. **OUR NEW BOOK—Thesis for, 1896—with 2000 other references whom you can consult, now ready.** Sent on application with blank for free examination. **GET IT.** Read it. Think it over. Talk with these people or write them. Get ready to meet the season's attack, and do it now. Address

**DR. HAYES, Buffalo, N. Y.**

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**TOILET POWDER**



Approved by highest medical authorities as a perfect Sanatory Toilet Preparation for infants and adults. Positively relieves Prickly Heat, Nettle Rash, Chafed Skin, Sunburn, etc. Removes blotches, Pimples and Tan, makes the skin smooth and healthy. Delightful after shaving. Decorated Tin Box, Sprinkler Top. Sold by Druggists or mailed for 25 cents. (Name this paper.) Sample by mail.

**FREE**

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**300,000** Ladies are now using

The Rushforth Hair Curling Pins. Will Curl, Crimp or Frizz the hair almost instantly without heat or moisture, whether long or short. Small compact and easily carried in the pocket, ready for use at any time or place. Sample set of 6 pins and agent's terms sent prepaid for 15c. Six sets for 75c.

Agent's outfit of 1 doz. sets by mail prepaid for \$1.25  
Address A. F. BEESE, Davenport, Iowa.

**STEEDMAN'S SOOTHING POWDERS.**

Steedman's Soothing Powders for fifty years the most popular English remedy for teething babies and feverish children.



HOITT'S SCHOOL, located at Burlingame, San Mateo County, stands in the front ranks among the home schools for boys on this Coast. Ex-State Superintendent Ira G. Hoitt has charge. The school is accredited by the State and Stanford Universities, and there is no school where boys receive more thorough training and careful supervision.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—o—  
WAWONA, MARIPOSA Co., Cal., Apr. 26, 1896.  
OVERLAND MONTHLY PUB. Co.,

GENTS,—

Enclosed find fifty cents for which please mail me two copies of OVERLAND MONTHLY for May, 1896. We find the article of your explorer Solomons on the "Unexplored Regions of the High Sierra" very good and I have promised to mail to some gentlemen in New York City.

If you would like to send an extra copy or two, I will take pleasure in placing same in reading room of the Hotel. This is just the article people have asked for many times, and we are glad now to have it to show to people who visit Big Trees and Yosemite from all parts of the world.

Yours truly,

JOHN S. WASHBURN, P. M.

—o—  
A man committed suicide recently in a Western hotel by turning on the gas. Nothing was found in his pocket but a milliner's bill for his wife's new bonnet. *Echoes* (Elmira, N. Y.)

—o—  
The manufacture and sale of BANK AND OFFICE FURNITURE is made a specialty with the GEO. H. FULLER DESK COMPANY. Having given special attention to that branch of the furniture business for many years the house is more fully and better prepared to supply all the needs of any business office, from the fitting out of the simplest counting room to the most finished and ornate requirement of the modern banking house, and are prepared to do so on more reasonable terms than any other house in the same line of business.

—o—  
In the matter of perfumery the CROWN VIOLET has the lead. It is the most delicate perfume made—is distilled from the natural flowers—is free from chemicals and all injurious substances. It can be obtained from any first-class druggist.

The April number of the OVERLAND is an exceptionally fine one and those who fail to read it will miss a treat. There is but one OVERLAND—there can be but one—its flavor is so distinctly western that nothing else can take its place. Get it. Read it, and then, forward it to some eastern friend who has not the facilities for getting all the good things and see how it will be appreciated. *South Pasadena, Cal.*

—o—  
Office Boy (to editor): There's a female book-agent outside, sir, and a red-eyed man what wants to whip the editor.

Editor: Well, show the man who wants to whip the editor in.

—o—  
Friend. Have you signed the contract?  
Actress. Yes. The manager agrees to allow the expense of two diamond robberies and one divorce. *Echoes*, Elmira, N. Y.

—o—  
The attention of Cyclers is called to the *new things* advertised in this Magazine which are necessary to complete a cycling outfit—for instance, Ball-bearing Shoes, Aladdin Lamps, Safety Locks and Departure Bells and Hartford Single Tube Tires.

—o—  
"Who said so?"  
"He said so!"  
"Well, if he said wot you said he said, you tell him that I said he said wot wuzzen't said at all!"  
*Echoes* (Elmira, N. Y.)

—o—  
THE MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY, has been chosen as the "Official route" of the POPULIST NATIONAL CONVENTION, which meets at St. Louis July 27th.

THE MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY are making special "ROUND TRIP" rates to all the principal Conventions or GATHERINGS OF 1896, which occur during June, July and August. The cars operated on this route are the finest in use, and all the service calculated to ensure comfort, speed and safety to guests. Full information can be obtained by applying by postal card or letter to any representative of the Company.

Probably no one of the great railways traversing the several States of the West and Southwest, offers so many attractions to the tourist and pleasure seeker as the MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY or IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE.

By this line and its connections are reached the world-renowned HOT SPRINGS OF ARKANSAS, the CARLSBAD OF AMERICA, owned by the United States Government and under its direct supervision; as well as most of the Hot Springs and Pleasure Resorts of this region.

For the express use of pleasure seekers the MISSOURI RAILWAY COMPANY has issued a magnificent line of illustrated pamphlets descriptive of the various resorts on and reached via its lines, which are supplied on application to any agent of the Company.

Mrs. Jinks: My dear, I wish you would take me to see Ibsen's new play.

Mr. Jinks (who hates to be bored): My love, if you'll let the play go I'll—I'll accompany you to church next Sunday.

*Echoes* (Elmira, N. Y.)

GOLDEN GATE KINDERGARTEN ASSOCIATION  
AND FREE NORMAL TRAINING SCHOOL  
SAN FRANCISCO, September 23, 1895.

MESSRS. WATSON & Co.,

DEAR SIR:—I do not believe it is possible to over-estimate the value of the Electropoise as a life invigorator. Have tested its merits for several years. Where I have heavy tasks to perform I find it a marvelous helper. It re-enforces blood and brain; and thus makes all work easy of accomplishment. I would not part with it, and I hope it will find its way into every home where there is weakness, weariness and pain.

Most sincerely yours,  
SARAH B. COOPER, President.

The most popular dentrifice known is fragrant SOZODONT. The Manufacturers after years of experiment, have succeeded in producing an article for popular use, which excels in all respects any other preparation for cleansing the teeth and purifying the breath. Sozodont is today the only dentrifice in the market of which you are certain of getting value received for the price.

All the latest designs in Millinery for the season may be found at the establishment of MME. ALMA E. KEITH, 24 Kearny St. and 808 Market St. A large proportion of these goods are recent French and English Importations.

Bound copies of the 27th volume of the OVERLAND MONTHLY are now ready. A file of these books is the best cyclopaedia of Pacific Coast history and resource sextant.

It's all very well to call for NAPA SODA—but do you always get it when you ask for it. Now the genuine article is so well known for its many excellent qualities that people without the fear of—Col. Jackson before their eyes, have been placing a fraudulent and spurious article on the market, closely imitating the genuine in the matter of bottles, cases and name—"the same with intent to deceive." The genuine has the words "JACKSON'S NAPA SODA WATER SPRINGS" blown in the bottles. It would be safer for families to send their orders direct to 619 HOWARD ST., S. F.

This is the season in which the careful man looks sharp after his insurance. He is well aware that danger from fire is many times greater in summer than at any other season.

But after all the main point is to be reasonably sure the company in which you are insured is safe and able to make good the loss by fire in case it should occur, and to do so promptly.

The FIREMAN'S FUND INSURANCE COMPANY, with a capital of one million dollars and assets of three and one half millions is certainly the most likely one to protect you against loss by fire: if you are in doubt you might speak to one of their agents about it.

It is sometimes desirable to employ an expert who understands the technicalities of foreign accounts. Mr. Richard H. Grey of this city has made a specialty of that line of book keeping and refers to several firms, here and in Mexico, as to ability and integrity.

Parties desiring to purchase Pianos or Musical Merchandise of any description, are most respectfully referred to the several well known music houses represented in the advertising pages of this magazine.

The houses named have an established reputation for square and upright dealing as well as for the same style of Pianos.

Speaking of posters, no other magazine has excelled the OVERLAND in the poster or cover design. The OVERLAND is distinctively a Western magazine; and is creditable to the ambition of the editor. It would do credit to the teachers of the State of California to give this magazine a more effective support. Woodland (Cal.) Democrat.

Bound copies of OVERLAND MONTHLY, \$2.25; including one copy of "The Panglima Muda," a novel of Malayan life, by Rounseville Wildman, \$3.00.



THIS

# Scotch Whisky

\* FROM \*

## MACKIE & CO., DISTILLERS GLASGOW, SCOTLAND

No 7265 The Old Blend  
The White Horse Cellar. Whisky  
of the WHITE HORSE  
CELLAR  
FROM THE  
Original  
Recipe  
Edinburgh



ALL that are desirous to pass from  
EDINBURGH to LONDON, or any  
other place on their road, let them  
repair to the "WHITE HORSE CELLAR,"  
in EDINBURGH, at which place they may be  
received in a STAGE COACH every MONDAY  
and FRIDAY, which performs the whole journey  
in eight days (if God permits), and sets forth  
at five in the morning.  
\*Allowing each passenger 14 pounds weight,  
and all above, 6 pence per pound.  
February, 1756

Can be relied upon as the best, oldest and purest  
exported from Scotland.

Bottled in the old country and never shipped in bulk

To be had of all  
Wine Merchants



# Try It



NOTICE  
NAME THUS ON LABEL  
AND GET THE GENUINE  
HARTSHORN

*Stewart Hartshorn*



**PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM**  
Cleanses and beautifies the hair.  
Promotes a luxuriant growth.  
Never Fails to Restore Gray  
Hair to its Youthful Color.  
Cures scalp diseases & hair falling.  
50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists

**HINDER CORNS.**  
The only sure Cure for Corns. Stops all pain. Ensures com-  
fort to the feet. Makes walking easy. 50cts. at Druggists.

## BEST SUITS ON EARTH

MADE TO ORDER

From Imported Stock for \$20 and up-  
wards; from All-Wool Domestics for  
\$15 and upwards; Overcoats \$15 and  
upwards; Pants \$5 and upwards.

IT WILL PAY YOU TO CALL

**J. H. HAWES,**

Formerly in....  
Crocker Building

26 Montgomery Street  
Room 6

"Don't Wear Dirty Shoes."  
**HAUTHAWAY'S**  
Russet and Patent-Leather Polish  
FOR LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S SHOES.



It is the Best.

Absolutely harmless,  
permanent, easily ap-  
plied, and saves shoes  
from cracking. Recom-  
mended by users and  
sold by dealers every-  
where, or by mail for

15 Cents per box.  
**C. L. HAUTHAWAY  
& SONS,**  
346 Congress St.,  
Boston, Mass.

Manufacturers of all kinds of Shoe Polish. Established 1852.

## Bear in Mind

That we can always furnish the best **CUT FLOWERS** in the  
market. Special orders for Weddings and other occasions prompt-  
ly and carefully filled.

**MISSSES LEVEY & COHN**

Telephone, East 702.

1125 Sutter Street, S. F.

When you write, please mention "The Overland Monthly."

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**No. 7265 The Old Blend**  
 The White Horse Cellar. **Whisky**  
 of the **WHITE HORSE**  
**CELLAR**  
 FROM THE  
 Original  
 Recipe  
 Edinburgh



**ALL** that are desirous to pass from EDINBURGH to LONDON, or any other place on their road, let them repair to the "WHITE HORSE CELLAR," in EDINBURGH, at which place they may be received in a STAGE COACH every Monday and Friday, which performs the whole journey in eight days (if God permits), and sets forth at five in the morning.  
 \*Allowing each passenger 14 pounds weight, and all above, 6 pence per pound.  
 February, 1756

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# Scotch Whisky

\* FROM \*

**MACKIE & CO., DISTILLERS**  
**GLASGOW, SCOTLAND**

Can be relied upon as the best, oldest and purest exported from Scotland.

Bottled in the old country and never shipped in bulk

To be had of all Wine Merchants

**Try It**

**HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS**  
 NOTICE  
 NAME THIS LABEL  
 ON AND GET THE GENUINE  
*Stewart Hartshorn*  
**HARTSHORN**

**PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM**  
 Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and \$1.00 at Druggists.



**HINDERCORNS.**  
 The only sure Cure for Corns. Stops all pain. Ensures comfort to the feet. Makes walking easy. 15c. at Druggists.

## BEST SUITS ON EARTH

MADE TO ORDER

From Imported Stock for \$20 and upwards; from All-Wool Domestics for \$15 and upwards; Overcoats \$15 and upwards; Pants \$5 and upwards.

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**J. H. HAWES,**

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Formerly in....  
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**HAUTHAWAY'S**  
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 FOR LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S SHOES.



It is the Best.

Absolutely harmless, permanent, easily applied, and saves shoes from cracking. Recommended by users and sold by dealers everywhere, or by mail for

15 Cents per box.  
**C. L. HAUTHAWAY & SONS,**  
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1125 Sutter Street, S. F.

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**NOW IT ONLY TAKES ONE MAN**

Well dressed and up to date to convince you that H. S. Bridge & Co. are the best Tailors in San Francisco.

**IN OLDEN TIMES**

You will remember that it was said and currently believed to be true that

**IT TOOK NINE TAILORS TO MAKE A MAN**

In matters of dress H. S. Bridge & Co. do not need this amount of assistance, but will make a man of you on short notice without outside help.

**SHIRTS TO ORDER**  
a specialty  
622 Market Street,  
UP STAIRS.

**Brushes**

For Barbers, Bakers, Boot-blacks, Bath-houses, Billiard Tables, Brewers, Bookbinders, Cannors, Candy-makers, Dyers, Flour Mills, Foundries, Laundries, Paper-Hangers, Shoe Factories, Stablemen, Tar-Roofers, Tanners, Tailors, etc. **BUCHANAN BROTHERS** Brush Manufacturers, 609 Sacramento Street.

Printers, Painters, Shoe

**Blair's Pills**  
Great English Remedy for  
**GOUT and RHEUMATISM.**  
SAFE, SURE, EFFECTIVE.  
Druggists, or 224 William St., New York.



**GRAY HAIR RESTORED**

to its natural color by **LEE'S HAIR MEDICANT**, no dye, harmless, pleasant odor; 75c. prepaid. **LEE'S HAIR TONIC** removes dandruff, stops hair from falling out and promotes growth. 75c. prepaid. **LEE MEDICANT CO** 108 Fulton st., N. Y. **FREE** Illustrated Treatise on Hair on application

**ARNICA TOOTH SOAP**  
Delineous-Cleansing-Harmless  
**OTHERS IMITATE!—NONE EQUAL!**  
25c. All druggists or by mail. **C. H. STRONG & CO., Chicago.**

**DIVIDEND NOTICE.**  
**Savings and Loan Society**  
101 MONTGOMERY ST., Cor. Sutter.

For the half year ending June 30, 1896, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and thirty-two one-hundredths ( $4\frac{32}{100}$ ) per cent per annum on Term Deposits, and three and sixty one-hundredths ( $3\frac{61}{100}$ ) per cent per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1896. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal, from and after July 1, 1896.  
**CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.**

**"BARKER BRAND"**  
**LINEN COLLARS & CUFFS**




**HIGHEST GRADE.**  
**SACH'S BROS. & CO. COAST AGTS.**

**California Enterprise.**

Factory: **Novato, Marin Co. California.**  
Main Office: **No. 330 Pine Street San Francisco.**



Manufacturers of the Finest Quality of  
**Sweetened and Unsweetened Condensed Milk**

**Is this what ails you?**



Have you a feeling of weight in the Stomach — Bloating after eating — Belching of Wind — Vomiting of Food — Waterbrash — Heartburn — Bad Taste in the Mouth in the Morning — Palpitation of the Heart, due to Distension of Stomach — Cankered Mouth — Gas in the Bowels — Loss of Flesh — Pickle Appetite — Depressed, Irritable Condition of the Mind — Dizziness — Headache — Constipation or Diarrhoea? Then you have

**DYSPEPSIA**

in one of its many forms. The one positive cure for this distressing complaint is

**Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets**

by mail, prepaid, on receipt of 25 cents. **CHARLES RAMSEY, Hotel Imperial, New York,** says: "I suffered horribly from dyspepsia, but Acker's Tablets, taken after meals, have cured me."  
**Acker Medicine Co., 16-18 Chambers St., N. Y.**

**THE ART OF BREWING WAS DEVELOPED BY THE GERMANS**

**FATIGUE  
AND  
WEAKNESS**  
yield to the persuasive  
powers of

**Pabst Malt  
Extract**

The "Best" Tonic

and strength comes with the first  
bottle. You can SLEEP soundly  
after taking it, and lift the sys-  
tem into a condition to resist the  
enervating heat of summer.

It gives mental power to those  
who use

**Pabst Malt Extract**  
The "BEST"  
TONIC

**PABST MILWAUKEE**

TRADE MARK

CHIMNER GHI.

**MILWAUKEE BEER IS FAMOUS, PABST HAS MADE IT SO**

# GRAND HOTEL

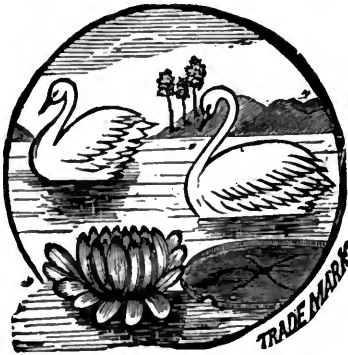
THE BEST HOTEL IN UKIAH CITY, CAL.

→ All Stages Arrive at and Depart from this House ←

FREE 'BUS

BAGGAGE OF GUESTS CONVEYED FREE OF CHARGE TO AND FROM TRAINS

B. S. HIRSCH, PROPRIETOR



## Queen Lily Soap

THE FINEST LAUNDRY SOAP IN THE MARKET. Washes without rubbing, and does not injure the clothes. The Largest Family Washing in the city can be done in three to four hours. A girl of twelve years of age can do a washing with this soap.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY.

MANUFACTURED BY THE

NEW ENGLAND SOAP CO.

Office, 307 Sacramento Street

Factory, 17th and Rhode Island Streets

SAN FRANCISCO CAL.

# SAMUEL BROS. & CO.

132-134 FIRST STREET

SAN FRANCISCO

Fine Old Bourbon Whiskies

CONTROLLERS

Home Comfort      Diamond Bee  
Golden Pheasant Club

OWNERS OF

CARMELITA AND

MT. DIABLO VINEYARDS

# Vichy Springs,

MENDOCINO COUNTY,

THREE MILES FROM UKIAH, TERMINUS OF  
S. F. & N. P. RY.

Situation, location and scenery not surpassed. Only known natural electric water. Warm "champagne" baths.

The only place in the world, of this class of waters, where the bath tubs are supplied by a continuous flow of warm water direct from the springs.

**TERMS: \$12 to \$14 per Week.**

Postoffice and telephone at the Springs.

WM. DOOLAN, Proprietor.

## Louis Roederer Champagne

*Three Kinds, all of Equal Excellence*



BRUT, an Extra Dry Wine  
GRAND VIN SEC, a Dry Wine  
CARTE BLANCHE, a Rich Wine

**THE HIGHEST GRADE**

**IN THE WORLD**

Used by all the leading clubs, hotels and restaurants,  
and may be had of all first-class grocers and wine merchants.

**Macondray Bros. & Lockard** 124 SANSOME ST.  
SOLE AGENTS PACIFIC COAST



**Dave Samson**

**Fine . German . Kitchen**

AT REASONABLE PRICES

**Fine Wines, Liquors & Cigars**

327 and 329

BUSH STREET, NEAR KEARNY

## DURING THE CAMPAIGN

you will want to be reliably informed as to the movements of the parties, and in regard to general happenings in the political field. There is but one paper that gives all sides

## PUBLIC OPINION

It does not consist of one man's opinion, but gives a hearing to the most able advocates on every side of all questions. It is made up of editorial comment from the press of the whole country.

THREE THOUSAND NEWSPAPERS, MAGAZINES, AND REVIEWS ARE READ IN THE PREPARATION OF A SINGLE ISSUE.

At all news stands, 5 cents. \$2.50 per year, \$1.25 for six months, 65c. for three months. Sample copies sent free.

THE PUBLIC OPINION CO., 13 Astor Place, New York City.

### HOTEL FAIRMOUNT

BEN F. TRUE, Proprietor

Junction Market, Fell, and Polk Sts. San Francisco, Cal.

First-Class Family  
and Commercial  
Hotel



Newly Furnished with  
all Modern Im-  
provements



Elevator, Electric Bells,  
Fire Alarms, Etc.

Terms \$1.50 per day and upwards. Special rates by the month or week. Telephone, South 677.

REMOVED

"DOMESTIC"  
THE LIGHT RUNNING

Sewing Machines and Paper Patterns

FROM POST STREET

TO

1021 MARKET STREET

Between 6th and 7th Streets.

Lurline Salt Water Baths

CORNER LARKIN AND BUSH STREETS  
SAN FRANCISCO

THE GREAT PLUNGE

... Emptied Every Night ...

Private Tub Baths

Russian Steam Bath

## A CURE FOR Crippled Children and Chronic Diseases THE NATIONAL SURGICAL INSTITUTE

819 Bush Street, San Francisco

Successfully treats

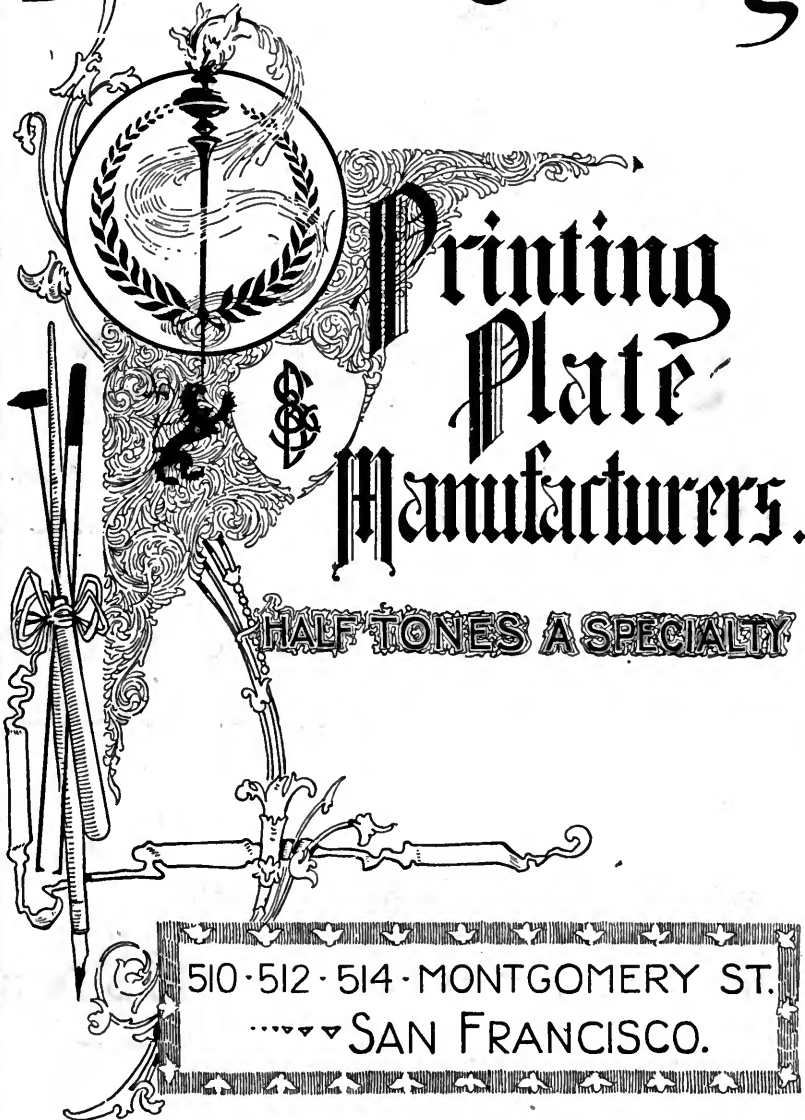
Cases of Deformities and all Chronic Diseases of the Spine, Hip and Knee Joints.  
Paralysis, Club Feet, Piles, Fistula and Nasal Catarrh

*This Institute established as a Branch of National Surgical Institute of Indianapolis, 25 years ago, has been in successful operation ever since. References given on application in all parts of the country.*

When you write, please mention "The Overland Monthly."



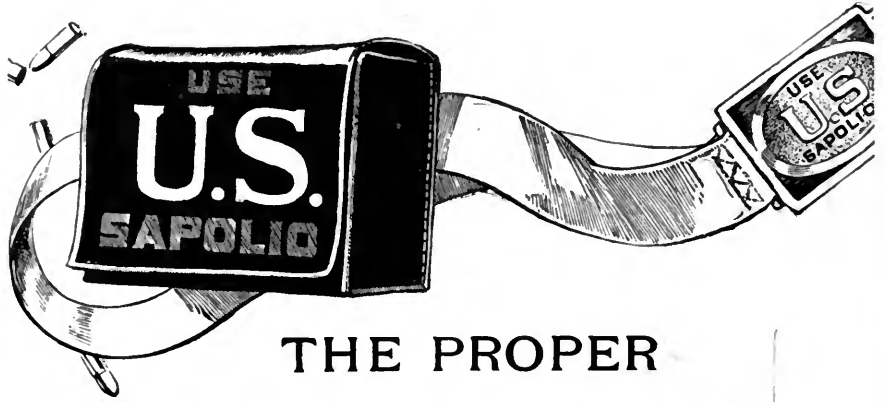
# Bolton & Strong



## Printing Plate Manufacturers.

HALF-TONES A SPECIALTY

510 · 512 · 514 · MONTGOMERY ST.  
..... SAN FRANCISCO.



THE PROPER  
AMMUNITION

with which to resist dirt, is

**SAPOLIO**

**DIVIDEND NOTICE**

**The German Savings and Loan Society**  
526 CALIFORNIA STREET

FOR THE HALF YEAR ENDING June 30, 1896, a Dividend has been declared at the rate of four and twenty-sixth-hundredths ( $4\frac{2}{6}\%$ ) per cent per annum on Term Deposits, and three and fifty-five-hundredths ( $3\frac{5}{100}\%$ ) per cent per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1896.

GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary.

**FLAT OPENING**

Blank Books Made to Order

EXPRESSLY FOR USE IN

\* **BANKS** \*

**PHILLIPS BROTHERS**

505 CLAY STREET

TELEPHONE 164

SAN FRANCISCO

**Durkee's**  
**Salad Dressing**  
**Challenge Sauce**  
**Celery Salt**

**E. R. DURKEE & CO.**

Condiments of Every Description.

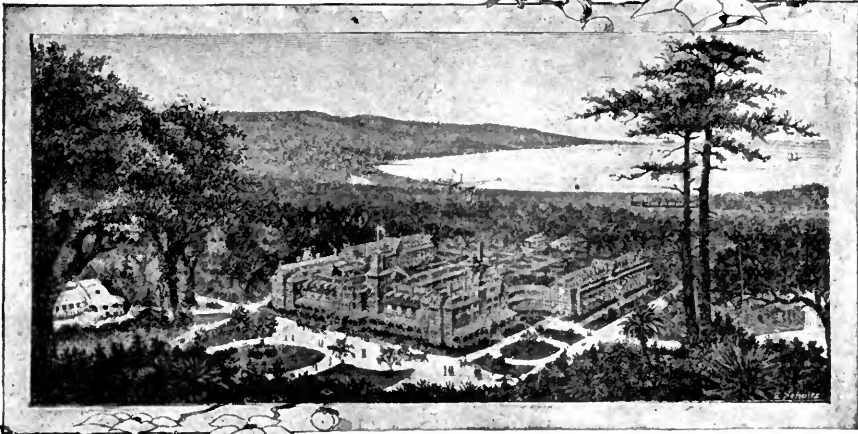
Guaranteed



Pure.

Spices, Mustard, Extracts, Salad Dressing, Sauces, Herbs, Celery Salt, Oils and Essences. Each and every article of the choicest kind, full weight and of full strength and flavor. **Gold Medals and Diplomas** awarded at Columbian Exposition to each article exhibited for **Superiority to all others.** These articles cannot be excelled, and we challenge comparison with any goods sold.

**E. R. DURKEE & CO., NEW YORK.**



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF HOTEL DEL MONTE.

## TWO FAMOUS RESORTS.

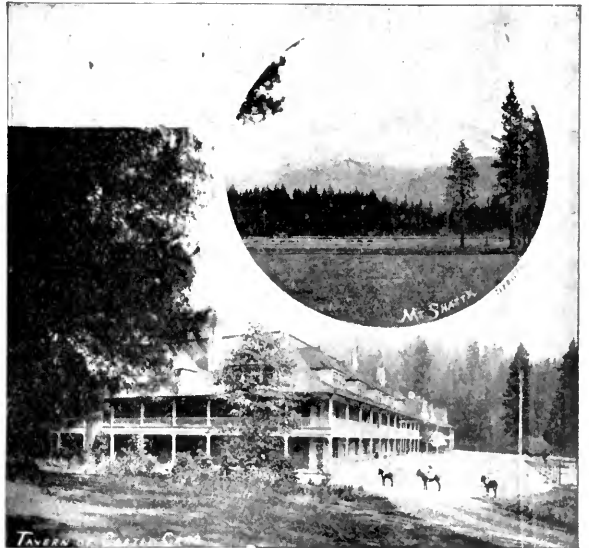
DEL MONTE BY THE SEA—CASTLE CRAGS IN THE MOUNTAINS.

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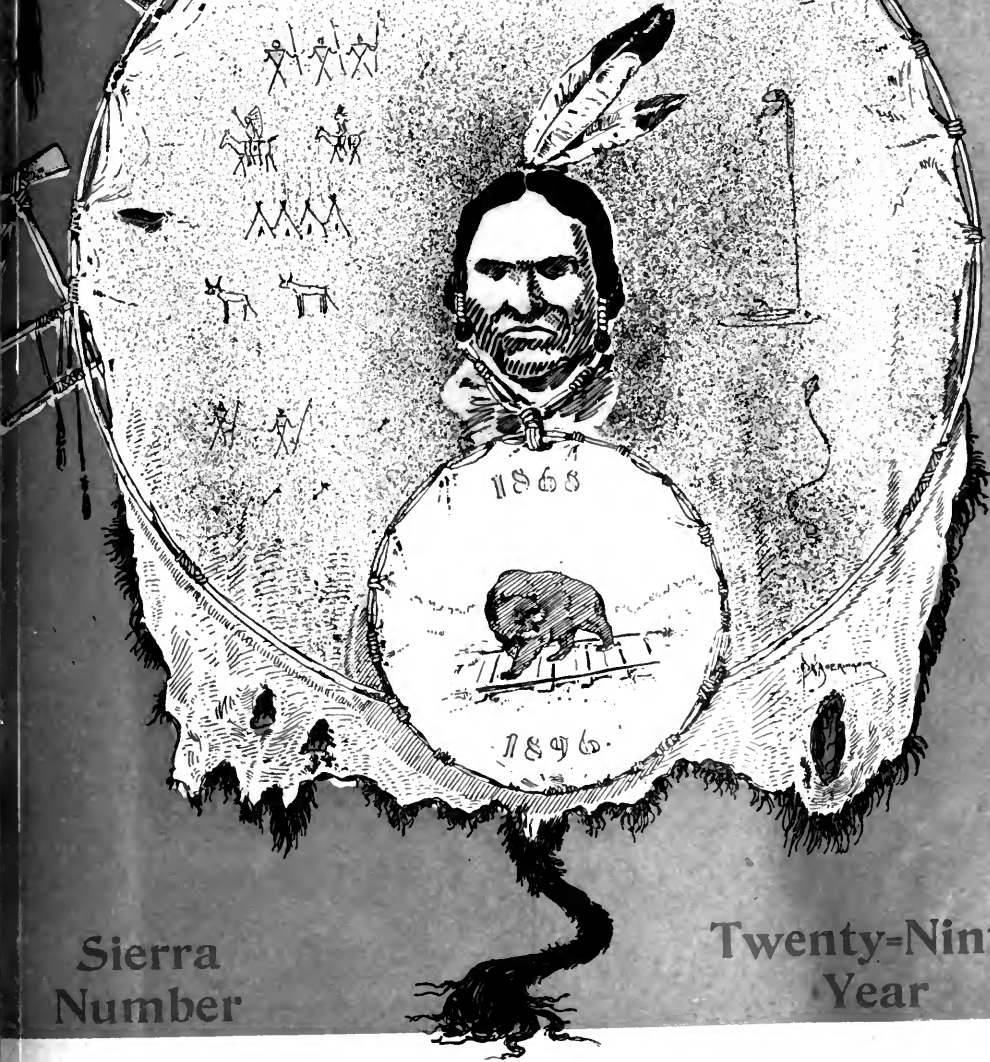
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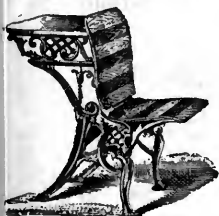
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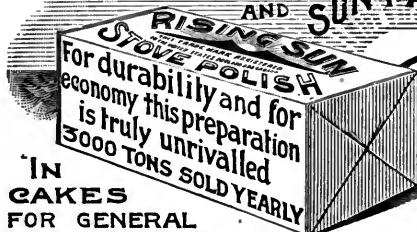
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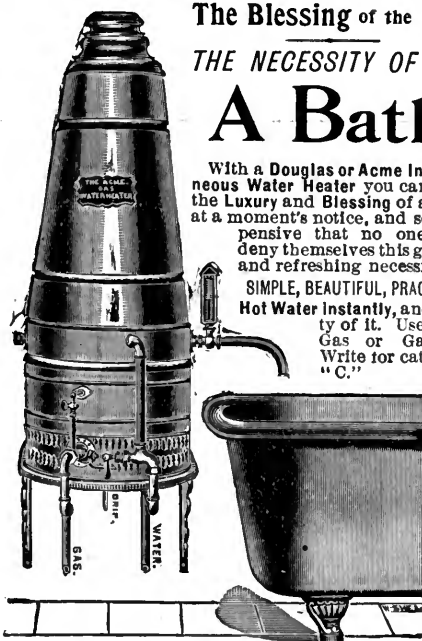
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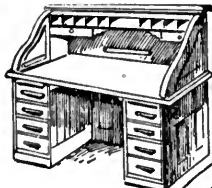
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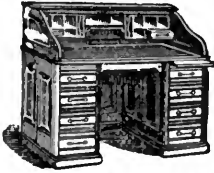
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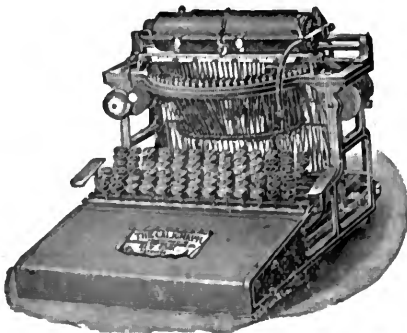
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P. S.—Miss Hamlin and Mrs. Poulson also take pleasure in announcing that Miss Mary Lake, late Principal of Miss Lake's School, corner Sutter and Octavia Streets, San Francisco, has accepted an important position as teacher in Miss Hamlin's School and Van Ness Seminary, 1849 Jackson Street, San Francisco.

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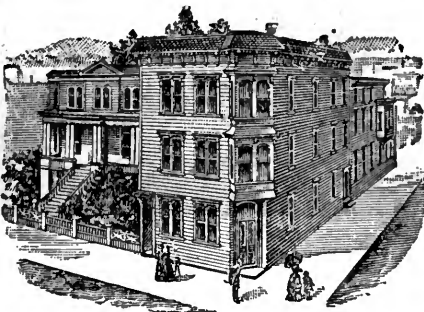
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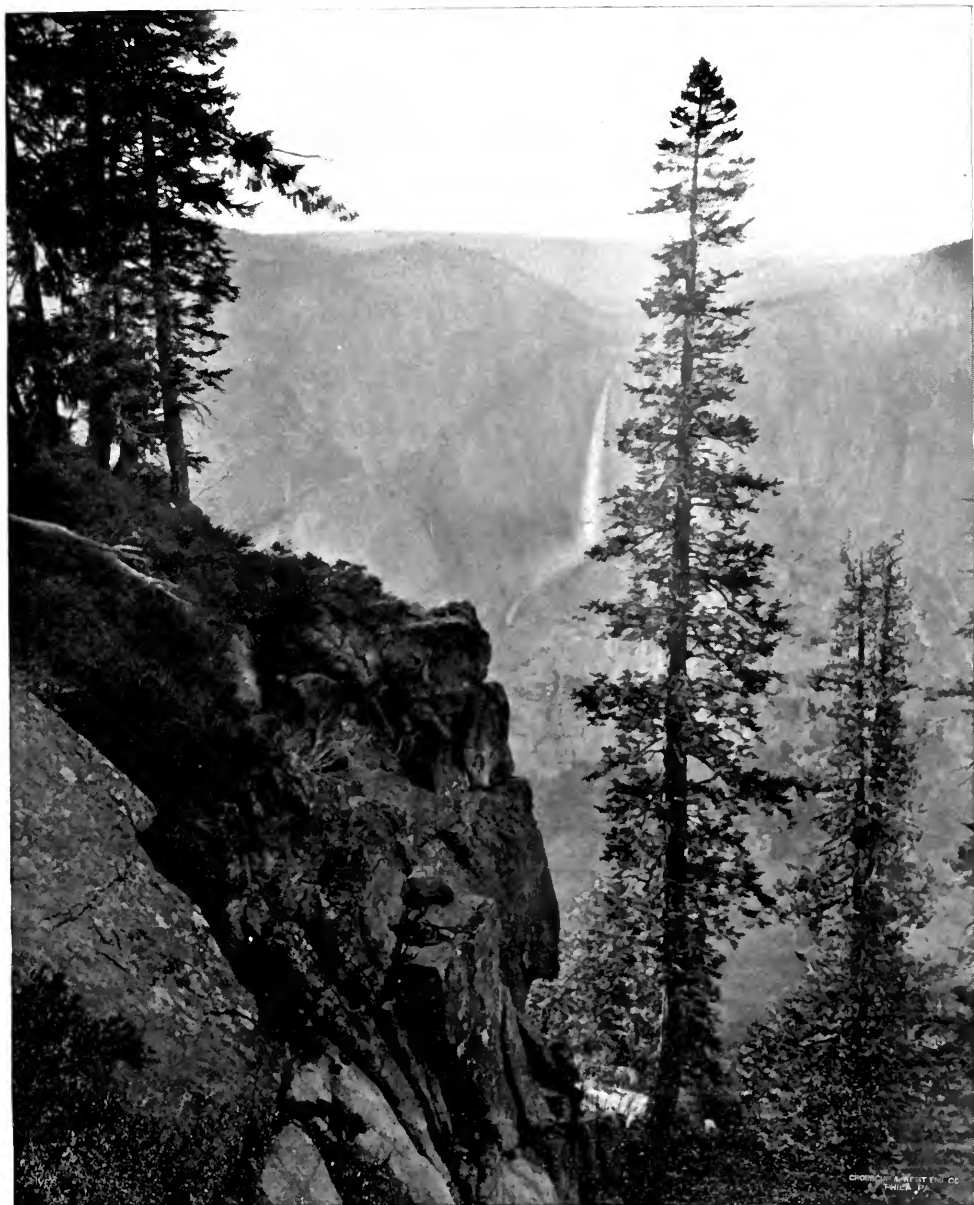
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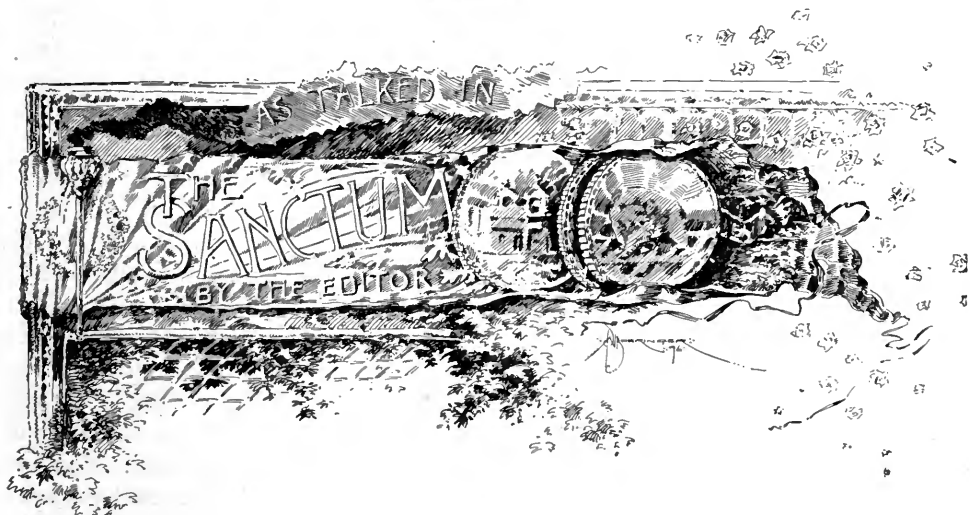
Mirror Lake, Yosemite.

From "Well Worn Trails."



# Overland Monthly

VOL. XXVIII. (Second Series.)—August, 1896.—No. 164.



THE "Whitesville News" came in the exchanges the other day. The Office Boy brought it into the Sanctum. There was a smile on his face because of an item that he had maliciously marked. "Hopewell Hazelton has reshingled his house on — Avenue." I smiled back not as he supposed because of the glory of having one of the rambling, dusty, heavily shaded old streets in the picturesque little New York hamlet named after one of my very worthy ancestors,— by no means. The paper itself surprised me. Whitesville with a veritable, live newspaper. Whitesville, which for a hundred years more or less, at least since the memory of the oldest inhabitant, had wished for nothing better than the village gossip and possibly the N. Y. "Tribune." I could not believe the startling news, that "Hopewell Hazelton was reshingling his house," would remain a profound secret until the day of publication of the "News" made it known to the world. If so, where were Aunt Matilda and Kindly Light Simpkins? Certainly they had not given up their daily mission in the face of any such weekly and weakly opposition as a "patent-outside" journal. I read on. One familiar name after another brought back memories that seem as distant as Mars. Yet they are memories that cannot fade. Childhood's memories never do. Commencement week of the "Whitesville Union School" was one. How modern it all seemed. How out of place amid these memories.

A generation has passed since the old district school house was torn down. Not so very long a time, counting by years, but a period coeval with the landing of Commodore Perry in Japan and the present day when statesmen and thinkers are seriously considering the danger of Japanese commercial competition — a long, long time in the history of a village or a nation after it has been struck by the boom,— progress

— by the turmoil of this decade. The dismantlement of the district school was the initial step in the innovation of the great, throbbing outside world. Since then the stage coach, the pump-logs, the red gabled roofed farm-houses, the sewing-circle, the “bee,” the “raisin’,” the beds of “everlastin’, holly-hocks,” and “pinys” have gone as utterly as though they never existed and over the warm, fat little foothills of the Alleghanies has come the fashion plate and its attendant evils. Such are the facts and yet I do not try to realize them. My memories still cling tenderly to the Whitesville of my boyhood; to the old district school house nestling lovingly under the rocky ledge on the outskirts of the village. No vestige of it remains. Its very site is unknown to the generations that take part in the commencement exercises at the “Union School.”

ONE bright May morning I made my advent into the district school. I was too young and too timid to contend with my betters for choice of benches. I dropped noiselessly down on the front row among the “one syllable class.” The plain pine bench was illustrated with rude drawings and the deep cut initials of my predecessors.

Promptly at nine o’clock the new Master took his place on the platform between the “boy’s” and “girl’s door,” nervously sustaining a battery of bright eyes and eager faces. Our names, homely Christian names, not a Gladys or Algernon among us, were taken, little disputes as to the coveted back seats settled, a short, kindly speech and the simple machinery of the district school was in motion. Soon the classes were droning out the lessons that their fathers and mothers had learned at the same benches.

The “big boys” on the back seats were “fearsome big,” the big girls made me speechless, the boys in my row became the closest of chums and the little girls will never be “big girls” as long as my memory lasts. There was one pink face under a pink sunbonnet that commanded my devout admiration.

With unerring feminine instincts Elsie knew I loved her and would welcome me with a shy little smile when I chose her in:

“The needle’s eye that doth supply,  
The thread that runs so tru-ly,  
Many a lass here I past  
Because I wanted you-ly.”

And when all the rest would romp and sing,

“For you look so neat, and you kiss so sweet,  
We do intend before we end  
To see this couple meet.”

My youthful cup was full to overflowing. Across a lawnlike pasture I would tramp every morning, through an orchard, whose gnarled trunks held in their hearts a grey squirrel’s family and a horde of acorns, on whose dead tops a woodpecker kept up his laborious clip-clap and among whose mossy roots a woodchuck found a home. Their bark was rubbed clean and blotches of red and grey hair told how the cows had spent the long summer days.

The path led along a rambling fence whose many corners were filled with briars, sweet clover, bull thistles, and a colony of milk weed that sent up on every warm breeze cumulus clouds of silken feathers. At a watering-trough half hidden by elders and sweet flag I would wait for Elsie.

Shortly before they tore down the old school house I went back to look at it. On the farther side high up on a clapboard I found Elsie’s initials, with mine directly beneath.

Bedimmed by time and weather  
Still unmutilated and together.

Elsie's initials have changed since then and she never knew that they had been joined to mine, even by a deep cut circle.

Inside the old school house how familiar everything was: the cavernous chunk stove, in the summer the depository for forbidden gum, paper-wads and birch bark, in the winter a roaring crater that roasted our young faces while shivers were creeping up our backs; boy and girl in gingham jumpers or Kentuck-round-a-bout busy with lessons or devices, passing notes, throwing peas or paper wads; then everything quiet as the master turns from the greasy blackboards where he has been elucidating some problem in longitude and time.

Up goes the hand Bennie; he and Jack want to go after water.

They take the old patent pail and go out casting looks of triumph right and left.

It is but a step to Beebe's watering trough, but they manage to miss a class and the master raps repeatedly on the window-casing with his ferrule.

"Teacher, please can I pass the water," comes in a dozen eager trebbles. The rusty tin dipper goes from mouth to mouth while smothered screams and muttered warnings announce that more of the cold spring water has gone on the floor than down the thirsty throats. With the water that is left Eddie sprinkles the floor.

THE old master is dead. He and the district school passed away together.

Never will this generation know of the delights of standing on tip-toes for five minutes, of stooping over and holding a nail down with one finger, of curling up under his desk or of being made to "sit with the girls." The old punishments are gone and the master is dead. He worked out life's problems, and "went to the head."

"I love, thou lovest, he loves," he knew in all its sweet hopelessness. He died a bachelor, but that love softened his life and cast about him the tender tints of an evening sky. The children felt it all without understanding and for a little space brought flowers for his grave.

THE recess—a chain of sunny memories with their almost forgotten games and manly sport. We did not know that we were building up constitutions that would last us through life as we went swaying and circling around a stick, screaming "pisin." Neither did we care. To have said "poison" would have taken all the snap out of the game. Each strove with all his young might and main to shun the "pisin" stick. An Indian war-dance was tame in comparison—such yelling and screaming, our blood all aglow, our pulses beating like hammers, our brains quickened. Then there was "Bull-in-the-ring," "Sheep Fold," "Snap-the-Whip," and "Pom-pom-pull-away," games that made the muscles stand out like whip-cords, games that the mothers of today would condemn as dangerous to their petted darlings.

The great black holes are just the same in the creek that twists and frets beneath the cliffs. The beach and the willow hung over them so that only a fugitive dash of light flecks the water. Snarled, brok-n roots ran down into the darksome holes and battled with our hooks for the shiner and the roach.

How mysterious were the holes once—how small they seem now.

There were sunny swimming places a little farther up with soft clayey banks and pebbled bottoms and there was a dam—Deak's dam. A ditch ran away from it to a woolen mill, such a mill as you see in old English prints. It all came in an instant. There was a crash and the air was full of timbers. The beach and the willow were torn from their sheltering cove and the water—one great pulsating, living, seething mass rushed down the little canon. It came from the mills above and Elsie was playing beneath the old dam, dipping her pink toes in the limpid pools. In an instant it came and in an instant it was gone, racing, crashing, down toward the Cryder. In that instant Jack had sprung into the flood and had Elsie in his arms. There was a look on his fresh young face that never left it. As we gathered around his coffin we knew it—it was the mark of the hero. Elsie he threw out of the reach of the flood.

The new "Union School" may have its comedies and its tragedies, the new water-works, the new railroad, the new flowers, may all be a sign of the times, but Whitesville can never change in the hearts and memories of those of the forgotten district school.

THE Contributor. "All very pretty, but I am inclined to maintain that we of the District School obtained as much practical book learning as the so called more fortunate generation.

The new Public School with its grades, examinations, new fangled maps and patent apparatus may be able to force into the young at shorter notice a larger smattering of a little of everything but I refuse to believe that any system can more effectually hammer "the three r's" into the young idea than the much laughed at "deestric schule."

The Reader. "The Contributor's conception of a liberal education seems to be a mastery of the rule of three."

The Contributor. "The Editor has pictured what he and I were doing when we were twelve years old. The Professor has just brought in two examination papers prayerfully prepared for the twelve year old of this state, city and generation. Listen while I read and if anyone, save of course the Professor, cares to answer the questions off hand, feel free to interrupt.

#### LITERATURE.

1. Give the chief facts of Shakespeare's life. In what period of English Literature did he live? Name two other great writers of that period, one of them being the greatest poet (not dramatist) of his time. Give his famous work.
2. What thoughts are expressed in the following:
  - (a) "The evil that men do lives after them  
The good is often interred in their bones."
  - (b) "He doth bestride the narrow world  
I like a Colossus, and we petty men,  
Walk under his huge legs and peep about,  
To find ourselves dishonorable graves."
3. Compare "Evangeline" with "Lady of the Lake," noting the following: — the plot, the development of character, and scenery.
4. Name three American poets, two English poets, three famous English novelists, and two noted American Historians of the 16th century.
5. Who wrote "Alhambra," "Deserted Village," "Sir Roger de Coverly," "Newcomes," "Twice Told Tales."
6. Give a quotation of not less than five lines, naming author and work. Name three figures of speech contained in this quotation.
7. Paraphrase the quotation No. 6. (Above)
8. When did Gray live? What is his famous writing.
9. Give the substance briefly of the quarrel scene between Cassius and Brutus. Compare Brutus' and Cassius' attitude toward the plot against Caesar.
10. Write a character sketch of two hundred words, of one of the following, naming work from which taken: Portia, Priscilla, Rip Van Winkle, Little Nell.

#### HISTORY AND CIVICS.

1. (a) Tell the movements, consecutively, of Washington's Army, naming its battles, its reverses and its victories.
- (b) Name five military references in the Constitution of the United States and of California.
2. Trace slavery, briefly, from its inception to its termination in the United States along the lines,—its origin, reason for its decline in the North and survival in the South, effect upon it by the cotton gin, the four great congressional acts, a supreme court decision, a proclamation, and the constitutional amendments.
3. (a) Trace the territorial growth of the U. S., mentioning in whose administration the territory was acquired, its extent, how and from whom acquired.
- (b) State how a state and a territory are organized, and how a state can lapse from the Union.
4. Trace the history of the Whig and the Free Soil parties, telling in what administration and by whom founded, their various presidential nominees and issues, their dissolution.
5. State the current historical and civic facts on Cuba, Nicaragua, Venezuela, Hawaii, Transvaal, showing the relations of United States to them in congressional and presidential action.


Reading came to a triumphant close. There were no interruptions save the — Office Boy. "Proof."



RECEPTION DAY IN A SHEEP CAMP IN THE BASAW MEADOWS.

## UNEXPLORED REGIONS OF THE HIGH SIERRA.

### III.—LAKES, FALLS AND MEADOWS.



**I**N THE two preceding articles on the sources of the San Joaquin and King's Rivers, I have sketched the general topography of the unexplored Sierra, with special reference to its higher parts, the Californian Alps. In future chapters I shall offer some description of the more striking peaks and gorges of this alpine region, and in others on the cañon belt several new Yosemitees will be presented. In the present article, we shall take a glimpse of the High Sierra scenery in its less severe and more beautiful aspects, or those which appeal more directly to the artistic sense of the traveler and seduce him to an indolent repose. From the highest crests of rock and snow to the lower

margin of the forest belt, a zone 50 miles wide, there are profusely scattered over the surface of the Sierra, meadows, lakes and waterfalls.

These are the gems that sparkle on the breast of the mountain; the meadows emeralds, the lakes sapphires, the waterfalls diamonds. Every wrinkle of its ancient bosom is adorned by one or all of these jewels. The cataracts gleam in the precipitous gorges, in hollows in the groves the lakes are nestled, and lakes and meadows occupy the glacial basins at the sources of all the streams.

With the exception of Lake Tahoe, and possibly of Lake Eleanor, in Tuolumne county, we have no lakes filling the bottoms of extensive valleys, such as are found in the Swiss Alps. But in number and in grandeur of setting the lakes of the Sierra are not excelled by those of

Switzerland. From twenty to thirty alpine lakelets can be counted from every prominent peak, and many are always hidden from view. Their origin, their form and the landscapes they serve to embellish are sufficiently diverse to invest them with a never-ending charm. And so it is with the meadows. All the level lawns are of origin similar to the lakes. In fact they are the lakes, filled in by the slow process of sedimentation. Before the blight of the sheep, the meadows of the Sierra were ideally beautiful. Those extensive grassy slopes, the "Alpen" of Switzerland cannot compare with these meadow-gardens of California. In the Sierra there is no true alpen, though the flanks of many of the higher peaks are covered with a

grass sod called "short-hair," which gives them much the same appearance. The meadows of the High Sierra, hedged about by soldierly ranks of silver fir and tamarack, level, or gently inclined in the direction of their drainage; then deep beds of green plush, gilded with yellow iredias, clouded with blue gentians; and gaudy with many-colored orthocarpus, are possessed of a beauty so delicate, so ethereal, that it seems a desecration to tread upon them. One would not be surprised to see them fade away like a mirage or as the fabric of enchantment, as they are approached from the groves that embrace them.

Except, however, for a few smaller ones which have escaped the thrifty eye of the shepherders, they can be seen at



THOUSAND ISLAND LAKE LOOKING TOWARD THE RITTER GROUP. ALTITUDE 11,300 FEET.



LOOKING NORTHEAST FROM LAKE TENAYA.  
ALTITUDE 7,800 FEET.

their best only in the Yosemite National Park where, thanks to Uncle Sam, a four year's immunity from pasturage has served to restore them very nearly to their pristine loveliness. Mr. Muir has described these meadows as no one else has done — as no one else could do, it would almost seem — in an article published about fourteen years ago in *Scribner's*.

For the sake of saying a word about Lake Tenaya and the Tuolumne meadows, I shall begin a little to the north of the jurisdiction, so to say, of these articles, for that most beautiful of all Sierra lakes — to respect the judgment of most travelers — and that spacious pleasure park are not strictly within the limits of the unexplored Sierra. Indeed, as early as the fifties the Mono trail over the pass of that name and down Bloody Cañon to the desert was in general use. It had been a valuable trail to the Indian horse-thieves of Yosemite, who made use of it in fleeing from the whites. Subsequently, when the excitement over the Aurora mining district came, pack trains moved almost daily along the shores of Tenaya and on through the Big Tuolumne Meadows, as they were then called. The abundance of feed more than compensated for the roughness of

the final descent through Bloody Cañon. Later the Tioga road was built to the Tioga mines over substantially the same route; and though the road has been in disuse for some years and is badly washed away, the government might reopen it at trifling cost, when Tenaya Lake, the Tuolumne Meadows and the splendid scenery to which they give access would be once again within reach of travelers in vehicles.

Few who gaze enchanted at the inverted cliffs reflected from the still depths of Mirror Lake have ever heard of Tenaya. Yet by comparison with the larger body that forms its source, Mirror Lake is a vulgar mud-hole. Just over the Merced-Tuolumne watershed the road from the meadows skirts the base of Fairview Dome and that of several other stupendous granite knobs, when of a sudden, the depression widens and a great



A CATARACT OF THE SOUTH FORK CAÑON.  
ALTITUDE 8,600 FEET.



THE SHARK'S TEETH LOOKING EAST ACROSS UPPER BASIN SILVER CREEK. ALTITUDE 7,900 FEET.

expanse of blue water is seen, embosomed on three sides by walls of ice-smoothed granite. On the fourth, the alpine forest rises in gentle billows toward the Tuolumne divide. On this side a bit of dazzling beach flanks the shore, at the margin of which stand several deserted huts of picturesque fashioning, the headquarters and toll-house of the road builders. Grass and flowers and hardy tamarack grow all about, and the jays scream and scream. If you would bathe as never before in your life you have bathed, plunge into Tenaya Lake after the snow in the mountains is mostly melted and the sun is able to warm the water faster than the icy inlet streams can cool it. You will be intoxicated with delight—with the pure water, pure granite sand, walls of almost alabaster whiteness, a pure air, and a sky of deepest blue.

The Tuolumne Meadows, eight miles northeast of Lake Tenaya, have a total area of about ten square miles. A great rolling depression, with several branches at its upper end, is carpeted along its bottom by a strip of level lawn which averages a quarter of a mile in width, and finely wooded about its side-slopes with tamarack, juniper and fir. One of the branches reaches ten miles south to Mt. Lyell, another turns northward past the base of Dana, and a shorter third sweeps up toward Mono Pass; while below, the main valley gradually terminates in what is in some respects the most remarkable gorge in the Sierra—the Grand Cañon of the Tuolumne.

Of the myriad lakes of the San Joaquin, the largest and certainly one of the most picturesque is Thousand Island Lake, which lies at the northern base of Mt. Ritter and forms the source of the



main San Joaquin River. In the photograph, the camera was so low that the little islands, of which there are at least a score, are projected against the shore and thus rendered indistinguishable. The lake is shallow but of an area of some six square miles. In the cañon into which its outlet stream empties, there are a number of pretty lakes and bits of meadow, a view of one of the former of which—the largest—is here reproduced. Oddly enough, the outlet and inlet of this lake are at nearly the same point. The stream flows on the western side of a low dyke or wall of rock running lengthwise in the gorge, at the lower end of which it doubles around and forms the lake which thus lies between the dyke and the eastern side of the gorge. Pond lilies float on the bosom of this beautiful sheet of water, rich carices border its pretty shore, and a little meadow enameled with wild flowers in the greatest profusion separates it from a cluster of trees in the shade of



FALLS ON THE SOUTH FORK OF THE SAN JOAQUIN ABOVE THE MIDDLE FORK. ALTITUDE 9,200 FEET. HEIGHT OF FALLS 150 FEET.



UPPER FALL HEAD OF MIDDLE FORK VALLEY, SAN JOAQUIN RIVER. ALTITUDE 10,700 FEET.

which I came upon an old hermitage. Some misanthrope, evidently of a mechanical bent, had sought here a secure retreat—and undoubtedly found it, if indeed that had been his object. There was a flimsy structure in ruins; another had been commenced, for the rich soil was leveled and some trees were cut; a rude forge and anvil still stood; some broken sleds of clever construction lay about—imagine what his winters must have been at ten thousand feet—and I also found some ore, a number of tools and several dozen queerly shaped iron rods, the use of which I could not make out. This was some years ago. I wonder if he has ever returned, or if he is dead. I found no human bones in the vicinity.

In descending the San Joaquin, the falls of Minaret Creek will next attract the attention of the traveler. Toward



LAKE TENAYA FROM MOUNT CONNESS.

the lower end of a long, rolling, pumice-covered flat through which the river makes many a bend and sharp turn, the valley side gradually takes on the character of a steep rough wall, down which pours the creek, divided into half a dozen

streams which spring and leap from side to side, dodging about the little conifers that grow on terraces of the wall, and finally uniting in a deep pool.

Ten miles farther south, Fish Creek flows through a Yosemite-like valley on the south of the main river. Occupying an analogous position to the Illilouette in Yosemite, except that it enters at the lower and not at the upper end, the extensive sub-alpine basin of Silver Creek pours its waters over a wall of 3,000 feet, in one long cascade which in places is so sheer as to constitute a true fall. I regret I have no photograph of this piece of scenery which I believe to be one of the finest of its kind in California.

Up on the divide between Silver Creek and the South Fork of the San Joaquin, I camped one evening in early September on the grassy shore of a little bench lake, a calm, symmetrical bit of water fringed by stately silver fir. At its lower end the long declivity was hidden by the level lake, so that all one could see was water and sky. As the twilight deepened, the lake became another sky, and the detail dying out of the trees that



FALLS AT MOUTH OF THE MIDDLE FORK OF THE SAN JOAQUIN RIVER.



TORRENT, JACKASS' FLATS, SOUTH FORK OF THE SAN JOAQUIN. ALTITUDE 7,700 FEET.

formed the shore, they were left a mere perspective of silhouette stretching out into a halo of rosy light that shaded off insensibly into darkness above and below. I set up the camera, focused on the spires of the trees, removed the cap and left it until bed-time. That negative has puzzled many a camera fiend.

Perhaps the most numerous and extensive group of meadows in the Southern Sierra, (there are no meadows of any size in the lower range, either in the forest belt or the foot-hills,) is the Chiquita and Jackass Meadows, which cluster about the head-streams of those creeks. For years they have been used to pasture sheep, cattle and horses. The Mammoth trail across the summit meanders alternately over these meadows and the wooded Tamarack forest by which they are separated. The flats vary in size from an acre to possibly two square miles. It was on the margin of the Basaw Meadow, the westernmost of the Chiquita group, some years ago, that I came upon a camp of shepherders when my fast was about a day old and my pack-mule in sore need of rest. Neither of us having seen a human being for a month, the bronzed faces of those fine young Scots were good to see; and I shall never forget the gratitude of my

famished senses at the sight and smell of the supper that was steaming on the coals. I took their pictures next day, a proceeding that delighted them to the verge of hysteria.

The country lying between the Main and the South Forks of the San Joaquin, above their confluence, is known to herders as the Miller & Lux range. It consists of two tree-covered slopes, tilted one on the north toward the Main Fork, the other on the west toward the South Fork. To the distant inexperienced eye, these slopes appear barren of grass, but in traveling over them meadow succeeds meadow, well hidden by the timber. Here in the great depression of the San Joaquin, at an altitude of only five thousand feet, the big conifers flourish as in the true forest belt, twenty miles away. The Sugar Pine, however is noticeably scarce.

Continuing down the South Fork, the divide of Mono Creek a large eastern tributary, marks the southern limit of the Miller & Lux range and the beginning of the Qualls. In the middle part of the cañon of Mono Creek is a fine open valley, referred to by sheepmen as the Park, but which, for lack of a more distinctive name I have called on the map



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF TUOLUMNE MEADOWS.

A, Union Peak; B, Cathedral Peak; C, Cloud's Rest; D, Fairview Dome; E, Mount Hoffman



TWILIGHT ON A TYPICAL BENCH LAKE. ALTITUDE 7,800 FEET.

Vermilion Valley, from the bright red color of the soil. It is about four miles long and half a mile wide, perfectly flat and level and covered by an open, park-like grove of trees. Altogether, its general appearance from a little distance is that of a highly cultivated orchard farm and one finds himself looking about for glimpses of white houses and barns, though he knows full well there are not such things within seventy miles. In this lovely glade the creek fairly revels, turning, twisting, spreading out in broad bands of riffles, and curving first toward the south wall and then toward the

north, seemingly to make the most of its respite from the turmoil of the upper cañon and to gather strength for its battle with the rocks below. At the head of Mono Creek and also of Bear Creek—just to the south—may be found many beautiful alpine lakes and meadows. A picture of one of the former, which is the source of a stream draining into Mono Creek, is here reproduced.

Thirty-five miles up the South Fork, just where the river takes a right-angled turn, its close, gorge-like cañon opens in twin valleys, those of Jackass Flats and the Blaney Meadows, or Lost Valley. As viewed from the heights on the west, Jackass Flats appears as a deep, oval-shaped excavation walled in on all sides by granite bulwarks partially wooded and divided by steep gorges down which pour many cascades. On the south, on the east, especially, and on the northeast, long threads of silver gleam in all the niches of the wall. The flat itself is one beautiful epitaph of the great defunct glacier of the San Joaquin, the longest, I believe, of all the ancient ice rivers of the Sierra. On the west, two thousand



LAKE TENAYA FROM THE NORTH.



LAKE IN UPPER GORGE OF MAIN SAN JOAQUIN. ALTITUDE 8,500 FEET.



Painted for the OVERLAND by C. D. Robinson.

MONO LAKE.

C. D. Robinson

feet above, its lateral moraine is a sore trial to the pack-mule,—a sinuous embankment of rock-debris, rich in geological specimens brought down from the higher mountains and collected here in the granite. Lower, on the long terraces, lie glacial boulders of all colors and sizes, which were lowered to the ground on the melting of the ice. The flat below, which must be four or five square miles in size, has literally been scooped out of the earth. Such was the inconceivable weight and force of the glacier that the little outcropping hills of rough granite that were, are now mere low mounds as smooth and even as if a thousand stone-cutters had been at work upon them for years and had only recently left.

As the upper South Fork Cañon is ascended, the entering streams are precipitated over the wall in falls and cascades carrying a larger and larger volume of water, thus telling of the proximity of the crest snows. I photographed only a few of them. Between the Upper and Lower series of falls of the Middle Fork which are shown here, lies the beautiful valley which was briefly spoken of in the first article. Meadow flats and lake-like expansions of the river alternate and interlock with the groves; cascades dance over the slanting wall on either side; to the east the wonderful Evolution Peaks loom, hard and white; and far in advance of them, the Hermit thrusts up its fractured front two thousand feet clear of the meadow at its feet, and guards one of the fairest spots in all our State.

Of the alpine lakes, or those which lie among the summit peaks, the Evolution chain are the most romantic, if I may use the expression, of any in the Southern Sierra. An imperfect picture of them was given in the article on the Sources of the San Joaquin. They form a continuous chain three miles long and

are surrounded by the Evolution peaks, most of which are over 14,000 feet high. The altitude of the lakes is about 12,000. Such is the purity and placidity of their waters that from any point of view the most magnificent landscapes are reflected from their surface and the foregrounds especially of these ideal alpine pictures are unusually effective from the wildly picturesque bluffs and promontories which jut from their shores.

Of different character are the "cirque" lakes or those which fill the walled-in amphitheatres between the peaks. These are deep round bodies whose banks are the crumbling walls of the cirques. Goddard lake, which was shown in the initial article, is one of the largest of these (covering half a square mile), and among the Evolution peaks alone I counted four or five fairly large lakes all of this type. These are the highest lakes of the Sierra, their altitude often being as great as 13,500 feet. The larger part of the year they are frozen, when they support on their immobile surfaces a coating of dull, greenish ice often covered or partially covered with snow in which are great rifts that catch the sun on their edges and throw it back in dazzling lance-thrusts of bluish light. In late autumn the lakes are liquid water and much of their charm is gone.

Once I nearly fell into one of these cirque lakes at the base of Mt. Darwin. The declining sun had already thrown the shadow of the peak over a steep névé-field that reached down to the lake at its base when, baffled in our attempt to reach the summit, my companion and myself hurried down the avalanche chute by which we had attacked the peak and sprang out upon the snow. Below, fully a quarter of a mile we could see the lake, its cobalt surface bellying into the snow-bank which, sweeping by it on the right, ended in a nearly level field. Night was



upon us and the nearest juniper clump was way down the ravine. Should we try to gain time by sliding? Leveling my camera-tripod, I glanced over it at the slope beneath; and judging the surface to cant somewhat to the right, we decided to risk it. Springing sidewise as far as I could I landed in a sitting posture on the snow and in a second was tobogganing down the slope, sometimes veering a little to the left, when I had glimpses of the lake that made my heart beat faster, and then off to the right once more. For a few seconds I feared I had miscalculated, but no, I shot down and out upon the level some fifty feet from the shore, and a moment later my companion's heels touched my back. Then we scurried down to firewood and camped, and the next noon found us in the Middle Fork meadow, sprawled out in the shade of the pines and listening to the music of the Upper Falls in which were hurled the self-same waters that had threatened the evening before to strangle us in their icy clutch.

Those who visit the King's River Cañon and wish to go no further, can get

some idea of the alpine lakes and meadows by climbing the trail up Copper Creek to Granite Basin, where a number of fairly typical lakes may be found and also some short-hair meadow. Leaving the Cañon in the morning, where at an altitude of 4,500 feet the forest growth and general vegetation are almost suggestive of the tropics, the trail ascends as it were, through the temperate zone and finally reaches the lower limits of the frigid. Stunted trees cling here and there to the rocky sides of the basin, the lower levels are filled by the lakes, and between are many acres of short-hair, except where the snow still lies. This is the strangely different scene the traveler comes upon at evening.

These are a few of the hundreds upon hundreds of lakes, falls and meadows in the Unexplored Sierra. Those who have visited the region and tasted its life need not be told of the subtle charm they exert upon the sojourner in the mountains. Without the leavening influence of their beauty the High Sierra would oppress us by the sternness of its visage, its solemnity and awful desolation.

*Theodore S. Solomons.*

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## THE ELEVENTH JUROR.

### A TALE OF THE SANTA LUCIA MOUNTAINS.



JOHN RHULE, commonly called "Dutch John," lived on a sheep ranch some ten miles from the town of Chualar, in the Santa Lucia Mountains.

The summer had begun when a letter came to Chualar, for John Rhule. The postmaster, who was also store keeper,

noticed with surprise Dutch John's first letter; he remembered, too, that the eccentric German had not come, at the usual time, to get his three months' provisions.

He thought it a little strange and promised himself he would see about it "tomorrow."

It was late in the fall when there came another letter for John Rhule. This





"THERE WAS NO FIGHT—THEY CAME WILLINGLY."

was a serious matter. Fifteen years had he lived in the Santa Lucia Mountains without receiving a letter.

It was time he knew it. So that very day, two messengers bearing the letters were dispatched. That night they came back—Felipé Espinoza and Antonio Estrada, with them the letters. John Rhule's cabin was empty, the door hanging open, the frying-pan rusting on the stove, the table set with the coarse ware as though he had just stepped out. The leaves had drifted deep over the floor of the one room, in the bunk were his blankets and greasy pillow.

Felipé and Antonio said they had ridden many miles looking for traces of him or his sheep.

"You won't find no sheep," here announced a quiet individual, "fur I met Ramon and Jesus drivin' the sheep down to Salinas a month ago. I stopped them to git a cigareet and I asked them as how it wuz Dutch John wuz sendin' the sheep so fur down the valley and they said as how they 'd bought 'em."

Bought them! It was true of Ramon and Jesus, brothers and sheep herders, that they never had means to keep them in their daily cigarito paper; as for buying eight thousand sheep the idea was not for one moment to be entertained.

The postmaster, good old George Smith met the Sheriff's first question with a dismayed face. The letters! He had sent them to the Dead Letter office—which was according to law. Here he waited a bit to listen in respectful silence to the Sheriff's mighty and rounded oaths. He had done what he conceived to be his duty and now was "cussed at." The Sheriff had taken his time about answering the summons from Chualar. It was now November and heavy rains had fallen.

The Sheriff and his deputies, leaving the postmaster abject on his store porch,

rode on to the hills. Shut in by the mountains they found, after a steep and toilsome ride, the lonely cabin of old Dutch John, a giant sycamore hovering over it with naked white limbs. It was all as Antonio had said, save the rain had worked yet more desolation.

The sun was out of sight behind a tall peak. Everything was very quiet and a gray light covered all. The men tied their horses to some manzanita bushes and tip-toed round the poor little cabin, looking for some trace of Dutch John, some clue to the murder if it was one. Suddenly the air was filled with a long wail, for a moment there was a little curdle of blood at the heart of the bravest there.

Toward them came running a gaunt brown shepherd dog, some of the men from Chualar knew it for Dutch John's. The poor creature ran howling to the men then to the sycamore, to and fro, always making its piteous outcry. Finally one of the men noticed that it was to a pile of ashes the dog had been trying to attract their attention.

The ashes had been sodden with rain and here and there through the heap protruded long white bones. They put this grewsome find—ashes, bones and a few buttons—in a barley sack and rode homeward very gravely and quietly.

Faithful to his master's ashes the brown dog trotted close to the stirrups of the man who carried them.

That week saw the Sheriff and his men riding in all parts of the county, hunting, hunting for Ramon and Jesus. Here it was found they had sold a few sheep. There had they gambled until the morning star came out. Here given a pretty girl a handful of money, for of gold were they flush. Now it was in Jolon they had swallowed much wine and now in Natividad they had sold more sheep.



"MA FILLED ALL MY POCKETS WITH GINGER SNAPS."

Ah! the trail was getting hot! Into Santa Rita at the end of the week clattered the Sheriff and four deputies.

The Sheriff asked the usual questions at Castro's saloon. Castro himself answered courteously, sending an Indian boy over to Josifa's to ask if any strangers had tarried there — for he remembered seeing that night two men resembling the description. The Indian boy came back. Josifa had boxed his ears and had sent word, she was of the respectable, why

should any one come looking for strangers in her house. Well, that was over.

The Sheriff would ride on to Salinas but a few miles distant. So they sat for a moment drinking each of the rough, red, native wine, when there came from out the black night, a sweet voice, "Señors," it said, "a word with the grand gentlemen."

Castro went out and returned with the bashful Mañuela. Big, dark and shining were her eyes, which she kept modestly

lowered. She had listened to the boy who came looking for the strangers at Josifa's. Yes they were there. "One," here the heavy lashes drooped on the oval cheeks, "is asleep, that is Ramon," for the other she could not speak. Ramon had given her a little gold. Would she get more? Thus prattling away in her pretty rippling tongue the little Judas walked with them to the hospitable adobe of Josifa. Here she pointed from the outside to the rooms where the officers could find Jesus and Ramon. She waited alone in the dark with her *rebozo* drawn over her ears. But there was no outcry. They came quietly enough.

After months of waiting the trial came up.

Jesus and Ramon, shifty-eyed and pale with the prison pallor, were brought from their dark cells to the court room where they sat listening uncomprehendingly day after day to the verbiage of the lawyers. Choosing the jurors was made a tedious affair, nearly everyone in the county being fully cognizant of the facts in the case and fiercely prejudiced against the prisoners.

Ten of the twelve men good and true, had been chosen, but they came to a standstill at the eleventh, and a weary while they were. Fifty men or more had been found unsatisfactory. At last to the delight of all there was found in "Uncle Billy" Martin, the eleventh juror, a man so unprejudiced and impartial that neither side could object to him.

The sight of Uncle Billy, had a peculiar effect on Ramon, no one noticed it, however, least of all "Uncle" Billy, who never glanced the prisoners' way. Jesus was lying back with closed eyes, nor did the crowd observe Ramon's start, see his face flush, nor note the muscle twitch in his cheek, so absorbed was it in the selec-

tion of the eleventh juror. More anxious and haggard grew Ramon as the trial dragged through the summer days.

Very hard to be tried for your life and not understand the lawyers who talked, talked, talked, until the shadows were long in the afternoon, but not so long as their tongues. *Ay de mi!* No!

The people who jostled their way into the court room, peering at the prisoners and craning their necks to see them, said of Ramon: "'T is plain he is guilty, he is like a trapped beast, furtive, restless. See his hands twist!" As for Jesus, these same wise ones said: "He is a calloused brute indeed, sits smiling and easy as at a Fiesta. Without doubt he shared in the crime."

This was their story: They had driven the sheep far up the Piñon Cañon where grazing was good. They had a roll of blankets, a frying-pan and a flour sack full of provisions, enough to last a week. They were a half day's journey on foot from Dutch John's. One day while driving the sheep along a trail they met Pierre Latour, the old charcoal burner.

Pierre asked them where Dutch John was, for he that day had come by the cabin and found the old German gone. Of this they thought nothing. In a few days Ramon who had gone for provisions, saw it was true. Dutch John had gone out of his house leaving it open, taking nothing.

The brothers claimed to have looked for him over the mountains, riding their little mustangs day after day.

They said also that they made inquiries in Chualar, but no one remembered or could substantiate their claims. While on the other hand it was proved that, in the late summer, they had bought provisions in Soledad which was far out of their way.

They waited many weeks and often they saw the charcoal burner, one day

he said to them, "Dutch John will never come back." Then, they said, they grew afraid people would think they had killed him, so they took the sheep (for they had to have a herder), no other thing did they touch, and left forever the Santa Lucia Mountains.

Pierre Latour came down as a witness, a simple-hearted, ignorant old fellow any one could see. He was part of the mountains, in the wildest gulches and cañons were his smouldering pits. He carried his charcoal out of the mountains on his back, for he owned not even a burro. His tiny cabin, with its earth floor, and chromos of the Saints and Virgin was high on the side of Mount Toro.

Pierre looked dazed and anxious as he faced the crowd, plucking with blackened fingers at a long gray lock of hair falling over his forehead. He could not speak English and the Interpreter could not speak French, in consequence the testimony was much garbled. When asked why he said Dutch John would never come back, he answered that Dutch John had told him of going to Germany sometime soon—he could not tell very well for Dutch John spoke poor Spanish and he also.

Antonio Estrada was a witness, he had found near the old sycamore the head of an ax. It was partly buried and the handle nearly burned away. It was covered with rust and thick hard lumps which when analyzed were found to be human blood. There died the hope that John Rhule had slipped away to Germany.

From many witnesses was gathered a mass of testimony remarkable only for its slight bearing on the murder.

While everyone held to a moral certainty that the "Alviso boys" killed their employer—it was reluctantly admitted that the evidence was not "clinchin'". But a greaser is only a

greaser and it was a foregone conclusion the prisoners would hang.

The District Attorney made a thrilling and eloquent plea. Two days this lawyer argued, thundered, wept, plead, and once went on his knees (carefully be it recorded, for though the Hall of Justice was sown thickly with spittoons, an accurate aim is not given to all men.)

It was a masterly speech, plainly the proper thing was to convict the prisoners if only to show just appreciation of so great talent and eloquence.

After many days and many words the case was turned over to the jury.

When it was explained to Jesus, by the Interpreter, that the twelve men, who were filing out in the care of the Sheriff, were to say whether he was to live or die, he looked closely at them with something like terror in his shallow black eyes. Suddenly he whispered to Ramon:

"See, little brother, the man hairless of head and with big hands hast thou seen him before?"

"Si," said Ramon, "many years ago. Rememberest thou?" turning to his brother he stealthily held out his right hand, on which was the scarred stump of a missing finger.

"*Valgame Dios!* Art sure?"

"Sure," answered Ramon, looking thoughtfully at his mutilated hand.

Ramon's eyes were glazed like those of a hunted and desperate animal. Going back to his cell he said to the deputy, who asked him why he pressed his hand to his head, "I wish to be free, I am troubled of heart and tired of thinking with my brain."

"If them blamed greasers ain't jest wakin' up to it that they 're in a pretty serious snap," said the deputy that night to the Sheriff. "They've lost their appetites for the first time. It's to be hoped no poor man will find 'em, unless

he 's feedin' at the county's expense. I joked Ramon some in Spanish, which I talk pretty nigh as good as I do English, but I might as well joked a post."

Time moved with weighted feet. Five days wearily passed. In some mysterious way it became known that this extraordinary delay was caused by one man. He had foolishly persisted in this unequal battle five days; it was time he capitulated.

The sixth day the jury brought in a verdict. Murder in the second degree! It was the eleven who capitulated, grumblingly, sulkily, angrily.

The community was incensed, so incensed that it was deemed wise to smuggle the jurymen out of the town. The prisoners were carefully guarded. The most violent threats were made that the greasers would never reach San Quentin alive. But they did, and lived there twelve years, always silent, always melancholy. They had nothing to look forward to but a prison life. Jesus was blind; he had lost his eyes while blasting some rock for the prison roads.

Ramon mourned for his brother's loss as a mother would. It had been five years since it happened. Yet many nights still Ramon lay with a great choking lump in his throat. Each time the guard opened the little wicket in the ponderous cell door, and flashed in his lantern, Ramon murmured, if awake, and he usually was, "little brother sees that not. *Dios mio!*"

Twelve years! Then one fine spring day they were told it was all a little mistake. They were free. Joyless and bewildered and with ever the sense of bitter injustice haunting them. Free! So much for being a Catholic, Pierre Latour could not die without confessing.

The old charcoal burner had many hours to think upon his sins, as he lay

caught under a big redwood he was felling. Many hours to lie looking up to the stars and to think God hung them there — there they will wink and twinkle when the coyotes and buzzards have eaten us.

Four days. O! cruel, relentless day! Four nights. O! hideous night! Night, when strange shapes came clustering close with shining eyes that the day would drive away; but the day brought the flies and the gnats. Thoughts of Ramon and Jesus came and they stung like gnats and crawled through his head as the flies crawled over his face.

The fifth day was Pierre Latour's last on earth. He was dying when a party of quail hunters found him. It was near night before the priest could get to him lying with both legs crushed to pulp beneath the great tree.

Scant time had he before dying to tell Father Rinaldo his guilty secret, direct him to the gold buried in his cabin floor, for which he had killed and burned Dutch John, and ask the father to secure the release of Jesus and Ramon.

One morning the Alviso brothers trailed into San Luis Obispo footsore and tired. Tenderly, patiently, Ramon guided Jesus' faltering steps. They could speak English now, at least had the slight acquaintance twelve years would give one, so they asked of all they met to tell them of "Señor Martin's — kindly direct them to where he lived. 'Uncle' Billie Martin, did any one know heem?"

It was noon the same day when Uncle Billy saw two pitiful looking scarecrows making a painful way up his lime tree avenue. He walked down to meet them with kindly inquisitiveness.

He came tearing back. "Ma!" he shouted, "get a spankin' good dinner, it's them Alviso boys." Mrs. Martin,

though not a demonstrative woman, ran crying to the door when she saw them.

"Ye 'll never leave us," said the old man as they sat talking after dinner. "Although it happened when you was just boys I had n't forgotten it, and I knew ye the minute I clapped eyes on ye in the court room. I never believed ye killed Dutch John no way, and I jest said to myself, they saved my little Nell, my only baby, from a frightful death, and I 'll save them. Was n't I right? After what you done—put your hand between the rattler and Nell and took the bite you was too late to ward off her.

When I see your finger had to come off, you so cool and brave and Jesus so patient and good cheering you up in your outlandish jargon, I said, right then, 'them 's my boys till death us do part.'

May be it was n't just the proper principle to git on a jury *on a purpose*, but I 've always been proud of that job. I used to tell 'Ma' I thought I 'd bust havin' to listen to all that talk with my mind all made up, and by George! made up for the other eleven too!"

"Uncle" Billy thumped his fist on his chair arms and leaned back looking with twinkling eyes at Ramon. "It was pretty hard to set there and not dare tip ye a friendly wink. I could see when ye was n't lookin' that it was tellin' on ye, my bein' so unfriendly. The day the judge was to give us the case, Ma filled all my pockets with gingersnaps and cards and tobacco and a Bible and says she, 'Don't you never come back to this house if you hang them Alviso boys!'"

*Edith Wagner.*

## THE ORIGIN OF FÁN T'ÁN.

*Fán T'án*, like the lottery, is invariably carried on by regularly organized companies. Like the lottery companies they take an auspicious name. A cellar is usually hired, a table of unpainted wood erected, and with the addition of a few chairs, the establishment is ready for business.

The game itself is extremely simple. A handful of Chinese "cash" or other small objects are counted off by fours, and the players guess what remainder will be left. The name means "repeatedly spreading out," and refers to the

manner in which the "cash" are counted off. The table upon which the game is played is about four feet high, and covered with a mat. In the center of this is a square called the *t'án ching*, or "spreading out square," consisting of a piece of tin with its four sides marked from right to left with the numerals from one to four, or, as is more common here, of an unnumbered diagram, outlined in ink upon the mat. This is usually about eighteen inches square.

Two men are required to run the game. One of them, called the *T'án kún*, or "Ruler of the spreading out," stands by the side of the table corresponding with the "one" side of the diagram, while the other, called the *Ho kún*, whose office is that of clerk and cashier, sits on his left.



The *T'án kún* takes a handful of bright brass "cash" from a pile before him, and covers them with a shallow brass cup about three and one-half inches in diameter, called the *t'án koi*, or "spreading out cover." The players lay their wagers on or beside the numbers they choose on the plate, and the *T'án kún* raises the cover and counts off the "cash" in fours, not touching them with his hands, but using a tapering rod of black wood about eighteen inches in length, called the *t'án pong*, or "spreading out rod," for the purpose. If there is a remainder of one, after as many fours as possible have been counted off, "one" wins,—or if two or three remain, "two" or "three" wins, while if there is no remainder, "four" wins. The operation is conducted in silence, and when the result is apparent the *T'án kún* mechanically replaces the separated "cash" into the large pile and takes another handful which he covers as before.

I have already described the details of the play in a paper to which the reader is referred,<sup>1</sup> but before proceeding to discuss the origin of the game, it may be interesting to review some of its striking peculiarities. In the small games, open to the poorer player, the stakes, usually in American silver, are placed directly upon the diagram. Where the player is known and the amount wagered is large, counters or chips are used. These consist of Chinese "cash," representing ten; small buttons of white glass, called "white pearls," one hundred; "black pearls," five hundred; chessmen, one thousand, and dominoes, five thousand. When counters or chips are played instead of money, the player frequently deposits a bank note, or purse, with the cashier. The latter selects a Chinese

<sup>1</sup> *The Gambling Games of the Chinese in America: Publications of the University of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia, 1891.*

playing card from a pack kept for the purpose, to mark the deposit, and with each bet the gambler puts a corresponding card on the board to mark his play.

Customs, more rigid than those of our banks and clearing-houses, regulate the affairs of the gambling houses. The partners take turns in keeping game, and are paid a small sum each time from the common fund, or, one may be appointed keeper, and then receives a monthly salary.

After the play has continued for about half an hour, a settlement is made with the players and any of them are usually permitted to take the table and run it for their own profit upon paying a small rental to the company and a fee to the cashier for his services. The latter ordinarily receives a salary of about twenty-five dollars per month and often has a small interest in the concern.

Strict as are the rules which may be regarded as having an economic basis, and so uniform are they that one description serves for every Cantonese settlement, whether in New York City, San Francisco, or the ports along the coast of China itself, they are transcended by those which are the outcome of superstition, and have descended with the game itself from remote antiquity. All colors are carefully avoided by the owners on the walls and decorations of the gambling rooms. White, the color of mourning, the color of the robes thought to be worn by the spirits of the dead, always considered inauspicious, is associated with the idea of losing money, and is believed to bring bad fortune to the patrons of the gambling houses and corresponding gains to the owners. Even the inscriptions to the tutelary spirit are always written on white paper, and white instead of red candles burned before his shrine. Gamblers on their way to play, turn back if any one jostles them, or if they are hin-



dered by an obstruction in the road. If a player's hand encounters another's as he lays his stakes on the board, he will not put his money on the number towards which he was reaching. Gamblers refrain from reading books before playing, and books are not regarded with favor in gambling houses, from the word *shü*, "book," sounding like *shü* "to lose." All inauspicious words are avoided. Thus the almanac, *t'ung shü*, is called *kat sing*, "lucky stars," through an unwillingness to utter the ominous *shü*.

In San Francisco it is the custom for gambling houses to provide a supper every night after the games, keeping a good cook for the purpose. Any one may go in and eat what he wants, but it is not considered lucky for one person to address another, and all talk of gambling is especially avoided. When seated at the table, it is considered unlucky for another to join the company.

And now as to the origin of the game. I have shown that games originated in primitive conditions, such as existed in Asia in remote antiquity. Their history is to be recovered, not from written records, but by the study and comparison of the customs of primitive people. Furthermore they were once almost, if not invariably, magical and divinatory. We may expect then to trace this now notorious game of *Fán t'án* back to a time when it was regarded as sacred, and practised, not as a vulgar game, but as a means of discovering the past and forecasting the future. Strange as it may seem, its antetype exists at the present day in China, and conforming to the theory I have advanced, is a divinatory process which was known, not as a new invention or discovery, but as coming down from an early period, even in the days of Confucius.

In the OVERLAND MONTHLY for Feb-

ruary, 1895, I described a method of fortune-telling practised in Japan with fifty splints of bamboo called *zeichaku*. The same method is also current in China and Korea, as a survival or possibly revival of a classical mode of divination described in one of the Appendices to the Chinese Book of Divination. The rationale of the process is the discovery of a *number* by the chance partition of the magical splints, *place* being found by counting around a magical diagram symbolic of the four directions and the intermediary points. It is to this, or a system akin to it, that I attribute the origin of *Fán t'án*. Observe that in the game, the handful of "Cash" taken at random from the pile, is substituted for the bundle of splints divided in the same manner, and that the counts are made around a square diagram instead of one referring to the eight directions.

By analogies drawn from other games, we may justly regard the square tablet of the *Fán t'án* board as cosmical, originally signifying the world and its four quarters. Nor is the substitution of the coins, or *ts'in*, for the fifty splints merely the result of accident or convenience. The bundle of splints, as is clearly shown by many striking and curious parallels among the Indians of America, was once a bundle of arrows or arrow shaftments. From the arrow, *tsin*, used as an emblem of authority, I regard the coins, *ts'in*, as being directly derived. In many other of the later forms of arrow divination we find coins substituted for the arrow-derived splints or staves.

From what has been adduced, I think that the original divinatory significance of *Fán t'án* may be looked upon as assumed, and that it may be justly regarded as another of the many outgrowths of the ceremonial use of the arrow, the progeny of which are numerous as the stars.

Stewart Culin,  
Director of the Museum of Archaeology and  
Paleontology, University of Pennsylvania.

## BIRD NOTES IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

'Tis always morning somewhere, and above  
The awakening continents, from shore to shore,  
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.



MEADOW-LARK perched on a fence post bade me welcome to Southern California as the train thundered down over the mountains, leaving behind the dreary

desolate plains of Arizona and New Mexico, and bringing me into a fairyland of green fields, verdure clad hills, beautiful wild flowers, and singing birds. High above the din and rumble of the swiftly moving express train I heard the clear whistling refrain of the lark, and catching a glimpse of his bright yellow breast as he stood erect on the post, I wondered at his fearlessness in staying on his perch as the cars rattled by. This was not the only time that I noticed such boldness, for on various trips throughout the West, larks were numerous in the fields and on the fences close by the railroad tracks.

Once as I was walking along a grass-grown avenue in a plot of "town lots" in the country, a meadow-lark flew up at my feet, and a search disclosed her nest containing five white eggs spotted all over with brown. The nest was



FL CARPINTERO (WOODPECKER.)

simply a grass lined cavity about the size of a base-ball, but over it as a roof and by way of concealment was a small dead branch of a fir tree. The branch must have been there when the birds selected the spot for a nest, as from its size it could not have been placed there by them.

Only a few yards away from this carefully hidden bird-home, I accidentally discovered an old friend hard at work



THE ROAD RUNNER (HEAD.)

house building. A mocking bird flew up in a great hurry and alighted on the top of a cypress tree near me. She had a beakful of dry grass, and knew that I saw her, so made haste to let fall her tell-tale burden. Her evident embarrassment convinced me that her home was in the neighborhood, and looking up into the tree under which I stood I saw it almost within my reach. I quietly withdrew, and some days after made a second call and found four eggs, blue, thickly splashed with brown. I saw another mocking bird home in the course of construction, in a low orange tree. The foundations of stout twigs were being laid by the happy couple who had

selected an ideal spot amidst the fragrant orange blossoms in which to start housekeeping. Mocking birds were numerous about the grounds of the hotel in the San Gabriel Valley, where I spent several weeks. One would frequently fly up on the porch roof, chase away a little red-headed linnet, and then sit and sing most entrancingly for fully five minutes.

These same little red-headed linnets afforded me no end of amusement and pleasure as I watched their funny antics and listened to their pleasing song. They are about the size of the English sparrow so plentiful in the East, and are an agreeable substitute here in the West for those "rats of the air" as they are well named. The male linnet has a patch of crimson on the front of his head and throat, but the lady of the house wears no bright colors whatever. Their cosy little nests are built in all sorts of odd places about the habitations of man; in vines on houses, under the eaves of barns, in trees and bushes, in old swallow's nests, and I found one beautiful little nest in which were five eggs, in a low chaparral bush quite a distance from any houses. The eggs were of a pale blue, almost white, circled about the larger end with fine dots of umber.

It is a rare thing nowadays to see a great number of birds on the wing, moving from north to south, or vice-versa; if we except the large flocks of purple grackles that are seen during their spring and fall migrations, and the occasional sight of a flock of several hundred robins. The smaller birds necessarily make their journey from the warm southland to their more northern breeding places, in short and easy stages. Many birds migrate at night, halting during the day for food and rest. While in the San Gabriel Valley I had the pleasure of see-

ing two flocks of migrating birds which though not numerically large were unusually interesting by reason of the size of the birds themselves, and the intricate and wonderful aerial evolutions which they performed. The first was a flock of about three hundred great white pelicans, flying north to their nesting places in Utah and Nevada. They flew in two long single files, the birds equal distances apart; the green slopes of the Sierra Madre Mountains made a beautiful background against which the wavering lines of ghostly slow flying pilgrims seemed whiter by contrast. Through a field glass I easily identified the birds by the black tips on their long wings, and watched the flock as it gradually rose higher and flew over the far away mountain tops, lengthening out into a long horizontal line and then disappearing altogether in the blue ether.

In very a few minutes there appeared high over the valley, a flock of sand hill cranes, likewise on their way to the North. These birds flew quite rapidly in three long lines. At intervals of a few seconds, two of the lines would come together, drop earthwards for a hundred yards in a spiral twist, then quickly straightening out, proceed as before. The cranes and pelicans always make their migrations together.

Leaving the delightful valley country of Southern California, to spend some time at the seashore, I feared that I would have no further opportunity for bird-study, other than watching from the beach the graceful flight of the sea-gulls, or the pranks of the scoters in the surf. But one is perpetually being surprised in this land

"Where winter hath fair summer wed."

At the end of March I found myself on the Coronado peninsula, where the murmuring ocean waves almost touch the feet of the wild flowers that marshal

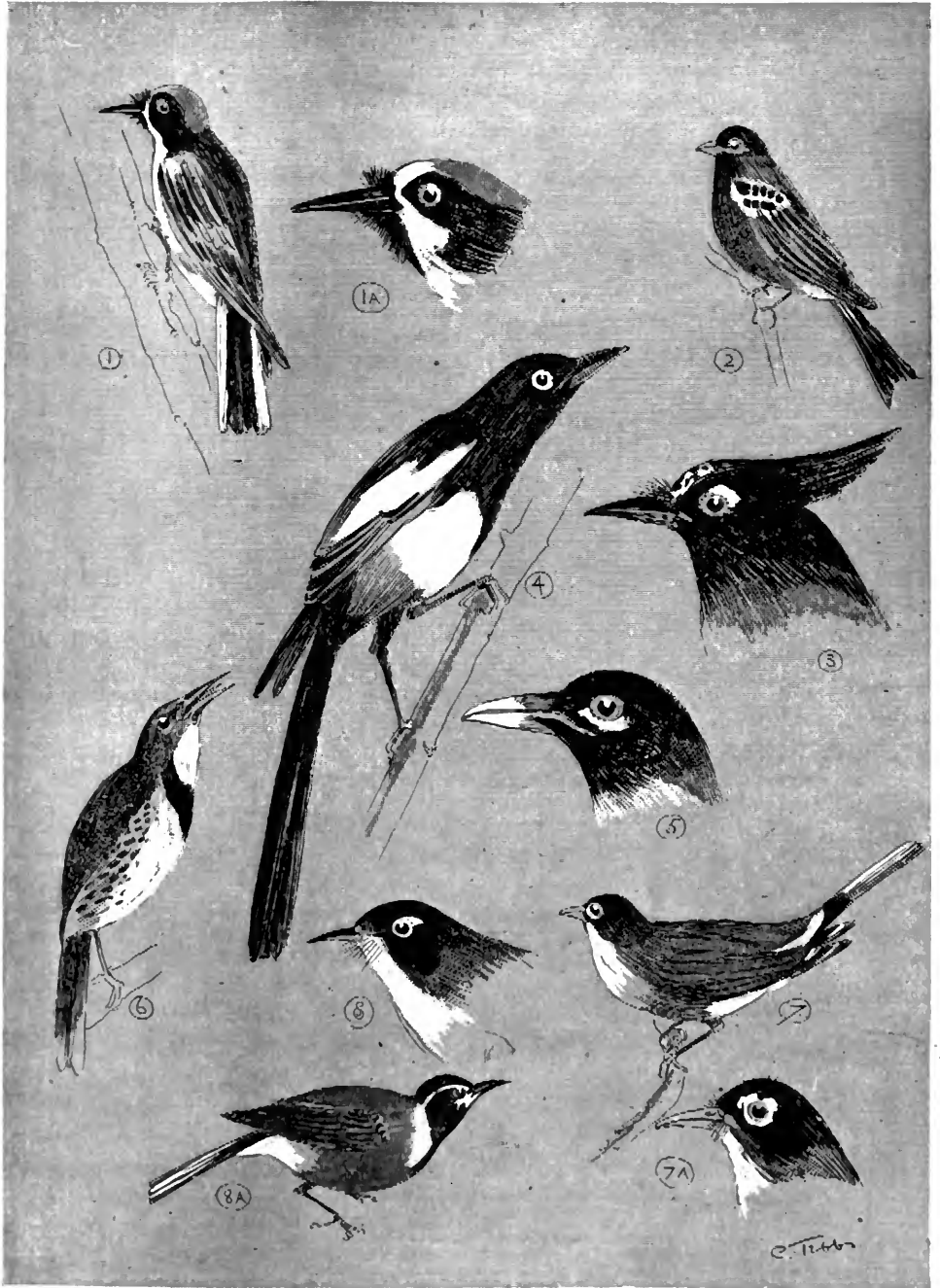


PLATE I.

1 Woodpecker; 1A, Woodpecker (head); 2, Linnet; 3, Long Crested Jay; 4, Magpie; 5, Yellow Bill Magpie (head); 6, Meadow Lark; 7, Robin; 7A, Robin (head); 8, Grackle (head); 8A, Grackle.

their vari-colored hosts in countless thousands along the low bluffs. And not a hundred yards from the waves over which flew gulls, brown pelicans, and curlews, I found the homes of the mocking bird, linnet, song sparrow, shrike, and curved-billed thrush.

I was particularly interested in the last named songster as I had never before seen one. The bird is about the size of our Eastern wood thrush, but is without the beautiful speckled breast of that delightful minstrel, and has a long curved bill, hence its name. It is called "mountain mocking bird" by some people, on account of its pleasing song. I visited eight or ten thrush homes, all built in the low chaparral bushes, about four feet from the ground. All but one nest contained baby thrushes of various ages, mostly three little fellows, though in one home there was an only child. What had become of his brothers or sisters his parents declined to state.

At one nest there was another visitor beside myself; a large gopher snake was twined around in the dense branches of the chaparral, and my efforts to dislodge him were in vain. In but one nest did I find eggs; there were three, of a beautiful blue color marked with brown spots. The mother bird sat so close that I almost touched her before she flew off so that I could look at her treasures.

An old farmer showed me a nest of the shrike or butcher-bird one day and told me that he wished I would take it, as he did not "want any such birds around the place, for this morning the villain killed a blue-bird that was flying past the bush where the nest was!" The shrike does, I admit, kill a small bird now and then, but he has a place to fill in the economy of nature and destroys many noxious insects, and ought not to be persecuted.

The old man's hatred of the shrike and

his remark set me to thinking of the vast number of our most useful birds that have for years been subjected to unjust persecution on the part of farmers and others, all because of ignorance. Hundreds, yes, thousands of bird lives have been sacrificed. Hawks and owls are beneficial rather than injurious; the poor old crow has not as black a character as his coat, though people used to think so; blackbirds do more good than harm, and kingbirds do not, as was once believed, eat honey-bees, but feed on robber-flies that steal honey from the workers and kill more bees in a day than a kingbird would in a year. But a better day is dawning, and laws protecting bird life have been enacted in nearly every State. Pity 't is they are not more rigidly enforced.

The shrike's nest awaits our examination. Built in a chaparral bush, five feet from the ground, it was certainly a unique collection of materials. I copy from my note book:—

Foundation, large and small twigs; walls composed of bits of coarse bagging, rags, wads of cotton, rope ravelings and twine; the lining of twine, cotton and long black horse hairs, the whole forming a large, bulky structure. Within, were five eggs, the ground color a dull white, marked all over, but thickest around the larger end with blotches and dots of drab and brown.

Another shrike's nest, found in a cypress tree, was in a sadly demoralized condition. It was very much mussed up, and on the ground beneath lay the shells of two eggs and a third egg that had been perforated by a bird's sharp beak. Circumstantial evidence pointed to that scamp, the blue jay, whose fondness for fresh bird's eggs is well known. One could hardly scold the jay — if jay it was — in this instance, which was a clear case of "the biter bitten", for the shrike, as heretofore recorded, is guilty of just as heinous crimes himself.

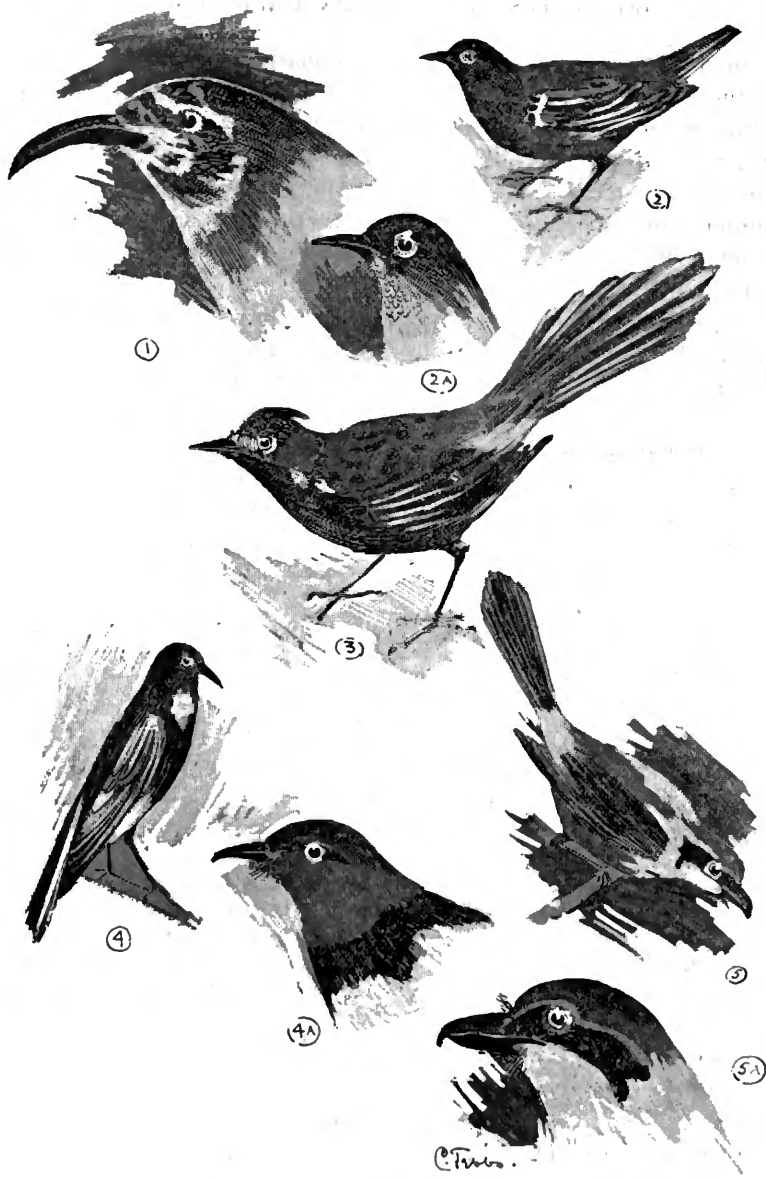


PLATE II.

1, Thrasher; 2, Water-ousel; 2A, Water-ousel (head); 3, Road Runner; 4, Bluebird; 4A, Bluebird (head); 5, Shrike; 5A, Shrike (head).

The long-crested jay, or mountain jay, as he is often called, is a larger and handsomer fellow than his Eastern relative, though not a whit better morally. I was witness to a kind action on the part of a jay towards a couple of the smaller fry of bird-dom one day, that goes a long way toward retrieving the character of the boy-in-blue.

Strolling one morning through the beautiful Del Monte Grounds, a paradise for birds, where comes not the nest-robbing boy, or the little imp with sling-shot, I heard a great chirping and chattering overhead in a tall pine tree. A pair of nut-hatches that had a nest in a small hole in a dead limb were flying about in a state of excitement, because a

red-headed wood-pecker was calmly moving up and down near their nest in search of his dinner. The little birds protested in loud tones against this invasion of their territory; the wood-pecker was invited again and again in language more emphatic than elegant, to betake himself to some other dead limb, and at length finding that moral suasion was in vain, the nuthatches attempted intimidation. First one and then the other flew right at the red-head as though they would strike him. But the wood-pecker only laughed as at each attack he squatted close to the limb, turned his head, and made a feint with his powerful bill at the nearest nuthatch, and then went on with his "*rap-tap-tap!*" on the bark. And as if to add insult to injury, the audacious chap went right up to the nuthatches' door and peered in. Then the poor little birds set up a loud chorus of shrieks and made a combined rush at the bold invader of their home, but in vain, he was not to be driven away.

As I watched, there came upon the scene a self-appointed guardian of the peace, a crested jay, in his blue coat and black helmet, only lacking the brass buttons to complete his official uniform. From a limb of an adjoining oak, the jay watched the fracas for a time, and then with a low chuckle he disappeared into the underbrush. Whether he had determined to let the trio fight it out, or whether he went to call a brother officer to assist him I did not know. Louder and louder shrieked the nuthatches, and back hurried the bluecoat. This time he tarried but a moment in the oak to get his breath, and then made a dash at the wood-pecker. With a laugh as much as to say, "Why I was only in fun," the red-cap flew off, and the nuthatches smoothed down their ruffled tempers and feathers and chirped their thanks to the

brave jay who had driven away their tormentor.

A little later I saw this same policeman jay scrambling about on the gnarled limbs of an old live-oak. From some nook or cranny in the bark he had drawn forth a long fat grub, and his grubship evidently had a tough hide, for the jay pounded and hammered and shook him a long time before swallowing him.

The jays build a somewhat clumsy nest in a bush or low tree, in which are deposited three eggs, blue, marked with brown spots and splashes.

Not far from the haunt of the blue jays there was a long narrow lagoon, and in the tules, or reeds, that grew along its borders a colony of tule-wrens had set up housekeeping. Mudhens in large numbers also nested there. That gay fellow, the red-winged blackbird, whistled his familiar *quonk re ee!* as clad in uniform of lustrous black with bright red epaulettes, he swayed to and fro on a slender tule-stem, while his modestly clad wife sat quietly on the four strangely marked eggs in the nest near by.

I crossed the lagoon one day in an old flat-bottomed boat and wandered over a broad stretch of pasture land on which were a number of old live-oak trees. Here I first made the acquaintance of some near relatives of my friends the red-wings, namely, the Brewers blackbirds. In almost every tree there were one or two nests of these birds. The nests were all built far out on the horizontal limbs of the oaks, and every one of the eight that I examined was fashioned of the beautiful Spanish moss that hung in festoons from the tree branches. There were five and six eggs in a nest, showing as great a variation as do the eggs of the purple grackle.

I like the blackbird family one and all; they are such a friendly, cheerful, so-

cial crew, and their musical chatter as they come to us early in the season from their winter homes, is one of the most pleasing of all the spring melodies.

Emerson was a close observer of birds and their ways, else he never could have written,—

The blackbirds make the maples ring  
With social cheer and jubilee.

In his essay on "Nature" he says: "It seems as though the day was not wholly profane in which we have given heed to some natural object." And it is a matter of rejoicing that in these latter days of the century, people are giving more heed to the "sermons in stones, and books in running brooks."

Our children are being taught in their kindergartens the habit of observation, this being essential to the proper interest

in and study of the trees and flowers and birds and all natural objects. Surely the children will grow up to be purer and better men and women from the fact that in childhood they have been by study and observation brought close to Nature's heart. The young people should early learn to know and love the birds, whose cheerful songs and bright plumage give an added charm to hill and dale, woodland and meadow. Let us hope that ere long there will be a more widespread knowledge of, and a greater love for,—

"The thrush that carols at the dawn of day  
From the green steeples of the piney wood;  
The oriole in the elm; the noisy jay  
Jargoning like a foreigner at his food,  
The blue bird balancing on some topmost spray,  
Flooding with melody the neighborhood;  
Linnet and meadow-lark and all the throng  
That dwell in nests and have the gift of song."

Harry L. Graham.

## THE QUICKSANDS OF PACTOLUS.<sup>1</sup>

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROMANCE OF JUDGE KETCHUM," THE "CHRONICLES OF SAN LORENZO," ETC., ETC.

### BOOK II.

"I SUPPOSE I must stay here," said Fred; "at any rate till one of the brothers turns up. That fellow Henry says his business needs his attention."

"It does," said Chetwynd, "and the attention of the Bank Commissioners."

"This mammon worship makes me sick. Don't go, John. What? You must,—eh? Well—send Henry here, like a good fellow. I can't stand sentry all day. Goodby."

But Henry refused to ascend Nob Hill. He took pains to tell Chetwynd something

<sup>1</sup> Begun in August number.

approximating the truth. A crash seemingly was imminent, and only the promptest action could avert ruin. His credit in San Francisco was gone. All his collateral was "up," and the lenders were "shy." Chetwynd listened to this shibboleth and went his way. The misfortunes of Henry concerned him but little.

The ill-starred banker spent the whole of Tuesday rushing from office to office, from bank to bank. His friends were profoundly sympathetic and all of them borrowers themselves. "If his father won't help him," was the unspoken com-



ment, "why should we?" Brown Mavis, the friend of the family, coolly told him to put up the shutters.

"You 'll save money," he said, with a wink.

Henry fled, cursing. On Wednesday morning the bank opened its doors as usual, but the knowing ones smiled derisively and whispered,—some the word "mismanagement," others, "malversation." A rumor swept through the business part of town to the effect that Henry Barrington and his Board of Directors were in serious straits. By noon it was positively known that Charles Paradise had refused his master's son the necessary assistance, and by two P. M. a run on the bank had begun. Messages all day were flashing across the continent and in London, Paris, New York, and Berlin, the name of Barrington was in the mouths of men. The evening papers announced curtly that Hector Desmond had not recovered consciousness; and that the private car "Menominee," with the great banker aboard, had made a phenomenal run from New York to Chicago, beating all previous records! These sops whetted the appetite of the hungry pack of reporters and fired their fancy. It leaked out that Henry had wired his father the day before, urging an immediate return, but the wise heads of the Chamber of Commerce nodded solemnly and the fiat went forth, "Too late!" The one question now before the public was this, Will the bank open the doors tomorrow?

And where was Dick Barrington when the fortunes and peace of his house were at stake? Trapesing through Southern California, writing articles, at a time when brains and the will to dare and do were at a premium? Not he! The ill tidings sent by the friendly hand of Cassius Quirk reached him at a small coun-

try town some two hundred miles from the city. The daily express had come and gone, but fortunately Dick was personally known to the division superintendent, who furnished him with an engine, driver, and stoker. At seven, as the clocks were striking, he descended, covered with dust and dirt, at Fourth and Townsend streets, and an hour later was closeted with Charles Paradise and his brother.

The men sat around the table in Rufus Barrington's private room at the bank. Dick, in ignorance of what had befallen Desmond, had gone to the Palace Hotel, changed his clothes and snatched a mouthful of food.

"Can we stand a run, Mr. Paradise?" he asked nervously.

"I think so," replied the cashier cautiously. "We have been loading up for some months. Our vaults are full of gold. Yes, we are safe."

An accent of pride in his voice provoked odious comparisons. He addressed himself to Dick, ignoring the hapless Henry, whom he had always mistrusted and disliked.

"You have wired my father, Henry?"

"A dozen times," was the gloomy reply. "Here is his final answer received an hour ago."

He spread upon the table with trembling fingers the yellow paper, translating the cipher.

I cannot imperil the fortunes of your sister and brother to save you.

"I must see Helen at once," cried Dick, starting to his feet.

His companions looked at each other askance.

"Helen is in trouble herself," muttered Henry. "Hector is down with delirium tremens,—dying, so they say."

"Dying?" ejaculated Dick.

Henry stammered out a meager confession of ignorance. Super-selfish he

had ignored the blow which had prostrated his only sister, thinking of himself and the claims of his many creditors, the latter weighty enough to absorb the attention of a dozen bankers.

"But I must see her immediately. Can you wait here?"

He seized his hat and hurried from the building. Desmond dying! He tried to analyze his emotions; admitting frankly that his brother-in-law could be spared. But Helen? To press money matters at such a season seemed brutal. The Almighty Dollar! Well-named. Potent to rend asunder the ties of blood, and perhaps, to join them together. During the past weeks, Dick had thought less of money and more of the stewardship of money. He had regretted the impulse which had moved him to leave the bank in a huff, and he had determined, upon his father's return, to resume his duties. With this determination he was conscious of a sacrifice, a sacrifice of those literary aspirations which were so dear to him, but his path seemed plain. The claim of the dollar to paramount consideration at the hands of Americans he still regarded as a monstrous imposition upon nineteenth century civilization, but he had recognized at last the futility of expecting his father, the architect of a gigantic fortune, to share this view. As well summon Christopher Wren to rise from his honored grave to pelt with mud the walls of Saint Paul's cathedral! Feeling that he could not accept the conclusions of Mr. Barrington upon many subjects, he none the less admitted to himself the claim which the dollar had upon him, not as an individual, but as the son of a millionaire.

Thinking of these things, he found himself at the door of Helen's house. The butler raised a ghost of a smile at the sight of his face as he replied gravely to Dick's anxious enquiries. Desmond was

still unconscious. Phyllis received him in the library, and shook her head when he mentioned his sister's name.

"She is dazed, Dick. I can't understand it."

"But I must see her," he insisted, "and at once. It is imperative. She has heard of — er — Henry?"

"Yes. She paid no attention. I fear she will refuse to see you."

But the unexpected happened. At the sound of her brother's name Helen burst into tears; the first she had shed for many hours. Dick wiped them away, holding her in his arms and whispering a thousand loving words. Aunt Mary and Phyllis stole from the room, leaving the two together, and thanking Heaven that the unnatural tension was at an end.

"You will not leave me," she urged, clinging to him.

Then he recalled his errand and stated it. He wished his sister to sign with him a telegram to their father imploring him to reconsider his decision unmindful of their interests.

"Why should I do this for Henry?" she answered dully, as if unable to realize the troubles of others when confronted with her own.

"Because," he replied gently, "he is your brother. O, my dear, let us try and be more to each other! In the last few weeks it has come upon me that love is the main thing, the greatest thing in the world as Drummond says. What a platitude,— old as the hills, but new to us Barringtons! We have each of us gone our own way, and now the house is tottering. How could it stand; divided against itself?"

But she looked doubtfully at him, withholding her consent. The memory of a thousand slights rankled still.

"Do you know, Dick, that Henry did his best to poison father's mind against

you? That he was intensely jealous of you? That he left no stone unturned to oust you from the bank? Do you know these things?"

"Yes, I know them well. Poor Henry, we often rubbed him up the wrong way, you and I."

"Write out the telegram," she said suddenly, "and I will sign it."

"You understand, *fully*, that this may mean an immense sacrifice. In supporting Henry we weaken ourselves and the panic may become general. It is impossible to say where it will end."

"Write it out."

After he had gone, she returned to her chair, but the burden of her anguish pressed less heavily. Soon Stella came to the door and told her that Fortescue wished to see her alone; that Hector was conscious and would live; that the awful suspense was over! When this gospel was made manifest she fell upon her knees and humbly and devoutly thanked God. Her attitude toward Him had been throughout the day one of unconscious prayer. She had asked that a sign should be vouchsafed her; and the sign was given; to be interpreted according to the wisdom or folly of the expounder!

She wondered vaguely that Stella should display so little joy, and the face of Fortescue, as he entered the room, warned her that something unexpected had occurred.

"Mrs. Desmond," he began, noting in her countenance the ravages of the past forty-eight hours, "your husband is asking for you."

"I will go to him," she answered promptly.

"Stay," he murmured hoarsely. "I have something to say to you which will tax your strength."

"He will live," she cried, "Stella told me that."

"Yes, he will live. He has a naturally vigorous constitution. He will certainly live, but I tremble for his reason."

"His reason?" she stammered. "Is he insane?"

"Not insane,—exactly,—but there is dementia, a weakness, a delusion. He is temporarily blind, but he is reasonable enough about that and accepted my explanations. It is a case of monomania. And it takes the form—Mrs. Desmond, I wish I could spare you this—it takes the form of an extravagant love for you. He has forgotten the unhappy relations which of late existed between you and raves of his bride. Unless you can go to him, and—and satisfy, as best you can, this unhappy delusion, I will not answer for the consequences. In the congested state of the brain, fever of the most dangerous kind, would undoubtedly ensue. Can you sit beside him, take his hand, kiss him, murmur loving words, play the part, in short, of a devoted wife? If you can do this he will certainly live."

He did not dare to let his eyes rest upon her face as he spoke.

A cry echoed along the corridor. "Nell! Nell!"

"He is calling to you," said Fortescue.

"This delusion," murmured Helen in a whisper,— "will it last long?"

"It is my duty to tell you that it may be permanent. Humor him and the dementia will retain its mild form. If brain fever supervenes he may become a dangerous maniac."

He expected some outburst, some visible and audible sign of the tempest raging within, but she answered calmly.

"I will do the best I can."

Then he knew that she had accepted her punishment humbly, as an expiation of crime, and once more his sympathy for her flowed freely in its old channel.

## XVII.

DICK dispatched his telegram from the central office on the corner of Pine and Montgomery Streets and instructed the chief operator to put it through as quickly as possible. (Rufus Barrington was any where between Chicago and Council Bluffs, speeding West at the average rate of fifty miles an hour, the regular trains being side-tracked on his account.) The operator promised to do his best, and Dick returned to the bank. There was nothing to do but wait, and the minutes lagged terribly. Henry, realizing what his brother had done for his sake, thanked him profusely, and—to pass the time—gave him a synopsis of the causes which had lead up to the final fiasco. He repeated in substance what he had told his father, with additions, embellishments, and excuses, for the benefit of Dick and Charles Paradise. The cashier listened glumly: his long face was longer than ever; and he jotted down on a writing pad Henry's figures, adding and subtracting with the zest of an expert. Dick listened attentively and sympathetically, but it was patent to him that his brother's ambition had lured him in imitation of his father, to Icarian flights. Now he lay bruised and helpless with his machine in splinters.

"If I had time," he said in conclusion, "those Southern Californian investments would bring me out."

Charles Paradise snorted.

"Southern California is in a bad way," said Dick. "The boom inflated all values, and now that the gas is out of 'em they've shriveled in inverse ratio. I know what I'm saying, because for the last few weeks I've put in my time looking up these very matters. The whole State is for sale and the farmers with mortgages can't even pay up the interest. We have all had too easy a time of it here in

California, and now that the season of lean kine is upon us we are going to learn a valuable lesson."

"We loaned our money," said Henry, "on the old conservative lines, a one-third valuation by reliable parties."

"And your money will return to you in the shape of land," said the cashier grimly. "You'll be in the land business the first thing you'll know, and I hope you'll like it. Half the banks in San Francisco are loaded to the gunwale with real estate, country properties, I mean, and a big percentage of 'em will founder if the storm comes."

He chuckled audibly. Apparently the prospect of dirty weather was neither alarming nor unpleasing.

"Mr. Paradise," said Dick, hoping to steer the talk into a smoother channel, "how much cold coin could we spare?"

"Not a cent, Mr. Chester." He snapped together his lantern jaws with the click of a steel trap.

"Let me see our last balance sheet, and the monthly reports."

"The reports are in the safe, Mr. Chester, but I think I have a copy in my desk."

His gaunt figure moved slowly away, and Henry followed it with malevolent eyes. He hated Charles Paradise, knowing that the man despised him and held him cheap. The fellow's sneer was insufferable; his confidence in himself and in the policy of the great financier he worked for was so offensively obtrusive; his familiarity so presumptuous; his very actions, even in handling a pencil, so significantly insolent; that the young man could scarcely contain himself.

"That cold-blooded machine," he whispered to Dick, "is grinding me to powder."

Dick pressed his hand.

"Don't take it so hard," he said genially. "After all, what's the loss of a little money."

"There is more than that at stake, Dick. If my father refuses to help me there must be an inquiry, a public investigation, and I—." He flushed crimson, and hesitated, moistening his dry lips with feverish tongue.

"Give me the facts, old boy; I'll try and stand by you."

"I might be arrested," concluded Henry, writhing in his chair.

"This is awful," said his brother. "What have you done?"

"I don't know. Honestly Dick, I don't know how I stand. To save appearances, to keep up our credit, I've been obliged to cross the danger line. Everybody does it,—but you must n't be found out."

Dick groaned in spirit. That his brother should have been engaged in questionable transactions was bad enough; that he might be found out and disgraced was worse; but the superlative aspect of the case, in his eyes, was Henry's indifference to the moral side of the question.

The cashier, armed with his reports, returned to his chair and spread out the rustling papers on the table. Then, pincenez on nose, he began to read in a high, monotonous tone, which grated unmercifully upon the nerves of his companions.

"Our reserve is larger than ever," said Dick in some surprise.

"Not a bit too large," retorted the cashier, carefully folding up the reports. "If we drew upon it to any great extent, and the fact became known, our credit would be impaired. Hah! Your father has answered promptly."

As he spoke the janitor of the bank entered with the expected telegram in his hand. Dick tore it open, read it, and passed it to Henry. Charles Paradise tried to look unconcerned, but his nether lip twitched and his eyes sparkled uneasily. He was puzzled. Henry's face expressed neither pleasure nor annoyance. Dick's ugly features were set-

ting impassively and the likeness between himself and Rufus Barrington came out strongly, the massive jaw and brow, the brooding eyes; never was a man's paternity more plainly stamped upon him.

"Well," said Henry at length, returning the paper to Dick, and ignoring the cashier. "What are you going to do?"

Dick flung the message across the table and Paradise grasped it with lean fingers. It was curtly to the point.

You can use your own judgment. Let me see what stuff you are made of. Tell Paradise.

"Mr. Chester," said the cashier earnestly. "Pray, sir, do nothing rashly. Think of this business! Think of the years it has taken to build up!" His voice trembled. Dick saw that the man's concern in the welfare of the bank in which—all said and done—he was only a paid employee affected him intensely. The fidelity of a good servant touched him.

"I hope," he said in his ringing voice, "that I shall justify, Mr. Paradise, my father's confidence in me."

In truth this moment was his jubilee.

The telegram, literally construed, comprehended an amazing reliance in his capacity; but its signification, to Dick, was deeper, more far-reaching, than the mere words implied. Behind the faith and the magnanimity which imposed no conditions was love, and it was love, not pride, which now set his eyes a dancing and made the blood tingle in his veins. His father had forgiven him. But the magnitude of the charge soon sobered him. It was the habit of Rufus Barrington to trust men largely or not at all. He never hampered a good servant in the discharge of his duties, and his intuition in such matters was seldom at fault.

"I pick my fellow," he would say, "very carefully, and nine times out of ten my choice is justified."

He never gave a blunderer a second trial, and Dick knowing this, was on his mettle. He felt at last that the years spent upon a stool had not been wasted. The technology of the business was at his fingers' ends. In the great game to be played he had confidence in himself and his brains.

Henry repeated impatiently his question. Before his brother could answer, Charles Paradise spoke again.

"Mr. Henry," he said significantly, "has had already a big sheaf of our Bills Receivable, and we only hold his receipt for the same. I understood from Mr. Barrington that a promise had been—"

"Yes," retorted Henry savagely. "I gave my promise, but at that time I was depending upon the promises of others. My debtors have failed to meet their solemn obligations. I am in the same boat with them."

"How much did father advance you, Henry?"

He named the sum total of the securities.

"Phew!"

"A flea bite to him," muttered Henry.

"And how much will keep the doors of your institution open?"

"No bank can stand a continuous run. You know that, Dick."

"That is so," said Charles Paradise. "No bank, not even this bank, can stand a continuous run."

"It is folly mentioning a specific sum. An assurance from you that this bank was behind us would satisfy the depositors."

"I should think it would," murmured the cashier.

"That assurance can be made by you to the papers *tonight*."

"In that case," said the cashier, "I must tender my resignation. I have worked for your father, Mr. Chester, for half a lifetime, but this is too much. I

cannot sit tamely by and submit to this, this imposition."

He brought out the word with a jerk. Dick had never seen him so disturbed. The man's icy calmness had deserted him. He glared at Henry, who smiled scornfully.

"You have nothing to lose, sir," said Dick frowning. He had not expected this move.

"I have my reputation at stake," replied Paradise doggedly. "As a conservative man of business, I must make my protest. That is my conception of the word duty."

He was under a thousand obligations to Rufus Barrington, but Dick perceived that he was thinking of himself and the sweetness of his name. Against this granite selfishness remonstrance would be wasted.

"I accept your resignation," he said coldly.

This ready acquiescence startled the cashier. He flushed deeply red and stammered. He had buttressed himself with the delusion that his services could not be dispensed with.

"Enough, sir," said Dick, listening impatiently to his protestations. "Keep your apologies for my father; he may be able to appreciate them; I cannot."

A few minutes later the three men parted. Paradise, with a sour smile upon his thin lips, bade the brothers good-night. Henry hastened with buoyant steps to his club, where he had promised to meet his Vice-President and a couple of anxious Directors. Dick returned to his sister's house and learned from the butler that Desmond was conscious and the crisis past.

"A room has been prepared for you, sir," said the butler. "Mr. Langham occupied it last night, but he has returned to the Palace."

"Where is Mrs. Desmond?"

"With Mr. Desmond, sir."

Dick entered the library and found Phyllis there, reading. Aunt Mary, worn out, had gone early and thankfully to bed. The girl uttered an exclamation of pleasure as he passed the portières, and held out her hands in warm greeting. They looked at each other in silence, he dwelling fondly upon her beauty and enchanting sweetness, she noting with surprise his assured bearing, the poise of his head, the splendid virility of his face and figure.

"Why, Dick," she cried, with a vibrant note of curiosity. "You have positively grown bigger. What has happened, sir?"

He laughed, releasing her hands, and told her his good news.

"My dear old daddy," he said, "has taken me back to his heart. That is all and enough too."

Sitting down, he went into details. Her eyes sparkled as he talked, and she caught his enthusiasm, comprehending, with the amazing tact of her sex, his aims, the drift of his ambition, the scope of his endeavors.

"We have all been on the wrong track, Henry, Helen, and myself. The family, Phyllis, not the individual, is the unit of the national life. I have salted that down, as the pater says. We must pull together or get swamped. The trend of society is the other way, I know. I pointed that out in my article, the one I sent you, drawing a parallel between our American civilization and that of the Athens of Alcibiades. Do you remember the theme, Phyllis?"

"Yes, yes. I liked that article."

"The apotheosis of the individual played the dickens with Greece: and history is repeating herself today in our country! In England it is different; you must have noticed that. The family im-

poses restrictions which few dare to ignore. Here, particularly in the West, these restrictions hardly exist."

"Don't quote England to me," said Phyllis. "I get enough of the mother country from Mr. Langham. He sees no good in California."

"Of course he does n't, but I do, Phyllis. I see the energies, the wasted energies, which need baling, the possibilities, the infinite resources of this State. I'm a regular son of the Golden West. Pray don't misunderstand me. I take my stand as an American, first and last, and as an American wishing to reform the State, I see plainly that we must begin by reforming the family. We'll whitewash ourselves first. Good Heavens! when I consider how fond we all were of each other as children and how we've gradually drifted apart, I feel myself hot all over."

"But, Dick," cried Phyllis, "you will not give up your literary work?"

"Yes," he answered doggedly. "I must. For the present at any rate. I have learned my lesson. I have not walked half over the State for nothing. I tell you, Phyllis, California is in deep water. Bad times are upon us. The suffering has already begun. Every man worth his salt, must do what he can, and from those who have received much from the State much will be required."

"Dick," she said after a pause, "every word of this goes straight to my heart, but your father,—what will he do? He likes to have his own way. Will he approve of these schemes of reform? He—ah! it is hard to say it, but you know his ideas of—of right and wrong are—"

She stopped helplessly, unwilling to go further.

"I understand you, Phyllis, but conceding that my poor father, acting according to his lights, has made mistakes,

am I to judge him? Am I to leave him, if he needs me? He has just given me entire control of the bank. I can wreck it, wreck it in twenty-four hours, that monument of his genius. And he knows this and trusts me. And cannot I trust him a little, and make allowances?"

"Yes, yes, yes," she said rising. "God bless and prosper you, dear Dick, you are indeed on the right track at last."

He sat on, smoking and thinking for at least an hour. But his thoughts, curiously enough, were not of the fight staring him in the face, nor of his plans and resolutions for the future. They strayed down town, coming to a full stop in the rooms of Langham. Why,—he asked himself—had that gentleman left Phyllis to spend her evening alone? He really respected and admired Fred. He was the type of so much that was super-excellent in the English character. But as a lover! As the lover of Phyllis! Truly, in that rôle, he was supremely ridiculous.

It was nearly midnight when a footman came to him with a card. Cassius Quirk wished to see him on a matter of importance.

"I'm glad," began Cassius, "that your brother-in-law is out of danger, but it is not on his account, but on yours that I am disturbing you. You have decided, I hear, to back your brother."

"Sit down," said Dick, "and take a cigar."

"Thanks. Ten minutes will do me. Tell me all you can."

Dick complied and the minutes flew.

"That is enough," said Cassius, closing his note book with a snap. "I'll give the readers of the *Enquirer* a stem-winder. I can make 'em wiggle,—I'll —"

He paused. A tap at the door cut short the phrase.

"Come in," cried Dick.

Stella opened the heavy door, pushed aside the hangings, and advanced a few steps into the room.

"Why, it's Miss Ramage," said Cassius.

At the familiar sound of his voice she halted, trembling. The girl was only human after all. She had shouldered bravely the responsibilities of the preceding forty-eight hours. Helen had demanded her almost constant attention. She had come from her bed room now with a simple message from sister to brother. For nearly half an hour she had rubbed her friend with alcohol, and the physical effort had been too much for her strength. Nature can be imposed upon up to a certain limit and this limit Stella had passed. A flood of bitter memories swamped the words she tried to utter.

"She's fainting," cried Cassius, springing to her side.

They laid her gently on the divan and looked at each other.

"You know her?" said Dick.

"Yes, the best girl in California. Here, soda water! That will do. Great Scott! Ain't she a beauty? There, there, she's coming to. My ugly face must have scared her. It's all right, Miss Ramage,—all right. Make a brace. That's it."

"What does he mean with his Miss Ramage?" thought Dick. "The girl's name is Johnson."

Like his father he hated a mystery.

"I hope you feel better," he said politely but stiffly.

She murmured her message and tried to rise.

"No, you don't," said Cassius. "Take it easy. Have some soda? No, no, whisky will be better."

He forced some whisky down her throat, overwhelming her with small at-



tentions. His kindly face was wrinkled with concern. Then he turned to Dick with a shrug of his narrow shoulders.

"Time, tide, and a big daily, wait for no man," he said. "So goodnight. Goodnight, Miss Ramage. Goodnight."

Dick was alone with the nurse.

"Can I offer you my arm," he said, "as far as your room?"

She accepted it silently, and they as-

cended the staircase together. At the end of the corridor she thanked him and said in a low voice, "I will explain this, Mr. Barrington, at some future time."

Dick bowed and retired.

"Gad," he muttered, as he turned in for the night, "the fortunes of the Barringtons are deserving of some attention."

*Horace Annesley Vachell.*

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

## INDIAN MEDICINE MEN.



HE Caucasian population of the United States has been in intimate contact with the aborigines for two hundred and fifty years or more, but has been indifferent to, and careless of, the character and feelings of their predecessors whose country and

homes they have appropriated for themselves, and the red man has carefully withheld much knowledge which, if imparted, would have done much toward the assimilation with their white brethren and the preservation of their own race.

The influence to which, on the part of the Indian, this result may be traced, is that of the "Medicine-man" who was regarded by the whites as an aboriginal fakir pretending to be possessed of supernatural powers, which he was supposed to claim without reference to education, special training, or proper qualifications, and but little attention was shown them except in the work done by the Smithsonian Institution under Professor Spencer F. Baird, until the United States Bureau

of Ethnology at its inception in 1879, under the direction of Major J. W. Powell commenced a systematic study of the manners, customs, traditions, superstitions, language, and other peculiarities and characteristics of the aborigines of our country, the results of which have been published in the Annual Reports and other publications of the Bureau.

These researches have enabled us to obtain a much better knowledge, and a higher appreciation of, the intellectual and social qualifications of the much abused and fast disappearing red man.

Private individuals have been induced to interest themselves in the research, some of whom have spent large sums of money in equipping and sending out exploring parties to collect relics, describe their discoveries, and the knowledge acquired of the past history of extinct and forgotten tribes and races of peoples, who formerly lived and flourished in the almost inaccessible cliffs, deep cañons, and desert like mesas, which have long been in undisturbed possession of venomous reptiles of the region.

Many of these once thickly populated



INDIAN MEDICINE MAN AT WORK.

U. S. Ethnological Reports.

localities were, until recently, unknown to any human being except the treacherous Apache, and nomadic bands of other untamed tribes who knew nothing, even by tradition, of the semi-civilized races who had mysteriously disappeared, leaving no history save their ruined pueblos, broken aqueducts, and irrigation canals on the mesas, and the curious cliff-dwellings in the walls of deep cañons, with their buried household utensils and other evidences of their superiority over the nomadic tribes which subsequently overran the region.

Remnants of some of these ancient peoples have survived, and still occupy capacious community dwellings called Pueblos, and from these communities much information has been obtained in relation to their mode of life; special effort has been made to obtain all possible knowledge of their ceremonial observances, which seem to have been the most important events of the otherwise monotonous existence of these isolated peoples.

The study of the ceremonial observances, made up of a combination of the illustrations of folk-lore, simple, fairy-like traditions, gross superstitions, with some scientific attainments, have brought to light the existence among the various tribes, of extensive secret societies or associations, with well defined rituals, and governed by stringent rules.

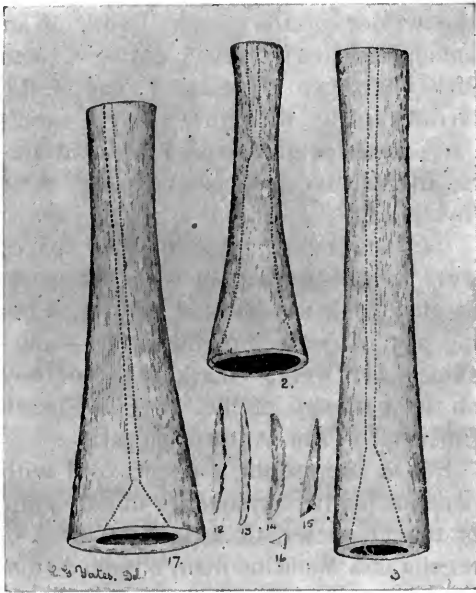
The mystic lodges are secret societies based not upon descent, but made up of individuals who are considered fitted for the acquirement of certain kinds of knowledge.

The order of hunters guard the secrets of obtaining and preserving game; another order, the rites and ceremonies for worshipping the deities both in secret and in public; still another is devoted to preserves the secrets of knowledge for military art, while the medicine order healing the sick.

In many tribes complicated rituals and



Fig. 20



PART OF A MEDICINE MAN'S OUTFIT.

extensive symbolic regalias were used and each of the various orders had its own myths and fables, traditions and folk-lore, by which its history was transmitted from generation to generation as with the Masonic fraternity of our own people.

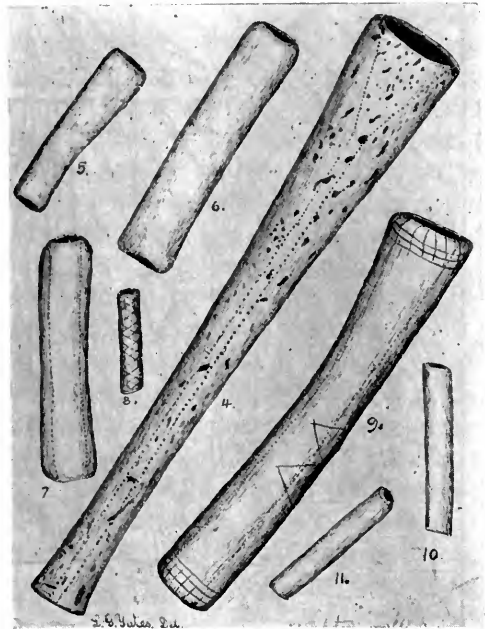
The orders or guilds differed in the various tribes, but the Medicine-man always formed an important factor in the tribal government, and exercised an influence antagonistic to the absorption of new ideas and the adoption of new customs.

Their practice was a peculiar combination of amulets, charms, mummerly, mysticism, with some knowledge of nature's laws and the medicinal and curative qualities of native plants; many of their practices were so nearly like the well-known feats of jugglery of the Hindoos, that the perusal of accounts by credible eye witnesses of the wonderful feats accomplished by the Medicine-men, seem to connect them in some way with the Hindoo Adepts.

In many instances it is difficult to decide as to where priest craft ends and medicine begins, like the priests of ancient Egypt, with whom doctors were identified, and were separated into classes or as we would term them, specialists; among the Apaches, Mohaves and others, some doctors are famous for bringing rain, some consult the spirits and treat the sick only in the absence of other practitioners, others claim special power over snakes; other special functions were claimed by the Medicine-men of other tribes; among the Oregon tribes there are Spirit Doctors and Medicine Doctors.

Some tribes claim a special heaven for Medicine-men, and believe in a hereafter composed of four lives which is symbolically represented by the four lodges and the four degrees through which the adepts are required to pass, and upon the attainment of the fourth degree the Medicine-men claim divine power.

Among some tribes the Priests and Medicine-men are selected from a particu-



PART OF A MEDICINE MAN'S OUTFIT.

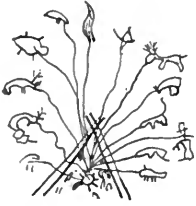


Fig. 19.

lar gens, or clan; but in California no hereditary right was claimed, their qualifications being based on their individual fitness for perpetuating certain special kinds of knowledge, in many cases however, the

great Medicine-man of a tribe was a near relative of some prominent chief.

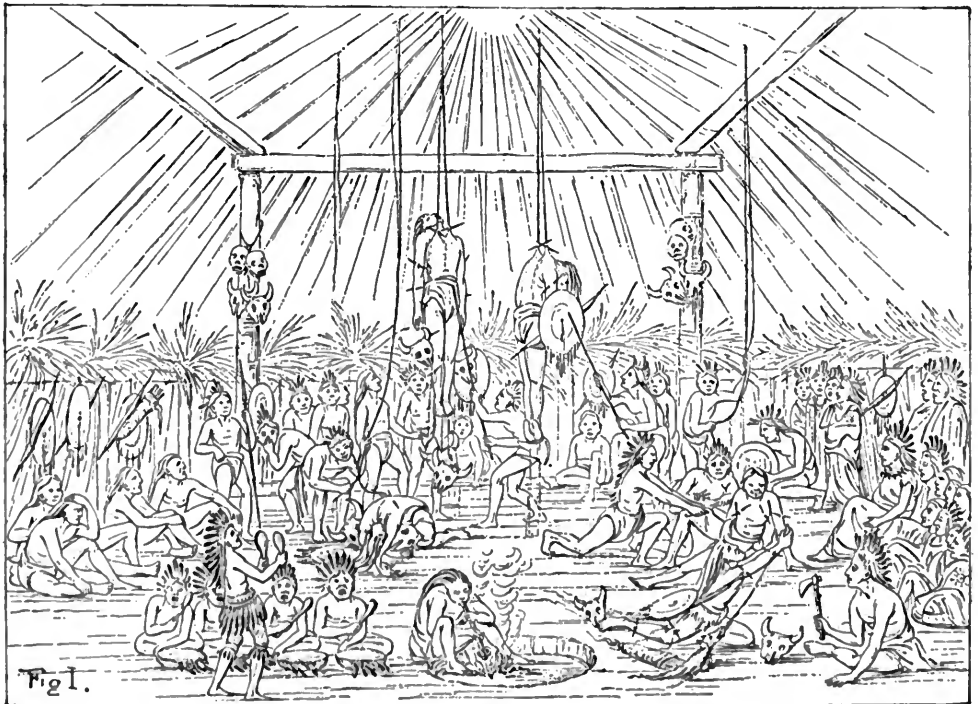
Among the Apaches a candidate who desires to become a "doctor" is required to convince his friends that he "has the gift," that is, he must show that he is a dreamer of dreams, given to long fasts and vigils, able to interpret omens, and do other things of that general nature to demonstrate the possession of an intense spirituality. (John G. Bourke.)

The illustration Fig. 1, copied from the first pictorial representation made by an

eye witness of the esoteric work of an Indian Medicine Lodge, a painting of some fifty years ago, represents some of the terrible ordeals through which the candidates were required to pass before attaining the fourth or highest degree of their mysteries.

"In the Indian lodges the four spaces were typified severally by the posts erected, their number and decoration being sign of degrees of initiation,—milestones, as it were,—marking the journey on the pathway of life." (Ella Russell Emerson, in *Am. Anthropologist*.)

Fig. 2 represents a magic cord with pendant feather ornaments in pairs, one of the characteristic articles of dress of regalia of a Medicine-man, obtained from one of the members of a branch of the Tulare Indian tribe, which tribe has been living for the past two hundred years in the vicinity made notorious by Evans and Sontag. It was given to me by Mrs.



AN INDIAN MEDICINE LODGE.



A NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN MEDICINE MAN.

Rider of San Jose, who obtained it from an Indian whom she had befriended in Fresno County.

This Indian told her that, when a young boy is intended for a Medicine-man, this cord with a single pair of the feather pendants is placed about his neck, and is afterward worn continuously, an additional pair of pendants being added each year; in their "dances" the Medicine-men wear a girdle composed of a large number of these pendants, around the waist.

The principal cord of this part of their paraphernalia is made of a silk-like vegetable fibre of a rich brown color, the smaller cords to which the feathers are attached are of a white vegetable fibre, and between the twisted strands of all the cords downy feathers are arranged, the ends of which cover the surface of the cord; the eagle feathers forming the pendants are tied two together, with their under sides in contact, on the ends of the short cord, crest-feathers of the California quail, and red feathers from the head of the wood-pecker, are arranged around the shafts of the eagle feathers and all held in place by wrappings of sinew, the sinew and ends of the feathers where attached, covered by a strip of raw hide of a fawn, lapped in a spiral form to cover

the wrappings of sinew, with a final neat cap of sinew over the upper end of the rawhide; all the materials of which this necklace is formed are sacred, or "medicine" and doubtless have some mysterious meaning, but what that meaning is it is impossible to state.

Mr. Bourke, in his interesting article "The Medicine-men of the Apache" published in the Report of the Bureau of Ethnology, 1886-87, as the result of twenty-two years of research among the savage tribes, remarks of the Izzé-Kloth or medicine cord, "There is probably no more mysterious or interesting portion of the religious or "medicinal" equipment of the Apache Indian, whether he be Medicine-man or simply a member of the laity, than the izzé-kloth" or medicine cord, . . . Less, perhaps, is known concerning it than of any other article upon which he relies in his distress.

I regret very much to say that I am unable to afford the slightest clew to the meaning of any of the parts or appendages of the cords which I have seen or which I have procured. . . . The Apache look upon these cords as so sacred that strangers are not allowed to see them, much less handle them or talk about them." He admits that the most diligent efforts in this line were unsuccessful.

“ That the use of these cords was reserved for the most sacred and important occasions, I soon learned ; that they were not to be seen on occasions of no moment, but the dances for war, medicine, and summoning the spirits at once brought them out, and every medicine-man of any consequence would appear with one hanging from his right shoulder over his left hip.

Only the chief medicine-men can make them, and after being made and before being assumed by the new owner they must be sprinkled,” . . . with a great deal of attendant ceremony of a religious character.

These cords are supposed to protect a man while on the war path, and the Apaches firmly believe that a bullet will have no effect upon the warrior wearing one of them ; the wearer can tell who has stolen his ponies or other property, can help the crops, and cure the sick.

Magic or Medicine Cords and Rosaries have from time immemorial, in varied forms, represented some superstition and magic powers among all races of people, and until a comparatively recent period in Catholic countries, have been buried with the dead. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the Laps and Fins sold wind contained in a cord with three knots, by the untying of which mariners could regulate the wind according to their wishes ; and to this day, the presence of a Russian Fin among a crew of sailors is looked upon as indicating the presence of witchcraft among them ; in other countries cords were worn to protect their wearers from misfortune and disease ; in others as a sign of grief, or of baptism.

The Aztec priests consulted Fate by casting upon the ground a handful of cords tied together, if the cords remained bunched together the patient was to die, if they stretched out, the patient would soon stretch out his legs and recover ; the

Australian wears a cord of opossum hair around the neck to signify that he has attained to manhood.

Amulets in endless variety, medicine bags, &c., were attached to these magic cords and the custom of wearing strings of beads with amulets attached has not entirely disappeared among the most advanced civilized nations.

The writer distinctly recollects in his schoolboy days, being cautioned against untying any knotted string or cord, which might be found attached to any fence, gate, or tree, as it was the practice of people who were afflicted with fever and ague, or had warts upon their hands, to tie a knot for each “ shake,” or wart, in a cord which was then tied in some prominent place, and the unlucky wight, who should untie the knots, would thereby take upon himself the disease, or the number of warts upon the hands of the afflicted person, who would by this transfer be entirely relieved of his troubles.

Having always been proof against superstitious belief and so having no fear of the results, if I wanted a string which I saw carefully fastened, which required some considerable untying of knots to obtain, I deliberately and against the advice of my schoolmates, and even of grown up people, proceeded to untie and appropriate it, nor did I afterwards suffer from intermittent fever, or cultivate any warts.

Referring to the eagle feathers used as pendants in Fig. I quote from an account of the method used for catching these birds, the feathers of which were and are so much used in Indian ceremonies and dress.

#### EAGLE HUNTING AMONG THE HIDATSA INDIANS.

“ Late in the autumn or early in the winter, when they go out in their winter hunt, a few families seek some quiet spot



THE PIAI OF GUIANA.

in the timber, and make a camp with a view of catching eagles. After pitching their tent, their first build a small medicine-lodge, where the ceremonies, supposed to be indispensable, are performed, and then make several traps on high places among the neighboring hills.

Each trap consists of a hole dug in the earth, and covered with sticks, sods, etc., a small opening is left in the covering; a dead rabbit, grouse, or other animal is tied on top, and an Indian is secreted in the excavation below. The eagle, seeing the bait, sweeps down and fastens his claws in it; but the bait being secured, he is unable to remove it. When the eagle's claws are stuck, the Indian puts



AN AFRICAN BILBO AT WORK.

his hand out through the opening, and catching the bird by both legs, draws him into the hole and ties him firmly. The trapper then re-arranges the top of his trap, and waits for another eagle. In this way many eagles are caught; they are then brought alive into camp, the tails are plucked out and the bird is set at liberty, to suffer, perhaps, a similar imprisonment and mutilation at some future time."

## AMULETS.

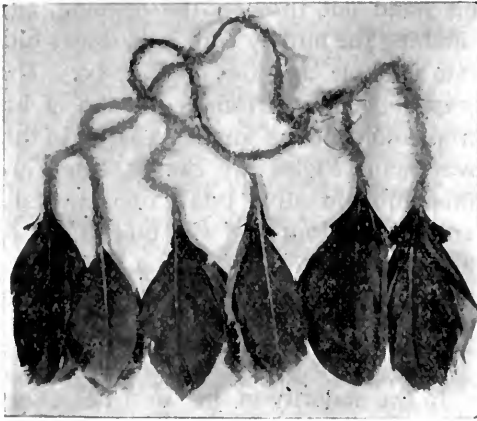
In the majority of Indian tribes every man has his personal medicine, which is usually some animal. On hunting and other excursions he carries the head, claws, stuffed skin of his medicine, if an



A TONGAN MEDICINE MAN.

animal; or a crystal, fragment of mineral, an arrow-head, a fragment of a tree struck by lightning; in some cases portions of their enemies who may have been killed in battle are selected as their medicine, some wear necklaces ornamented by stuffed human fingers or preserved finger bones.

The Indians seem to regard their "medicine" in the same light the Europeans in former days regarded,—and in some cases still regard,—"protection charms." Among the Hidatsas, to insure the future fleetness of some promising young colt, "they tie to their colt's neck a small piece of deer, or antelope horn. The

TULARE INDIAN MEDICINE MAN CHARM.<sup>1</sup>

rodent teeth of the beaver are regarded as potent charms, and are worn by little girls on their necks to make them industrious.”

All charms, idols and Sacred Regalia should be blessed if not made by the Medicine-men, who have charge of all ceremonials and dances; preparations for war are under their control, and when on the war path their power is supreme,

#### PRACTICES.

A description of all the practices of the medicine-men would fill a large book, and even an outline of the principal ceremonies connected with their methods of curing the sick would fill more pages

<sup>1</sup> This charm is composed of the feathers of the eagle, wood pecker and quail; where the shaft of the feathers (2) is attached to the cord it is covered with the sinew of deer and this is again covered with strips of rawhide of fawn; the cord is made of the fibre of the nettle twisted into a string and eagle down is worked into the strands in such a manner as to completely cover the cord.

The child that is ordained as a Medicine Man from early youth begins by the wearing of the charm cord around the neck with (4) feathers in pairs to which for each succeeding year is added two more pairs of feathers similarly attached to the original cord. The wearing of charm cords is a common superstition in many aboriginal tribes and in fact among the civilized races of today, instances being common in England and America and in some parts of Europe. The native races of Australia have a similar system of cord amulets.

than could be reasonably expected for this article; but I cannot leave the subject without endeavoring to correct some erroneous statements made by former writers, in which incorrect uses have been assigned to some of the many implements made use of in their most important ceremonial observances and operations.

Among them are the cylindrical tubes of stone, bone, or reed, represented by Figures 2 to 17, some of which, notably such forms as are represented by Figs. 2, 3, 4, 17 have been called pipes.

All bodily ailments being attributed to malevolent spirits, these must be driven out or placated before the patient can recover; this was done by various ceremonies, the use of charms of various kinds accompanied by certain formula of words, motions, a mixture and distribution of combinations of herbs and other substances; all these were accompanied by more or less impressive ceremonies, among which the sprinkling of meal formed an important item, as did the use of pollen of corn and other plants, with tubes of various colors, and prayer sticks ornamented with feathers, beads, etc.

One of the prayers used by the Navajos is as follows:

“People of the mountains and rocks, I hear you wish to be paid. I give to you food of corn pollen and humming-bird feathers, and I send to you precious stones and tobacco which you must smoke; it has been lighted by the sun’s rays and for this I beg you to give me a good dance; be with me. Earth, I beg you to give me a good dance, and I offer to you food of humming-birds’ plumes and precious stones, and tobacco to smoke lighted by the sun’s rays, to pay for using you for the dance; make a good solid ground for me, that the gods who come to see the dance may be pleased at the ground their people dance





A KAFFIR PROPHET.

upon; make my people healthy and strong of mind and body.”

The wonder is that such a people should have been able without a written language, to transmit from generation to generation such a mass of formulae.

In the treatment of wounds the medicine-men exhibited considerable skill, but in the treatment of internal diseases it was mere luck and chance; as the malevolent spirits are credited with being the cause of diseases, so various herbs were regarded as fetishes, and selected from fancied connection with the disease cause; this haphazard method resulted in the discovery of various medicinal qualities and their more general use in certain diseases, but the fetish idea was carried out in most instances, thus for forgetfulness a decoction of burs was prescribed, because nothing sticks tighter than a burr; when a patient vomits yellow bile he is treated with a decoction of a yellow root, and so on through all diseases known to them.

Sweat baths were in general use for the treatment of diseases.

In a letter written in 1852 by the late Hugo Ried, we are informed that, among the Indians located near San Gabriel “Local inflammation was scarified with pieces of sharp flint and procuring as much blood as possible from the part.” Stranguary was treated by sweating, “and when that failed, drawing blood by sucking the abdomen immediately above the bladder hardly ever failed to give relief.”

Many diseases were claimed to have been caused by the conveyance by an enemy, of foreign substances into the body of the patient, and the Shaman or medicine-man frequently pretended to suck out such an object by the lips alone; tubes of bone, wood or stone were, however, generally used for the purpose, after scarifying the surface of the body over the affected part, when the operator would spit out a minute pebble, or sharpened stick, which he claimed to have sucked out with the blood from the wound.

The scarification or cutting was performed with a sharp arrowhead, a briar, rattlesnake tooth, or some other suitable



A CHINESE COMPOUNDER.

instrument. Among the Indians of Southern California prepared flakes of chert or jaspery flint of a peculiar pattern or workmanship were used for this purpose. Figs. 12, 13, 14, 15, 16 represent some of these lancets or scarificators, from San Nicolas Island. The same instruments have been found in other localities, especially on the Channel Islands. They were all made of the same material and similar in form. While engaged in collecting relics for the Smithsonian Institution on Santa Rosa Island, some twenty years ago, I found in one spot enough to fill a two quart measure, but during the three weeks' exploration on the island I found no others, and concluded that they had been the property of some medicine-man, used for some special purpose and buried with him; I did not then know what use they had been put to; several years afterwards, in an interview with one of the few survivors of a local tribe, learned that they were manufactured for and used by certain medicine-men of the tribe, for the purpose above named; the surface of the body of a patient was cut by these flakes in order to draw blood from the locality affected, this was done by applying one end of a bone tube over the cut surface, the medicine-man applying his lips to the other end of the tube and exhausting the air from it by suction, caused the flow of blood from the wound.

These scarificators have been described in some of the publications of our government, and their uses assigned as "barbs for spears and arrows."

Their manufacture must have acquired special skill, as they are the cutting edges of large flakes, which have been chipped or broken off from the original, and worked down leaving very little substance except the long cutting edge, showing the original fracture of the flake; and it is probable that the material of

which they are composed was selected for its adaptability for the purpose, as it is doubtful whether any amount of skill would have enabled the artist to manufacture such delicate instruments from the material ordinarily used for the manufacture of knives and other cutting implements; the further fact of their being rarely found, and then only in large numbers, would indicate that they were used by certain individuals of the tribe, or specialists, and not by the masses.

Fig. 18 represents a medicine-man of the Ojibwa tribe removing disease from a patient by means of a sucking tube of bone.

Among the Cherokees, for the treatment of certain diseases their written formulae, direct that after a prayer addressed to the Black, Red, Blue and White Ravens, suction of the part most affected, the doctor having in his mouth during the operation, blossoms of tobacco, wild parsnip, and lobelia. On withdrawing his mouth from the spot and ejecting the liquid into a bowl, it is expected that there will be found in it a small stick, a pebble, an insect, or similar substance, which the operator holds up to view as the cause of the disease; this is afterwards buried a "hand's length" deep in the mud.

Figs. 2, 3, 4, 17 represent some of these tubes made of stone found in the interior of California; they are of serpentine, very nicely made and polished, the one represented by Fig. 4 is a beautiful specimen, light pea green in color blotched with irregular black spots; these have been considered as pipes, but a glance at their form, and the dotted lines showing the drill holes, will convince one that they were not intended for that purpose; the specimen represented by Fig. 2 was probably originally made for a sucking tube, and afterward a bowl worked out either to increase its capacity

as a sucking tube, or it might have been used as a pipe for smoking. Figs. 5 to 11 were found on the Islands of Santa Cruz and San Miguel, off the coast of California and were doubtless used by the medicine-men as sucking tubes.

Medicine tubes were used by different tribes in their various ceremonies and incantations, they were sometimes pieces of reed colored and ornamented with cabalistic markings.

The Navajos in their ceremonies for healing the sick, used in their medicine lodges a reed, which after a certain formula had been used in its preparation, "was rubbed with finely broken native tobacco, and afterwards divided into four pieces, the length of each piece being equal to the width of the first three fingers. The reeds were cut with a stone knife some three and a half inches long. An attendant then colored the tubes. The first reed was painted blue, the second black, the third blue, and the fourth black."

Figs. 10 and 11 from San Miguel Island, although made of bone perhaps in absence of reed, may have been used for some similar purpose.

Fig. 8 of bone, ornamented by incised lines, from the same island, was probably a drinking tube, as young warriors while on their earlier expeditions were not allowed to let water come in contact with their lips, nor to scratch themselves with their nails, and in order to carry out these requirements they carried with them on these expeditions a tube of reed or bone through which to suck water in drinking, and a straight piece of wood or bone to be used as a scratcher; these two articles were tied together and worn suspended by a cord; the tubes represented by Figs. 8, 10, 11 may have been of this character.

The medicine tubes were filled with

tobacco, humming-bird feathers, meal, and other substances, and laid in certain positions as offerings to the particular deities they were endeavoring to conciliate; the black tubes were offering to the gods, and the blue to the goddesses of the mountains, and to the earth.

A tube about five inches long, filled with feather ball and tobacco, ornamented with beads and feathers of the Arctic blue bird, and of some from a bird of yellow plumage, formed the great offering to one of their deities.

Of the many well authenticated instances of remarkable performances by the Pawnee medicine-men, I will append the following, witnessed and vouched for to by Mr. George B. Grinnell by Captain H. L. North, who is further vouched for to the writer of this article, by Mr. George H. Gould, as being a truthful and reliable man, whom he had heard recite the witnessing of other and equally remarkable performances.

"A man representing an enemy, came into the ring on foot. A doctor followed, armed with a hatchet, which he passed to the spectators for examination. It was an ordinary hatchet of the tomahawk form. On receiving back the hatchet, the doctor started in pursuit of the enemy, who fled. The doctor overtook him, and with a vigorous blow, sunk the hatchet up to the handle in the enemy's skull, leaving it there. The wounded man staggered on, passing within five or six feet of the ring of spectators, who plainly saw the blood from the wound running down the man's face, and dripping from his hair behind. They saw also the grey brain-matter oozing from the wound. The wounded man was taken from the ring into the doctor's lodge. A few days later he was seen about, and in his usual health."

Corn was planted in the center of the lodge, grew and matured in the pres-

ence of spectators. These with other ceremonies equally as remarkable were performed under circumstances which would seem to remove them from the more commonplace tricks of professional jugglers.

The only plausible theory in explanation of these remarkable performances would seem to lie in the line of the, — at

present,—little understood theory of hypnotism.

Fig. 19 is a reproduction of an Indian drawing used as a pictograph emblem of a medicine-man's lodge, with rude outlines of the various animals whose aid they invoke.

Fig. 20 a pictograph of a medicine-man curing a patient.

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Corresponding Member Anthropological  
Society of Washington.*

## OBELISK DICK'S FATAL BLUNDER.

### A TALE OF THE OLD MORMON DAYS OF UTAH.



ARRIVED at Fort Bridger, Utah, by stage, from Denver, in December, 1866. Here I met Captains H. Burke and Mills, whom I had only a short time before met and fought with in the Atlanta campaign. They introduced me to Judge Carter, the "Oracle of the Wasatch." He was Territorial Judge, Circuit Judge, Justice

"You mustn't go yet. Tomorrow I shall have a tough customer up before me for horse-stealing. Of course he will plead not guilty, but we have the dead wood on the old scoundrel, and I shall send him up for about twenty years. Had he killed some one, his punishment, naturally, would be less severe. But he has committed the greatest crime that a man can be guilty of in these parts. He has stolen a horse — indeed, he has stolen many horses. If he had only murdered one of his wives, or all of them, I might have let him off with ten or twelve years."

of the Peace, Postmaster, and all around frontiersman, and a gentleman besides. Albert Sidney Johnson, Charles F. Smith, Philip St. George Cooke, Horace Greeley, Fitzhugh Ludlow, "Artemus Ward," Hepworth Dixon, Richard F. Burton, Schuyler Colfax, Samuel Bowles, Brigham Young, and many other men of prominence had been guests of Judge Carter at one time or another. I staid at Bridger two weeks and enjoyed the anecdotes and good fare of the scholarly Judge. One day, when I had about made up my mind to proceed to Salt Lake Judge Carter said to me :

There was good sleighing, skating, and hunting, and abundant cheer all around, so I concluded to stay over and be present at the trial.

The name of the notorious horsethief was Richard Gardner, alias "Obelisk Dick." Gardner was a magnificent-looking ruffian, with luxuriant long black hair, big brown eyes, and an intellectual face. He stood six feet three inches, and was large in proportion, without a pound of superfluous flesh. He had a perfect nose and mouth, an imposing mustache, small, handsome ears, and eyes that flashed like gems.



"IF MY SON JONAS WERE HERE, HE COULD SWEAR —"

W. J. ...  
1891

He had participated in a dozen or more stage robberies, and had stolen and sold nearly a hundred horses and mules during an out-side-of-the-penitentiary career of thirteen or fourteen years. And yet he said to me with bewitching placidity :

"I have never stolen a horse nor pointed a loaded weapon to a human being. I am as innocent as was the lowly Nazarene when he stood nobly but meekly before Pilate."

"Are you married?" I asked.

"Married!" he replied; "Married! Why I am a modern Solomon on the half shell. You forget I am a Mormon. I have two white women and three squaws, who are my lawful wives. I have a good many children, but Jonas is the apple of my eye."

"He is a terror, though, I understand?"

"He is so called by my wives and other evil-doers, as he takes it upon himself to preserve peace and humility in my household—and that means that he is compelled to thrash my women occasionally, especially when they take too freely of valley tan, and get too animated in consequence. Then Jonas teaches them, gently, of course, by quietly setting them up and knocking them down. He is nineteen years old, and never told a lie except in self-defense, which is eminently proper, you know."

The particular accusation against Gardner at this time was for stealing a fine saddle-horse from the Cummings brothers, two honest traders and farmers residing in Bear Valley. The Cummings brothers appeared as witnesses against the dishonest old Mormon, and they swore vehemently that they had "laid for" "Obelisk Dick," and "nabbed him," with their animal in his possession. This simple testimony closed for the prosecution, and the accomplished bigamist and all-around scamp was asked,

as he had pleaded "not guilty," what he had to say in defense.

"Have you counsel to conduct your case, Dick?" inquired Judge Carter, kindly.

"Why, of course not!" responded Gardner. "What 's the use of an innocent man employing a lawyer? Why should I throw away coin of the realm on a blatherskite of an attorney when the honorable court itself knows that the prisoner before it is not guilty? I would scorn—"

"Have you any witnesses, Dick? Can you set up an alibi?"

"If you 'll take my word, Judge, I 'll gladly set up the drinks. I can't prove an alibi at this time. My son Jonas has disappointed me. He should have arrived on the east-bound stage this morning. If that truthful young Christian could have left the bedside of his infirm mother, he would have come to my relief. He, sir, could swear—"

"To anything!" interposed Hamilton Cummings, the elder of the two brothers.

"That I was in the bosom of my precious family the very night these Cummingses accuse me—me: the very paragon of uprightness and respectability,—of stealing their horse!" concluded Gardner.

"Have you anything more to say?" urbanely interrogated the Court.

"Yes; I have a good deal more to say. In the first place, Juddge, these Cummingses don't like me a bit; they not only don't love the ground I walk upon, but they don't like the planet I live upon; they—"

"You bet we don't!" exclaimed Amasa, the younger of the two.

"Order in court, gentlemen," said Judge Carter, pleasantly but firmly.

"That 's right, Judge; give me a fair show. I 'm the under dog just at this moment. Now, let me tell you the truth—"

"Great — !"

"Order !"

"Do give me a chance! Those two boys have had their whack at me, and when I merely say they prevaricated I draw it mildly. Now it is my turn not to prevaricate but to tell the truth. I did n't interfere with those boys when they were getting in their underhanded work against me. Now, Judge, I want to tell you why the Cummingses are so infernally down on me. I do a little honest trading, now and then, with the Snakes, you see, and that riles them. So you see, Hamand Amasa got their two virtuous Vermont heads together one evening, and, seeing me coming toward them, they said: Here comes Obelisk Dick; we 'll put up a cold job on him. He 's got some Snake women living with him, and that gives him influence with the tribe. We 'll just trot out Stonewall Jackson, and when the old duffer stops to examine his fine points,'— you know, Judge, I am a great admirer of a good horse,— 'we 'll rush out and snatch him, and get out a warrant against him for grand larceny.' Now, there 's the animus, Judge—don't you see it?"

"Dick," said the Justice, "I must remind you that you are on your oath. How did you learn of this cold job, as you term it? Can you swear —"

"Why, of course," responded the all-round colossal scoundrel. "I can't exactly swear to just what I say—the exact phraseology, you know, without perjuring myself. And no gentleman of my standing in Utah would commit perjury. I would rather snatch out my honest tongue than to permit it to venerate itself with a falsehood. I commend myself to the honorable —"

"But will you swear to —"

"If my son Jonas were here he would swear —"

"Yes," interrupted Hamilton Cum-

mings, "his son Jonas would swear that the old wretch had never seen a horse, if necessary. But he 's at home pounding one of the old man's variegated wives, probably, or planning to steal a saw-mill or a red-hot lime kiln. I 'm tired of Utah justice, at any rate. If I were you, Judge, I 'd let the dear old saint go. He 'd talk the hinges off a penitentiary door even if you jailed him —"

"Yes," added Amasa, "let him off. We won't trouble the court any more. We 'll just take the law into our own hands, and in course of a month or two you 'll see two new head-boards in the Bear River Valley Cemetery erected to the memory of Richard and Jonas —"

"Here, now," said Judge Carter, addressing himself to the Cummings boys, "if you utter another word I 'll fine you as much as the code permits me, and send you to the penitentiary, in the bargain. How dare you —"

"Hurrah for justice and old Judge Carter!" ejaculated Gardner. "He knows the difference between an honest Southern gentleman and a pair of unscrupulous Yankees. 'An honest man 's the noblest —'"

The boys had cooled down and taken a back seat, metaphorically. And Judge Carter had turned in a fine dignified way toward the prisoner, and said:

"Dick Gardner, you had better come to your senses and tell the truth. You and your son Jonas live by stealing. The evidence is all against you in this particular case, and it is all in. You have no witnesses, and your word is baser than the meanest metal of the Wasatch. If you want the court to be lenient, make a clean story of this affair, and hope for mercy. What have you to say? I 'm in a hurry. I expect forty-five teams from Denver, and I 'll give you just ten minutes to tell the truth."

"It will take him ten years to perform so great an act," ventured one of the boys.

Gardner arose to address the court. He was as handsome a man as General Rousseau, and reminded me somewhat of that magnetic hero. He said:

"Judge, there is no sympathy for me in this court, and I am going to do a phenomenal thing. Of course, I am not unmindful of the fact that I am now about to commit monumental perjury. When the peculiarities of jurisprudence of this section of the country are collected, my name will go down to posterity as the biggest fool that has ever lived. Nevertheless, to satisfy the court, and to save the Cummingses the cost of those two uninviting head-boards, I withdraw my plea of 'not guilty,' and confess that I did steal that horse. You see these Cummingses are lightning in everything they undertake, and they are bound to convict me—as sure as you live—I can feel it in my boots. They are regular Yanks from the word go. They are too cowardly to steal a fine horse, but they sell me *pure* maple syrup from Vermont, two-thirds of which comes from Louisiana cane, and they dose the Snakes with valley tan, and then get their furs for a song; and—"

"I can't stand any more of this, Dick; confine yourself to the case," urged the court.

"I'll do so," quickly responded the prisoner. "But I want to say one poetic thing concerning this, my only theft. Yes, sir, the stealing of that horse was the first and only dishonest act of my life; and, even then, it was not the paltry value of the animal, sir, that induced me to commit such a disgraceful act, as my darling boy Jonas would willingly swear to. It was the noble name of the quadruped, your Honor, that took me from the paths of honesty and virtue that I have meandered for fifty years.

I am a Virginian, Judge Carter,—an F. V., sir, if you want the facts, and the name of that grand old rebel thrills me next to the name of that other great rebel of Virginia, George Wash—"

"Dick, that's graphically said. But your registration papers make you out a native of Providence, R. I.," quietly remarked Judge Carter, "and I distinctly remember that you once said to me, a short time ago, that Jeff Davis ought to have been hung. But, no matter about such harmless tergiversations. Do you unequivocally withdraw your plea of 'not guilty,' and enter one of 'guilty?' Time is precious, and the westbound stage is due."

"I plead guilty, and beg the mercy of the court," said Gardner, and then he sat down.

"It being your first offense, Richard Gardner, I sentence you to confinement and hard labor in the penitentiary at Great Salt Lake City for nineteen years."

"Great God!" gasped Gardner; and then, after recovering himself, he asked:

"What do I gain, Judge, by pleading guilty?"

"One year."

"Jumping Judas Iscariot! I say, Judge Carter, how many years would you have given me had I maintained my plea of 'not guilty,' and not thrown myself on the mercy of the court?"

"I should have made it an even twenty, Dick,—all that the law permits. So, you see, I have tempered justice with mercy—you perceive that, do you not?"

"You are a real Solon in your method of tempering justice with mercy, and I accept the sentence without resentment. Indeed, the remembrance of your compassionate treatment will remain an indelible element in my mind, and as the years pass by, I shall come to think of you, Judge Carter, as Aristides the Just



of Utah. Joking aside, though Judge, I am of the opinion that when I pleaded 'guilty,' and entreated for mercy, I not only crawled into a very ugly hole, but quietly pulled the entire aperture in after me. What do you think, Judge?"

"I think you have done the most ap-

propriate thing you could have done, under the circumstances."

"You do?"

"I do."

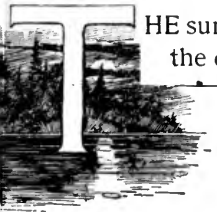
"Will you set up the drinks on that proposition?"

"Every time."

*Ben C. Truman.*

## THE LOST ARROW.

### A LEGEND OF YOSEMITE.



THE sun was vainly battling with the cold purple shadows that were stealing from among the vast domes and crags that crown the serrated granite walls that guard the

western approaches to Yosemite.

The shadows lingered long among these mighty solitudes as though loath to surrender their wonders to the night, as though loath to commit to the awful fastnesses a band of Indians, men, women and children, who were groping laboriously onward through bush and chaparral.

The Po-ho-nee-chee tribe were on their way to Yosemite to pay their annual tribute to its renowned chief.

As the last lights went out among the gorges the little band halted—silently and patiently to await the rising of the moon. Shortly after sundown of the same day, the annual fête, to which all the mountain tribes contributed, was inaugurated in the Yosemite Valley with semi-barbaric ceremony by the great Tenaya.

The Kah-we-ahs were the first to arrive; from their distant and inhospitable home along the Kings River, the terrific grandeur of whose cañon, with its ridges topped with pinnacles sharp as needles; crater-like amphitheatres circled with

precipices, endless snow-fields and frozen waters, surrounding shattered granite, and here and there a gnarled pine tree; all evidenced a gigantic sublimity, far surpassing—the Kah-we-ah's thought, the cañon of the Yosemite. But for grand, rather than terrific beauty, and the shelter afforded from the fierce storms of winter, and the burning heat of the lower country in summer, scattered and broken, as it were, by the friendly walls, Yosemite became the ideal rendezvous of all the tribes.

The Kah-we-ahs brought priceless obsidian arrow-heads, ornaments of gold, bracelets, rings, pins for the hair, roughly beaten and fashioned.

The Chow-chillas had overtaken and joined the Kah-we-ahs. And their train of painted warriors, followed by their women, leading horses heavily laden with blankets, baskets, and those fanciful head dresses which they alone could produce.

The procession reached Tenaya's camp, and, after observing the most elaborate ceremony of greeting, took possession, as was their right, of the lodges nearest the encampment of their host. The next tribe to arrive, taking the next set of lodges, and so until all were housed each in turn.

The Wool-chiefs brought pine and chin-quepin nuts, grass seed, wild oats, and rye, water baskets made of wire grass and ornaments of bear's claws, bird bills and feathers.

The Po-ho-nee-chees were a wealthy tribe and could present to a chief of so great renown, robes of squirrel and rabbit skin and the very rare mantle made from the skin of the water-fowl, with every feather unruffled and its native brilliancy unimpaired.

This tribe was also famous for great skill in making musical instruments. The thread used by them was much sought for, and was twisted from the inner bark of milkweed.

The Piutes or Mono Indians from their cold arid land, round the alkali region of Mono lake, upon whose waters floated a scum that concealed a larvæ of insects, which when dried became an article of food, as well as dried worms, and grasshoppers scorched, brought looking-glasses set in frames of dull metal for the belles of Tenaya's camp; bows of yew, cedar, and pine, and arrows made of reeds and other woods; the choicest of the Indian arrow wood, the scarcity of which made it a valuable article of barter. The arrows were mostly tipped with Obsidian or volcanic glass; and when on the war path, were poisoned with rattlesnake venom.

Their camp was in a meadow, through which ran the beautiful Merced — River of Mercy, guarded on one side by *Loya* — the Sentinel — looming tall and forbidding, a solid spire of rock 3,000 feet above their heads, on the other by *Pom-pom-pa-sus* — The Three Brothers — yet mightier.

As the darkness gathered, the village was alight and stirring. At the far end a group of lodges was dark and empty. They were awaiting the coming of the Po-ho-nee-chees.

The festivities were to open with a grand dance.

A huge pile of fagots and pine cones had been prepared. The Indians began to assemble, clad in ceremonial robes and huge headdresses of feathers, their faces painted; adorned with bracelets, necklaces, anklets of bear claws or teeth, or gold; with bows slung over their shoulders; shields on the left arms and quivers of arrows in their belts. Some carried spears and tomahawks.

The women were gorgeous in beaded and tinselled attire; a narrow band of feathers circled the head; bangles of gold, glittering with beads, hung in strings far down their backs; their arms and fingers were almost hidden with massive bracelets and rings of beaten gold, copper and glass beads, the glass bead ornaments coming always first in the affections of the Indian maidens.

The men formed a circle around the pile of fagots. The women, just as enthusiastic, were according to Indian custom relegated to the background with the children and the dogs.

Amid solemn silence an old fire priest stole from out the darkness and began a slow dance and chant round the pile. He was joined by another figure, and then another and another until there were five.

Each old fire priest carried the usual bow and arrow, and in a hole punctured in the lobe of his ear, a fire-stick about a foot long. His reed pipe was carried in like position in the other ear, while a pouch, made of skunk skin, contained a piece of dry charred cedar, on which he obtained a fire by rapid friction with a fire stick.

As the figures circled round, keeping monotonous time to their droning chant, the circle narrowed each time; the fire sticks were drawn, and upon the piece of

charred cedar were beaten in perfect time to the chant, until the sparks flew.

Having imperceptibly approached the pile of fagots, each one of the priests stooped at the same moment and fired the wood in five different places. In an instant the huge pile was ablaze, so full of resin and pitch were the cones.

The priests continued dancing; swinging smoking pots of incense, which they held in place of the discarded sticks, chanting magic words, whose meaning had become lost to the memory of the oldest of the race.

The tom-toms beat faster, the reed pipes shrilled louder, the monotonous few-few of the flageolet and the voices of the priests became lost in the volume of sound that rose, as chief after chief with his followers joined in the dance, and kept time to the cabalistic words "Hi-Yah, Hi-Yah, Unah-Unah-Nee," "Hi-Yah, Hi-Yah, Unah-Unah-Nee."

The fire flamed high and threw its fierce light on the swift flowing water.

The dance went on. The endless song rising to a discordant scream, as the performers became too excited to heed time or harmony.

Castanets had been added to the din and clamor.

Some of the younger squaws, carried away with the excitement, had drawn near; slowly and timidly at first, they joined the swaying throng, though keeping well in the shadow.

The children were quiet but eager spectators, while the dogs, of which there were legions, sate like so many sphinxes, as silent and motionless as though carved out of stone.

The din and tumult was at its height, the dancers giving no sign of weariness, when there suddenly bounded into their midst, an Indian.

His clothing was torn. He had lost his head covering, and his unkept hair was matted with half-dried blood.

There was instant silence.

It was the chief of the absent Po-ho-nee-chees.

He held in one hand a small bunch of slender twigs, each bent in a way to convey a meaning, known only to certain tribes.

The chiefs knew this. The torn and wounded condition of such a haughty chief as Pon-wat-chee would alone have told them that something unusual had happened.

With a wave of his hand Tenaya silenced the great drum. The women and children disappeared. The lesser members of the band fell back.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Po-ho-nee-chees had awaited on the cliffs the coming moon before essaying to enter the valley by the narrow dangerous trail.

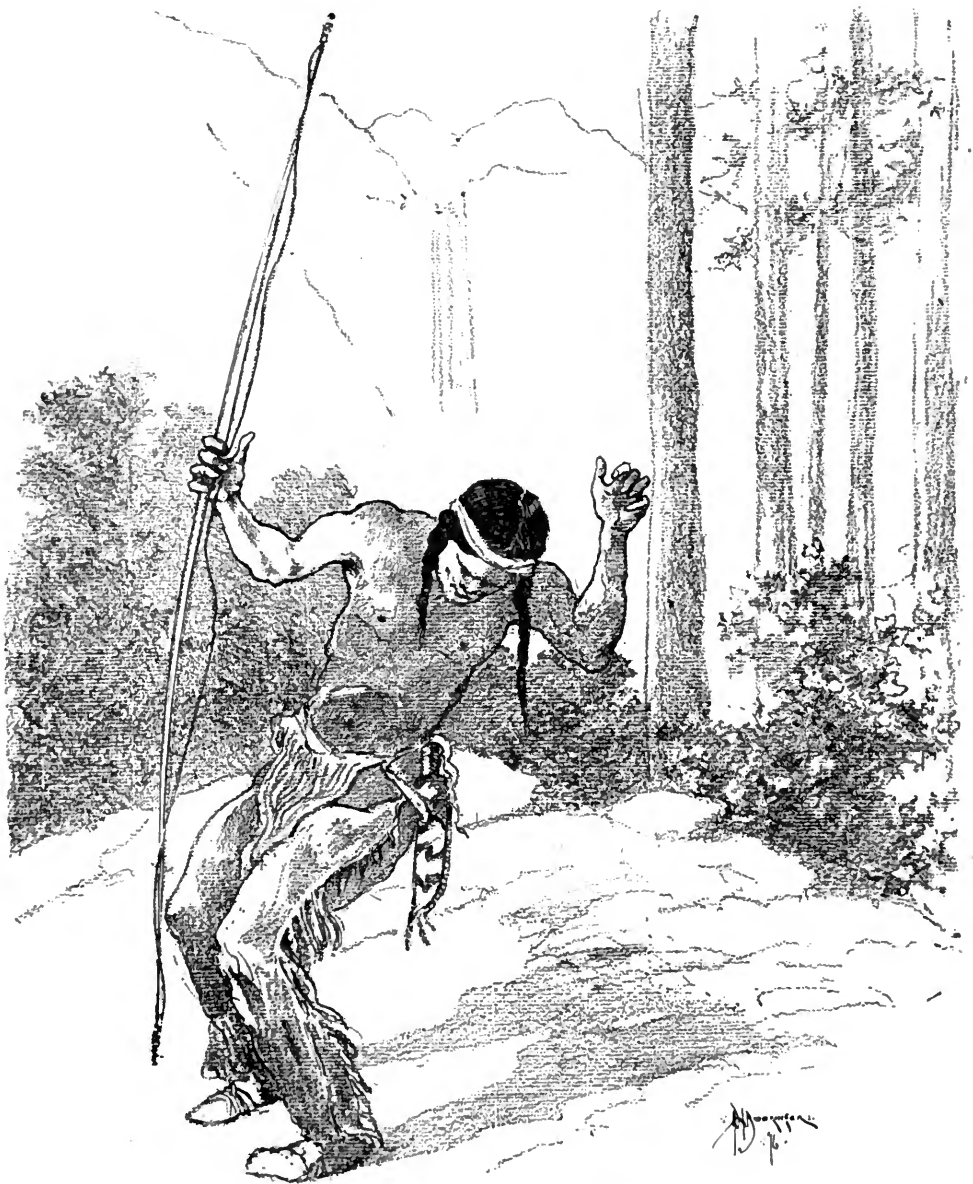
The silence, ruffled only by the restless movement of a horse, or the smothered bark of an unruly dog, was broken by a soft whir, and an arrow nearly spent by its long flight, and the weight of a bunch of slender twigs hit Pon-wat-chee on the temple.

Startled into a hasty "Ugh" the chief grasped the twigs, and hastily mastered their meaning; then, forgetting his wound, he mounted his horse, and started off through the darkness, to deliver the message to Tenaya.

It was from one of Tenaya's runners, some of whom were always abroad in these troublesome times.

The gold diggers had encroached upon the country more and more every year, until they had at last threatened to send the troops after the "thieving Indians," as they delighted to call Tenaya and his allies.

Tenaya laughed at them. They might occupy the lower country; but they could never penetrate this stronghold to which he had bid the friendly chiefs, for their Autumnal feast and triumphal dance.



"HE FELL PIERCED BY A DOZEN BULLETS."

His confidence was shaken when the message was interpreted. The troops were in the mountains, and had burned down to them from just behind The Three Brothers Mountain. One of his own scouts had been tracked almost to the Yosemite. After a hasty consultation Tenaya dispatched Russo, one of his swiftest runners, with an imperative order.

As they consulted, there came the report of a rifle, clear and sharp; it rolled down to them from just behind The Three Brothers Mountain.

Another report followed — another, three rifle shots. It was a warning of danger, from one of their scouts; danger immediate and near.

They waited, listening breathlessly for

the signal that would explain the nature of the danger.

But all was quiet.

Then Jose Rey lifted his rifle, examined it carefully, and said :

“ The gun makes too much noise, the bow is better.”

“ I will go myself and find this danger. I will send a message to you. By the notches in this arrow you shall know what evil threatens.”

The entrance to the valley had always been carefully guarded by Tenaya and his people. Seventy years before Tenaya's mother had, after the death of the old chief, his father, left Yosemite and crossed the mountains to the Mono country which had been her home before she became the wife of the old chief.

Most of the tribe had gone with her, and others had drifted after ; until all the Yosemitees were living near Mono Lake.

As Tenaya neared manhood, he became restless, and his fierce young mind was easily led to dreams of ambition and independence, by the old medicine man, who sung of the deeds of might and valor, of the old chief, Tenaya's father, and related the traditions of their grand old home Yosemite.

Before many months had passed Tenaya, with a few choice friends, returned and settled in the home of his ancestors.

Not long before the death of the medicine-man he called Tenaya to him, and in a spirit of prophecy, assured him that while he retained possession of the valley, his tribe would increase in numbers and wealth and become very powerful. That he must always befriend those who sought his protection then, no other tribe would come to the valley to make war upon him, or attempt to drive him from it.

He then assured Tenaya that he would place a spell upon the valley, whose magic would hold it sacred to him and his tribe forever.

He cautioned the young chief, however, against the coming gold diggers, declaring that if they should enter the valley, his tribe would be scattered and destroyed, or his people would be taken captive, and he would be the last chief of the Yosemitees.

For this reason had Tenaya so rigidly guarded his valley home, and all who lived under his protection.

No one ventured to enter without his permission. All feared him, and his reputed magic, and believed he had a band of witches who would render him assistance at his command.

Hence the anxiety of the chief at the tidings, which proved such a shock to their fancied security. They had known there were dissatisfied white men in the mountains. They had heard the talk of calling out the troops, but they had laughed at all this.

They reasoned, that as Tenaya had fulfilled all the requirements of the prophecy, therefore the valley was his, and danger could not come near them.

They thought it fortunate that this trouble had come at a time when most of the outlying tribes were gathered in Yosemite and were sheltered from all evil, by its protecting spell.

“ I will not leave my land ” said Tenaya, as they broke up the council. “ The spirits among the rocks, the waterfalls, in the river, in the wind, will be with me. You shall not see them, but should you turn from me, you will feel their power and grow cold. The festivities will go on. I have said it.”

The fire was hastily built up. The tom-tom sounded out again, the flageolet screamed shrilly while the castanets gave to all a monotonous time to which danced a circle of men. Out of the darkness through the yellow glow of the fire, circling about, come the gaudy fantastic figures in red and yellow, glitter and tinsel, waving feathers and flying stream-

ers, swaying their lithe bodies in rhythmic time to the music.

Each warrior in perfect time bowed to the fire in ceremonious courtesy ; chanting, and circling, and bowing, shaking aloft their hands, in which blazing pots of incense were carried by the priests ; while the chiefs held bows or tomahawks.

Now and then a figure in savage enthusiasm would fall to the earth and writhe like a snake.

At some distance down near the river bank, in one of the lodges that waited so long for their tenants, a slow mournful chant arose. The sounds rising and falling in slow cadence, were absorbed and taken up into the tempestuous roar of the revelers.

Gaining in volume as the wind took up the strain, these minor singers were heard reciting in formal phrase, the deeds of valor and daring of a great chief.

The chant was low and mournful, but was intended to encourage the passing of a soul, about to start on its last journey.

Abruptly the singing ceased, and silence surrounded the lodge. The sounds of noisy revelry again filled all the air. But through all the noise and motion there seemed to Tenaya, who stood apart, thoughtful and silent, a hollow mocking sound, as though the trees, the river, the echo, the very air, refused to absorb, and gather it up, and carry the merriment off ; but beat it back, muffling, stifling and smothering him until his breath came with difficulty, and he had found himself repeatedly, about to stop the revelry.

They were in danger, but he had only to wait for the morning, when the message, which Jose Rey's arrow would bring, would explain all.

It suddenly seemed to Tenaya that the witches, whose aid he always invoked had entered his own heart, and were making the night a horror to him.

He withdrew farther into the shadow, lest his gloom be observed.

Though Tenaya's faith was profound he craved a sign that would point to his success in contest with the white men, whom, he now felt sure, were close upon him.

These thoughts brought to his mind, Pon-wat-chee the chief, and his haggard appearance when he brought the bundle of twigs.

He had not seen him since they led him away, dazed with the wound in his temple.

As he neared the wounded chief's door, the death wail broke upon his ears. From each lodge rushed forth the women and children wailing and beating their breasts until the death wail reached such proportion, that it mingled with the loud beating of the dance drums and the shrill whistle of the flageolet. Some one of the dancers caught the wail, and raised his hand to his ear to listen ; others observing, did likewise. Soon it was known that Pon-wat-chee was dead.

It seemed to Tenaya that his wish for a ' sign ' was fully and fearfully answered.

The morning broke cold, with a cloud like mist obscuring the tree tops, and effectually hiding all view of the massive walls.

Tenaya with his warning before him, placed runners all along the length of the valley, with orders to keep up a constant search for the arrow, that Jose Rey was to send, freighted with the anxiously awaited message.

By mid-day the mist had risen sufficiently to allow the relatives of Pon-wat-chee to gather the requisite amount of oak, pine, and cedar logs to build his funeral pyre.

The warriors went about their work in grim silence, but the women and children gathered about the lodge, with most woeful shrieks and wails, beating



"FON-WAT-CHEE HELD THE BUNDLE OF TWIGS ALOFT IN HIS HAND."

their breasts and throwing their arms into the air, then subsiding into dismal wail as they became exhausted.

The day grew old, the shadows crept lower, until they enveloped the great domes *T-o-coy-ae* and *Ti-sa-ack*.

Every face wore an anxious look, as the runners reported no news of the expected arrow.

Tenaya marveled greatly for the mountains were full of his men.

Jose Rey had at one time been an inhabitant of the missions in the lower country, and he, better than Tenaya, understood the motive that had induced the rising of the whites.

It was, with a great and gloomy foreboding, that Tenaya as the night grew dark and cold, called in the runners, and made arrangements for a grand funeral for Pon-wat-chee.

Jose Rey's knowledge of the intricate trails, had enabled him to make rapid progress, and the early dawn found him crossing the open country, surrounding the Yosemite Creek.

His first intention was to find the scout, who had fired the three rifle shots.

Incidentally he believed the same scout had dispatched the bundle of twigs.

The scout evidently believing the first message had been lost, had resorted to this more dangerous method—because of the distance the sound would carry—among the echoing cañons of the Yosemite.

Jose Rey crossed the rapids and passed swiftly through the dense forest of tamarack and spruce, only pausing by a spring like lake to eat a hearty meal of jerked venison and acorn bread.

He slipped on a granite surface, worn smooth as glass by glacial action, in ages long past, tearing his moccasin and wounding his foot.

At mid-day he paused a moment, to wrap his painful wound anew.

The silence had become oppressive, even the birds were still, and the day had become hot, with heavy clouds in the sky.

Suddenly he dropped to the ground and lay motionless, his eyes never moving from some object in the distance.

How quietly they were coming, those soldiers, marching in single file.

Laying his ear to the ground Jose Rey could just hear them tramp, raising his head he could not hear them at all.

"They're coming to fight the Indians, Indian fashion," he thought.

"Had they seen him? Men would have sharp eyes and know how to use them, who marched through an Indian country like that," he reasoned.

Still and steadily they came. Directly a number separated from the advancing column; some to the left, some to the right widening the line.

Jose Rey took up his bow, and examined it carefully. He was more careless of his movements now.

"There's a message to be sent," he said aloud.

He selected an arrow—threw it aside, and selected another, fitted it to the bow, then carefully cut some symbols in the arrow stick, after which he looked carefully around, and seemed to select some point, for he looked long at one object in the distance; then deliberately turned and watched the advancing column of soldiers.

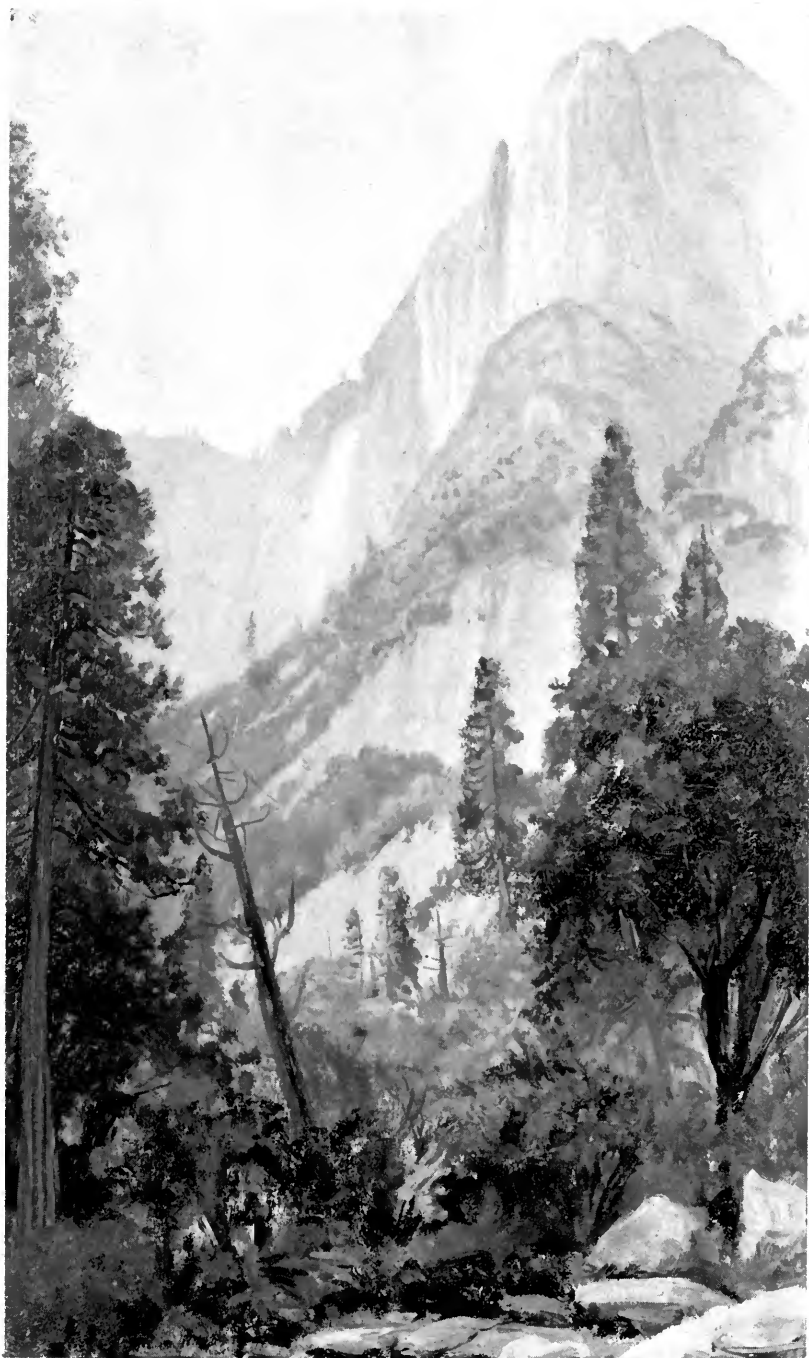
They were quite near now, so near that Jose Rey could distinguish figures.

His attention became attracted, then riveted. He partly raised to his knees and so, holding his bow rigidly waited, until at last he hissed, "Sandino, leading the troops; *Thou traitor.*"

Taking his knife again, he cut more notches in the arrow.

And now, to speed the arrow on its way, he would have to stand nearly erect.





Painted expressly for the OVERLAND by C. D. Robinson.

**THE LOST ARROW, 203 FEET IN HEIGHT.**

The Rock pinnacle immediately to the right of Yosemite Falls, standing 50 feet out from the face of the cliff.

Well, he would do that, if they would only give him time to send the arrow, before they killed him. Thus he thought, knowing his inevitable doom.

He rose to his knees, fitted the arrow, and drew the bow as far as possible in that position, then paused a moment.

What he did now, must be done with swiftness and strength.

The tall lithe figure sprang as by magic from the earth; his back was toward the soldiers.

The bow was drawn to its fullest tension. The arrow sped on its way. Jose Rey fell pierced by a dozen wounds.

The funeral ceremony had filled the night with shrill wailings, and callings to the departed spirit of Pon-wat-chee, sentences filled with messages, they desired him to deliver to the presiding spirit of the Happy Hunting Grounds.

The tom-tom and reed pipes had played their wildest dirges. The fire priests had chanted their weirdest incantations as the body was taken to the Pyre and tenderly laid on the choicest bear skin, and surrounded save the head, with the fragrant pine, fir, and spruce.

These things done decently and in order, from sheer weariness the camp had dropped into sleep.

In the pale spectral light of earliest morning, when all the world lay in the thrall that mirrors so weirdly, its sister silence death; a figure came swiftly through the trees. Breathless with haste and stumbling with fatigue, yet straight, strong, and fierce; he seemed in his impatience to spurn the earth and fly, so secret and swift was his advance.

It was Russio. Yesterday his rugged copper face was young and hopeful. Today fierce fiery eyes glowered in a face grown hard as iron, and seamed with lines of rage and scorn and deadly hatred.

Making no sound, he passed into Ten-

aya's lodge, spoke a few words, received an order, and passed on to the next lodge, and on through the camp, rousing only the chiefs.

They gathered quickly. Scarce a foot-fall betrayed their presence.

As they listened, each face acquired the same dark, deadly look of hatred, mingled with blank surprise, as, in low tones, Russio told them that the soldiers were coming, led by Sandino; *Sandino the traitor!*

Russio was returning from Mono when he saw a camp fire. Upon creeping closer he had discovered the soldiers in camp for the night.

Not understanding the full significance of their presence, he yet felt the danger, and hastened away to warn the chiefs.

As he was about to descend the trail into the valley, his quick eye spied an arrow lodged on a ledge of the wall, beside the great fall—Yo Semite.

Being so near, he had thought he would pluck it from its giddy position. As he reached for it, it seemed to recede, and what was his amazement to see it grow taller and larger, until it stood alone and distinct; a sharp pinnacle of rock.

As he gazed in wonder, there shone forth on the rock, in distinct lines, the notches and symbols as cut by Jose Rey.

Thus was the message delivered, to send which, Jose Rey had given up his life.

"Had the message come too late? Would they be able to place the women and children in safety?" asked Tenaya.

"The Pyre; light the Pyre," he cried. "There is no time for ceremony now, but Pon-wat-chee shall have such a light to guide him on his way, as never chief had before."

"Go, rouse all the people. Bid them bring of their wealth, the choicest; that Pon-wat-chee may take it with him, to store for them, when they shall join him, in his happy home."

"And bid them be silent—silent—No wild wailing now, or funeral chant. Silence of voice and motion," commanded Tenaya.

Thus, when his fate came upon him, was he found strong, wary, self sufficient.

No more doubts or forebodings. No more propitiation of the Spirits or Witches, or blind trustings to prophecy.

His hope and glory had gone from him.

Henceforth he was to be a wanderer, landless, homeless, hunted, hated, scorned, and despised. The common prey for all. He and his people.

He was to become the most despised of mankind—a digger Indian. *He*—the born inheritor of this valley, the grandest—the most beautiful.

The Great Spirit had given it to *him*.

Had given it to his fathers from the remotest ages.

The gentle winds had received their ashes in tender reverence.

Here generations of his people had been born, had lived and died.

And now, were the white gold diggers to say he must go? Go where?

No; he and his men would place the women in safety, then they would return and fight.

As the dawn lengthened, a cold mist, thin, gauzelike rose from the earth.

Through this, figures, large and small, distorted by the burdens they bore, passed ceaselessly, silently from the lodge to the Pyre.

The throng grew, dwindled, and grew again, as priceless robes of squirrel skin were laid beside mantles formed of breasts of woodpecker and plumed heads of the mountain quail, bordered with the golden wings of the oriole.

Necklaces and bracelets of beaten gold alternating with gay colored beads; little mirrors of burnished metal, the choicest possession of Indian maidens.

The treasures of the hunter—the grizzly bear skin, the lion and the wild cat, the antlers of the deer, from which rare ornaments were fashioned, with bear claws, bird's bills and feathers.

Musical instruments, tom-toms, flageolets, castanets in countless numbers, went to swell the fire, blazing fierce and high.

All the treasures of the camp. All the offerings brought to Tenaya, in such confidence and security, now formed the funeral Pyre of Pon-wat-chee.

When the fire was hottest the caches were opened.

Squaws began filling with food such baskets as they could carry away.

All the vast store remaining, that would have fed all the tribes of the mountains, was thrown in the fire.

The lodges were thrown down.

Cooking utensils, baskets, bows and arrows in quantities too great to carry away, were destroyed and burned.

Then they started on their exodus, a sorrowful, homeless band. Their pride of life, their wealth, their hopes, lay in ashes behind them.

The Indians had secret ways of escaping from the valley, that they intended to utilize now; but it would require some time to secrete such a number. As they rounded Pom-pom-pa-sus, not a mile away, was a band of soldiers, riding full speed toward them, but on the other side of the river.

Tenaya commanded the women to drop their packs and take to the rocks with the children, each one to save herself and to return to Mono if possible.

The Indians, after a consultation, decided that only by strategy could they hope to win, and they in their turn disappeared in the talus.

Only Tenaya remained.

He watched the soldiers ride along the

valley, shouting and swearing, seeking a shallow place to ford the river.

Tenaya had been recognized, and word passed along the line that he was not to be injured, but taken alive.

Tenaya smiled grimly as he heard the order, and calmly waited.

At last his eyes lightened fiercely, and an expression of grim delight shone on his face.

Across the river, riding close to the soldiers, whose charge he was, came Sandino.

Tenaya's piercing gaze compelled his attention.

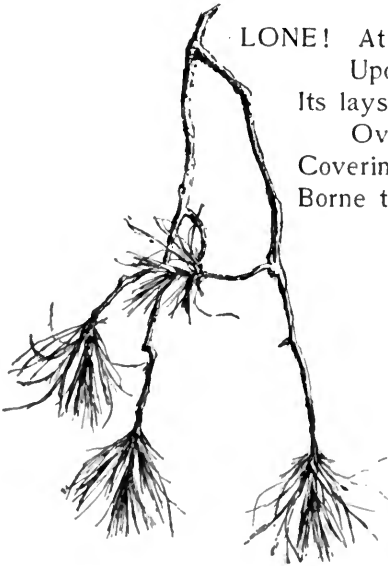
He shrank closer to his protector, but his eye was ever on his chief. He saw Tenaya raise his rifle, saw the slow aim; saw the flash.

Tenaya had avenged the betrayal of his people.

*K. Evelyn Robinson.*

## THE GRAVE OF HELEN HUNT JACKSON, (H. H.)

(ON CHEYENNE MOUNTAIN.)

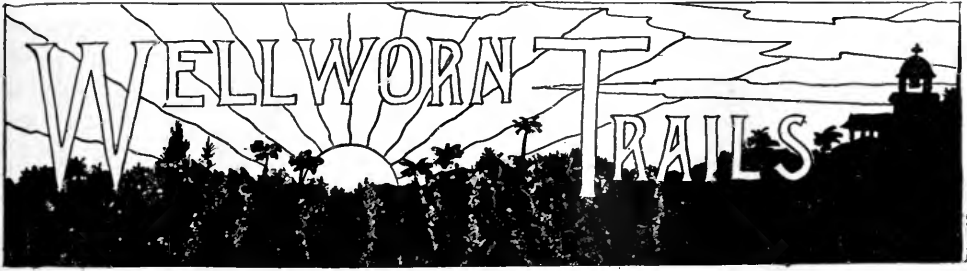


LONE! At night the moon looks down  
Upon the mountain-gloom;  
Its lays a silver robe and crown  
Over a poet's tomb.  
Covering the mound are stone on stone,  
Borne there by travelers, one by one.

No shaft climbs skyward, marble-pale;  
No alien throngs intrude;  
No warders guard the forest-trail  
To mar the solitude.  
Alone, beneath the beech and pine,  
She rests, who sang her songs, divine.

The hermit-thrush its note outwells  
Within the shaded deeps;  
The wandering breeze bemoans, and knells  
Its requiem while she sleeps;  
Save these, O Silence, claim thine own  
Where she lies, in the mount, alone!

*Stephen Henry Thayer.*



## IX. YOSEMITE AND THE BIG TREES.

So the loud torrent and the whirlwind roar  
But bind him to his native mountains more.—*Goldsmith.*

It is a proud thing for one state to be able to honestly claim two of the greatest natural wonders of the world. There may be a question as to the highest mountain, the most beautiful lake, the deepest crater, but Yosemite has no rival or the *Sequoia gigantea* any living counterpart.

So comparisons are impossible. Within a granite-walled chasm of the Sierra Nevadas, there are 8480 acres that contain more wonderful and varied manifestations of the Creator's power than can be found in all the world together. The Yosemite Valley, as one gazes down into it from Glacier Point, strikes one as some vast divine museum. As though here beneath the eye, were the perfect models from which all other natural marvels that are scattered over the earth were copied. It is possible to make comparisons in detail. There are crags that remind one of parts of the Alps, sheer precipices that might be in the Himalayas, waterfalls that are Japanese, Swiss or Norwegian according to the eye of the beholder, peaks that call forth impressions of the Andes, lakes whose fellows are hidden among the glens of Scotland, mountain torrents that rush down the Pyrenees, meadows that call up pictures of Southern France and color effects that we have seen in the Red Sea, but the ensemble—it is beyond

and above all else—it commands the wonder of the most hardened globe-trotter. I do not wonder that one of our greatest descriptive writers turned sadly away without trying to express in words what he saw, and I no longer laugh at the writers of its guide-books who interlard every labored effort with "the pen is powerless to describe."

There is so much in this hidden chasm and each object is so beyond anything that imagination pictures, that there would seem to be no beginning or ending. It took all the adjectives in the English language to relate how the waters came down at Lodore, and yet here within the radius of one's eyes are a half dozen falls that might be the gigantic ancestors of pretty little Lodore.

Our first view of the Yosemite was from Glacier Point. We had been driving all day from Wawona along the backbone of the High Sierra 8,000 feet above the Sea. We were above the fierce heat of the lowlands and the forests of pine, fir and tamarack were broken time and again by glacier meadows. We ate our lunch in one of them, close by the bank of the ice-cold stream that later breaks into a bewildering profusion of point lace and silky muslin as it drops into the heart of an embroidered rainbow below the Bridal Veil.

Neither lawn mower or scythe has ever mutilated the soft, plushy sod of these



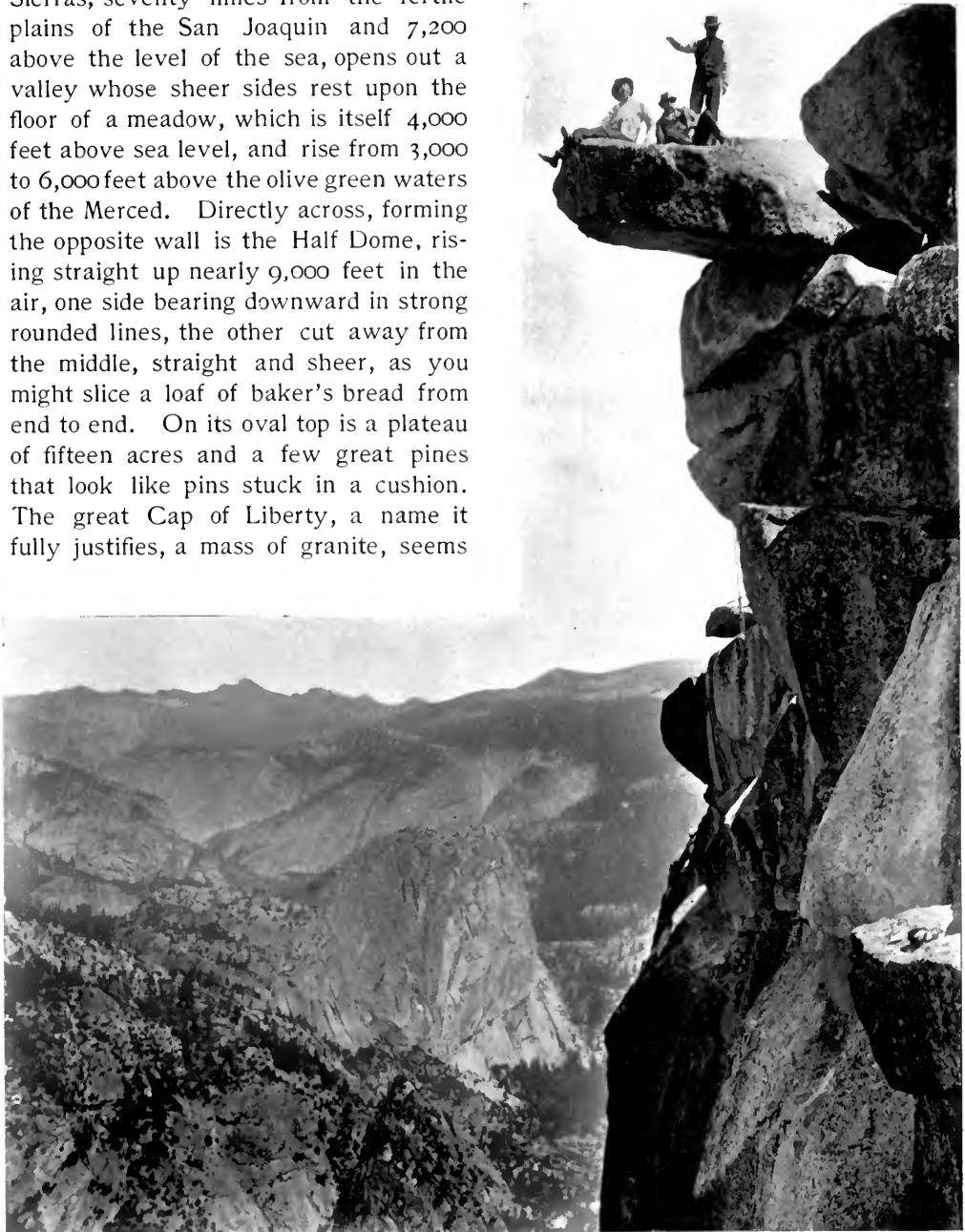
Painted expressly for the OVERLAND by C. D. Robinson.  
DISTANT VIEW OF BRIDAL VEIL AND CATHEDRAL ROCK.

meadows. All about these patches of vivid green are natural fences of white and grey boulders lying just as they were in the time when the meadow was a glacial plain and the breaking up of the prehistoric ice crowded them back, levelling the bed of the lake. We marvelled at the gentians, daisies, flowering clover, ivesias, that struggled with the soft, free grass panicles for place, and watched the bees and the butterflies dip into the delicate spore-cups of the flowers and then waver off into the tender sun-gold that filled the air. We congratulated ourselves that while we had missed seeing the Yosemite from Inspiration Point, we had made the acquaintance of these Alpine lawns, and yet we might have saved our selfish enthusiasm for they like all other natural beauties are found in their fullest perfection in the Yosemite. The very first item in the panorama that spread out before me as I placed my hands on the railing at Glacier Point and gazed over a precipice that fell

sheer down into the floor of the valley 3,200 feet were meadows so level, so beautiful, that in my egotism I refused to believe that the hand of man had nothing to do with their making. It is such a simple thing to say that you caught your breath, or were awe-struck, or rendered speechless. Neither is there a tinge of originality in any of these commonplaces, but what after all is there more pregnant with meaning in our poor language. I had seen Tom Hill's and C. D. Robinson's many paintings of the Yosemite. I had seen it pictured over and over again in magazine and souvenir. We had talked of nothing else for a week. I recognized the Half Dome, the North Dome, El Capitan, Cap of Liberty, etc., the moment my eye fell upon them, as I am sure I would recognize Washington, Napoleon, Lincoln or Gladstone should it ever be my lot to see them in this world or the next. But that was all. The rest may be expressed in the threadbare-commonplace, "I was speechless."

From this Glacier Point, which to me is the grandest view in the valley and consequently on earth, you for the first time really arise to the sublimity of Yosemite. Here in the very heart of the Sierras, seventy miles from the fertile plains of the San Joaquin and 7,200 above the level of the sea, opens out a valley whose sheer sides rest upon the floor of a meadow, which is itself 4,000 feet above sea level, and rise from 3,000 to 6,000 feet above the olive green waters of the Merced. Directly across, forming the opposite wall is the Half Dome, rising straight up nearly 9,000 feet in the air, one side bearing downward in strong rounded lines, the other cut away from the middle, straight and sheer, as you might slice a loaf of baker's bread from end to end. On its oval top is a plateau of fifteen acres and a few great pines that look like pins stuck in a cushion. The great Cap of Liberty, a name it fully justifies, a mass of granite, seems

pretty in its shadow and yet it is nearly 1,000 feet higher than Mt. Washington. Back of it and above it towers Cloud's Rest almost 10,000 feet in height, yet



Liberty Cap.

Photo by Taber.

OVERHANGING ROCK, GLACIER POINT. ALTITUDE 7200 FEET.



North Dome.

Washington Column.

Stoneman House.

Half Dome.

Photo by Taber.

THE ROYAL ARCHES.



ABOARD ONE OF WASHBURN'S STAGES IN THE YOSEMITE

Photo by Taber.



easily reached by the summer visitor on the sure-footed mountain horses. From between the Half Dome and the tremendous precipitous ledges on the right which are capped by Lyell and Dana in the far distance, and Starr King, Florence and Clark in the nearer foreground, break forth two falls one above the other.

It is a great volume of green water that is lashed into the creamiest white as it falls in a bewildering cloud of liquid sky rockets 617 feet over the precipice,

that is known to the world as the Nevada Falls. From the clouds of foamy spray and the resurrecting touch of the rainbow at the foot of the falls the stunned water becomes a roaring river and rushes heedless on from cascade to rapids for a mile, catches its breath for a moment in Emerald Pool and then with one grand, reckless rush goes thundering and charging over the Vernal Fall 336 feet down into the boulder-strewn gorge that leads off into the placid currents of the Merced. Within our vision were three great falls

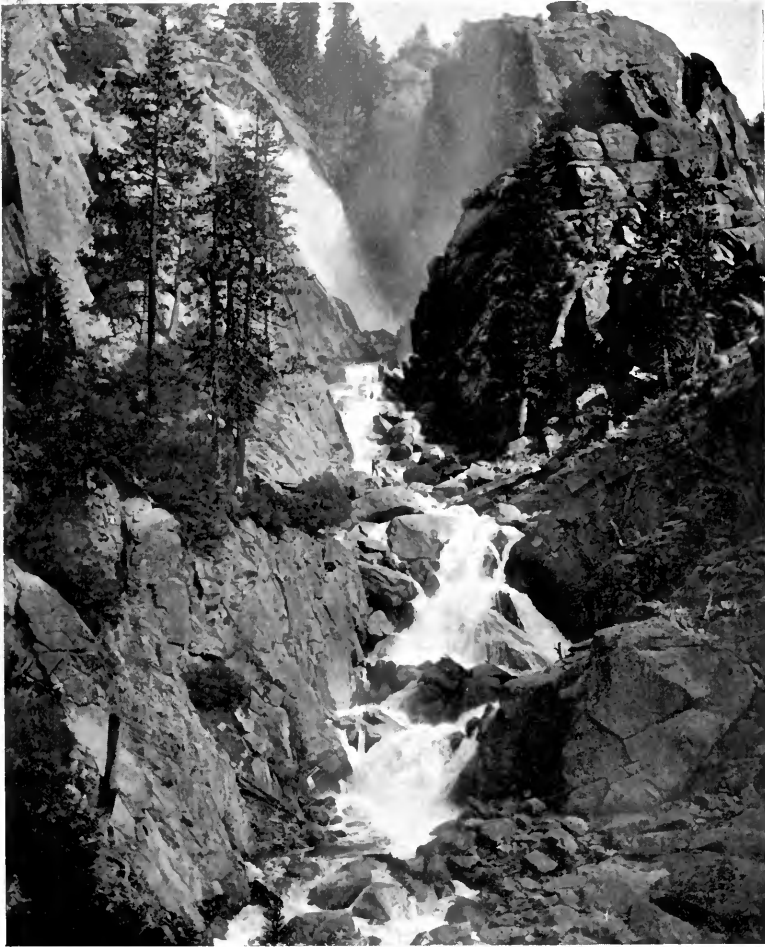


Photo by Taber!

CHIL-NUAL-NA OR WAWONA FALLS.



EL CAPITAN. ALTITUDE 7012 FEET.

Photo by Taber.

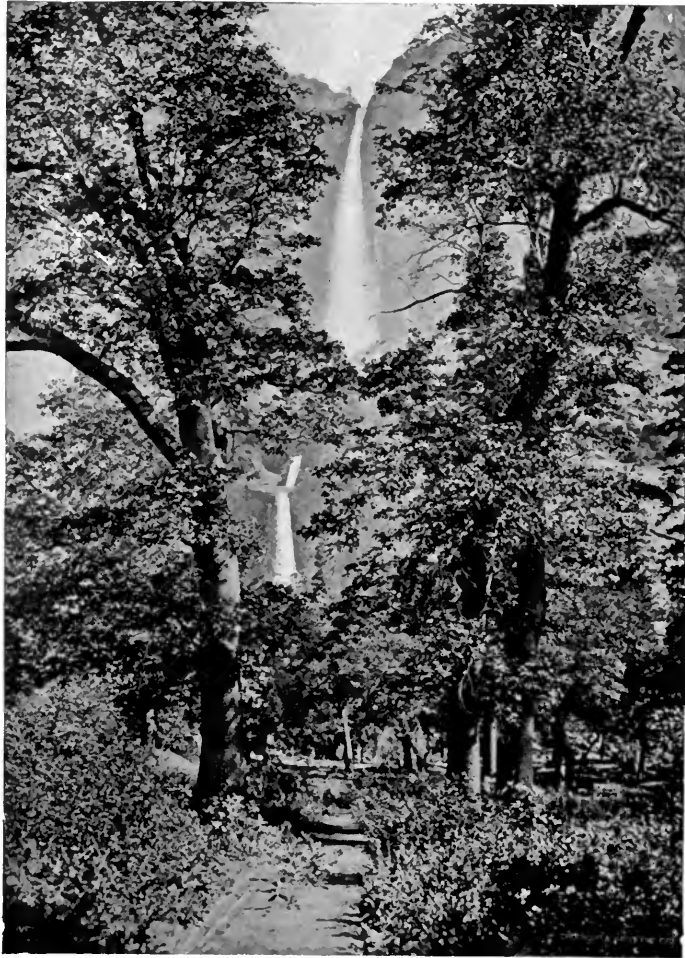
— the Nevada, the Vernal, and the Yosemite, the last of which is 2,548 feet high, and the thunder of two more, the Illouette (500 feet) and the Bridal Veil (860) came distinctly to our ears. They are all alike in certain characteristics yet

strikingly different. The family resemblance is in their almost ethereal whiteness, so white as they fall that no night is dark enough to engulf them, then too in the manner of their falling. They do not come over in solid masses like Niag-



Photo by Fiske

THE YOSEMITE VALLEY FROM PANORAMA POINT.



**YOSEMITE FALLS.**  
(Black oaks in the foreground.)

Photo by Fiske.

ara but shoot downward in rockets which resemble liquid icicles and from a little distance have the appearance of the finest lace skirt, full of furbelows and tucks, or when the wind strikes them sideways and carries a soft, delicate, shimmering spray of water outward they resemble a bridal veil or a queen's wash hung out to dry. To note their differences is to describe in detail each one and to do that would require a series of articles.

It is only possible to mention a few of the remaining ones by name. There are

so many wonders in the Valley that one passes by falls, cascades, cataracts, pinnacles, spires, mountains, without even inquiring their name, wonders, any one of which would make the reputation of a summer resort anywhere in the world.

The Sentinel Cascades (3,270 feet), The Stepping Stones Fall, nearly as high but not containing as much water, The Cascade Fall (500 feet), The Royal Arch Fall (2,500 feet), The Ribbon Fall (2,000 feet), are forgotten in sight of the Nevada, the Vernal, the Yosemite and the Illillouette.



THE BRIDAL VEIL, 860 FEET IN HEIGHT.

Photo by Taber.



THE GRIZZLY GIANT, 94 FEET IN CIRCUMFERENCE.  
(Mariposa Big Trees.)

Photo by Taber.

And yet they serve their purpose other than as gigantic waterfalls, they intensify the beauties of their more fortunate brothers. In like a manner the spires and

domes that fresco the valley walls suffer and yet aid each other in comparison. Across the valley from the mighty rock — El Capitan — the captain of them all



—stands the massive Cathedral Spires, almost 6,000 feet in height; so tremendous, so awful in their sculptured majesty that the mere thought of Notre Dame or Cologne brings forth a pitying smile, and yet they are only acknowledged with a glance, while we stand in unconcealed awe until our necks ache gazing straight up the polished sides of El Capitan, 7,012 feet above the sea, 3,000 feet from our feet to the top. Yet it is hard to give life and meaning to mere figures.

The Palace Hotel is 110 feet high, a baloon, a black speck in the sky, hung for days 1,000 feet above San Francisco. It would have reached but one third of the distance up El Capitan.

A pine tree, 125 feet high, is growing in a cleft in the mighty face of El Capitan, half way up, and yet the guide was fully ten minutes trying to point it out to us. One side of the rock, that from the distance might be mistaken for the polished surface of a window into the heart of the encompassing mountain, contains 180 acres. With such figures and such facts, is it any wonder that more has not been written of the Yosemite? The thought comes—"What is the use."

Side by side with El Capitan stands the Three Brothers, or as the Indians called them *Pom-pom-pa-sus*, "Falling Rocks," three vast pyramidal steps, the elder and larger brother of which is 7,751 feet in height.

We climbed to the top of these by one of the remarkable zig-zag trails of which the valley abounds, and it took us from 8 o'clock in the morning until 7 o'clock in the evening to make the round trip. I mention this to show the possibilities for the lovers of mountain climbing. To fully describe it would entail another one of the articles that I have laid aside for future efforts.

As we rested on the edge of Glacier Point, the famous hostelry—the Stone-

man House—which is four stories high—looked like a doll's house; the incoming four-horse coaches would have escaped our notice had they not been pointed out, the Royal Arches directly across which might be the supporting arches of a universe, looked almost artificial, and Mirror Lake, in whose depths we saw one morning at sunrise three great mountains reflected, looked like a mill pond. Away in the distance the snow-capped peaks of the High Sierras loomed up against a cloudless blue sky.

Lazily we watched the far reaching panorama of mountain scenery. Fresh from the coast where the soft winds of the Pacific and the low boom of the breakers were a part of our daily life, this taste of another world seemed incomprehensible. All that was sympathetic and lovable in the landscape lay at our feet. Far beyond, our eyes feasted on the wild, savage, hacked bosses, spurs, buttresses and battlements of the earth's greatest mountains. Where we saw deep blue shadows we knew there were crevasses and gorges thousands of feet deep; where a dazzling spot turned the burning lava of the sun full into our faces we knew was a bed of ice, the relic of an age that had ground down and carved into fantastic shapes these mountains. The reverberant thunder of the tremendous choir of waterfalls did not drown the hum of the bumble bees. We could almost detect the noise of a butterfly's wing the air was so still. Within touch of our hands a brilliant snow plant, like a cone of flesh dipped in its own heart's blood, bloomed in the shifting, broken granite.

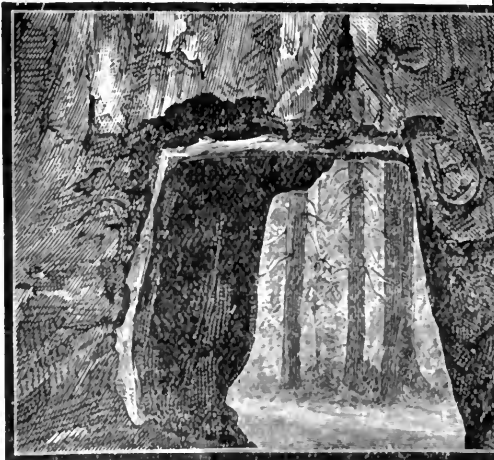
From the veranda of the Stoneman House all this was changed—the flag that waved so proudly above our heads on the very edge of the precipice became almost indistinguishable to the naked eye; the red cottage hotel of the old pioneer and guide, Jim McCauley, be-

came but a red blurr amid a thicket of spruce, the warm air, laden with the heavy perfume of wild flowers and blossoming shrubs, swept down from enchanted glades and the great domes and walls of the Sierra crowded closer and closer until as the twilight deepened the Half Dome, Washington's Column, the Royal Arches, all the wonderland of the Yosemite seemed within reach of outstretched hands.

The stars came out one by one, the deep boom of the many falls grew more distinct, and far above a fire glowed red on the jutting edge of Glacier Point. The romance of night intensified the realities of day. The Indian had confessed before the coming of the white man, and as the moon-silver came shimmering across the snow fields, across the polished acres of the Half Dome and picked out threads here and there in the Sentinel Cascades, we too, felt that God was in his Holy Temple.

One is almost thankful that the biggest trees in the world are not within the granite-bound confines of the biggest rocks in the world. For a tree even 375 feet high, thirty-three feet in diameter,

and containing 537,000 feet of inch lumber would be dwarfed in the presence of El Capitan and the Half Dome. We paused before the "Grizzly Giant," the



From a painting by Robinson.

THE WAWONA.



giant of the sequoias of the world, in the Mariposa Grove. It measures ninety-two feet at its base, and yet we did not appreciate its vast bulk until we stood two hundred feet away. Then it burst upon us like a revelation. Our two-horse team did not reach above the great burls that surmounted its roots, neither did it cover one third of the distance from side to side. The gigantic yellow pines that would make the heart of a Maine lumberman beat with joy, looked like saplings in comparison. There was something so tremendous, so sublimely majestic in these great monarchs of a pre-historic age that we felt like childish intruders. The rings of this old king of the grove, as scientists count them, give it a life of 4,680 years. Here it stood in all its glory when Christ was a carpenter in Nazareth. It was a full grown tree when Abraham went down into Egypt, when the Pyramids were built and for aught we know when Adam was expelled from Eden. The 365 trees of the grove are all named. In the fire burnt heart of the "Haverford" sixteen horses have found shelter at one time. Through holes in the "Wawona" and the "California" the wagon-road ran, and we drove directly through them and yet there was more than a third of the living tree on either side. Through the hollow trunk of another our accompanying horseman rode without bowing his head. But a description of the great trees of the Mariposa Grove — of the lordly *Sequoia gigantea* — is unsatisfactory, as the trees themselves are vaster than any preconceived picture.

Wawona Point towers above the grove a hundred feet or more and looks down two thousand feet into the little valley meadow in whose center nestles the charming Wawona Hotel. The heavily

laden four and six horse coaches that run between Raymond and Yosemite,<sup>1</sup> leave their tourists here to spend a day or week resting and sight seeing. Farther beyond is Signal Peak, 7,500 feet above the sea, from whose summit 1,200 square miles of mountain and plain lies beneath the eye. The rugged snow-clad peaks of the high Sierras, the towering walls of Yosemite, the timber belts of the nearer purple and green ranges melt into the warm violet haze that rests above the fertile plains of the smiling San Joaquin. Here, too, at the very threshold of Yosemite, within a few miles of Wawona, is a fall of water that for picturesque grandeur, great height, and artistic possibilities ranks with the Bridal Veil and the Nevada. The Chilnaulna or Wawona Falls leaps down the mountain side from Capital Dome 3,000 feet. Its roaring, rushing, seething mass of irised water brings up recollections of the Alps ten times magnified. It is unequalled in its wild, free abandon, unrivalled in its pure, heroic beauty. It is one of the wonders of this land of wonders.

Yet after all has been said that man can say — Yosemite, Wawona, the Big Trees — stand out grand and sublime — alone against a background of a world of lesser marvels, supreme — defying their worshipers to chronicle one hundredth fold of their glories.

*Rounsevelle Wildman.*

† The route from San Francisco to Yosemite :		MILES.
<i>By S. P. Railway, to Raymond</i> .....		159.10
<i>By Carriage Road, to</i>		
Grub Gulch	.....	12.00
King's Gulch	.....	1.00
Ahwahne (Dinner en route)	.....	7.00
Miama Saw Mill	.....	8.00
Wawona (Big Trees) (spend two days here)	.....	12.00
Eleven Mile Station	.....	10.76
Chinquapin Flat (branch road here to Glacier Point, distance 14 miles)	.....	2.20
Stoneman House, New State Hotel (Cook's)	.....	15.14
		63.10

## WANITA.

### A LEGEND OF KENTUCKY.



ON a bluff overlooking the waters of the Kentucky, two giant sycamores stand as sentinels above the grave of Daniel Boone.

Upon this wild, slightly spot is erected, in lonely grandeur, a massive monument, once well chiseled and beautiful, but now crumbled and scarred by the storms that sweep into the valley below. Far to the right lies the sleepy old city of Frankfort. A church spire or a glittering dome here and there rises above its dense foliage and stands out in bold relief against the bed of green. Off to the south, the Kentucky makes a grand sweep to the left and is lost far up between its forest lined banks, only to greet the vision again among the distant hills, until at last it merges into the great sea of the horizon.

Across the valley the hills rise gradually, their summits forest crowned. The passing clouds present fantastic imagery of varying tints along their grassy slopes. On every side the view is limitless.

Down along the face of the bluff is a narrow, hazardous pathway which terminates at the edge of the city. Along this zig-zag course is a stairway, cut by nature in the rocky sides. Following the path a few rods, it suddenly opens upon a wide ledge, sweeping inward. Here at the base of the cliff bubbles a stream of pure, cold, sparkling water.

Resting by this spring one summer evening, just as the soft tremulous rays of the departing sun were creeping away to the horizon, and the moon and the stars were struggling for the mastery of the heavens; with no sound save the distant echoes of the city bells blending in sweet harmony among the hills, and

faintly conscious of the never wearying song of the Katy-did, I listened to the story of Wanita, the Indian maiden, whose name the spring bears, and whose humble grave shares with Kentucky's hero the lonely bluff above.

More than a century ago, when the intrepid Boone, leaving his Pennsylvania home, was pushing headlong among unparalleled dangers, into the heart of the beautiful blue grass region, Kentucky was the common hunting grounds in all the Mississippi low lands. No one Indian nation claimed exclusive right to these rich forest fields; but on their hunting excursions many fierce feuds and wars were engendered. The many mounds scattered throughout the limits were filled with the bones of slain warriors, and so often does the farmer's plow exhume them that scarcely a thought is given to the sad remains of a once noble, though savage people, who fought more fiercely, worshiped more reverently, and loved more passionately than the great race that invaded their territory, devastated their hunting grounds, and drove them to poverty and death.

About the time of Boone's advent, a Sioux warrior loved and was loved by a Cherokee maid, whose father, a chief, was willing that the two tribes should be thus united.

The lovers roamed through the forest or glided in Yohomo's canoe on the bosom of the river, whispering vows of love, where none but the silent rocks and the purring branches could share their secrets.

The hunting season came on, and the forest was filled with the Cherokee and the Sioux. A stag, hotly pursued, sprang upon a rise of ground. For a moment it rested, then a wild plunge, and two

arrows were quivering in its side. Like shadows that steal out when the moon is released from a cloud, two Indians rushed to where the animal lay. A dispute, and a fight followed. A short struggle and a blow of the tomahawk, and a Sioux fell sounding his death yell. In an instant a hundred braves sprang into the open, and with shouts of revenge fought until darkness separated them. Upon that day nor upon many after, did the fight cease. The Sioux and the Cherokee had dug up the hatchet. At the head of a band of braves Yohomo had gone deep into the forest to avenge the death of his brothers.

Wanita waited. The stern old chief forbade her to speak of the young Sioux. Months passed, and yet no tidings from Yohomo. Wanita wandered but little from the wigwam. She grew listless, her face once radiant with health and dusky beauty had lost its color, and her eyes, which Yohomo had fondly called twin stars, were dimmed with tears.

One night Wanita lay in her tent. Long she mused, gazing out through the opening of her tepee into the quiet sky. The deep hush of the night, broken only by the sighing of the breeze among the branches, oppressed her, and tears filled her eyes.

“Wanita, Wanita.”

She listened, powerless to answer. Again, from the stillness of the night, the call was repeated.

“Wanita, my Wanita.”

Rising stealthily, struggling with hope and fear, she gazed out into the forest. The camp fires flickered, and the warriors slept.

“Come to me, Wanita,” again it whispered. Yes, it was — yet it could not be Yohomo.

A dread thought filled her mind. Yohomo was dead and his spirit called her. Her resolution was quickly formed.

Without Yohomo life was nothing. Springing to her feet she rushed to the opening and whispered, “I am coming, my Yohomo.”

Dizzy and overcome with belief and fear, she knew not where she was going. Only to go to him, she loved. She believed that he was near, whether in spirit or flesh, she stopped not to think.

As she emerged into the shadow of the tree that stood above her wigwam, a pair of strong arms folded her in loving embrace and the tender voice she knew so well whispered again, “I am come for thee, Wanita.

Joy filled her heart, but she hesitated.

“There is war between my people and thine, how then will the Sioux nation welcome thy bride, a Cherokee maiden?”

“Wanita, fear not, on the bank of yonder stream, a sun’s journey toward the lands of my people, is a wigwam hidden by the great woods and each day the river washes from its banks the paths of yesterday. None will find us there, and we will live with the fleeting deer and the birds shall sing to us. We will forsake our people, who are cruel and wrong us, and dwell happy in our love until the Manitou shall call us to the Spirit land.”

Thus did Yohomo urge in passionate appeal.

“My Yohomo will be scorned and called traitor to his nation and to his people and his father will be tortured.”

“Wait not Wanita, our war displeases the Great Spirit. It is a war of vengeance. Yohomo wrongs the Manitou to battle with his fellows. Come.”

Hand in hand they silently wended their way through the forest to the river. In Yohomo’s canoe they shot swiftly down the stream, and were soon far beyond the reach of the Cherokee.

Next day the Cherokee nation mourned

the loss of Wanita — of all their maidens, the most beautiful. The great Medicine-man proclaimed that the Great Spirit had taken the loveliest maiden as a warning that war should cease between the Cherokee and the Sioux. The old broken hearted Chief sent messengers of peace to the enemy and they, alike in great sorrow over the loss of Yohomo, who of all the young chiefs was the handsomest, the wisest in command, and bravest in battle, were glad to receive the summons. Thus peace again reigned between the Sioux and the Cherokee but Yohomo and Wanita knew it not.

The sun had risen in splendor from behind the eastern hills, dew drop on flower and leaf had gone to slake his fiery thirst, when Yohomo's canoe grated the gravelly shore, and leaping to the land he welcomed Wanita home. Joy and love were in his voice as he spoke ;

“Come, on yonder cliff is our dwelling place.”

He led the way along a great pile of rocks, which were overgrown with blossoming bushes, half concealing the narrow pathway. Following along the face of the bluff and gradually ascending they at length came to a wide ledge. Here in the shadow of a cliff bubbled a stream of crystal water finding an outlet in a deep basin worn in the rocky floor.

By the side of the spring was a wigwam. Wanita gazed long on the scene and her heart was filled with gladness. The river flowed in tranquil beauty along the foot of the bluff and lost itself in a hundred curves among the distant hills. Across the valley great stretches of blue grass climbed the hillsides. It seemed as if Yohomo had given her all. She looked up triumphantly at her lover and placing her hands in his, said :

“Until the Great Spirit shall take her beyond the setting sun, Wanita will

dwell in this place, ever happy with her husband, Yohomo.”

This was their marriage. The flight of time only knitted more closely the hearts of Wanita and Yohomo. When her lover would go afar hunting Wanita was sad ; but at eventide, she would await his return at the top of the bluff and with joy welcome him back.

Sometimes in Yohomo's canoe they would skim the bright surface of the river, and Wanita's silvery laugh would ring out over the waters at Yohomo's tales of chase. Often they would take long walks, and talk of the mighty trees, of the flowers and how they receive their coloring from the rainbow, of the birds that flew above their heads, and the rabbits and squirrels that crossed their pathway — every one of these presumably the abode of some departed spirit.

At evening they would climb to the top of the bluff and watch the sun sink in purple glory behind the western hills ; watch until the last lingering ray tinged a passing cloud ; watch as the hazy twilight deepened and lost its last vestige of color in the approaching night ; watch the glistening stars as each in its appointed time and place sparkled forth from its setting.

As they watched they worshiped ; worshiped with a pure devotion born of instinct, untrammelled by philosophy. The Manitou was their God. They worshiped him, in the sun which bore him in stately majesty through the heavens ; in the sighing zephyrs that whispered of peace ; in the whirlwind breathed from his nostrils when angered ; in the thunder when he spoke his will for the whole earth to hear ; in the holy stars and moon, sweet influences of his mercy.

Sometimes they sat silently, awed by the wonderful transitions of nature, but more often talking of their happy life and of the Manitou, and Wanita would



CLAUDE TOLES

"CURSED BE MANITOU."

chant a song of her people, partly of praise and partly of prayer, to Him they worshiped, the giver of all.

There was but one cloud in the happy hours of gladness. Wanita had often noticed sadness upon the brow of Yohomo, and then Wanita, her mind filled with vague alarm and strong fancies, became sad and her heart was troubled.

One evening Wanita nestled close to his side and looking up into his troubled eyes, murmured,

“Why is Yohomo sad? Why is his brow like the night? Does he pine for his people; is he weary of Wanita?”

A great wave of troubled passionate tenderness came into his face and voice as he answered:

“Yohomo’s love for Wanita is more enduring than the mountains, more lasting than the sun; as long as the rivers shall flow, so long as the stars shall remain in the heavens, so long shall Yohomo love Wanita. If Yohomo should be called into the land of the setting sun without Wanita, he would be unhappy there.”

“Wanita will follow Yohomo even where the Manitou shall call him, for without him she could not live; but speak, why is Yohomo unhappy?”

“Wanita, often have I heard the fathers of my tribe speak of the anger of the Great Spirit at love so perfect as ours. He would not have his children too happy on earth lest they be unwilling to leave it for the Spirit land. This, Wanita, brings to my brow the shadow of night. Oh, Wanita, should the Manitou take thee from me never more could Yohomo be happy.”

“Be not troubled, Yohomo, should Wanita be called to the Spirit land we shall again be happy when Yohomo shall join her there.”

For a time they sat silent with clasped hands, then she continued:

“Why should we fear to leave this

world? In the Spirit land there is happiness forever. See,” she cried pointing to a pair of doves flying to their evening rest, “there are the spirits of two lovers, permitted by the Manitou to return to earth for a time, often have I heard my people say it. So shall we, Yohomo, when we go to dwell beyond the setting sun, return to this our earthly home.”

Comforting each other in sweet innocence, they returned to the wigwam and dwelt happily in the faith of their fathers.

Many moons came and went, and Yohomo and Wanita dwelt together in happiness. Their cliff guarded retreat had never been discovered. Neither Indian warrior nor white hunter had appeared to disturb the harmony of their dwelling place.

One day Yohomo returned from the hunt bearing in his hand a long, keen, hunter’s knife. His countenance was troubled as he told Wanita how, while hunting, he had discovered the lifeless body of a paleface and by his side was the knife. He anxiously cautioned her to be ever on the watch when he was absent, and to leave the wigwam as little as possible, for he feared the paleface hunter would yet discover them. He gave her the knife as a weapon of defense.

Weeks passed on and they were unmolested. The caution and depression caused by the incident were forgotten and they were again living in the old happy ways. The sun was nearing the western hills. Wanita, seated by the wigwam, was listening for the returning footsteps of her lover from his daily hunt. Eagerly she waited for the familiar sound, for he had been beyond his usual time, and she worried a little and was lonely. At length, hearing footsteps, she joyfully sprang to meet him, but suddenly she stopped, alarmed that it was not Yohomo’s familiar step. Springing back to the wigwam she seized the knife and awaited. When

she emerged, standing a few yards distant, gazing in amazed wonder at the wigwam, stood a white hunter.

He started as he saw her and his look of wonder changed to one of open admiration as his gaze rested upon her beautiful countenance aglow with fear and anger. The hunter did not stir for a moment, then he moved towards her, but Wanita reading the evil purpose in his face, pointed the knife to her breast, as a warning against near approach.

He paused, but as his eyes caught sight of her knife his face filled with rage and passion.

"Curse you!" he shouted. "That's Turpie's knife. You red devils murdered him."

Like a panther he sprang upon her, but too late. The knife had committed its sacrilege.

Within that pure breast the keen steel had penetrated to the hilt. Her sweet soul had fled to the Great Manitou in refuge from threatened dishonor. Yohomo was making his way homeward, bearing on his shoulders a deer. He smiled as he thought how Wanita would praise his skill and admire his prize. As he neared the bluff he became conscious of a vague uneasy fear, impelling him onward more swiftly. The smile vanished from his countenance, and hastening more and more he reached the plain where the pathway began. Never before had Wanita failed to meet him. Dropping his burden he ran down the pathway. With a cry he sprang to the side of the lifeless form.

"Wanita, Wanita," he moaned, "speak to me, Yohomo calls thee."

Never again would those pale lips speak on earth. Never more would Yohomo be happy in life.

"Oh, cruel Manitou," he cried, "thou hast taken Wanita from me. *Cursed be Manitou.*"

Mourning, only as the broken heart can mourn, Yohomo remained kneeling at the side of the dead. Gradually he became calm. Wrapping his blanket around her form he raised her lovely head to his breast and gazed on the immovable features.

The sun sank behind the purple cloud-wrapped hills: the twilight deepened into night. One by one the stars took their places in the never fading constellations and from behind the hills the queen of the night rose slowly toward the zenith and cast her silvery beams upon the sorrowing vigil. The solemn death watch continued. The moon completed her nightly course and sank to rest. A grey tint overspread the sky. The bright glitter of the stars paled before the dawn. The east became resplendant with sun lit tints.

The mourner heeded not the coming day. Steadily the majestic monarch of the clouds moved upward. Still mourned Yohomo insensible of nature's changes as again the departing rays of the sun melted in crimson and gold along the western sky. As twilight darkened, Yohomo arose, taking the beautiful form in his arms he climbed to the top of the bluff where her joyous voice had so often welcomed him, and there, beneath a great sycamore, he hollowed a grave and lined it with tender boughs and soft furs and here he buried her. High above the grave he built a monument.

His task finished, a swift change came over the broken-hearted warrior. He was again a savage, thirsting for revenge. Like a wolf he sought his victim. In the soft earth near the spring were foot prints, not his nor Wanita's, and he followed them down the winding pathway. The blood mounted his temples and vengeance filled his heart.

Late in the afternoon of the next day an impulse drew him back to his desolate

wigwam. Stealthily, he followed the pathway. Suddenly he stopped; peering through the bushes a sight met his gaze that filled his heart with savage joy.

Standing by the side of the wigwam was a white hunter. In his hand the knife that had murdered Wanita. Yohomo grasped his tomahawk. Retribution was at hand.

The hunter, conscious stricken by the terrible tragedy he had caused, was filled with remorse. The sweet face, the wild beautiful eyes, were constantly before him. Like the ghost of the dead, an unseen avenger pursued him. Swiftly he had fled heeding not his course. That night and all day he had wandered.

In the deep forest he lost his bearings. As evening approached he discovered to his horror that he was wandering back to his starting point. A terrible fear overcame him, but he pushed on, though he felt he was walking to his doom.

Yohomo leaped upon his prey. Nerved by fear and terror the hunter with almost superhuman force warded off the blows. They grappled. Fierce and terrible was the struggle. The two strong bodies swayed to and fro like trees in a gale. Blood flowed from many cuts and gashes. The little stream that trickled from the spring ran crimson. Buoyed up by hate and revenge, the Indian fought with terrible endurance. The hunter sank to his knees.

Wrenching free his hands, Yohomo grasped him by the wrists and forced the knife from his nerveless hand.

Twisting the helpless arm over the hunter's head, Yohomo plunged his knife into his heart. For an instant he gazed

at the body, then with fierce fury he took it in his arms and cast it far over the bluff and watched it smash headlong on the rocks below.

Exhausted from his loss of blood he staggered. Victory was his and a momentary joy o'er spread his face, and filled his soul, but his great sorrow rose to his mind and he gazed with tear dimmed eyes toward the sky. An intense agony overcame his senses. Helonged for death. He praised the Manitou for his revenge and supplicated forgiveness for the curse he had sworn.

"Oh, Manitou," he cried, "take me to Wanita."

He heeded not the waning day. Suddenly, as if new life had come to him, he arose and scanned the sky. A plaintive cry reached his ears from the cliff above.

In the deepening twilight, soaring in graceful cycles, a dove flew round and round and ever and anon a call broke the silence.

A great wave of joy filled Yohomo's soul. He bared his swarthy breast to the sky and his eyes filled with an unearthly joy. He seized his hunting knife and stretching his arms upwards toward the bird, he cried:

"Wanita, I come, I come."

As his lifeless form sank to the ground a speck appeared against the sunset clouds. Straight it came to the turtle dove. An answering cry from the approaching dove and these sweet messengers of peace joined in the high air.

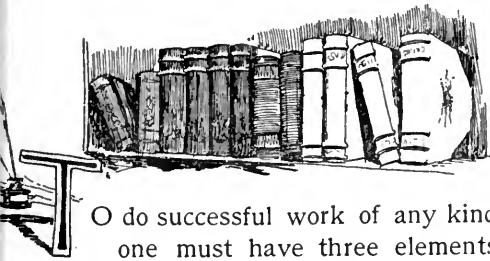
They hovered for a moment over the body of Yohomo, and then they soared from the cliff out across the shimmering river and disappeared into the sunset horizon.

*Edwin Wildman.*



# THE TEACHING FORCE.<sup>1</sup>

## IMPORTANCE OF NORMAL SCHOOLS AS A SOURCE OF SUPPLY.



O do successful work of any kind one must have three elements of strength. First, he must have some knowledge of the material on which he is to work, of the tools which he is to use, and of the finished product which he is to secure. Second, he must have some knowledge of the underlying principles that govern his work, which knowledge necessitates his taking note of what others have done in the same line, of their successes and failures, and of the causes that led to them. Third, he must have power and skill to apply his knowledge.

The first is the culture side, without which neither of the other steps can be taken. The second is the scientific side. These (the culture side and the scientific) may be acquired by study and observation. The third is the art side, using the term in the active sense; and this can be acquired only through practice.

I wish to emphasize this third element of power. The progress of the world, the elevation of mankind, call for work, not for knowledge and theory alone; for work that involves dexterity; for trained workers; and for the practical results that should flow from knowledge. Without this, any field of study, any system of education, must lead to comparative failure. The education of teachers is not an exception to these statements. Granting this, then, we arrive at some con-

clusion as to the necessary preparation of those who should constitute the "teaching force" of the State.

I need not emphasize the first two phases of a teacher's preparation. I propose simply to point out one most important phase of this preparation, and the most feasible and economical way of gaining skill in the application of its principles.

Two things are of coördinate importance to one who would succeed as a teacher of children: one is an understanding of the subject-matter to be taught, and the other is a knowledge of the child.

Beginning with Comenius, the educational reformers, have not only claimed that there are some well-defined principles underlying all correct teaching, but also that these must be learned through observation of the child and his mental processes. "Every educational reform," says Stanley Hall, "has been the result of closer personal acquaintance with children and youth and deeper insight into their needs and life." The teacher who would know this psychology of childhood must study it inductively; that is, by observation of the children themselves. He must not depend on the statements and generalizations of others, except as an aid to the better understanding of the individual child.

Skill is also necessary in his work, as in every other calling. This skill must not be the result of mere mechanical habit; and it can be gained only by actual work with the class. Without this power of adaptability, a teacher is likely to make two errors: If without professional training of any kind, he will talk too much; and most of this

<sup>1</sup> Extracts from an address delivered before the Southern California Teachers' Association, Los Angeles.

talk will be over the heads of his pupils, the more so perhaps as his knowledge of the subject is great. And though a teacher may add pedagogic theory to subject knowledge, he may yet fail, utterly, in his attempts to apply his theory to the needs of a class. How can a teacher make use of apperception — that basic principle of nearly all gain in knowledge — unless he knows from experience how to get hold of the real child and find out what and how he thinks?

Now, where can this experience be gained so cheaply and effectually as in a well-conducted training school? By the very establishment of State Normal Schools, and the character of the work in them, it seems to me that two ideas are clearly recognized, viz.: that the principle of acquiring skill through practice is essential, and that it is the duty of the State to provide means for the professional training of its teachers.

It is a notable fact that in the first pedagogical seminary in Europe, the one established by Ratich at Köthen in 1619, practice was combined with theory, and the students were required to give model lessons. Another of the earliest teachers' seminaries about which we know anything very definite, the one connected with Francke's *Pedagogium* at Halle in 1704, was the outgrowth of the plan that he had of allowing poor pupils to aid in the work of instruction. When these pupils left his school to teach independently, their success was so marked in comparison with that of other teachers, that Francke's institution became noted throughout Europe. Hecker afterwards established two such schools, the one at Berlin in 1748, receiving aid from the Government. Gedike's school, partially professional in character, was also recognized by the Government.

Germany now has about two hundred Normal Schools.

France, since 1879, has done more in the same length of time to provide trained teachers for her schools than has any other country. In 1892 there were 172 Normal colleges in the country, every department having been compelled by law in 1886 to support two primary Normal Schools, one for each sex. The organization of these schools was a matter of much dispute in the educational congress in Paris in 1889, but the following resolutions were unanimously adopted by the General Assembly:

"A practicing school is indispensable for the professional education of pupils in a training college.

"The practicing school will be attached to the training colleges.

"The practicing school ought to be of the same type as the majority of the primary schools to which the students will be sent on leaving the college."

As in Germany, the course of study covers three years, the age of admission is from sixteen to eighteen, and all of the students are required to teach in the established practice school.

The educational history of Europe shows us that nearly every country has a system of training teachers, which includes not only the theory of teaching, but also the actual practice of the art under competent critics. The Normal School idea has appeared even in the countries of South America; and the Japanese, "the Anglo-Saxons of the east," not to lag behind in the march of progress, have a most elaborate system of teachers' schools, that we might well imitate.

When, after the war of 1812, the States were bankrupt, there arose a question, "What can be done to strengthen the republic?" and the accepted answer was, "Give its citizens intelligence." Interest in the schools aroused interest in the "teaching force"; and later we find the legislature of New York authorizing many of the academies of the State to

spend part of the public money allotted to them for the special purpose of educating teachers of the common schools. This plan was not a marked success, since the students in the teachers' classes received only "the same kind of instruction in the academic subjects as students preparing for business or for college."

We owe to Horace Mann's energy and his interest in public schools the appropriation of money by the Massachusetts legislature for the first Normal School in America. He truly felt that "Neither a free press nor free suffrage can long exist to any beneficial purpose without the training of teachers." As the first shot fired at Lexington roused the people to action from Georgia to Maine, so this first Normal School, located on the same consecrated ground, gave an impetus to public education that now carries with it the promise of a better liberty — the freedom from ignorance and vice.

Normal schools have continued to grow in favor in the United States, till there are now over 150 supported wholly, or in part, by the State governments, with at least 30,000 students. They graduate yearly about 5,000 teachers. While I recognize the fact that they may not give the broadest culture, while I am well aware that many of them do not give much educational science and philosophy, I am thoroughly convinced that any one preparing to teach in our elementary schools, finds in the Normal School special advantages and acquires pedagogical habits unattainable elsewhere.

First, he pursues a course of study planned especially to prepare him for teaching, not merely a general course equally well adapted to any and all callings. Each subject in the curriculum must be viewed "in all its aspects, with its antecedents and consequents," that the prospective teacher may be able to

lead other minds to a clear comprehension of its essential principles. This consideration of each subject from a teacher's standpoint is of no small importance in putting the student-teacher in the right relation to his future work. Besides this, in many Normal Schools the students are early made acquainted with the mental processes involved in learning different subjects, in this way being prepared at the outset to do some inductive work in psychology.

Second, aside from observing the exemplification of principles and methods in the training school, aside from practice in teaching which is necessary to the attainment of skill, there is the personal contact with children so essential to a real knowledge of educational psychology.

This personal contact with the child, as Miss Haskill, of the Worcester Normal School, well says, "creates intelligent interest, sympathetic curiosity; a feeling of charm in the tentative acts, in the curiosities, the failures, the make-shifts, the easily satisfied desires, the imperious demands, and the unalloyed enjoyments of the infant man."

Third, the Normal School student breathes a pedagogical atmosphere, so to speak, which has no slight influence in preparing him for his chosen work. The artist spirit can develop most rapidly and effectually in an atmosphere of art, surrounded by art and associated with those who think art, and who encourage artist aims and desires; it must have a chance to become acquainted with beauty in all its varied forms.

A fourth important advantage gained is a certain mental momentum that impels students forward in the direction of the work for which they are preparing. This has a great bearing on the educational advancement of the State. It is one of the reasons why Normal graduates

stay longer than others in the work of teaching. When student-teachers under helpful guidance enjoy their work in the training department, when they come to their teachers cheerfully asking for direction and criticism, there is a great probability that they will continue in this spirit.

Through their training in the school, Normal students acquire an enthusiasm, as well as a momentum, that sends them to their chosen work, not merely intending to teach for a year or two to earn a little money, but, inspired by the nobility of the "election wherewith they are called," as the true "teaching force" of the State. And this in fact they become, not only by their work in the schools, but also by their influence over other teachers who have not had their advantages. The enthusiasm they have acquired inspires them with a love for their work; and the momentum they have gained keeps them abreast of the times.

I might continue to note points in favor of Normal-trained teachers, but I will speak of only one more. That, however, is, to my mind, the most important. Beginning their course with a special object in view, earnest, often anxious, to attain success in their preparation, Normal School students bend every energy for the accomplishment of their purpose, and thus, with few exceptions, keep toned up to the full measure of their ability. This purposeful work and the thought of their future responsibilities keep them in such straight paths of exemplary conduct and duty that they form habits of rectitude which greatly aid them to withstand the temptations of the world. This is a marked result of the training of our Normal Schools. By far the greater proportion of our graduates are pure, earnest, thoughtful, and right-minded men and women, worthy, in these

most essential respects, to be guides to the young.

If what I have said in regard to Normal-trained teachers be true, we have a right to suppose that through them beneficial results to the cause of popular education have been secured, even during the short period of their existence.

The Normal School has shown that it is possible to train teachers for better work, as it is possible to train for better work in any other calling. Most of our Normal graduates do good work from the very beginning of their teaching career. To put them in every district school of the State would be to save to the people an enormous amount of time and energy lost through the awkward experiments of untrained tyros, to say nothing of the pernicious effects of such experiments on the unformed characters of our children.

The Normal Schools have exercised a great influence in arousing other teachers to do better work, and in creating a demand for better methods of instruction. Gradually they are "leavening the whole lump." During the fifty odd years of their existence they have done more to give general confidence in public education than has any other single influence. Without them most of our teachers would still enter the work through the examination door. Their chief preparation would be to cram themselves with a few facts, their only expectation to drift about from school to school—and drift out of the work altogether as quickly as possible.

"But," say some of the friends of popular education, "though we may admit the truth of all you say, yet we believe that the Normal Schools have to a great extent outlived their usefulness. We now demand a more thorough preparation for teaching than they can give. We ought to have a 'teaching force' that, to a college course as foundation,

have added special training in the Pedagogical Department of some University, or in some strictly professional Normal School. The Normal Schools should no longer stretch out their hands to the boys and girls from the grammar schools and attempt to furnish at one and the same time a training both academic and professional. Such a policy necessarily results in shallow work that turns out, at best, not artists, only artisans."

Without quoting further, I assure our critic friends that I and my co-workers know the deficiencies of our schools better than we can be told. The critics utterly fail to appreciate the situation, largely because they fail also in true sympathy toward the cause of universal education. The Normal Schools were established to prepare teachers for the common schools, and this is still their true mission. They are confronted with the plain, practical question, "How may we elevate a great, cosmopolitan mass of people into an organic, intelligent, and patriotic nation?" From this "people" by far the greater number of our teachers must come, and the "teaching force" can be elevated only by reaching down to the people's schools and first lifting them to a higher plane. Suppose from the time of their establishment our Normal Schools had admitted only college or even high school graduates? Our common schools would be today without even their ten per cent of teachers possessing some degree of special training. They would be utterly given over to the guidance of the pedagogically lame and halt and blind. Little by little Normal graduates have raised the standard of work in our elementary schools until now the Normal Schools are beginning to feel the effects in better prepared students. This has been notably the case during the last ten years. In proportion as country and village schools have improved, high schools have

multiplied, until now in some States over fifty per cent of those entering Normal Schools are high school graduates.

If all who desire to teach could first be tried by the tests applied in our Normal Schools, great gain would result to the country. Few know how many enter the Normals only to be speedily impressed with the fact that they lack either mental ability to do the work, or the peculiar qualifications necessary to a teacher. These give up the idea of imposing themselves upon the children of the State, when, if it had not been for their brief Normal experience, they would have crammed up for the county examination and have become fully certificated teachers. Few know of the rigid "weeding out" at the close of each term; and no one can ever know of the devotion to duty and the conscientiousness of the teachers in our Normal Schools, nor how carefully the fitness of each student is considered before he is given a diploma. Few understand the difficulties under which the work is carried forward.

Under existing circumstances, it is absolutely necessary, if the Normal Schools are to fulfill their true mission, that they receive students from the public schools. As all who enter are not equally well prepared, it requires a constant effort to provide for their harmonious development. The time given to our Normal course has not been long enough, and the course, therefore, has not covered enough ground. Every step in advance in this direction has been made in the face of decided opposition to a more extended course, urged by a few ill-advised advocates of supposed economy.

Why have our Normal Schools done little else than prepare their students in a somewhat shallow way to teach in primary and grammar schools, as is often

asserted by our college and university comrades? Why have they plodded along without any great manifestation of ambition, content to do what lay in their power for the students under their charge? Why have they not taken rank in the field of pedagogy, in special training for special work, with other professional schools? Why have they not given the facilities for this special work that are now to be had in some of our universities? Why, indeed?

Because their immense influence for good has been so gradual in its effects that they have not been sufficiently appreciated to secure for them a support commensurate with their importance to the community, a support in proportion to that received by other institutions maintained for the general good.

Last year there were in the three Normal Schools of California over 1,200 students. Nearly three hundred graduates were sent out, carrying their wholesome influence into every part of the State. The State expended \$89,500 for the support of these schools, or \$75 per student. The Normal Schools of Germany, France, and other countries cost the several governments not less than four times that amount per student. Germany appreciating individual instruction, assigns in her Normal Schools an average of only ten students to each teacher, and the same wise provision is made for most of our State universities, while we must do what we can with nearly four times that number per teacher.

How, then, under these conditions, can more be expected of our Normal Schools than they are doing? Little time is left to our over-worked teachers for investigation, as most of them teach these large classes from fifteen to twenty hours per week. This is poor policy, not only because it robs our Faculties of

time to work out some of the great educational problems confronting us, but also because it deprives our future teachers of the individual attention necessary to the best training.

I consider that our California Normals made a great step in advance by adding one year to their course. It has allowed us to plan courses for high school graduates and for teachers who hold first grade certificates. The number who are already enrolled in these courses shows the estimation in which the Normal School is held, and the growing desire for improvement on the part of teachers. While I am not in sympathy with the idea that Normal Schools should have in their curriculum no subjects that are found in High Schools, I believe they should raise their standards of admission as rapidly as the condition of the schools below them will admit. Thus, the Normal School of the future will be able to do better work, because it will have better material.

It will also have well-equipped libraries and laboratories and pedagogical museums. The future Normal School will have different phases of manual training, fitting teachers to lead the coming generations of boys and girls to do as well as to know. The training school will exist not merely for the purpose of allowing student-teachers to practice, nor alone for the exemplification of the principles that must underlie all good teaching; it will be a teaching laboratory, where advanced ideas, the result of child-study in the same department, may be wrought out in practice, and where results may be noted for the benefit of all schools. Finally, this future Normal School will have what is indispensable if it is to attain its legitimate end, viz.: the necessary financial support to allow the engagement of enough teachers so that some of them at least may have time for

the thought that is essential to all intellectual progress.

It is plain that under existing circumstances the "teaching force" must be drawn largely from the Normal Schools. So long as salaries range only from \$400 to \$800, even in this State, where they are higher than in the majority of the States, college and university trained teachers will not compete for positions in the common schools. I know that some of our friends say it is better to have a few who are highly trained, and to depend on them to elevate their co-workers, than to have all our teachers partly trained. I disagree with them. If their plan were carried into effect, the country schools would feel scarcely any influence from advanced educational movements. Those who appreciate the importance of *the country* in the economy of the nation, will grant that "the trained teacher who even partially understands her vocation; who is fruitful in expedients to interest children and arouse their ambition, is needed in the country schools even more than in the city schools. In the country district, the school depends very largely upon the teacher; she is subject to but little supervision; she is not often brought in contact with other teachers, and in her little domain she reigns almost supreme. Outside of and beyond their daily lessons, her influence over her pupils ought to make itself felt for good."

Even in the city schools, though we may appoint "Generals and Field Marshals for teaching," it must be admitted that it is wise to require some training of the forces that work under their direction. We may rear a few philosophers who may settle many of the questions now before us. They may decide upon the relative values of subjects, and make an ideal curriculum; they may determine the best plan of correlation, and build, in theory, a grand educational structure;

but with it all, our schools will never advance in excellence unless we have teachers who are fitted to attack, with some degree of skill and self-reliance, the individual problems that rise in the everyday work of every school-room.

As for the common schools, I can rejoice that they stand in need of no championship. Our republic will always realize that the benefits derived from free education are given back to the State by the ever-increasing wealth and intelligence of the people. It follows that the State ought not only to assume the responsibility of ordering and supervising her system of free education, but also to insist on the proper preparation of her teachers, especially those who have charge of elementary education—the only education a large majority of her people ever get.

The State can spend money to no better advantage than to support, liberally, Normal Schools enough to meet this call. California spends yearly almost \$500,000 on her prisons and reformatories, and \$75,000 on the National Guard; the Normal Schools of California cost annually less than \$100,000. Let this proportionate expenditure be reversed, and crime, with its attendant necessity for prisons, guards, and reformatories, would soon be reduced to a minimum.

Of the teachers of Germany ninety-five per cent have had special training, of France, sixty per cent, and of England, forty per cent, while less than ten per cent of the teachers of this country have been trained for their work. If those countries, with their comparatively homogeneous peoples, see the necessity for such a large proportion of Normal teachers, how much greater is our need, in order that our mixed multitudes from the ends of the earth may bequeath to their descendants an understanding and appreciation of the liberties that have been bequeathed to us?

In view of all these facts and requirements, ought the special mission of the Normal School to be questioned for an instant? Or is there any reason for believing that any other institutions, or departments of institutions, can, now or at any time in the near future, take the place of such schools in our educational system?

They are the only schools that offer an opportunity for training in both theory and practice of teaching, and the only ones that offer any means of testing the teaching power of the student before he goes out a certificated teacher. They are the only schools whose definite aim is to reach and up-lift the common schools, and through them, the whole body of the people; they are the only schools, in fact, that stand close enough to the common schools to feel intelligent sympathy with their needs, and to realize their paramount importance.

The Normal Schools must never degenerate into the mere mechanical workshops for learning "devices," which some seem

to think they are, nor, what would be still worse, into mere academies of dead scholasticism. Upon their teachers and principals is laid the high duty to discern between the false and the true in education. In the spirit of this discernment, and by means of the "Teaching Force," they must move upon the chaotic waters of elementary instruction, until a light shall dawn upon the minds of men that will demand for every child its birthright of rational training; until our public schools shall provide for our children a well-balanced, harmonious development of the entire being—mental, moral, and physical; until every district high school shall be a well-equipped polytechnic institute, where may be gathered "the practical results that should flow from knowledge," and where our sons and daughters may be trained for the inevitable duties of citizenship and of life.

Is this "a vision of the ideal"? Well, be it so. "The ideal is God's promise of expanding life to every human soul," and to nations and institutions as well.

*Edward T. Pierce,  
Principal of State Normal School,  
Los Angeles, Cal.*







WITH A PORTRAIT OF HIS SWEETHEART.

THIS is her face, who loves thee more than life !  
Think, when thou lookest on her pictured face,—  
    “ This hair no hand but mine has e’er caressed ;  
    These lips no lover’s lips but mine have pressed ;  
These truthful eyes upon no rival shine ;  
All that I see is mine, and only mine ! ”  
    So shalt thou learn to prize the single grace  
Of sole surrender, in thy promised wife !

This is her face, whom thou hast sworn to love !  
Think deeper, while thine eyes devour her face,—  
    “ This cannot change,— but she I love must fade !  
    Tears soon will dim these eyes, for laughter made ;  
This brow be lined with care, these locks turn white,—  
Yet shall my love outlive the mournful sight ! ”  
    Tho’ envious time steal every youthful grace,  
So shall each theft a deathless passion prove !



**On International Arbitration.** THAT GIFTED French philosopher Chateaubriand once wrote:

“S’il existait, au milieu de l’Europe, un tribunal qui jugeât, au nom de Dieu, les nations et les monarchies, et qui prévint les guerres et les révolutions, ce tribunal serait le chef-d’œuvre de la politique et le dernier degré de la perfection sociale.”

Chateaubriand was not gifted with the prophetic eye; for we are no nearer to the millenium in this year of grace than we were at the time the illustrious Frenchman penned the above quotation. With Spain at war with her richest colony, engaged in a war of cruelty and ferocity unequalled in civilized annals, when the cable brings news of the deliberate and horrible butchery of non-combatants; France, so far from following the line of thought of one of its greatest scholars is lending, through her newspapers, its moral support to uphold a tottering monarchy. The ruling faction of Spain, a bureaucracy honeycombed with a corruption as vile as that which afflicted China at the time of its war with Japan, sends to Cuba a fit representative in the person of General Weyler. From canefields burned and desolate homes, from every household and fireside, from every citizen of that unfortunate Island who remembered the last visit of this scourge came a shudder of shame, and if Butcher Weyler has not outdone the atrocities of his former campaign, it is because of fear, not of these down-trodden and tax-ridden Islanders, but of the power of the United States. But France, instead of aiding to bring one more nation into the array of republics of the world, is unhandedly lending her influence in the council of nations to decrepit Spain, and nullifying by all the power of her press the good offices of the United States.

**The Transvaal Crime.**

ENGLAND through its London Courts is amusing the public with a farce trial of Jamison and his raiders. Although there is no apparent intention to punish “Doctor Jim” and the other freebooters for their crimes, it must be a great humiliation for a nation like England that has in an almost unchecked manner devoured African kingdoms and Indian principalities. In almost any direction from the Home Office across the fair face of Nature is the conscienceless track of the commercial Englishman in his quest of conquest.

Afghanistan Punjab, Burmah, the southern Provinces of Siam, Venezuela, Rhodesia, Orange Free State, Transvaal and innumerable little Zulu kingdoms all bear the ugly stamp of the leprous hand of English aggression. It is not that England is suffering at the present time with an attack of virtuous indignation, it is that England was caught in the act and that it has no excuse for the indefensible actions of its Rhodes’ and the other colonial thieves of lesser or greater degree that have passed into history.

**A Plea for Yosemite.**

THERE are things that one does not care to say in an attempt to describe the wonders and glories of Yosemite. It is a descent from the sublime to the petty to mention, in the same breath, the most awe inspiring works of the Creator and the infantile mistakes of man.

I would not keep one person from viewing the marvelous valley by harping on the fact that its beautiful floor has, through fear of newspaper criticism and foolish arrogance, been given up to a jungle of underbrush and myriads of mosquitoes.

When the white man first came upon the val-

ley its floor was a succession of charming meadows. Indians, herds of deer and forest fires kept it as clear of brush and dead limbs as Golden Gate Park and the view of its wonderful falls and majestic domes was unobstructed. Pines, spruces, mountain mahogany flourished and made wooded parks where meadows were not possible. It was all in perfect keeping with the highest conception of nature's own landscape. Such a thing as a mosquito was unknown. Today all this is changed. A little band of disgusted fault finders and self-important critics sent up a cry that nature was being desecrated, that the cutting of a single stick within the confines of the valley was an act of vandalism and a half dozen distant journals echoed the wail. It had its effect and today the sight-seer in Yosemite is literally buried in a thicket of scrub oak and cottonwood. In order to get a view of the valley he must ascend to a 3,000 foot elevation. The primeval meadows are gone, the original parks are lost. The mosquitoes have come and in another five years the Stoneman House (the State Hotel) will only be visible from Inspiration or Glacier Point. There is not a man in the valley, inhabitant, or tourist, that does not deplore this condition of things and yet they are all afraid to protest.

What the valley needs and what it will get sooner or later is a complete "brushing out." If it is not done by order, it will be done by some camper's fire, and if a fire ever does start, it will take everything—bridges, hotel, and inhabitants. The river banks need attention, the trails need repairing, and a system of irrigation ditches need to be built so as to wet the roads daily. A little sense and a little money can make Yosemite as near perfect as anything can be on this foot stool. This subject is respectfully referred to the honorable Yosemite Commission.

AS a voter and tax payer,  
**Silver** I am glad that at last the  
**versus** long expected duel between  
**Gold.** Silver and Gold is going to  
 be fought to a finish. Whatever one's party affiliations may be, whatever his own convictions, he should be willing that his neighbor should have a fair and impartial hearing. The silver sentiment has become stronger year by year, until today it is a question whether or not the majority of the tax payers in the whole country do not believe in restoring silver to its place under the Constitution.

Five years, even one year ago, Senators

Stewart, Dubois, Bland, Bryan, and their little party of irreconcilables in Congress were looked upon as "cranks" and voted nuisances. It must be a great and almost a marvelous satisfaction to them, even if their nominee is not elected, to know and feel the change of sentiment regarding their cause and themselves. One cannot but compare them to the despised abolitionists of before the war.

The times have been bad during the past four years. What the causes are it is unnecessary to hazard a guess. The political orator invariably blames bad times to the administration in power. Be this as it may, the working people, the poor, the great middle class, know that something is out of joint. They have tried high protective tariffs and low protective tariffs, and have seen money getting tighter from day to day and their mortgages growing in spite of their labor and economy.

Senator Stewart tells them that the free coinage of silver will give them relief. They are willing to make the experiment on the basis that they have nothing more to lose and everything to gain. Now comes the opportunity for the financial writer and thinker. To him the mass look for a clear, simple statement of the controversy between the two metals.

Even the campaign watchword of the Democratic party—16 to 1—is more or less Greek to the masses. Who will explain the real difference between the purchasing power of the silver and the gold dollar as it circulates today. The workman sees the difference. To him they are exchangeable. His arguments are based on his own narrow experience at the grocery and with the milkman. One buys as much flour or tobacco as the other.

In the June and July OVERLANDS Irving M. Scott, Gov. W. J. McConnell of Idaho, and Bankers Story and Valentine have tried to make these and many other points clear. Read them and you will become familiar with the best arguments on both sides. It is not the province of a magazine to advise its readers editorially how to vote, but is it within its province to publish in its pages the live questions of the campaign, and this it will continue to do, trusting thereby to be of some educational benefit to its vast reading public.

**Charles Warren Stoddard.**

PROFESSOR STODDARD keeps Bachelor's Hall in "The Bungalow," at 300 M, St., Washington. The place is an ideal home for a poet, and is embowered in trees; a little park with a foun-

tain is separated from the private grounds by a footpath known as "Lover's Lane."

"The Bungalow" is hidden like a nest among the trees, and the windows of the study open among the bird-haunted branches of a wide-spreading catalpa. The rooms are filled with books, rare pictures and bric-a-brac—the precious souvenirs of many years' wandering over the globe.

Stoddard's poetry is warm in color, and full of melody: he never offends the finer sense of the ear. Some of his poems are perfect word-paintings of scenes in the tropics. Critics such as Joaquin Miller, Howells, Buchanan and Kipling, place him "on a plane of literary art considerably higher than that occupied by most literateurs of the day."

The genial professor leads the life of a literary recluse, attending his classes regularly, however, but returning to the "Bungalow," he buries himself there among his household gods. He seldom visits his friends preferring to receive them in his Bohemian quarters, where they are always assured of a warm welcome. He is very popular, and is cordial and informal to a degree.

Mr. Stoddard began writing for publications when he was only sixteen years old, and since that time has contributed to innumerable periodicals in the United States, England, Australia, and Hawaii. His collected works would doubtless fill a score or more of volumes.

His first book of poetry was published in 1867, and received warm praise from the critics. In 1892, "South Sea Idyll," revised, with an introduction by his friend, William D. Howells, was published. Of these beautiful poems of the South Sea, Howells says, "He produced the lightest, sweetest, wildest, freshest things that ever were written about the life of that summer ocean." At present the professor is enjoying good health, and is hard at work on a new novel.

Among the many deserved honors that have been conferred upon him is that of Doctor of Literature by the Catholic University, and recently the honorary degree of D. H. L.

*The Orphan's Bouquet*, Boston.

#### A Note on the Purchase of Alaska.

AT A meeting of the Board of Supervisors of the City and County of San Francisco on the 14th of June, 1869, on motion of Supervisor Nunan, a resolution was unanimously adopted providing for the appointment of a committee of three Supervisors, who, with the Mayor and

such citizens as they might invite to participate were directed to meet the Honorable William H. Seward on his arrival in San Francisco, and tender to him the hospitality of the City. The Committee was then and there appointed, and an invitation, which I accepted, was given to me by the Committee to accompany them.

On a beautiful afternoon, June 19th, we went aboard the Sacramento steamer to meet at Benicia the Yosemite, which was coming down the Sacramento River with the great American statesman on board. We found at Benicia a large concourse of citizens, waiting anxiously to see and give a hearty greeting to the distinguished ex-Secretary of State, who amid internecine war and strife had piloted the Ship of State into a haven of rest and security.

The steamer Yosemite was soon alongside of the wharf, and cheer upon cheer was given for the great statesman as he appeared upon the hurricane deck. He addressed the assembled citizens in a few formal words. The Committee went aboard the steamer, and proceeded directly to where Governor Seward was standing. As soon as the steamer was again under headway I had the pleasure of introducing each member of the Committee to him and was in turn introduced by one of them. We proceeded immediately to the parlor of the pilot-house, where with good cheer we entertained one of the greatest men of our country. We found him affable and communicative. He made many inquiries about the Pacific Coast and its people. He asked each member of the Committee where he was from and length of residence in this State. Upon being informed that I was from western New York, he said he knew my father well and made some complimentary remarks about him.

This gave me an opportunity to converse freely with him, and I said that the people of the Pacific Coast were grateful to him for the annexation of Alaska, and if it was not presuming too much we would be pleased to know how the treaty was brought about. He said, in reply, that there is usually a private history in national treaties, that rarely becomes historical, and there was one in this.

Then he gave us the following narrative:

Foreign treaties are negotiated by the Secretary of State through the foreign Minister, and in this case, in the most informal manner. You know Russia has always been our friend, and rendered us eminent service during the Civil War.

I was on terms of intimacy and friendship with Mr. Stoekli, the Russian Minister at Washington, while I was Secretary of State. One day he

came to my office with a bundle of dispatches, and as he came in he said:

"Seward, the Yankees are raising the devil on the Northwest Coast; what shall we do with them? I have just received these dispatches from our Governor Maxitoff, and they inform me your people are interfering with their furs and fisheries."

I replied in a half-joking way, "Sell us the country."

He asked, "What will you give for it?"

I said, "\$5,000,000."

He replied that he did not think his master (the Czar) would accept less than ten million.

I said my government would not assent to the payment of so large a sum for what it considered a barren waste.

Stoeckl finally said, "I will split the difference, and I will recommend to my master a sale for \$7,500,000."

I said, "You throw off \$500,000 and it is a trade."

Mr. Stoeckl wanted to know what would be done with the Russians in Alaska.

I replied, "You must take care of them."

He, after a moment's reflection said, "You give us two hundred thousand to pay for the franchises and property of the Russian Fur Company and we will satisfy them."

To this I assented.

He put up his dispatches, and I said to him, "Stoeckl, I will bet you a box of cigars that the Czar will not sell Alaska."

"I will take that bet," replied the Minister; "but, Seward, if I win the bet you shall go down to the street, purchase the cigars, and personally bring them to my house."

"All right; you can have the cigars if the offer is accepted."

I thought very little of the matter until one evening in March, 1867. While I was engaged in the pastime of a game of whist, the Russian Minister was announced, and upon my receiving him he drew from his pocket a cable-dispatch from St. Petersburg, and as he did so he said, "Governor, Alaska is yours. Get ready that box of cigars."

I replied that he would surely have the cigars but he must wait for them until the next day, and in the meantime we would draft a treaty for the purchase of Alaska. I immediately went with Minister Stoeckl to the Department of State, with such few clerks as I could find, and by early morning the treaty was drafted, signed, and ready to be sent by the President to the Senate.

We told him that Alaska was rich in minerals,

furs, fish, and timber, and its acquisition was of great importance to the United States, and especially to the Pacific Coast; that the time was not far distant when the yearly exports from Alaska would equal the whole purchase-price.

Now the steamer's bell was ringing, for we were nearing the city with its brilliantly lighted wharf, where Major McCoppin, the Board of Supervisors, and citizens, were ready to welcome, receive, and entertain, the great American Commoner, and they did.

*E. D. Sawyer.*

### The Matter of Reprints and Copyrights.

In line with the controversy now going on between the New York *Evening Post* and Mr. T. Fisher Unwin and Copeland and Day and the *OVERLAND MONTHLY* is the discussion going on between Thomas B. Mosher and Mr. Andrew Lang, the translator of the English version of "Aucassin and Nicolette."

Mr. Lang displays just as little desire to understand a very simple matter as do the editors of the *Critic*. The case plainly put is as follows:—

Mr. Lang translated the story of Aucassin and Nicolette and published a limited edition. He admits, first, that he expected no remuneration, "I did the work for love, not for lucre." Secondly, that the English edition was a limited one and not copyrighted, and lastly, that the book was practically "out of print." Mr. Mosher therefore simply resurrected a beautiful piece of translation and by placing it before the public in a cheaper and unlimited form, he has conferred a favor upon the reading public and upon Mr. Lang, whose work bid fair to sink into the dusty oblivion of a bibliophile's shelf, to be known only for its rarity and its high price. Under these conditions, a reprint of Junius' Letters would be a heinous crime!

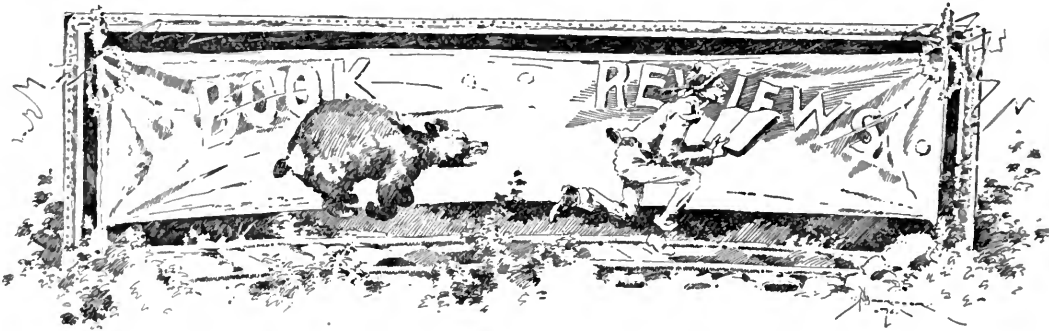
The indefensible act of reprinting articles or pictures without due credit is forcibly illustrated in the same issue of the *Critic*, in which is printed the correspondence between the parties interested and the summing up of the case by the editor. The *Critic* is published for the benefit of the mutual admiration society of hypercritical and ultra-sensitive Eastern literary exotics, that revolve around the Constellation Gilder. It is undoubtedly with the idea of adorning a moral that the picture of Joaquin Miller is published without due credit to or the permission of the *OVERLAND MONTHLY*. It is noticed that the *Tribune* is credited by the *Critic*,

and presumably the literary mouthpiece of the elect thinks it is no prig to prig from a prigger. In this connection it is well to point out to Mr. Mosher that the "*raison d'être* for existing," which he speaks of in his letter to Mr. Lang dated June 26th is a good deal like the "*tout ensemble* of the whole."

An apology was demanded of the New York *Evening Post* for its unwarranted attack upon the OVERLAND, and up to the time of going to press none has been received. It remains to be seen whether the *Critic* will emulate its metropolitan contemporary in excessive politeness.

In the same number of the *Critic* is an ably written article on Joaquin Miller, in which that journal recognizes publicly, though very late, that there is genius in his writing and poetry in his poems. If Mr. Miller is wise, he will reason that this avowal of what has been known for years may have method behind it. There is just a bare possibility that some publisher is desirous of letting the public know, that with "Mr. Miller it is all feeling, and the feeling of a poet."

A new volume of Mr. Miller's poems may be expected from the press of some Eastern publisher.



### Songs of the Soul.<sup>1</sup>

The Whitaker-Ray Company of San Francisco have made a very handsome volume of 162 pages of Joaquin Miller's latest collection of verse, *Songs of the Soul*. It embraces seven poems, the most elaborate being "Sappho and Phaon." It is a sculptured monument to love, with its base on the old red sand stone and its apex above the clouds. Love lived in the darkness of chaos, and from it radiated the first lines of light that illumined the earth. Heaven is wherever love exists, and after a separation of three thousand years Sappho and Phaon have been reunited by the poet, and are spending their honeymoon in Alaska. The field is broad, the subject is inspiring, and the imagination of the poet runs riot. He twists the tails of comets, plays football with the stars, and

"The kind moon came — came once so near  
That in the hollow of her arm  
I leaned my lifted spear."

Some of the descriptive passages are among the best in the language, and the poem abounds in strong lines, with few that are positively

<sup>1</sup>*Songs of the Soul*. By Joaquin Miller, San Francisco. The Whitaker & Ray Company: 1895.

weak. Many familiar lines will be detected by the reader, and lest the poet may be unjustly charged with plagiarism, we will mention that he has borrowed somewhat from himself, but with so little an effort to disguise as to provoke nothing more severe than the passing censure of a smile. "A Song of the Soundless River" is a melodious little story in rhyme, which does not rise above the poetic dignity of a ballad, nor does it embrace many lines that will be apt to be remembered an hour beyond the reading of them. The poem of "Sunset and Dawn in San Diego" calls for more vigorous handling, and receives it. In subject and meter it appeals to the better faculties of the poet, and is sung in a loftier key, with flashes here and there of genuine poetic fire. The most notable among the minor pieces is "Mother Egypt," not more for what it says than for what it suggests. And now, if our poet will indulge us in mentioning that the words "flower" and "heaven" and "hour" and "prayer" are always better to our taste when used in the capacity of single syllables in verse, we will conclude by welcoming "*Songs of the Soul*" as a charming and creditable addition to

the literature of California, and as an assurance that the sources of the author's inspirations are broadening and deepening with the years, and that the greatest of his work remains to be done. Thinking as he thinks, dreaming as he dreams, moved as he is by the broadest and gentlest of human sympathies, he would be a power in the land were it possible for him to become more of a Beranger or Whittier and less of a Browning. The language of the people is simple, but he could learn to shape it into numbers.

#### Life of L. Q. C. Lamar.<sup>1</sup>

Prof. Edward Mayes has prepared a careful and sympathetic life of the late Justice Lamar. The author says in the brief preface: "It is not the purpose of this memoir to rake over the ashes of old quarrels or to stir up the embers of dying animosities. \* \* \* Nor is it an apology for, or a glorification of, the career of Mr. Lamar. The aim is to give the story of his life as it was; to show, so far as is possible, what he did and why he did it, conceiving that the story will be not only a merited tribute to a brave and patriotic man who dared much and suffered greatly for the good of his people, and in the end was greatly rewarded." The work also contains the most striking of Lamar's speeches and letters. It is a graceful tribute and one that will be gratefully received by his thousands of friends and admirers.

#### Lotos Time in Japan.<sup>2</sup>

Henry T. Finck has added one more volume to the rapidly increasing library on things Japanese. As differing from Mr. Hearn's delightful studies of the inner life of the Japanese Mr. Finck's book is the work of a keen-eyed, tireless "globetrotter." He tells of outer Japan as it is today throbbing with its new life, fully awakened to the possibilities of occidental civilization. It is just the book for the tourist bound Japanward. It goes into charming details and is painstaking in its descriptions of life and customs. The author, however, gets outside of the well beaten paths. He visits Northern Japan which he calls "Japanese Siberia" and describes monkeys in the snow, an American city gone to seed, the great coal fields and the Anios. The book is handsomely bound and illustrated.

<sup>1</sup>Lucius Q. C. Lamar. By E. Mayes. Nashville, Tenn. Publishing House of the M. E. Church, South: 1896.

<sup>2</sup>Lotos Time in Japan. By Henry T. Finck. New York; Charles Scribner's Sons: 1895. \$1.75.

#### A New Edition of *Oliver Twist*.<sup>3</sup>

A new and at the same time cheap edition of Dickens' work is by no means a novelty. In fact it would be an interesting item to know just how many "new editions" of Dickens have appeared first and last. But an edition of Dickens combining cheapness and perfection typographically is rare indeed. Macmillan's edition of which *Oliver Twist* may serve as a sample, is the most complete and valuable from every point of any popular editions brought out in this country. It is an exact reprint of the first edition with reproductions of the original illustrations by George Cruikshank and a biographical and bibliographical introduction by Charles Dickens the younger. In this introduction a novel method of "grangerizing" is introduced by reproducing Cruikshank's cancelled plate of "Rose Maylie and Oliver," the "Facsimile of the wrappers to the Edition of 1846," the Facsimile of Title Page to Vol. I of first three volumes Edition of 1838" and the same of the pirated edition. The type and paper of the edition are above reproach and it is tastefully bound in green cloth. What is still more astonishing they sell for one dollar a volume.

#### Adam Johnstone's Son.<sup>4</sup>

F. MARION CRAWFORD'S last story is a pure novel of love and scenery. The theater of the plot is the picturesque old Italian town of Amalfi. The characters are few and act their simple parts in and around "the queer hotel, which was once a monastery, perched high up under the still higher overhanging rocks, far above the beach and the busy little town" with sea beneath. I know of no better or life like description of Amalfi than the one contained in the book. Clare and Mrs. Bowring, Englishwomen, have come to this quiet nook to recuperate. Here they meet a sturdy young countryman who falls in love with Clare. He is *Adam Johnstone's Son* which becomes a title of some little significance in the development of the plot. The story like all of Crawford's is gracefully told but unlike his last Italian novel — "Casa Braccio" — it does not keep one's feeling up to concert pitch. The illustrations give an added interest to the book; they are intelligently drawn scenes about Amalfi.

<sup>3</sup>*Oliver Twist*. By Charles Dickens. New York: Macmillan & Co. \$1.00.

<sup>4</sup>*Adam Johnstone's Son*. By F. Marion Crawford. New York: Macmillan and Co. 1896. \$1.50.

### Palmyra and Zenobia.<sup>1</sup>

ONE of the most interesting books of exploration and travel that has been published for many a year is Dr. William Wright's account of *Palmyra and Zenobia* and of his travels and adventures in Bashan and the desert. There is not a dry or stupid page in the rather bulky volume. Every chapter contains one or more fights with the fierce, cruel Bedawi of the desert. His description of the ruins of Zenobia's ancient capital is as vivid as it is surprising and the picture drawn of the home life of the natives and the misrule of the Turkish government fairly makes one's blood boil. Nearly all the people of this country are Christians, and tax gatherers rob and murder them at their will. Everyone lives in a state of terror and what law there is is only for the oppressor. The illustrations, of which there are a large number are from photographs of the remarkable ruins that fill the country.

### A Lady of Quality.<sup>2</sup>

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT'S last novel — *A Lady of Quality* — will excite more discussion than any of her previous books. It is one that invites argument and every reader will instinctively range himself under or against the glorious banner of the beautiful Clorinda. What Mrs. Burnett has really presented to us is a physiological problem which every reader solves according to his own experience. The scene of the story is English country life during the reign of Queen Anne. The characters are fox-hunting — squires and court nobles. Clorinda is the wayward, hot tempered daughter of the hardest drinking, hardest riding squire of the lot. She is brought up among such men in the atmosphere of oaths and drink. With an education thus acquired the development of the woman becomes a question of absorbing interest. Whether one agrees with the author or not in the manner in which the heroine acts her after life one cannot but admire both.

### The Damnation of Theron Ware.<sup>3</sup>

Harold Frederic has achieved the distinction of writing one of the books of the year that will survive. Whatever the Churchman may think of the lesson taught in the life of the Rev. Theron Ware, whether Methodist or Catholic is offended or not by the picture drawn of their

<sup>1</sup>Palmyra and Zenobia. By William Wright. New York: Thomas Nelson and Sons. 1895.

<sup>2</sup>A Lady of Quality. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1896.

<sup>3</sup>The Damnation of Theron Ware. By Harold Frederic. Chicago: Stone & Kimball: 1895. \$1.50.

peculiar methods, the book as a novel is above petty criticism. It is a strong picture of the hardships of the Methodist itinerary in rural New York. It deals with the narrow lives and faith of the old hardshell Methodists who placed the "Church Discipline" above the New Testament, in contrast with the rather too free and liberal construction of the Commandments as practiced by the Catholics in the same city. Theron Ware is a young, brilliant minister with a sweet, simple wife. Between the grinding prejudices of his own Church trustees on the one side, and the allurments of the worldly priest and a beautiful Catholic girl on the other, he falls into unbelief and at last complete shame. Certain passages of the book are intensely dramatic,—the raising of the debt on the church, the young minister's first introduction into Celia Madden's music-room, the final meeting with Celia in New York. The general novel-reading public will welcome the story with real enthusiasm, and the reader who has been brought up in the Methodist Church will see in it a thousand points that will place in a new light the weak points of his own Discipline. It is bound to be the subject of innumerable articles in the church paper, and the controversy cannot but be of profit.

### Dumas' Olympe de Clèves.<sup>4</sup>

A large minority of the admirers of Dumas are content with an excited chase through the charmed pages of the D'Artagnan romances and Monte Cristo, not knowing that he has written an entire library of historical novels, any one of which will command the attention of any healthy reader. While *Olympe de Clèves* does not quicken the beating of the pulse as do the duels of the "Great Four" or keep as close to history as some of his other novels, it is still, as one can say of all of the Master's books, a perfect portrayal of the life of the times it depicts. The story covers the years 1727-29 in the reign of the young King Louis XV. It introduces such historical characters as the King, the Queen — Marie Leczinska, — Cardinal Fleury, and the Duc de Richelieu. The book is uniformly bound with the handsome edition, and illustrated by Van Muyden.

### A New Dictionary of Quotations.

Macmillan & Co. have brought out an edition of an English *Dictionary of Quotations*<sup>5</sup> by Col.

<sup>4</sup>Olympe de Clèves. By Alexandre Dumas. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 2 vols.

<sup>5</sup>Dictionary of Quotations. By P. Dalbiac. New York: Macmillan & Co.: 1896. \$1.



Dalbiac M. P. It is always a pleasure to have in one's library a new dictionary of this kind, but it would seem that some publishing house would find it profitable to bring out an American edition of English quotations. Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations" comes much nearer to the demand. In Dalbiac's book out of the 400 authors indexed the only Americans honored are Poe, Longfellow, Bryant, Channing, Emerson, Hemer, Franklin and Irving. Nothing from Jefferson, Washington, Webster, Clay, or any of our regular standbys. Out of the 400 authors not more than half are known on this side of the Atlantic. However the book is carefully compiled and well printed.

#### Tom Grogan.<sup>1</sup>

*Tom Grogan* is not a Sunday School book, neither is it written for the benefit of the young alone, yet it is the ideal book for school libraries. If I were asked to name the best book of the year for our great school constituency, I would unreservedly recommend *Tom Grogan*. It is a story so strong, so sweet, so simple, and so elevating that it teaches its lesson of the reward of honesty and industry without a suspicion of the goody-goody of the regulation Sunday School book. Tom Grogan is a woman—a great, big, reliant, tender-hearted Irish woman with a crippled son—Patsy. She is a teamster and stevedore who takes contracts for loading barges and hauling supplies. She talks with a fine Irish brogue and her right-hand man has the lingo of "Chimmie Fadden." The Knights of Labor declare a boycott on Tom Grogan and the story is the story of the boycott. The scene is Staten Island, and the characters are Knights, Walking Delegates, Police Justices and Workman. The book will pay reading and rereading.

#### What They Say in New England.<sup>2</sup>

Mr. Johnson has here gathered and given us in the language in which he received them the odd sayings, rhymes, and superstitions which are or have been current in New England. The volume was begun with the idea of collecting for private entertainment the remnants of folk-lore which are in constant use in many New England households. Not only was the number found to be remarkable, but according to the compiler, the amount of belief still held in them is astonishing. While the majority of these sayings have a for-

<sup>1</sup>Tom Grogan. By F. Hopkinson Smith. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1896. \$1.50

<sup>2</sup>What They Say in New England. By Clifton Johnson. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 1896. \$1.25.

ign ancestry they have been changed materially in many instances by being given a peculiarly local twist. For convenience the matter is classified under numerous headings, such as money, luck, warts, tea grounds, snakes, love and sentiment, weather, etc.

#### The Red Badge of Courage.<sup>3</sup>

For one I fail to find the charm of the much lauded *Red Badge of Courage*. To me it is nothing more than a hysterical, badly written account of somebody's conception of a battle from a private point of view. Privates and Officers may all act as though they were tipsy during an engagement, they may all swear and scream, use bad grammar and rush about as though they were headless, but I doubt it. What is more to the point the G. A. R's of my circle laugh at it. The book may be a classic, an equal to Tolstoi's and Zola's war pictures. It has so been designated. It may also be trash.

#### Aucassin and Nicolette.

The Tale of Aucassin and Nicolette done into English by Andrew Lang, is out of the press of Thomas B. Mosher, of Portland, Maine, and as a sweet song-story of overmastering love is deserving of a lengthier mention than that accorded it in these columns in a previous number. The Tale of Nicolette is a sweet story as told and sung by the old French minstrel; we are told of the love and bravery of the lady of the eyes of vére and of the youth who bore so much, for love of her of the tresses fair, in quaint chansons and quainter prose. Of these two devotees at Cupid's shrine in an abandon of sweet folly and love, the old captive sings of them in a measure that knows no falseness:

"When I was young as you are young,  
When lutes were touched, and songs were  
sung,  
And love lamps in the windows hung."

There is about this tale the perfume of the ancient days of chivalry "when knights were bold." It is the pleasanter feature of the age without the blood and fire or the clash of swinging swords, although our "merrie minstrel" was not without his share of the battle spirit.

"Dreaming of his lady dear  
Setteth spurs to the destrere  
Rideth forth without fear,  
Through the gate and forth away  
To the fray.

<sup>3</sup>The Red Badge of Courage. By Stephen Crane. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1896. \$1.00.

"And the damoiseau was tall, fair, featly fashioned, and hardy of his hands." Truly, this was no milksop of a lover,—"and Aucassin was ware of him, and gat his sword into his hand, and lashed at his helm with such a stroke that he drave it down on his head, and he being stunned, fell grovelling." And all these men were valiant and good, chivalrous and courteous even unto the sentinel:

"Maiden fair that lingerest here,  
Gentle maid of merry cheer,  
Hair of gold, and as clear  
As the water in a mere,  
Thou, meseems, hast spoken word  
To thy lover and thy lord,  
That would die for thee, his dear;  
Now beware the ill accord  
Of the cloaked men of the sword,  
These have sworn and keep their word,  
They will put thee to the sword  
Save thou take heed."

And then these two lovers, whom we cannot follow through all their travels in the strange land of Torelore, were constant and true until time had removed all difficulties. Truly this is a song-story of true love.

"Sweet the song; the story sweet,  
There is no man hearkens it,  
No man living 'neath the sun,  
So outwearied, so outdone,  
Sick and woful, worn and sad,  
But is healed, but is glad  
'T is so sweet."

THE Series of *Little Journeys to the Homes of Good Men and Great*<sup>1</sup>, proved such a success in the attractive and inexpensive shape they were issued in that Mr. Hubbard and the publishers continue it this year, changing only from English to American soil. Most of the papers chosen for the present series<sup>1</sup> were issued by the Putnams in 1853 under the name "Homes of American Authors." It was well to revive them; for it gives a charming contemporary point of view of these great Americans hard for us of the present day to attain, dazzled as we are by the splendor of their later fame. A view of Lowell, for instance, before the Commemoration Ode was written and before he was thought of as a political possibility is quite refreshing.

A VALUABLE and scholarly study<sup>2</sup> into the shaping forces that made the Constitution that

<sup>1</sup> *Little Journeys to the Homes of American Authors*. Edited by Elbert Hubbard. G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York: 1896.

<sup>2</sup> *The Genesis of California's First Constitution*. By Rockwell Dennis Hunt. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press: 1895.

served California for thirty years, a better Constitution in the opinion of many of the judicious, than that of California today or than that of almost any Western State, wrought out with the elaborate statement of authorities that enables the reader to trace each fact presented back to the original sources.

A PRETTY pamphlet<sup>3</sup> of views and text about the Stanford University and its picturesque surroundings has been issued and is for sale by Doxey. The beautiful college buildings are shown from many points of view, the rainy weather views with their reflections being the most striking.

*The Naulahka*,<sup>4</sup> the joint work of Kipling and Balestier, has been placed within the reach of all. It forms Number Three in "Macmillan's Novelist's Library" of paper bound editions. The story is one of thrilling interest. Its scene is laid in a Colorado mining town and an East Indian Residency. Its characters act their part with the dash and force with which Kipling knows so well how to invest them. The invasion of a wide-awake Colorado miner and politician into the sleepy, treacherous life of an Indian court is almost as curious as Mark Twain's Yankee in the court of King Arthur. The story is one of Kipling's longest and best.

A BOOK<sup>5</sup> for the religiously minded student, helpful in adjusting difficulties which very naturally arise in the mind regarding the difference in the tone of religious thought of today with what tradition has led him to expect. It is a calm dissertation on the Central Facts of Christianity, dealt with on a broad basis yet tinged throughout by the conservative coloring of an Episcopalian, brightened by an easy and flowing style. The various Interludes which are in a poetic vein are not the least pleasing feature of a readable and useful book.

MERRIE ENGLAND<sup>6</sup> is the most convincing and plausible statement of the Socialist position. It will be applauded or cursed as the reader's point of view inclines him, but not denied a hearing, nor treated as of small importance. "A book that will create ructions," a Populist politician said. Adapted to American readers by

<sup>3</sup> Stanford University and Thereabouts. By O. L. Elliott and O. V. Eaton. San Francisco: 1895.

<sup>4</sup> *The Naulahka*. By Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier. New York: Macmillan & Co.: 1896. Paper, 50 cents.

<sup>5</sup> *Studies in Theologic Definition*. Palmer. E. P. Dutton & Co.

<sup>6</sup> *Merrie England*. By Robert Blatchford. New York: The Humboldt Publishing Company's. 1895.

Alexander Harvey. Six hundred thousand copies sold in England, and it is said, a still larger edition in America.

*Perdue*<sup>1</sup> by Henry Greville, with explanatory notes by George MacLean Harper, Assistant Professor of French in Princeton University, is a pretty story in the French language, the style of which is so simple and clear that anyone even with a superficial knowledge of the language may read it with pleasure.

The story tells of how a morose and jealous man broke the mother's heart, and of her pathetic death in a public park, of an aneurism. Of the father's departure for America filled with doubt and jealousy, and of the heroine, a young girl suddenly left a waif in Paris. The charm of the story lies in the skilful tracing and development of the pure young girl's character, and the sketches of the friends whom her sorrow and destitution raised up for her. There is a cleverly written scene in which an elder brother makes his declaration by proxy, through the aid of his junior, who also contracts to secure the father's consent to the marriage and who arranges the matter by cable from Paris to New York.

VICTOR HUGO'S *Quatrevingt-Treize*<sup>2</sup> (edited in one volume, with an historical introduction and English notes, by Benjamin Duryea Woodward, B. dès L., Ph. D., of the Department of Romance Languages and Literatures in Columbia University) is one of his most attractive and interesting novels. Dealing as the story does with one of the most terrible periods of the French Revolution, its import cannot be fully appreciated without a general acquaintance with the spirit of the times, and a knowledge of the most important events and happenings prior to the bloody days of the Reign of Terror. An historical introduction has therefore been made to the novel, in which those events are duly considered, thereby adding greatly to the general value and usefulness of the volume. Victor Hugo has made of the National Convention an especial focus for research, and in his accounts of men and things of political interest, he has accumulated, in terse expression, a mass of interesting material. Any comment on the fierce struggle at sea between man and matter, on the careful description of La Tourgue, on the stirring scenes that were enacted in and about that old feudal stronghold, would here be superfluous. The book, intended in its present form, primarily for use in

<sup>1</sup>Perdue. By Henry Greville. New York: Wm. R. Jenkins. 85 cents.

<sup>2</sup>Quatrevingt-Treize. By Victor Hugo. New York: Wm. R. Jenkins. \$1.25.

American University work, appeals also to an audience at large, inasmuch as the difficulties that once beset its fuller understanding have now been removed in happiest measure.

<sup>3</sup>THE IMPROBABILITIES of this most improbable story do not centre so much in the events that the authors have evidently tried to describe as the acts of the Charlatan. There is nothing improbable in Philip Woodville's love for Isabel nor is it strange that the heroine of this story should be of such a highly sensitive nature as to be the subject of intrigue by a designing villain. The improbable comes in when Woodville, overcome by his own villainy performs such a noble deed that it can only be likened to a complete moral somersault and in one moment rises in the esteem of the reader and the heroine and becomes a gentleman of honor. This is improbable and this is followed by the impossibility of the Charlatan taking himself *au sérieux* and acting the part so well that he believes in himself and dies believing.

As for Isabel; why the novelist should deprive her of her only earthly affinity in order to obtain a tragic end to what might have been a passable story is past conjecture. Surely, the reformed conjurer was more of a man and deserving of Isabel than was Lord Dewsbury, English peer and gentleman.

*The Tourists Guide Through the Hawaiian Islands*<sup>4</sup> is the most practical and most attractive guide to the Hawaiian Islands. Full of valuable information and interesting pictures.

*Trumpeter Fred*<sup>5</sup> is a story of army life on the plains by Captain Charles King. It is a bright healthy story about a resolute, manly soldier boy whom a designing sergeant tried to get into disgrace. The action is spirited and shows an intimate acquaintance with army life.

THE fine collection of *American War Ballads*,<sup>6</sup> edited by George Cary Eggleston and published five or six years ago by the Putnams in their pretty "Knickerbocker Nuggets" Series, has been reissued, the two volumes in one. It satisfies every wish of the lover of martial verse and

<sup>3</sup>The Charlatan. Robert Buchanan and Henry Murray E. Tennyson Neely: New York.

<sup>4</sup>The Tourist's Guide Through the Hawaiian Islands by Henry M. Whitney. Honolulu: The Hawaiian Gazette Company's Press: 1895.

<sup>5</sup>Trumpeter Fred. By Capt. Charles King. New York: F. Tennyson Neely. 1896.

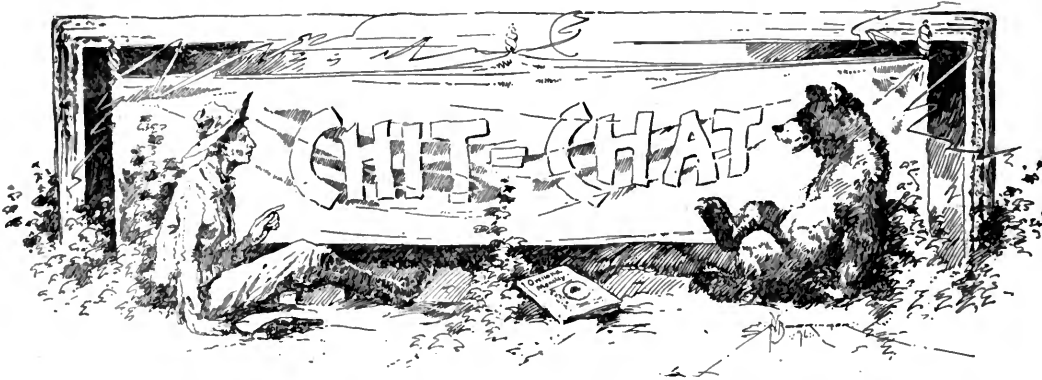
<sup>6</sup>American War Ballads and Lyrics. Edited by George Cary Eggleston. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons: 1896.

of dainty bookmaking. Mr. Eggleston's Introduction is also reprinted, a delightfully readable essay on the subject of the collection.

A HANDY little pocket guide to San Francisco<sup>1</sup> and its neighborhood has been issued by the

<sup>1</sup>San Francisco and Suburbs. Robertson Publishing Company: San Francisco: 1896.

Robertson Publishing Company. It contains maps and tables of all sorts likely to be of use to the visitor to the City, and answers in clear and easily found fashion all the inquiries that are sure to rise in his mind. It is remarkable rather for its usefulness than for its beauty and is not bound in a way to outlast the few days of pocket wear the stranger will be apt to give it.



AS the editor of the OVERLAND MONTHLY, the only magazine on the Pacific Coast, Rounseville Wildman is well known in American literary circles.

A periodical which succeeds in establishing itself as an acknowledged representative of the literary interests and welfare of an area so wide, wealthy and populous as to be almost an empire, deserves honor. In conducting the editorial management of it a man has ample scope for good work and wise judgment. The success of the OVERLAND MONTHLY, from more than one point of view, shows that Mr. Wildman has been fully equal to the demands of his position, and the portrait of him which appears in this issue will interest many persons in all parts of the country.

Mr. Wildman's avoidance of all imitation of the established eastern magazines, making his publication typical of his constituency, shows that he has the ideas of individual and successful industry.

The OVERLAND MONTHLY is widely read in the Eastern States, for it has a high literary standard, and, avoiding imitation, it brings to the East the best of the great West.

*The Fourth Estate, (N. Y.)*

THE two concluding volumes of Mr. Aitken's edition of Defoe's "Romances and Narratives," published by Macmillan & Co., include the rare

and valuable *Due Preparations for the Plague*, and a number of pamphlets relating to Capt. Avery, Jack Sheppard, Jonathan Wild, and other pirates and robbers, now reprinted for the first time.

GEORGE HAMLIN FITCH'S scholarly essays on literary people and things, his book reviews and newsy literary chats that are such a feature in the Sunday (S. F.) "Chronicle" are attracting national attention and relive in our Eastern reviews. His book reviews have made the "Chronicle" well known and eagerly watched for by the New York and London publishing houses, as there is seldom a well-known novel issued whose makers do not quote from the "Chronicle's" review, and place it side by side with that of the "Literary World," "The Dial" and "The Nation" in their advance sheets. It is to be hoped that Mr. Fitch's charming essays will be obtainable in book form.

AMONG the educational works to be published immediately by Macmillan & Co. are *An Elementary Text-book of Physical Geography for High Schools*, by Ralph S. Tarr, B.S., A.G.S.A., Assistant Professor of Geology at Cornell University; *A Laboratory Course in Experimental Physics*, by W. J. Loudon and J. C. McLennan; and *The Elements of Geometry*, by George Cunningham Edwards, Associate Professor of Mathematics in the University of California.

MACMILLAN & CO. announce an important work on the big game of South Africa, by John Guille Millais, F.Z.S., author of "Game Birds and Shooting Sketches." It is entitled *A Breath from the Veldt*, and the object of the author has been to supplement from personal observation what is already known of the animals he came across during a recent tour in South Africa and to present a true picture of the life in that country. In this book the drawing alone have occupied the author's close attention for three years, and they represent with the utmost care the actions and attitudes of the animals in motion.

<sup>1</sup>THE PUBLISHERS of the *Lark* continue to surprise the public with this delightful little bibelot. The last production of *les Jeunes* in the cover line is a masterpiece.

DR. MAX NORDAU may be railed at by those in whom his darts find lodgment but his caustic applications still adhere to the public distempers and grow in public appreciation.

*The Comedy of Sentiment* is a novel of rare romantic, as well as didactic interest. Instead of being preachy as some might suppose it is full of spirit, action and life.

To publish such a book at fifty cents, as is done by F. Tennyson Neely of New York City, is to place a valuable book within the reach of all.

*Les Maitres des L'Affiche*; the Masters of the Poster is issued under editorship of Cherét at the printing house of Chaix, Paris, and it is supplied monthly to subscribers at the remarkably low price of six dollars a year. Each number, of which eight have been published, contains an exact facsimile of four of the latest posters issued in Posterland. There is no other poster publication that is so perfectly produced, the publishers sparing no expense to make each issue an *édition de luxe*.

<sup>2</sup>*Le Petit Journal des Refusees* is a remarkable journal that shows in its make-up the most viru-

<sup>1</sup> William Doxey, Publisher, San Francisco.

<sup>2</sup> Frank Marrion, Publisher, San Francisco.

lent attack of decadence in art that has come to the reviewer. The artist vies with the editor and the contributor in producing this most atrocious little volume. It is a clever skit in more ways than one, but it is the cleverness of the incurably insane, and the purple cats and green elephants and spotted white lizards chase one another across the pages like the phantasma of mania a potu.

THE quickened demand for the works of Mrs. Stowe, consequent upon her death, will be happily met by the new and definite edition of her complete writings, which her publishers, Messrs Houghton, Mifflin & Co., have for some time had in preparation, to comprise sixteen volumes in their excellent *Riverside* editions of standard authors. The first volume will have a biographical sketch, and all the volumes are to be thoroughly edited and furnished with notes when necessary. Each of the volumes will have a frontispiece and a vignette, including several portraits, views of Mrs. Stowe's homes, and other interesting designs. There is to be a limited large-paper edition, each set of which will contain Mrs. Stowe's autograph written by her expressly for this purpose a few months ago.

THE WHITAKER & RAY CO. of San Francisco, have issued *Pacific History Stories*, as retold by Harr Wagner. They are illustrated by J. D. Strong, and are adapted for use in the schools as supplementary reading. The stories include Balboa, Magellan, Cabrillo, Drake, The Missions, The Journeys of Lewis and Clark, The Donner Party, Discovery of Gold, Fremont, Bear Flag Republic, Admission of California, Old Californians, and others. This book will place a large amount of information, in the hands of the children, not easily accessible in any other form.

"THE LITERARY DIGEST" of New York republished, with favorable comments, Mr. W. H. Mills' article in the June OVERLAND on "The Prospective Influence of Japan upon the Industries of America."



## QUIET COMUNDÚ.



HERE is no sun like the sun that shines  
In the valley of Comundú.  
There are palms and olives and figs and vines  
In the valley of Comundú.

*Ay!* I was born in the valley below.  
*Ay!* That is the reason I love it so.  
And the *jota*, the *jota*, the *danza bonita*,  
By the vine-covered *casa* by one *chiquitita*,  
And the sweet *pasadita* upon the guitar.  
*Ay!* the valley, the valley, so far, so far!

There is no bloom like the peaches' bloom  
In September in Comundú,  
When the world is happily, sweetly tuned  
In summerly Comundú.

*Ay!* I am the valley's and love her too.  
*Ay!* Cries my heart for my Comundú,  
And the '*chachas* in cotton, their eyes and cheeks  
I shall see in my dreams for weeks and weeks  
And hear (*ojalá!*) our songs in the night,  
As we sang (*ay de mi!*) in the moon's white light.

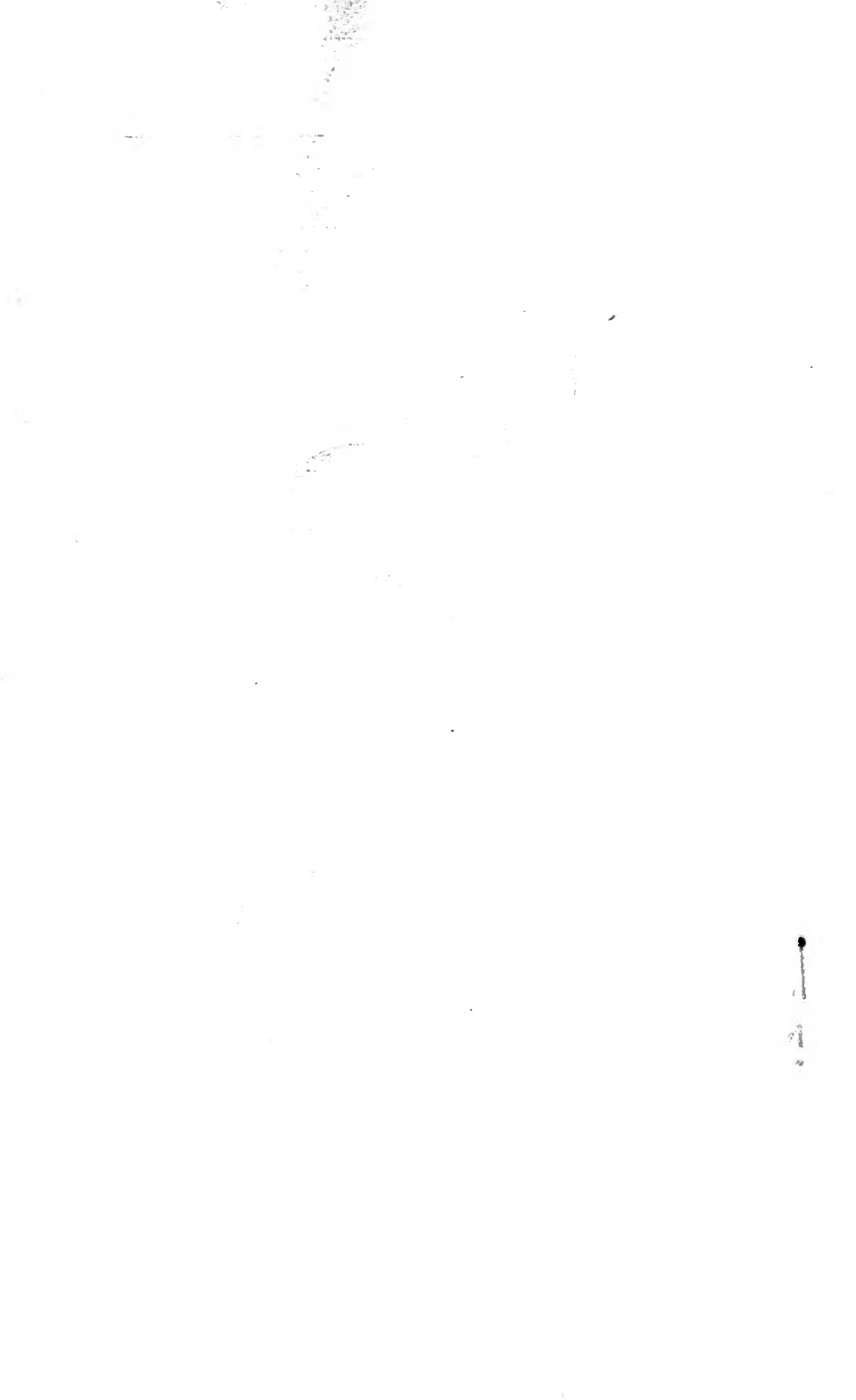
There is no moon like the moon that shone  
In the summer in Comundú,  
And water ne'er rippled so blithly o'er stone,  
As it rippled in Comundú.

*Ay!* The melons, the *brevas!* I can smell the corn.  
*Ay!* The fresh of the haze in the day new born,  
And the idle glad laughter,—*bonita, bonita!*—  
Her kerchief was red, ah, the sweet *chiquitita!*

*Arthur B. Bennett.*



Thrifty Phyllis goes to town,  
Leaves her gallant sighing:  
Phyllis maketh o'er a gown,  
That is why she goeth down;  
She would be a-buying  
Vory Soap, to cleanse it sweetly,  
Ribbons, that shall deck it neatly;  
Back she'll soon be flying.







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of the Gale”**

AND THE

**“Sozodont”**

On June 21st, 1896, Captain Charlsen (formerly an officer on Mr. John Jacob Astor's yacht) and his brother sailed from New York for Queenstown, via the Northern passage, in their twenty-foot open boat, the “SOZODONT.” If they arrive safely the Sozodont will make a tour of seaport cities in Northern Europe and sail for New York next summer. *Eclipsing All Transatlantic Records for Small Boats.*

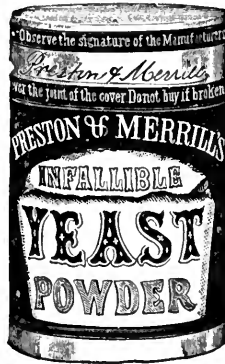
A “half tone” picture of the **Sozodont** for the postage, two cents, or a sample bottle of liquid Sozodont, including a sample cake of Sozoderma Soap for the postage, three cents, or all for five cents, provided you mention this publication. Address **HALL & RUCKEL**, New York, proprietors of Sozodont and other well-known preparations.

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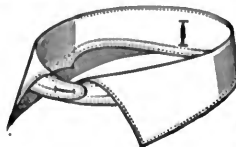
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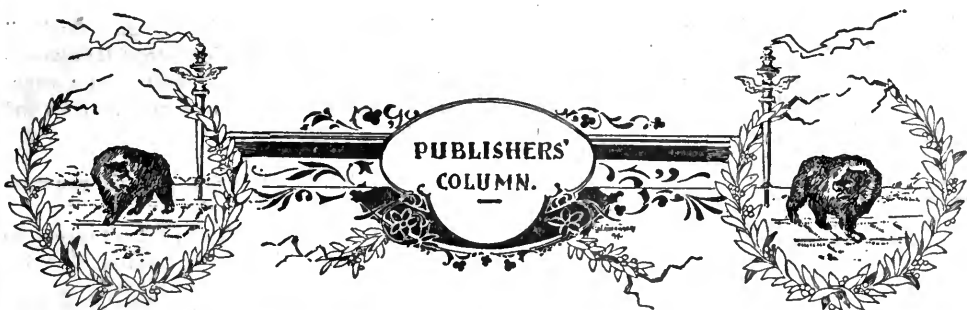
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**HIGHEST GRADE.**

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THE OVERLAND MONTHLY seems to increase in popular favor with each number and as one looks it over there seems to be good reason for its success. It covers a ground rather new to the magazine reader and does it in a bright way.

Hartford (Conn) Post.

THE ELECTROPOISE is a little instrument the application of which enables the system to take on oxygen freely from the atmosphere. This addition of Nature's Own Tonic increases vitality, tones up the nervous system, purifies the blood, and by expelling the morbid matter and diseased tissues restores the body to its normal condition—health. Quite frequently it has effected cures where other remedies have proved powerless. How the Electro-poise accomplishes all this is briefly explained in a neat little book that will be mailed to you on application to Watson & Co., 124 Market St., San Francisco.

The Educational Department of the OVERLAND grows more attractive steadily and in the same measure becomes more popular. It should be read more than once. Rounseville Wildman has his usual "As Talked in the Sanctum" always a favorite with us—and it seems as if Mr. Wildman had done rather better work on this article than in some previous numbers.

(News (Santa Barbara, Cal.)

The most attractive, up-to-date feature of the lecture room is the use of the Stereopticon in illustrating important points; especially in Geographical lectures, the use of the Camera becomes indispensable. Of what effect would be a description of the Yo Semite Valley without the Stereopticon Views; and the most perfect set of slides can be obtained at reasonable cost, by addressing the EDITOR of the YO SEMITE TOURIST at Yosemite, California.

At a meeting of the STATE BOARD OF EDUCATION held June 13th, the OVERLAND MONTHLY was made the OFFICIAL ORGAN of the BOARD. This carries with it the appropriation made by the State of \$4800 per annum and adds 3241 subscribers to the OVERLAND's already large list.

Times (Eureka, Cal.)

THE PERFECTION of Toilet Powders is Mennen's Borated Talcum. It is a skin tonic, perfectly harmless and positively beneficial for all skin troubles. Approved by Highest Medical Authorities. There is nothing equal to it for Prickly Heat, Nettle Rash, Chafing, Sunburn, Blotches, Pimples, &c. Makes the skin smooth and healthy. Delightful after shaving. Be sure to get "Mennen's." At all Druggists or by mail for 25 cents. Free sample by sending to Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.

53RD SEMI-ANNUAL STATEMENT OF

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OF OAKLAND, CAL.

(SAVINGS AND COMMERCIAL BANK)

AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS DECEMBER 31, 1895.

Capital Fully Paid	-	\$300,000	Surplus	-	\$90,000
Deposits to December 31, 1895	-			-	\$3,002,693.19

J. WEST MARTIN, President

WM. G. HENSHAW, Vice-President

A. E. H. CRAMER, Cashier

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Rates Paid on all Savings Deposits,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. per Annum.

This Bank has added a Commercial Department to its former business and is now transacting a general Banking business as a Savings and Commercial Bank.

The June OVERLAND is one of the very best issues of that meritorious "home" magazine; in fact the OVERLAND seems to be improving right along, under Mr. Wildman's management.

*El Barbareno* (Santa Barbara, Cal.)

Mother: I'm afraid your husband is going to be ill. How did he look this morning at breakfast?

Young Wife: I did n't see him. He was reading the paper. *Echoes* (Elmira, N. Y.)

On the cover of the OVERLAND MONTHLY for July is a curious design by the Artist Boeringer.

The traditional Grizzly Bear still holds his place on the cover, and looks quite at home beside the "Big Ole Chief Winnemucca," who stands there, neither naked nor clad, but barefoot and bare-headed, with a cable-tow of tiger's or eagle's claws around his neck; and for a breech-clout, he wears, as the "lambskin of innocence," a huge, fringed leather apron, while in one hand he carries a pot of incense, and in the other a sprig of shillalah, doubtless it is from the tree whose leaves are for the healing of the nations.

*Pacific Mason* (Seattle, Wash.)

About the worst case of attempted economy is buying cheap garden hose. If you buy any one of the brands manufactured by the GOODYEAR RUBBER COMPANY you are certain to get the best the market affords. In garden hose strength and wearing qualities are the main points of value.

Bound copies of the 27th volume of the OVERLAND MONTHLY are now ready. A file of these books is the best cyclopedia of Pacific Coast history and resources extant.

It is not necessary to "talk through your hat" any more, you have only to buy one of HERMANN'S and let it speak for itself. HERMANN is a manufacturer and his hats are well made, stylish and reasonable in price.

She: This horrid article implies that you married me for money.

He: Well, don't contradict it, I don't care to be taken for a fool. *Echoes* (Elmira, N. Y.)

The OVERLAND MONTHLY, under the progressive editorial direction of Rounsevelle Wildman, is growing. His short stories are being copied in educational annuals, on account of their dramatic intensity. His ability as an editor and writer is unquestioned. The June number of the OVERLAND is great.

Harr Wagner, in *Western Educational Journal*, San Francisco.

Black: Say, White, can you tell me what alligators eat?

White: All live ones do, I believe. *Echoes* (Elmira, N. Y.)

The artistic covers and posters put forth monthly by the OVERLAND are getting to be the talk of the West. The cover for the June number is an Indian study well worked out in shades of red, olive and black. The design is by Boeringer.

*The Examiner* (San Francisco.)

The OVERLAND is a great magazine — up-to-date, and plethoric with the best work of the best writers and artists.

*Current Literature* (N. Y.)

Bound copies of OVERLAND MONTHLY, \$2.25; including one copy of "The Panglima Muda," a novel of Malayan life, by Rounsevelle Wildman, \$3.00.

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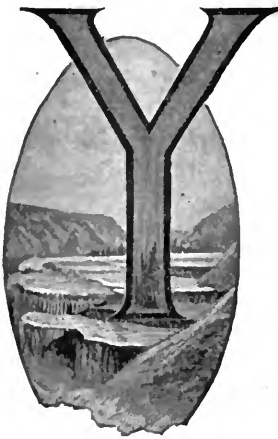
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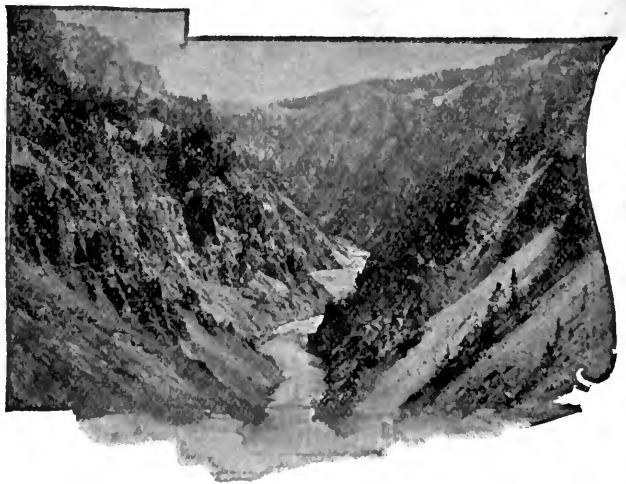
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# Lower Geyser Basin

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"We have now reached that part of the Park where the most peculiar phenomena found there, the geysers, are seen at their best. We had a foretaste of them at Norris Basin. Here we find them bunched together. Like the deer and antelope in the Park, they are in herds and droves. The first of these localities — for there are three, more or less connected — is the Lower Basin. Here again one's powers of pedestrianism are made available. Near at hand, indeed, are the rare Paint Pots, and a group of geysers and hot pools. But farther away are springs and geysers so much finer that it were a pity to be 'so near and yet so far.' For the regular tourist it will be a tight squeeze to work these into his programme, unless he is routed out of bed early in the morning.

Of the group *near* the hotel, the Fountain Geyser is the chief, and, whether it be in full play or quiescent, it is a captain. It plays at intervals of about five hours for from thirty to forty minutes. The crater is about 20 x 20 feet, and it ejects large volumes of water to a height varying from fifty to one hundred and fifty feet. The eruption is a beautiful one, and more like a large fountain than the typical geyser, if indeed there be one. There are several small geysers and some beautiful hot pools near the fountain. These, with the richly-colored clay Paint Pots, worthy of a careful examination, will serve the tourist a good turn if he does not visit the larger collection. In close proximity to the Paint Pots is the spring that supplies the Fountain Hotel with its hot bath-water. The larger and more distant group of springs and geysers — about a mile and a half from the hotel — extends over a considerable area. They constitute a wonderful collection. The more prominent — if distinctions can honestly be made — are Firehole Lake, the natural hot Swimming Pool, the Pink Dome, White Dome Geyser, Great Fountain Geyser, Surprise or Sand Spring, Firehole Pool, Mushroom Spring, Buffalo Pool, the Five Sisters and others. Of these I can refer

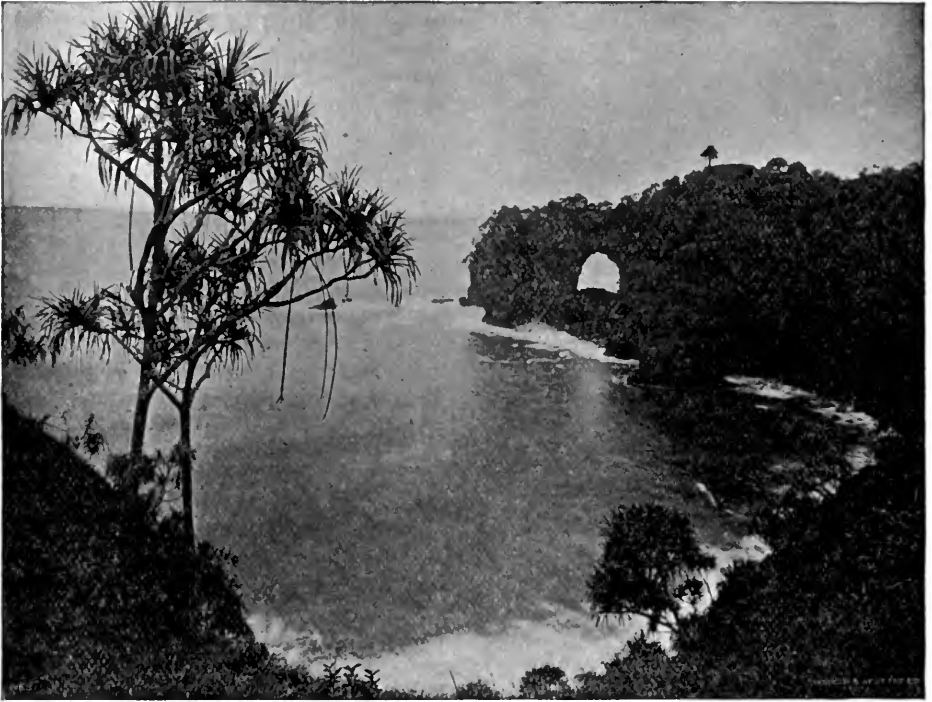
specifically to only two or three. Firehole Lake is some 300 feet long by 100 feet wide, and has a small geyser in the center that plays continually, and is called the Steady Geyser. The name of the lake is derived from a peculiar feature of it. From deep down in the north end of the lake, large globes or bubbles of a bluish silver cast are always ascending. On a clear day or a moonlight night, these bubbles, apparently of gas or hot air, appear like a bluish flame, hence the name Firehole Lake. On cloudy days the resemblance is not so striking. It may be, on such days, difficult to discern the bubbles clearly, as the water gives off such clouds of steam.

The Great Fountain Geyser is the mammoth geyser of Lower Basin, and one of the largest in the whole Park. Special efforts are now made to keep a record of its eruptions, so as to advise tourists of them. It appears to play with moderate regularity every eight to eleven hours, throwing water and steam to a height of from 60 and 75 feet to 150 feet. Before eruption and just previous thereto, it gradually fills both of its basins — an inner within an outer one — to overflowing, and when the drainage begins to seek the various outlets the display may be looked for. It comes suddenly, first boiling furiously, then becoming quiescent. The outburst comes violently and it lifts an enormous mass of water from the whole pool, some fifteen feet in diameter. The eruptions follow each other quickly at first. It then takes matters more leisurely, and alternately, boils furiously and throws out its seething contents for an hour and a half. The first three expulsions are usually the finest. Some of them are very violent, and the mixture of water and steam and the variety of effects produced are beautiful beyond description. Between its convulsions, after a time, one can walk out on the formation and look down into the throat of the monster. The crater and the entire formation are white, and are exquisitely beaded and fretted."

*From "Wonderland", our Tourist Book for 1896.*

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Doric (via Honolulu)...Wednesday, Sept. 30, 1896  
 Belgic (via Honolulu).....Saturday, Oct. 17, 1896  
 Coptic.....Tuesday, November 3, 1896

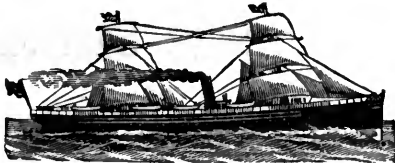
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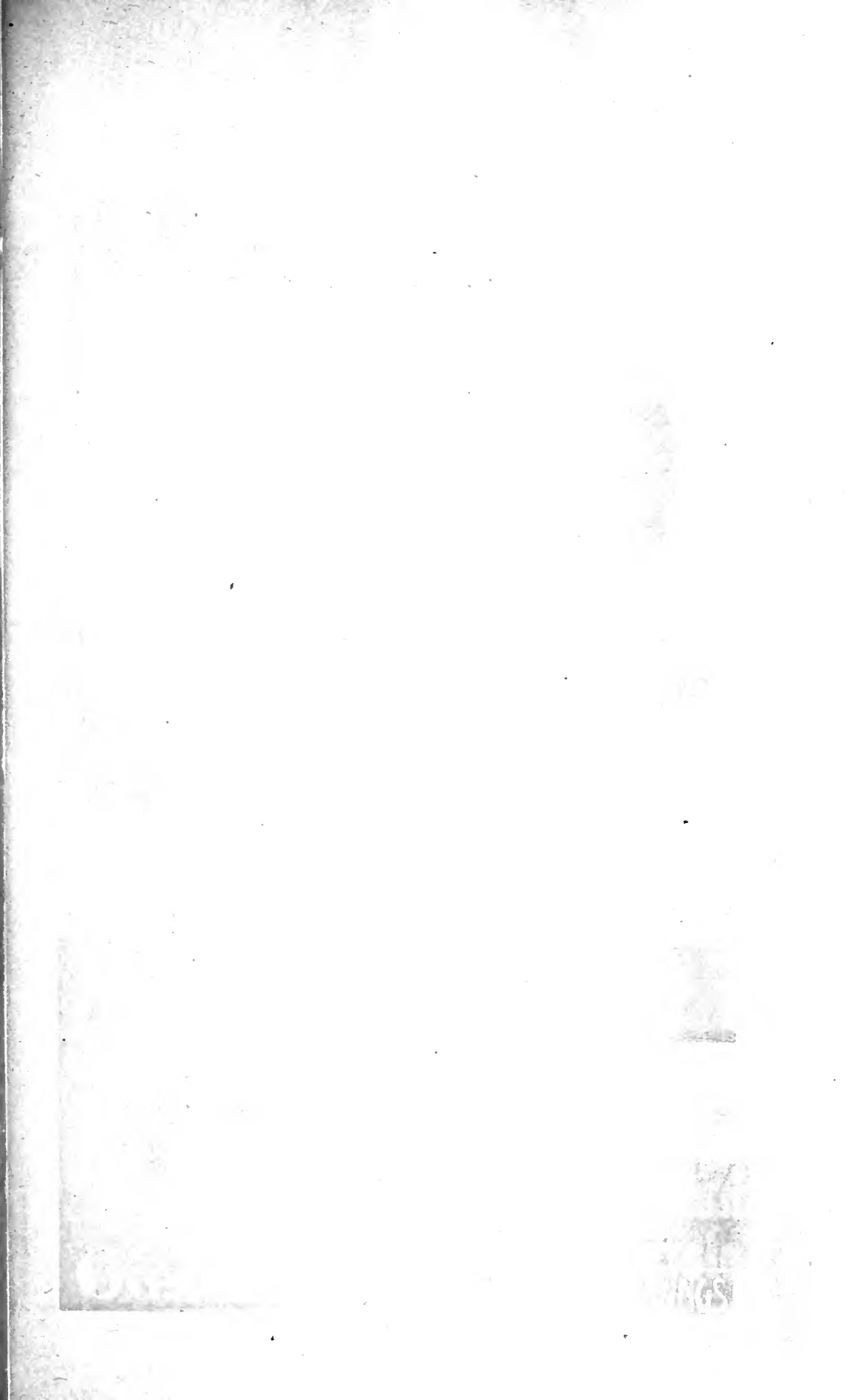


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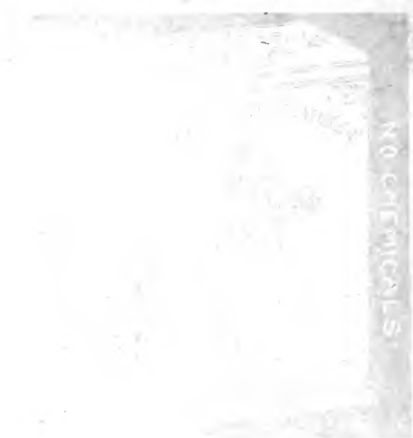
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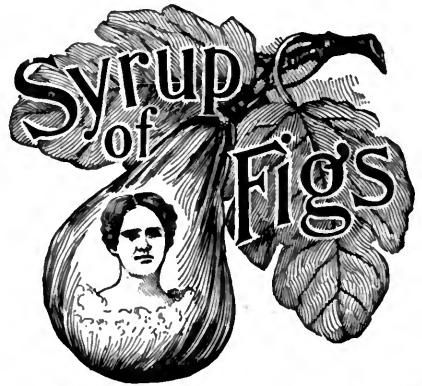
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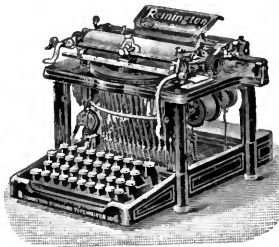
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Vol. XXVIII.

No. 165.

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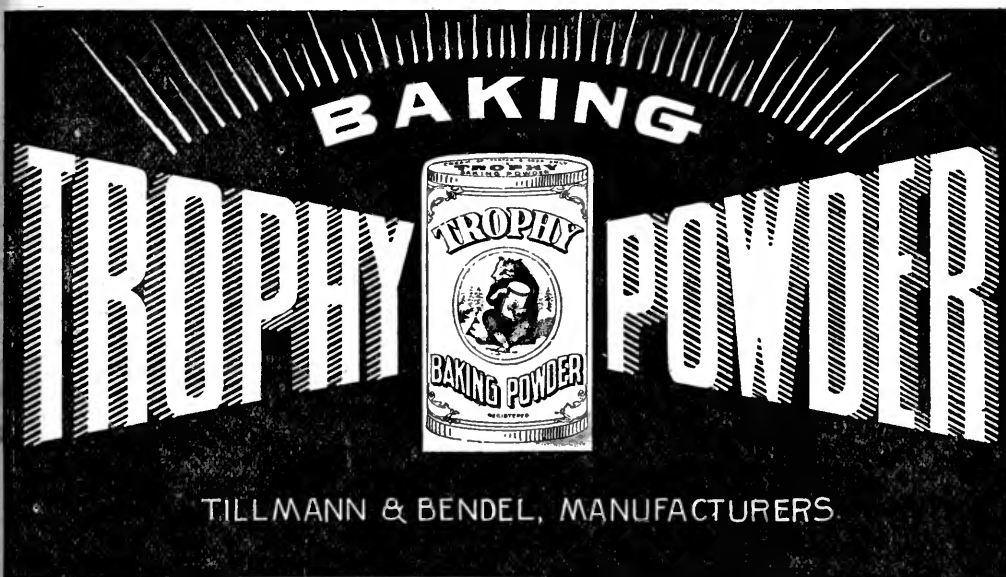
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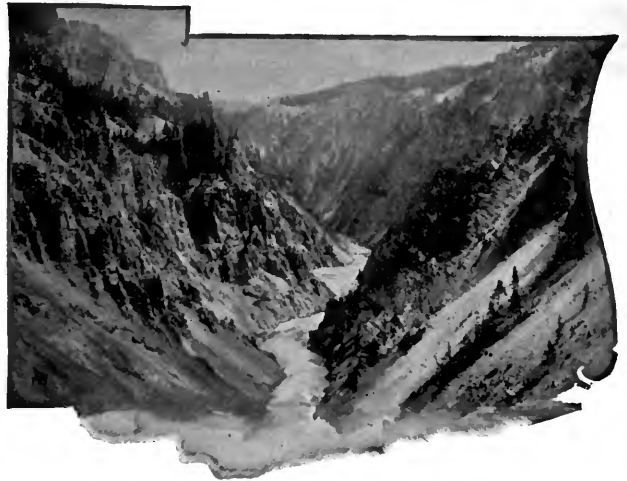
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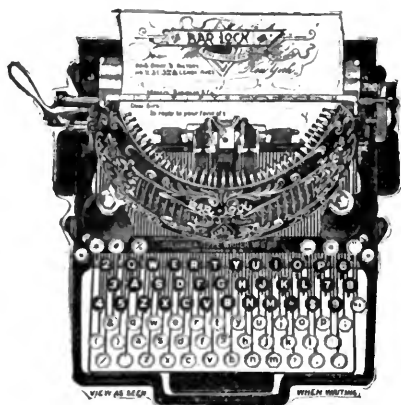
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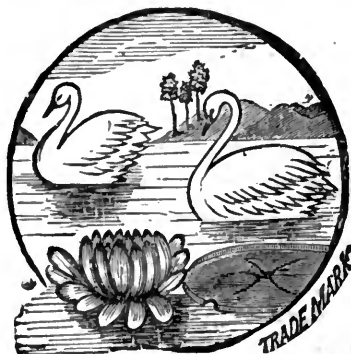
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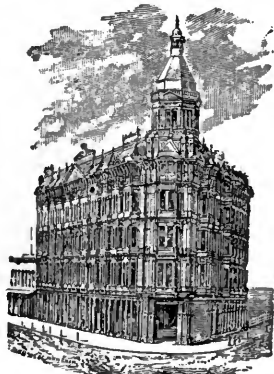
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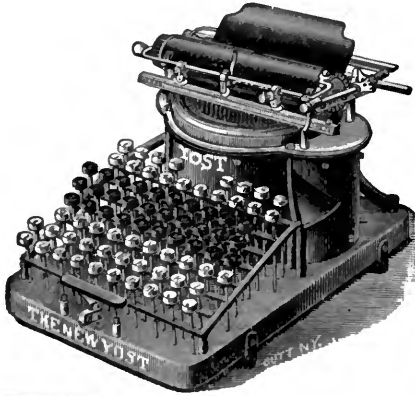
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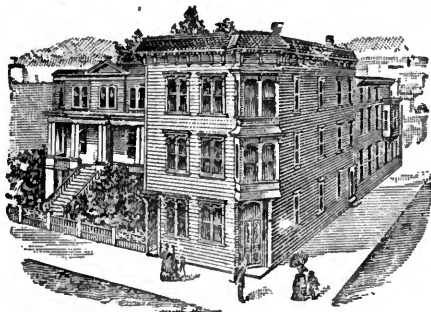
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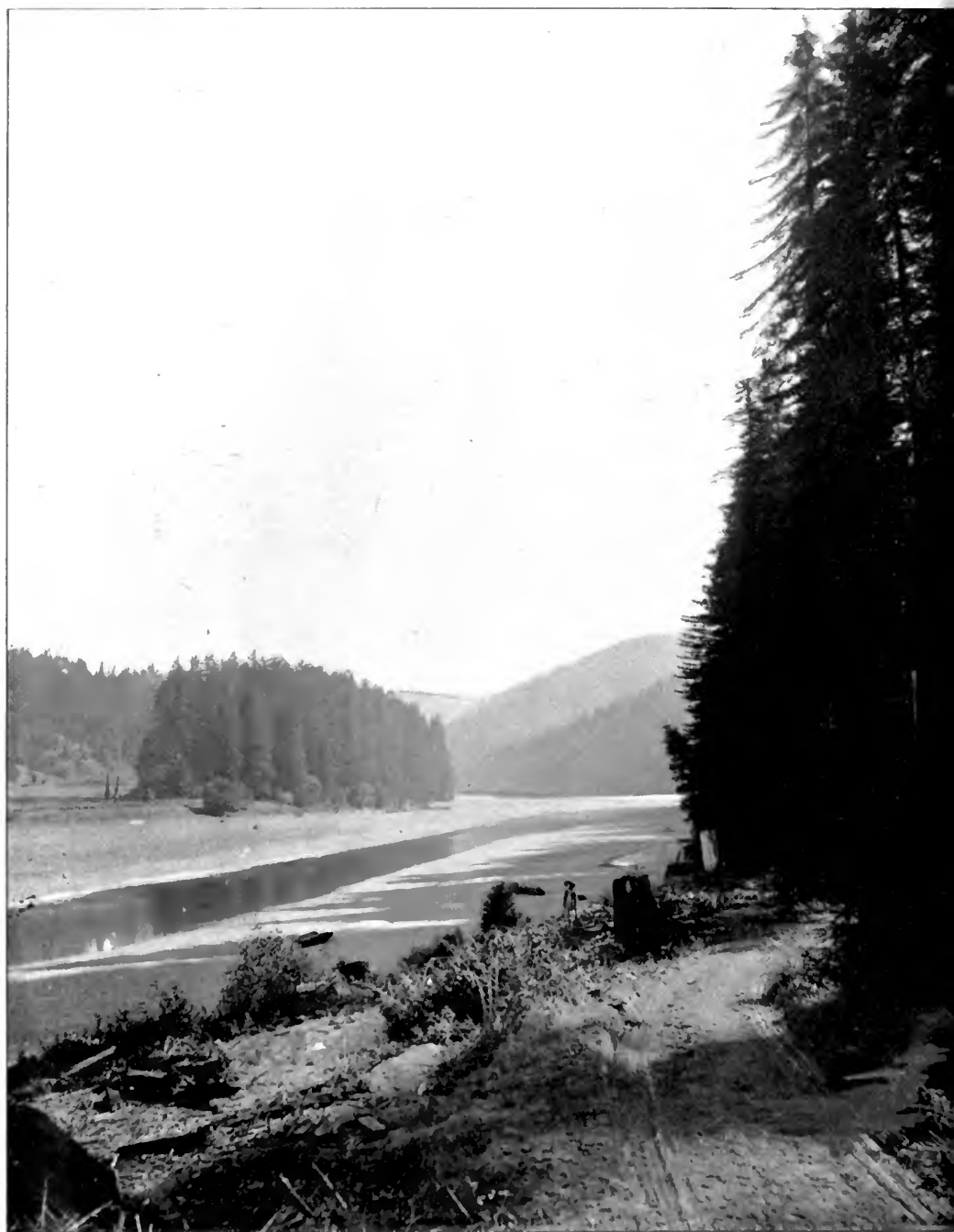




Photo by Taber.

## Napa Soda Springs, California.

From "Well Worn Trails."



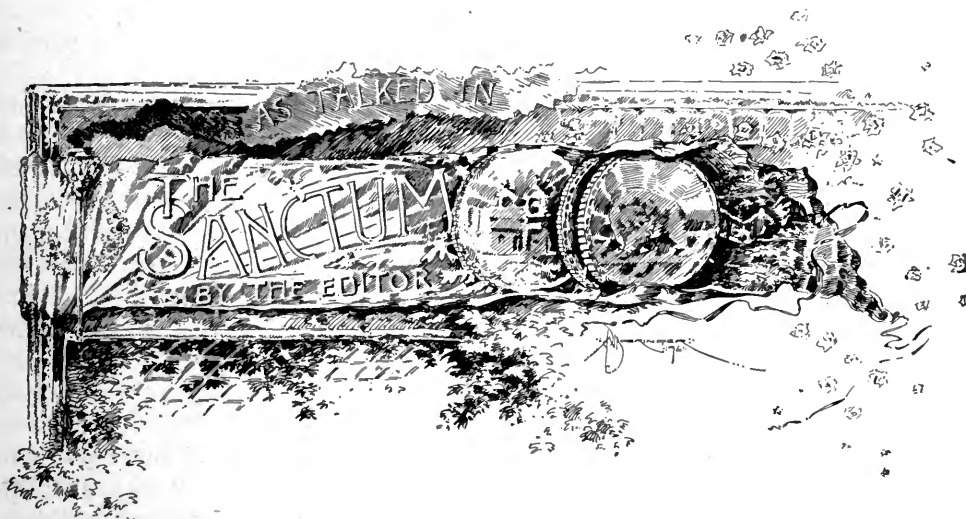
From "Humboldt County and its Redwoods"

Scene on Upper Eel River.



# Overland Monthly

VOL. XXVIII. (Second Series.)—September, 1896.—No. 165.



IN REPORTING the Parson's lecture before the "Young Men's Self Culture Club," one of the morning papers charged him with being a Transcendentalist. How a beardless reporter had discovered such a defect in the good man's armor, when we of the Sanctum had known him for generations without ever detecting it, set us to thinking. Like the fish woman whom Curran called "an isosceles triangle," we were at first carried off our feet. In these decadent times it is not polite to charge a public man in print with being an ass, so such specious terms as an "isosceles triangle" and a "transcendentalist" have become common.

The Contributor was mad. He arose to defend our absent colleague's character.

The Contributor. "It is a disgrace that there is no protection for a man's good name. The Parson a trans — trans — O, well, whatever you call it, it is a disgrace. He is no more a transcen — thing-a-me-bob, than I am, and the Lord knows I never let one of my notes go to protest. What's a trans — what do you call it? — any way?"

The Reader. "One who believes in transcendentalism."

The Contributor. "That's it. Now, who dares to defame our Parson? Er — Er — What in the name of common sense is this new ism?"

The Reader. "The spiritual cognoscence of psychological irrefragability, con-

nected with concutient ademption of incolumnient spirituality and etherialized contention of subsultory concretion."

The Reader put up his guard as though he expected to be struck. The Contributor's old face fairly glowed. His chair came down on all four legs and he grasped the Reader's upraised hand.

The Contributor. "A thousand thanks. You have made many things clear to me. I once knew a transcendentalist, — only we called him a fool. He has since gone crazy, but alack! too late, you have discovered my mistake for me. He lived in New York, and he figured out that a post-hole for a fence on Broadway cost, as real estate sold, one hundred dollars. Up in Allegany County where he was born, good land was worth twenty-five dollars an acre. He conceived the idea of digging post-holes in Allegany, where they could be had for a song, and shipping them to New York, where a car-load would sell for a small fortune."

The Reviewer. "In good Anglo-Saxon, then, transcendentalism is two holes in a sand-bank; a storm washes away the sand-bank without disturbing the holes."

The Reader. "I have always noticed that the people who are forever discussing these many isms take themselves more seriously than does any one else. They get hold of a lot of stock words and phrases and build up an article around them, which, when torn apart and reduced to good, old fashioned United States, contains but one single every-day idea. Our dictionaries grow year by year in bulk because of the thankless tasks its compilers undertake in clearing up and making plain a lot of this stilted bosh. When I read that some short-haired woman is going to lecture on transcendentalism or empiricism, I wonder how big an audience she would draw if she advertised to speak on 'The Absurdity of Experience,' on the one hand, or 'The Value of Experience,' on the other. In the case of the Parson, the callow reporter no doubt meant to be complimentary, or at the worst, to say that the preacher talked over the heads of his audience. There is nothing more serious in these weak-minded isms than in Curran's isosceles triangle."

TO THE average man all this vain striving after the "thingness of the here" and "the whichness of the where" is supremely laughable. It is but just one remove from the madhouse. A world-renowned theosophist dined with us one night. We were all "average men and women" at the table except himself, and we were as curious as children to know what he knew. The General, who was something of an Oriental scholar and had been in charge of the British-Palestine Exploration Expedition, expressed his polite though undisguised astonishment at some of the statements made by our guest. When cornered as to his authorities the theosophist at last cited the cuneiform inscriptions.

"But surely not from any of the cuneiform inscriptions that have been recorded." And the old General arose from the table to take down some ponderous reports.

"O, no, not from the Persian or Assyrian inscriptions."

"What, then?" And the old man replaced the tome, his face all alight with the thought that the theosophist had discovered some unknown people that used the famous wedge-shaped characters.

"From the cuneiform inscriptions of the temples of the Aztecs," replied the high priest of theosophy triumphantly.

There was a stillness of death about the table. The General's face was a study, but our guest was mighty in the double-riveted armor of his own ignorance.

"Theosophy is all wise, all powerful," he went on.

"But is it practical?" some one timidly suggested. "Can it build a Brooklyn Bridge, or make known the law of repulsion?"

"Practical?" he sneered. "What are the triumphs of the material in the light of the fact that we know where we came from and where we are going to?"

"Nothing," we admitted in one voice.

"And do you know?"

"I do, but I am one of the elect."

We did not embarrass him by asking vulgar questions, we were fearful he would refer us to the cuneiform inscriptions of the Esquimaux.

The other evening the Parson and I heard a female adept in theosophy — a Russian Countess — lecture on death and what comes after. She outlined cleverly enough the seven stages through which the soul would pass after death. She said that cremation was the only humane manner of disposing of the earthly body. From the moment the body was consumed the astral body was released, whereas if ordinary burial took place, the soul had to remain until the body was decayed. She proved conclusively that a man who committed suicide did not deliver himself from his troubles. The soul was condemned to remain on earth and work out its own salvation. It suffered hunger and thirst and the real temptations of the flesh. It attached itself to weak-minded persons, who became what is styled mediums, in order to inhale the aroma of their dinners and participate in the essence of their pleasures. In payment for these privileges it aided the medium in his or her table rappings and chair knockings. Naturally the thought took possession of us that the wandering, condemned soul showed very bad taste in its choice of victims. If they wish to smell good dinners, why do they not attach themselves to Chauncey Depew or one of a dozen *bon vivants* that we could name. And all the authority our countess could give for her remarkable scheme of after death was two cases recorded by W. T. Stead in his *Review of Reviews* of the sensations of two men coming back to life, one of whom was nearly frozen to death and the other nearly drowned. In our minds, the only difference between the lecturer and an old inmate of a mad-house who labored under the agreeable hallucination that she was Queen Victoria was, that in one case the people did not smile and in the other they did.

The Reviewer. "Her logic was not half as clever, yet fully as absurd as the verdict of a Mohammedan court of 'homicide by an intermediate cause.' You remember the case of the young man of the Island of Cos in the Ægean Sea who was desperately in love with a girl of Stanchis and sought to marry her. His proposals were rejected. In consequence he took poison. The Turkish police arrested the father of the obdurate fair one, and tried him for culpable homicide. 'If the accused,' argued they, with much gravity, 'had not had a daughter, the deceased would not have fallen in love; consequently, he would not have been disappointed; consequently, he would not have swallowed poison; consequently, he would not have died;—but the accused had a daughter, the deceased had fallen in love,—and so on.' Upon all these counts he was called upon to pay the price of the young man's life; and this, being fixed at the sum of eighty piastres, was accordingly exacted."

The Occasional Visitor. "I have noted that these clever spirit mediums who can make chairs and miscellaneous furniture dance a hornpipe always call in a very material drayman when they want to move the piano."

The Contributor. "That's simple; the *spirit* was willing but the flesh was weak."

The Artist. "However absurd the Countess's explanation of the how of a medium's powers, it may be true, nevertheless. You recollect the Frenchman who asked an Irish medium to produce the spirit of Voltaire. Voltaire came forth, much to his admirer's delight. It was Voltaire complete in every detail. The Frenchman began an animated conversation in their native tongue. The shade did not respond. At last the Frenchman grew exasperated and turned to the medium.

"'Not can ze great Voltaire converse?'"

"'Ov course he can, yez heathin, if ye will stop that furrin' lingo and talk good English. Do yez take him for a frog-eater?'"

"It occurred to me that the medium was rather to be pitied than laughed at. Her silent partner, the suicide, according to the Countess's theory, had not learned French before he took his own life. It was not the medium's fault that in the spirit lottery she had not drawn a linguist."

The Poet. "It *occurs* to me that the Circle has been housed too long in the city. It has become hypercritical. A season at the summer resorts would put new blood and kindlier feelings into it. For one, I take the train tomorrow for Castle Craggs. I bid you, my good fellow mystics, good-day."

As the Poet passed through the Office Boy's sanctum he was arrested with a defiant, "Say!"

There was no help for it and no rescue possible. "Well?" answered the Poet tentatively.

"Are you de Editor?"

The Poet's modest explanation was unheeded.

"I brung up a poem here two weeks ago on 'The Cooing Dove.' I want ter know why it has not been brung out. I'm no tenderfoot, der you see, an' if that 'ere poem don't see light in next month's OVERLAND, there 'll be trouble. You sabe! I don't forget faces and I've yourn spotted. Yo'll miss about twelve feet of that yellow alfalfa yer so all fired proud of. Now does 'The Cooing Dove' go, or ain't I no poet?"

The Poet gave his word that "The Cooing Dove" would coo in large pica, and thanked heaven that he was leaving for Castle Craggs. Whereupon it was at once deemed best that the Editor should recuperate at Napa Soda instanter.

The Office Boy. "Proof."

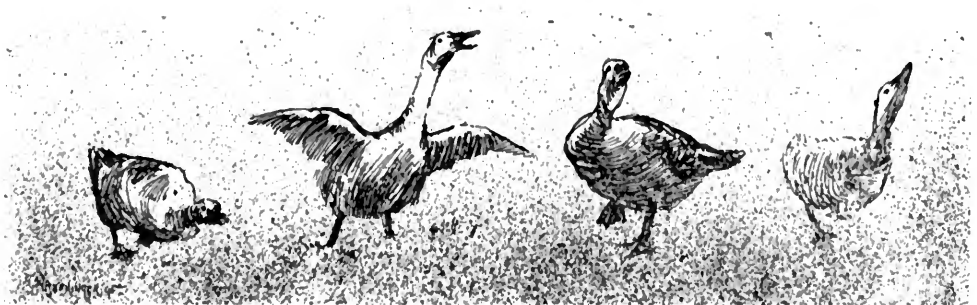




Photo by Thors.

THE APPROACH TO STANFORD UNIVERSITY.

## THE GOOD ROADS MOVEMENT AND THE CALIFORNIA BUREAU OF HIGHWAYS.

IN THE United States, the problem of road construction comprehends many features of world-wide importance. Prominent among these is the enormous area to be traversed, with its great diversity of topography and climate. This great area presents at once the gigantic problem of devising a road system commensurate with it. The system must be adequate to the physical demands upon it, proportionate to the fiscal strength of the various communities, and sufficient in all its bearings to meet, not only present requirements, but the wants of a future generation in a rapidly growing empire. It is a problem calling for the highest engineering science, the greatest financial skill, and the best legislative sagacity of an intelligent people.

The subject of convict labor is involved in road-building in many of the States; the question of taxation is an intricate

one; the struggle between the still unconquered problem of local administration and old methods, against the reforms of modern progress, the centralization of power, and the economies and science of a thorough organization and management on a large scale from a systematized head; all these are questions of universal interest for comparison in every portion of this, now, road-building nation.

Road construction in the United States was taken up by the founders of our national government in the second term of Thomas Jefferson's administration. Next to the tariff it was one of the most important subjects under the consideration of Congress. On March 9, 1806, a commission was appointed for the construction of a national highway, known as the "Cumberland Road," from Cumberland, Maryland, westward to the Ohio River. This was soon followed by provisions for the extension of this road



Photo by Watkins.  
A TYPICAL CALIFORNIA MOUNTAIN ROAD.

as far west as Illinois, and for the construction of other national roads running north and south. The construction of highways was thus fostered by the highest governmental power for two purposes; to bind the people together by interstate communication, and to furnish roads built with the highest engineering skill as models for the building of the local roads of each State.



Photo by the Bureau of Highways.  
MOUNTAIN ROAD AND BRIDGE ACROSS THE TUOLUMNE RIVER. LARGELY USED FOR HAULING SUPPLIES TO MINING CAMPS AND SMALL MOUNTAIN TOWNS.

This is the trend of governmental reform in road-methods today. The evolution of road administration is slowly, but surely, towards a central management, through a State Bureau of Highways.

Only through organization and cen-

tralization of power, do we secure the highest exhibitions of intellect and the best economical results, whether it be in road building, or any other branch of human industry.

New York, New Jersey, and Ohio, are working out the problem actively,

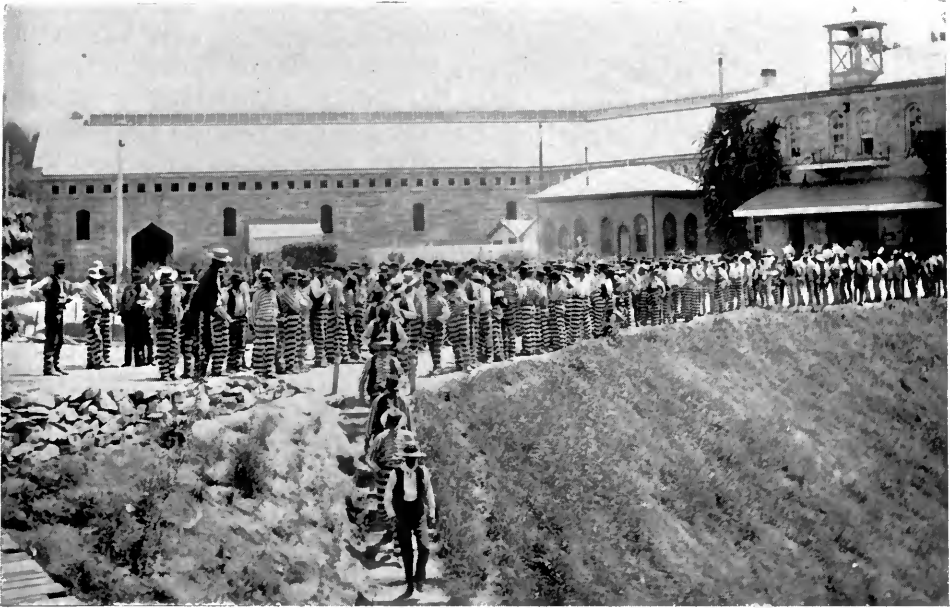


Photo by the Bureau of Highways.  
ROAD IN MARIPOSA GROVE.

through their road improvement organizations. Massachusetts already has its State Bureau of Highways and a State road system, while California is rapidly nearing the same goal of perfection in road-building methods. Connecticut and Vermont also have their State Highway Commissions, and Good Roads Associations are industriously at work in the States of Tennessee, Iowa, Indiana, Maryland, Missouri, Michigan, Nebraska, Virginia, Wisconsin, and Florida.



Photo by the Bureau of Highways.  
A BAD ROAD IN TUOLUMNE COUNTY. MAIN ROAD BETWEEN STOCKTON, KNIGHT'S FERRY AND THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.



THE SHIFT FOR THE STONE CRUSHER FOLSOM PRISON.

Photo by convicts.

Massachusetts may be called the "father" of the State road system ; it is, perhaps, the farthest advanced in the organization of its permanent highway commission. To the State of California, however, and to the work of its experimental Bureau of Highways, the eyes of all the road-builders and of people interested in road improvement in every State, are at present turning. For this there are two reasons, of national interest :—

First. Owing to California's vast area, with its topographical and climatic variations, there is comprehended within its boundaries and under the operation of one road system, every peculiarity of road-building to be found in any portion of the United States. Here are mountains, valleys, bays, rivers, cañons, plains, table-lands, and deserts, bogs, swamps, and quagmires, sun, rain, and snow, localities of greatest, as well as of smallest, rain-fall in the United States, regions of perennial flowers and perpetual snows. In California every day of the

year, snow and roses are found not far apart. The solution of all these features of road-building, therefore, will furnish instruction for similar work in every State in the Union. The Highway Acts of other States will, doubtless, be modeled upon what California adopts when her Legislature takes final action next winter.

Second. Her application of convict labor to road-building has a national value. In this matter California is a step in advance of every other State, even of Massachusetts. Her present method of taxation is another subject of consideration. It will serve as a basis of instruction to States farther east, when it has been finally systematized.

California has an area of 157,800 square miles, approximately eight hundred miles in length, by nearly three hundred miles in width. The Pacific Ocean coast line covers nearly 1,200 miles. If California were laid down upon the map of the Eastern States, it would reach from



THE STATE HIGHWAY COMMISSIONERS,  
SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA.

nearly one hundred miles north of New York City, to Savannah, including all of New Jersey and Delaware, part of New York, half of Pennsylvania, nearly all of Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and a portion of Georgia. It is three-quarters as large as the whole of France. If laid down upon the map of Europe, it would cover half of Spain, half of Portugal, extending across the Mediterranean Sea and absorbing a large portion of Morocco and Algeria, in Africa.

The principal industries of California are those requiring the use of the roads for the transportation of their products,—horticulture, agriculture, lumbering, and mining,—although San Francisco is the seventh city in the United States in manufactures. The cost of hauling these products over the roads, either in gathering the crops or in their transportation to market, is a material factor in their valuation.

It is easy to show the value of a system of good roads to the State, and whether it pays or not, by figuring the number of loads a certain number of horses can haul per day over a bad road, and their hauling power over the same road after it has been put in first-class condition. Increasing the productive capacity of a horse in hauling power enhances the value of the animal, and pro-

portionately, appreciates the value of all other property in the State.

For instance, a farmer in Sonoma County had a wood ranch reached from the town of Petaluma by a road composed of adobe and sand. In winter, the adobe portion of the road was almost impassable, on account of the mud, while in summer, the sandy portion was in a like condition from the deep sand. In hauling wood over this road to Petaluma for shipment to the San Francisco market, a team of four horses was required to haul one cord of wood a day over the distance. This road was improved by money obtained from the sale of bonds. The farmer then found that over the improved road two horses could haul the same distance, one and one-half cords to the load, making two trips daily. The old ratio with the bad road, therefore, was one-fourth cord hauled per horse per day, while with the improved road, the ratio was one and one-half cords per horse per day, or the hauling power of each horse increased six times. Imagine the vast saving in labor of both horses and men, to say nothing of wear and tear on harness and wagons, in the transportation of the vast products of the State, calculated upon this ratio. The saving in cost to the property owners using the roads would more than offset the cost of taxation for the construction and maintenance of good roads, to say nothing of the consequent appreciation in the value of property.

The Washington Department of Road Inquiry recently sent out ten thousand letters, calling for statistics on the cost of wagon transportation. Replies came from twelve hundred counties, giving the average distance hauled, average load, and the average cost per ton for the entire haul. The compilation showed the averages for the entire United States, as follows :—





Photo by Thors.

HIS EXCELLENCY GOVERNOR JAMES H. BUDD OF CALIFORNIA.

Average haul ..... 12 miles  
 Average load, 2 horses ..... 2,002 pounds  
 Average cost of hauling . . . 25 cents per ton per mile  
 Average cost per load over the whole trip . . \$3 00

The total cost of wagon transportation in the United States, for 1894, is estimated at close to \$900,000,000. Of this, owing to the bad condition of the roads, it is estimated that sixty per cent is loss; in other words, if the country roads had been in the condition they should be in, a saving in actual money for wagon

transportation would have been effected to the people of the United States of over \$500,000,000. In the State of California it is estimated by the Bureau of Highways that the hauling for 1894 cost \$60,000,000, of which \$36,000,000 could have been saved, had the roads been in proper condition.

The importance of good roads in California is accentuated by the long hauls. The average distance is twenty-four miles, while there are points three hun-

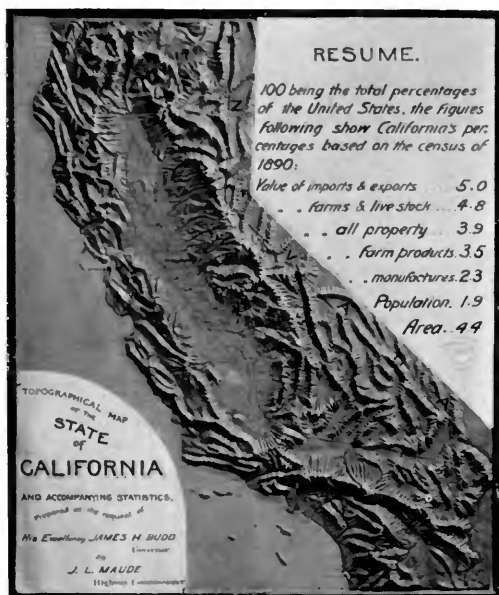


Photo by the Bureau of Highways.

dred or four hundred miles from a railroad station. In New Jersey, no point is over seven miles from a railroad station, and the average haul is not over three miles.

The Department of Road Inquiry recently sent out the following letter, with a view to enlisting superintendents, teachers, and pupils of country schools, in the movement for road improvement throughout the United States:—

OFFICE OF ROAD INQUIRY,  
WASHINGTON, D. C., June 2, 1896.

HON. WILLIAM W. HARRIS, Commissioner  
of Education,

Dear Sir:—If your supervision extends to country schools, you will naturally feel a deep interest in the improvement of country roads, and I shall take leave to solicit your cooperation in devising some practicable method of bringing the aid of teachers and pupils into the campaign for road improvement, which is now so happily opened all over the country.

I send you a copy of Circular No. 17 of this office and of a letter addressed to Members of Congress which is being widely and enthusiastically responded to by them. On pages four and five of the circular you will find a suggestion which points toward what might be done in schools, if

a proper interest in the subject were engendered. It occurs to me, that not only might a moderate amount of primary instruction in road-making be given in the common schools, but a valuable practical application might be made of such instruction.

The great want of the country roads is daily care, and such care would be extremely costly under the present methods of road work, but the roads of the country are actually patrolled twice a day by schoolboys old enough to give the necessary attention to throwing out stones, opening ditches and sluices, draining off storm water, filling ruts and holes, etc., etc., and giving notice to the proper authorities of anything needing prompt attention on their part. If junior road leagues for this purpose were organized in the school districts and a few light, handy tools kept at the school houses, and perhaps prizes offered in each township for the best service rendered, very great practical benefit to the present roads would result at little or no cost, while training up a generation of better road builders for the future. Country teachers would naturally take great interest in this work and any improvement in roads would, of course, be a benefit to the schools. In the localities in New Jersey where roads have been generally improved, the country schools have recaptured many scholars who had been driven to city schools, and who came in on bicycles from miles around.

My object in asking you for a list of the State Superintendents of Schools, was to enable me to bring this matter to their attention, and if possible, to have it favorably presented to the National convention of teachers to be held this summer. Before doing this, I shall be glad to have any suggestion from you upon the subject.

Very respectfully,  
(Signed) ROY STONE,  
Special Agent and Engineer.

The maintenance of a high average of intelligence among the people of California is assured by the elaborate educational system. The intellectual development of the people will be sure to demand better and better roads, as they will require continued improvements in all other accompaniments of a progressive civilization. No State can boast of more or better schools, than California. Two of her universities are in the front rank with the great universities of the



GENERAL ROY STONE,  
CHIEF OF U. S. DEPARTMENT OF ROAD INQUIRY,  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

world, the University of California, at Berkeley, and the Stanford University, at Stanford. The noble plan upon which all the details of the Stanford University are laid out, is typified by the grand driveway of the main entrance, and the good roads by which the grounds are traversed and surrounded.

One of the Highway Commissioners, Mr. J. L. Maude, has already lectured before the students at the Stanford University, on the subject of Road Improvement, and will address them again next year. He will also lecture at Berkeley on this subject. He urges instruction in road making and maintenance as part of the training of teachers at the State Normal Schools, in order that it may be taught in the schools of the State.

Of the 157,800 square miles in California, about one half, or fifty million acres, is arable land. At present, only ten million acres of this vast territory are under cultivation. The rest of this

arable land will be thrown under cultivation, mostly under irrigation methods, as fast as the requirements of the population demand. The irrigation system of the State is the most extensive in America. It is estimated that under this method of cultivation California is capable of supporting a population of forty million people. In addition to the lands suitable for cultivation, California possesses vast tracts of timber land, upon which is growing the finest timber in the world. All of this also has to be transported over the wagon roads. What then, must be the tremendous demands upon the road system of such an empire and such a population as this State will develop in the natural course of its ordinary and steady growth?

The mileage of California roads makes a favorable comparison with the greatest road system the world has ever seen under one management, that of the Roman Empire. When the constructive and administrative methods have become systematized upon a scientific basis, her mileage will increase; perhaps it will exceed that of Rome within the life of the present generation.

The existing roads of California cover about forty thousand miles. The military and commercial road system of the Roman Empire covered 52,964 miles, according to the survey made under Antonius Pius, in 138-61 A. D. At the zenith of her power, twenty-nine superior roads centered at Rome, some of them extending into Spain, Gaul, Illyria, France, also Asia Minor, Pontus, the East, Egypt, Africa, and Britain. The Roman Empire was divided into 11 districts, of 113 provinces, united by 372 great roads. The construction of this great road system, covered a period of more than three hundred years. It began with the principal main road in Italy, the Appian Way, commenced by



COLONEL ALBERT A. POPE,  
ORIGINATOR OF THE PRESENT GOOD ROADS MOVEMENT  
IN THE UNITED STATES.

Appius Claudius Caecus in 312 B. C. This road extended from Capua (120 miles from Rome) to Brundisium, 320 miles. It was completed in the year 30 B. C., requiring 292 years to build this one road. The Appian Way was thirty-two to thirty-six feet wide; the center, sixteen feet wide, was reserved for infantry, with side-tracks, eight feet each, for horses and vehicles.

The characteristic feature of the Roman roads was their straightness; they never turned aside for obstacles. The roads were built of solid rock, the road-bed being excavated four feet deep and filled up with layers of stone of varying sizes. The first layer was hewn and fitted together by hand, the interstices filled up with pozzuolana earth, a volcanic ash solidified like cement. These roadways were laid to last forever. Many of them are to be found in France, Germany, and England, to this day. The old locations remain. Where the sur-

faces have worn away, the foundations are still there.

One of the earliest evidences of civilization among the ancients in all countries, has been the development of systems of good roads. The Bible speaks of the highway from Egypt into Assyria, more than a thousand years before Christ. The construction of the great pyramid of Gizeh, by Cheops, King of Egypt, was preceded by the building of a polished stone highway twelve miles long, from the stone quarries of the Nile, to the site of the pyramid. It took 100,000 men ten years to build this levathan highway, over which were to be transported the enormous stones for the pyramid. Some of these stones were so large that it took two thousand men to move them over the smooth surface of this rock roadway.

The Carthaginians early became a nation of road-builders. It is probable that, from them the Romans took their first lessons in the art. The Moguls of India traveled over excellent roads. The Empire of Peru, at the time of the Spanish Conquest, was traversed by roads built by the Incas, whose construction would be regarded in our day, as wonderful feats of engineering skill. A Spanish writer says, of the great road from Quito to Cuzco:—

I believe that in all the history of man, there has been no account of such grandeur as is to be seen in this road, which passes over deep valleys and lofty mountains, by snowy heights, over falls of water, through live rocks, and along the edges of furious torrents; through the living rock cut; along the river banks supported by walls; in the snowy heights with steps and resting places; in all parts ten paces wide, cleanswept, clear of stones, and at intervals, post-houses and store-houses and temples of the Sun.

With the exodus of the Romans from Britain, however, came the neglect of road-building. Little attention was paid to it, until during the reign of Charles II.

about 1672, when a desultory attempt was made towards improvement of the roads. No marked advance took place in this direction, until 1798 to 1830, when over twenty-five thousand miles of roads were constructed in England by John MacAdam, under the supervision of the English government. It is from this great engineer that we derive the term "macadam," in use in this country.

The theory of the Scotch Engineer Telford, who also operated in England, was a modification of the Roman method of filling up the road-bed several feet deep, with solid rock. Telford used a rock foundation of lesser depth. Mac Adam's method, however, is a radical departure from the Roman. It consisted of a shallow surface layer of fine stone, or crushed rock, usually laid upon either a shallow foundation of small stone, or upon the earth itself.

The principal Roman roads in England were :

1. Watling Street; named from Vitellianus, who is supposed to have constructed it. The Britons called him Guetalin. (From Kent, by way of London, to Cardigan Bay.)
2. Ikeneld, or Ikenild Street; from its beginning among the Icenii. (From St. David's, in Wales, by way of Birmingham, Derby, and York, to Tynemouth.)
3. Fosse, or Fosse Way; from its being defended by a fosse on both sides. (From Cornwall to Lincoln.)
4. Ermin Street; from Irmunsul, a German name under which the German ancestors worshiped Mercury. (From St. David's to Southampton.)

The Roman plan of straight roads would not be practicable in California, owing to the irregular topography of the surface. Nor has the deep rock foundation system been adopted by modern nations. A revolution is, however, being worked out in the road methods of California, as it is in others of the United States. This revolution is along two lines,—in the physical methods of road



Photo by Andrew & Hill,  
S. F. AYER,  
SUPERVISOR FIFTH DISTRICT, SANTA CLARA COUNTY,  
CALIFORNIA. THE LEADING ADVOCATE OF THE  
PRESENT LOCAL METHOD OF ROAD  
MANAGEMENT.

construction, and in legislative and administrative methods.

It is not so much in California, a question of physical obstacles to be surmounted, as it is a question of governmental control and the method of taxation; whether it shall be a State, county, township, or district system, and what the system of management and taxation shall be. The physical questions are easily solved, when the legislative are decided. Therefore it is that the present educational campaign is being prosecuted in California, by the State Bureau of Highways.

At present, there exists in this State, no general road system. It is only within the past two years that the people of the State, as a whole, have begun to consider their roads from the standpoint of a system, or in fact, to give much attention to the roads. Since the begin-

ning of the growth of the State, dating from about 1850, roads have been a secondary consideration in the mind of the Californian. The great rush for gold was the all-absorbing topic. The road was laid out as chance would have it, a dim trail across the dusty plain, worn into a path by the passage of hasty travelers seeking the easiest route to some distant point, winding along the sides of mountain cañons, following the dry beds of erstwhile mountain torrents, or blazed through the woods by the ax of the pioneer. Then came the period of wheat-growing, and after it, horticulture. With the growth of the urban communities, and the more intense cultivation rendered necessary by the subsidence of the booms in former lines of industry, the necessity for rural transportation and a better means of communication made itself felt. Then came the bicycle. To the bicycle and to the wheelmen's organ-



Photo by Thors.

SANFORD PLUMMER.  
CAPTAIN BAY CITY WHEELMEN.

Photo by Thors.

CAPTAIN GEORGE H. STRONG.  
CHIEF CONSUL 1892-93, NORTHERN DIVISION,  
CALIFORNIA L. A. W.

izations, more than to any other one cause, is due the awakening which has taken place in the art of road-building in California.

In 1889, Mr. J. L. Maude, a civil engineer of Riverside, noticing the increasing interest taken in good roads in the Eastern States, drew up a bill for remedial road measures. He endeavored to secure the introduction of his bill in the Legislatures of 1889 and 1891, without success. In 1893, he attended the entire session of the Legislature, appearing before different committees, asking for remedial legislation. He secured the co-operation of J. A. Woodson, of the *Sacramento Record-Union*, and R. C. Irvine, President of the Sacramento Humane Society.

The first Good Roads Convention was held at Sacramento in September, 1893, called by the Sacramento Humane Society. The movement had the cooperation of Governor Markham, who referred to the subject in his last annual message,

as one of the most important topics under his consideration. The Convention met in the Senate Chamber, at the Capitol Building. This Convention adjourned to meet in San Francisco in 1894, when it was decided to convene again during the session of the Legislature, in Sacramento, in 1895.

During the interim much work in the good roads cause had been done in many ways. The wheelmen's organizations were actively stirring up the subject. General Roy Stone, of the present Department of Road Inquiry, at Washington, the League of American Wheelmen, and others were agitating the question throughout the United States. National road conventions were held in Washington, District of Columbia, and Asbury Park, New Jersey. A Good Roads Congress was held at the Columbian Exposition; the National Good Roads League was formed, also State Leagues in many States. A list of these will be given in the continuation of this article.

When the Convention met in Sacramento, in February, 1895, it was opened with an address from Governor Budd. He expressed his warmest approval and gave assurance of his hearty cooperation in the work. Governor Budd has continued to be one of the strongest advocates of road improvement in this State. The convention was attended by representatives of the wheelmen, technical societies, educational institutions, Boards of Supervisors, commercial bodies, newspaper editors, and prominent people from all parts of the State of California. Resolutions were adopted, which resulted in the passage of the Act creating the present Bureau of Highways, approved March 27, 1895.

By this Act, an appropriation of thirty-one thousand dollars was made for the expenses of the Bureau, to cover the period of two years, or until the meeting



ROBERT P. PORTER,  
WHO RECENTLY TRAVELED OVER THE ROADS OF JAPAN.

Photo by Taber.

of the next Legislature, in 1897. The important features of this Act are set forth in Section Three, which outlines and gives a clear idea of the real purposes for which this Bureau was created. This Section is given in full, as it is of interest to those States which are now contemplating the establishment of similar highway bureaus:—

Sec. 3. Among the duties of the Bureau of Highways shall be, to gather from each county in the State statistics showing the total mileage of highways, their condition of improvement, the condition of the titles to the right of way, the method of obtaining title and of keeping the records thereof, the method of procedure in granting, closing, and altering roads, and the manner of preserving the records of the same, the manner in which roads are constructed and maintained, the manner of payment for the construction and maintenance of roads, the manner in which the accounts pertaining to the same are kept, the manner in which money for highway purposes is raised, the amount expended in the past ten years for highway purposes, with the rate of taxation on one hundred dollars that is apportioned to the Road Fund.

It shall inquire into the topographical and geo-

logical features of each county, and more particularly with reference to the accessibility of water for road-sprinkling purposes, and stone quarries, deposits of gravel, bituminous rock, sand, adobe, or any other materials suitable for road-making purposes.

It shall ascertain all laws, now in force in this State, appertaining to the highways, and shall segregate all such as in the judgment of the members of the Bureau are ineffective or obsolete, from such as are effective.

Inquiry shall be made into what laws and methods are in use in other States, in regard to road matters, and an abstract shall be made of such as are best adapted to the State of California.

It shall prepare such cross sections of roads, plans for draining or watering of roads, and for culverts, small bridges, and road appliances, as may be deemed expedient. It shall prepare such blank forms as may be necessary to systemize all Acts pertaining to the highways, and shall, furthermore, make any other inquiries in matters regarding highway improvement as will be of interest or benefit to the objects of the said Bureau.

Information and advice shall be furnished by the Bureau of Highways, on matters connected with the highway improvement and kindred subjects, at any and all times, to all county officials,



ISAAC B. POTTER,  
CHIEF CONSUL L. A. W. OF NEW YORK STATE.

or others connected with the highways, who may apply for the same, and any and all such information shall be furnished free of charge.

It shall receive orders for road material, to be prepared at the State Prisons, and shall forward the same to the governing body of the prisons, and in case the orders exceed the rate of supply, shall make an equitable distribution of the product.

The principal work of this Bureau, therefore, is an educational one. The exception to this is the matter of the rock crushing plant at the Folsom Penitentiary, which will be further explained in Part Second of this article. Here, a practical work has been placed in the hands of the Bureau, which is resulting in immediate, visible benefit to the State.

In the matter of bridges, there is a curious feature of the California law, apparently inserted in the interest of the builders of iron bridges. The law, as it now reads, requires the supervisors, whenever they wish to erect a bridge, to advertise for bids, accompanied by plans,



STERLING ELLIOTT, PRESIDENT L. A. W.



“strain sheets,” and specifications. They cannot advertise for the best set of plans, then adopt the plans and call for bids on them. Consequently, there is no means of comparison between the bids.

In the case of the bridge across the St. Helena River, in Napa County, a bid was submitted by an old stone cutter, who learned his trade of stone cutting and bridge building in Germany, of \$14,500 for a stone bridge. This was \$7,500 lower than the lowest bid for a steel bridge. A stone bridge possesses many advantages over bridges of wood or iron. While the life of the latter is limited, a stone bridge, properly constructed, will last practically forever. The bid was awarded for the stone bridge. Violent opposition was aroused and all bids were rejected on the ground that no “strain sheets” had been submitted with the bid for the stone bridge. Strain

sheets with a stone bridge are a practical impossibility, as there are no strains to be calculated upon. However, this enterprising contractor employed an engineer and actually submitted at the next bid what purported to be a set of “strain sheets,” and he again secured the contract.

This bridge has four piers, with a rock foundation at only one corner of one of these piers. For the remaining piers caissons were sunk. In the bottom of the caisson, twelve to twenty feet below the bed of the stream, piling was driven. The space above was filled up with rock and cement. Thus a solid foundation was secured for the bridge piers. Dire failure was predicted for this bridge. During its construction, however, there came the heaviest flood ever known in this river. A cloud-burst buried the bridge out of sight under the torrent. When the water subsided, there was the



Photo by Taber.

THE ONLY MEANS OF BICYCLISTS GETTING OUT OF TOWN VIA MARKET STREET BY FOLLOWING THE CABLE SLOT.



STONE BRIDGE WITH THREE FIFTY-FOOT SPANS, ACROSS NAPA RIVER AT ST. HELENA.

bridge; it had firmly withstood a test that would have swept away a bridge of any other construction.

This bridge has three fifty foot spans, is two hundred feet over all, and is the largest stone bridge in the State of California. There is no planking to wear out, and it costs practically nothing for repairs. Neither is there any vibration. Any number of cattle or horses can be driven across it at a time, on a run, if need be. A wag put up a sign on this bridge, reading as follows:—"Ten cents fine for driving more than one thousand head of horses or cattle over this bridge faster than a mile in two minutes." All the materials used in the construction of this bridge were products of California. In iron or steel bridges, fully sixty per cent of the materials have to be brought from the East.

Road improvement in all the States, is now becoming one of the leading political issues. Many of the Governors have publicly supported it and advocated it in

their messages. The recent State conventions in California of Republicans, Populists, and Democrats, all incorporated strong good road planks in their platforms.

The Good Roads plank of the Republican State Convention reads as follows:—

Realizing that good roads are a necessary element in advancing the prosperity of any community, and recognizing the practically universal demand for the same, not only in our State, but throughout the United States, the Republican Party of California pledges itself to the enactment of legislation looking toward improved and scientifically constructed highways, on the most economical basis.

The Democratic Good Roads plank is as follows:—

The Democratic Party of the State of California, appreciating the fact that good roads are destined to be an important factor in the development of the resources of the State, in that they facilitate the interchange of products and tend to bind together all sections; and recognizing further that the movement having in view the establishment of a system of properly construc-



Photo by Watkins.

PRAIRIE SCHOONER AT HELENA, MONTANA.

ted highways has become one of national importance, we pledge ourselves to the earnest support of such legislative action as will bring about this beneficial plan of internal improvement.

The San Francisco *Examiner* recently said, in reply to the argument of a contemporary, that the County Surveyor should be placed in charge, and that the roads be divided into sections, each section to be in charge of a foreman with a regularly employed force of workmen:—

Would it not be better to have a State corps of Road Engineers, whose members could be called upon by the counties needing their services, and who would be paid by the counties. In this way, both skill and uniformity would be secured at moderate expense. The scheme would be complete, if provision were made whereby the members of the corps should be appointed on competitive examination and should hold office during good behavior, their appointment and removal being left to a commission composed of the Governor, the State Bureau of Highways, and possibly, a State Chief Engineer of Roads.

Governor McKinley said in advocacy of good roads, in his inaugural address, as Governor of Ohio, in 1892:—

The great need in many sections of Ohio, is good country roads. This is a subject of importance, not only to agriculturists, but it affects every material interest of the State, and is receiving very general attention throughout other States of the Union. I invite the attention of the Legislature to it, with the object that some plan may be devised, which, with the concurrence of the people, will lead to the improvement of the public highways, so that they will be serviceable in winter, as well as in summer. Many of our country roads are almost impassable during several months of the year. They should be in good order the year round, for the safety and convenience of travel and transportation.

The consideration of this subject by the Legislature would lead to discussion among the farmers of the State, which would furnish valuable suggestions to the Legislature. It is evident from poor and ill constructed roads, which we find in many portions of Ohio, that the laws relating to the subject require attention and possibly revision.

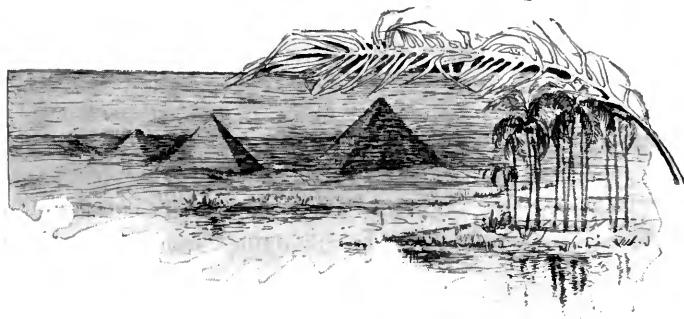
In his annual message in 1893, Governor McKinley said:—

Without reproducing what I said one year ago, upon the subject of good roads, I beg to ask the consideration of the General Assembly to this subject. It is attracting attention in all parts of the country, and in no State in the Union is there greater interest for good roads, than in our own. I suggest that the General Assembly authorize the appointment of a Commission to investigate and carefully consider all plans proposed and experiments being made, and to submit a report with recommendations, in time for the meeting of the first session of the General Assembly.

McKinley's suggestions were carried out in Ohio. That State now has a Good Roads Commission, of which Hon. Martin Dodge is Chairman.

*Charles Freeman Johnson.*

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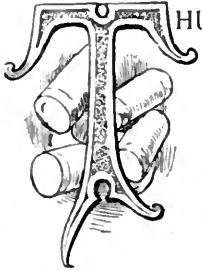


## THE QUICKSANDS OF PACTOLUS.<sup>1</sup>

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROMANCE OF JUDGE KETCHUM," THE "CHRONICLES OF SAN LORENZO," ETC., ETC.

### BOOK II.

#### XVIII.



THURSDAY morning dawned thick with fog. Dick walking briskly down Nob Hill, could scarcely distinguish the blurred outlines of the houses across the street. The papers had three columns apiece, and an editorial upon the financial crisis. Large, coarse cuts of Rufus and Henry Barrington disfigured the first page of the *Enquirer*, and the headlines were pregnant with meaning, ominously suggestive of a panic. None the less Cassius had kept his word. His article had the place of honor and its optimism was in pleasant contrast to the tone of the others. The historian could write forcible prose, crisp and to the point, bubbling and bursting with vitality, salt with the slang and humor of the town, scathing as vitriol upon the subject of the harrassed depositors. Dick laughed aloud when he read it.

As he approached Montgomery Street a significant buzz, swelling melodiously above the wail of the wind, smote dully on his ears. He guessed its import and quickened his step. The fight had begun! Already long lines of men and women were marching steadily in the direction of his brother's bank. Hard working wives were there from the wash-tub and stove. Shop girls, chattering like magpies, trailed their ill-hung skirts in the filth of the sidewalks; mechanics, with haggard faces, paling through engrained dirt, shuffled wearily along; workman, brawny sons of the pick and shovel, muttered obscene oaths as they

crushed through the crowd; Jews, from every nation, gesticulated wildly, and here and there, like fireflies in a Florentine *podere*, flashed the irrepressible news-boys.

The crowd thickened as Dick left Montgomery Street and turned the corner of Pine. It was hardly nine o'clock, — the banks opened at ten, — but the police were almost at a loss to marshal the people and establish order. The Barrington Bank, an imposing brown-stone building, occupied half the block to the right, and here, also, depositors were collecting and forming into line. At a loss to understand this want of confidence Dick pushed his way through the throng, opened the private door with his latch-key and passed quickly to the cashier's private room. Here he found Paradise and Thomas Perkins, the assistant cashier.

"Good morning, gentlemen," he cried cheerily. "War has been declared." He pointed to the street and raised his eyebrows.

"You have seen the papers," said the assistant cashier.

"Not all of them. The *Enquirer* has done us good service."

"What I prophesied has come to pass," cried Charles Paradise. "You, Mr. Chester, were not the only person interviewed last night. Your brother has been most imprudent. The *Mercury* owes your father a grudge. They have seized the opportunity. See for yourself."

He tendered Dick a copy of one of the big dailies and pointed to the editorial.

<sup>1</sup> Begun in August number, 1895.

"What inspired this?" cried the young man.

"Envy, hatred, and malice," said Thomas Perkins. "They have a new man on the staff, an old enemy of your father's, an anarchistic gin-sodden crank of the name of Pixler. But we'll defeat him, Mr. Chester. Don't worry, sir. This little excitement will help us, not hurt us."

Dick shook hands with him immediately. He had always liked Perkins. His outspoken sympathy was timely and refreshing. When he turned to Charles Paradise the change in his manner was very marked.

"I presume," he said coldly, "that you are here to put Mr. Perkins in possession. He is thoroughly conversant with your duties."

"Yes."

The eyes of the assistant cashier sparkled. Promotion had come to him suddenly, but he was not unprepared to assume the heavy responsibilities of office. Dick beckoned him aside.

"Paradise has explained to you his reasons for leaving us."

"He has, Mr. Chester. I am very sorry, but I'll try and do my best."

"His action surprises me," murmured Dick.

Perkins was non-committal. A commendable delicacy prompted him to hold his tongue.

"Does it not surprise *you*?" said Dick sharply. "Speak out."

"Well no, it does not. You see, sir, the man is intensely jealous of you, an egotist of the first water, and he has been offered I happen to know, the presidency of a Los Angeles bank. He knows what he is about. I am certain that he was hunting an excuse to resign. He thinks this resignation on conservative grounds will give him immense strength. I think otherwise."

"Mr. Brown-Mavis," interrupted the porter, "wishes to see Mr. Chester Barrington."

"Show Mr. Mavis into my father's room. I will join him at once."

"Mr. Mavis," whispered Perkins, "can think thirty times quicker than any man in the city."

"I know it," replied Dick, "but thank you, Perkins, for the hint. You had better see immediately about the transfer of gold from our vaults to the other bank. Here is a memorandum of the amounts which my brother gave me last night."

"Well, my boy," said Mr. Mavis affably, "I called to ask a question and give you, may be, a hint or two."

"You are very kind."

"Pray don't mention it. Is it true that Charles Paradise has resigned? Yes! Dear me, I don't like that."

"I'm glad of it," said Dick bluntly.

"You are—er—acting rashly, if you will pardon the expression. Is it also true that you have assured your brother unlimited backing? The papers have it so, but I can hardly believe it."

"It is true, Mr. Mavis. It is my duty, surely, to help my own brother."

"Within limits—yes—a proper sentiment. But business, my young friend, is—er—business. Others must be considered. I have I believe nearly half a million with you."

He smiled silkily. Dick would have liked vastly well to have handed him a blank check with an emphatic invitation to fill it out.

"That is what gives me confidence," said Dick, in his most incisive tones. "We have some very heavy depositors, men like yourself, Mr. Mavis, who know what is behind this bank, my father's private fortune, for instance. From these gentlemen we have nothing to fear."

"You crow well," said Brown-Mavis, in a dubious voice.

Dick met his glance and gazed frankly into the man's shifty eyes. If this lord of countless acres, as the papers delighted to call him, withdrew his half million the consequences would be serious. He realized the danger of the moment but his heart never quailed. He stood in his sire's shoes and spoke with his sire's authority, with something, too, of his impressive manner and personal magnetism.

"Mr. Mavis," he replied with spirit, "if I speak confidently it is as the mouth-piece of my father. These gentlemen I refer to, including yourself, are his personal friends. If, at such a crisis as this, I doubted their good faith this bank would not open its doors at all today. The gravel train is outside; the men are ready to pelt us with pebbles, but I am prepared to meet them."

"You can stave them off," suggested Mr. Mavis, in a different tone, "by paying the depositors one by one, and instructing your tellers to delay as much as possible."

"Pardon me," said Dick, "but such a course, Mr. Mavis, would smack too strongly of weakness. I shall give these misguided persons every facility. All other business will be suspended on their account, and I shall seize the first opportunity to inform them that instead of closing at three we shall remain open if necessary till midnight!"

"'Pon my soul," cried Mavis, "I believe you're right. A chip of the old block. Yes, my boy, you've struck a good lead. Bluff 'em—bluff 'em."

He laughed. Dick smiled discreetly. In his first engagement he had routed the enemy and spiked his guns.

"Seriously, sir, this is no bluff on my part. It is only sound common sense. Besides," he added, with a touch of his

companion's silken suavety, "I must remember that these people are our patrons. It is a banker's first duty to accommodate his customers if he can."

This last shot hit the bull's eye. The suppressed drollery of the speech tickled the land baron.

"Well, well," he said, "I believe you can handle this thing by yourself. I shall tell McAlpin and one or two others. They were a little anxious."

He went away still smiling and chuckling softly. Very smooth indeed was Mr. Brown-Mavis, and in San Francisco he wielded an enormous influence.

"Mr. Mavis, I hope, feels well," inquired Perkins, a few minutes later.

"I have every reason to think so, Perkins," and he told him what had passed.

"The old fox," murmured the assistant cashier, "would have drawn out every cent if you had handled him less carefully. We could have stood the loss of his half million but his most particular friends have some four millions between them with us. The withdrawal of that would have wound us up. Mr. Chester, you will allow me to congratulate you warmly, sir."

Dick looked at his watch.

"Are all our people here? I wish to say a few words."

He passed into the bank, nodding pleasantly in response to the salutations of the clerks.

"Gentlemen," he began, with an upward glance at the big clock, "in five minutes we open our doors. You all know what to expect at the hands of our—our patrons." Some of the clerks laughed. Dick's humorous face inspired confidence. The elder men ceased to frown. "I say our patrons advisedly," he continued in a more serious tone. "Our business has been built up by these very persons and they are entitled

to consideration at our hands. Some of them probably will abuse your courtesy, a frightened cur snaps right and left, but you will please remember that my father expects today from every man here not only civility toward our panic-stricken customers, but also that urbanity which rises superior to the rudeness and insolence of a mob. Mr. Perkins, you will see that half a dozen windows are open at the paying counter, a couple of tellers to each window. The ordinary business will be suspended. We will receive money and pay out money. If necessary the bank will remain open till midnight. That is all, gentlemen."

A cheer drowned the last sentence, and before the echoes had died away the great doors were flung open and the leading files of the crowd stumbled across the threshold. The third man to enter the bank was Cassius Quirk. His hat was jammed upon his head, his neck-tie awry, and one of the lapels of his coat had disappeared.

"I might have waited a little," he gasped, when he found himself alone with Dick, "but the boss told me to feel the pulse of the crowd. My gracious! All I felt were those iron knobs on your doors. Well, sir, you've got to thank Pixler for this, and so have I," he rubbed ruefully his elbows and knees, "and I'll lay him out. We're putting through a special—the forms go to press in two hours. Have you anything to say?"

"Go and see Mr. Brown-Mavis, and Mr. McAlpin. At once."

He bundled Cassius out of the private door and accompanied him as far as the corner of the block. Opposite his brother's bank the crowd was shouting.

"What's that for?" cried Cassius, peering and blinking. He started to run and Dick followed. Henry was addressing the mob from a small balcony above the main entrance. A couple of the Directors stood beside him.

"He faces the music," said Cassius.

"I don't understand this acrimony," said Dick. They were near enough to distinguish the hoarse cries, the angry threats of the rabble set to the accompaniment of a muffled growl which rose and fell with singular regularity.

"Pixler again," cried Cassius. "He's a holy terror, I tell you. He's been dabbling in Mission Street politics lately and half the men here come from south of Market Street, *at his bidding*. Lambs, they call 'em, and Pixler's the shepherd!"

He dodged deftly beneath a man's elbow and was lost to sight. Dick retraced his steps. During his short absence a telegram had arrived from his father.

"Can you make it?"

That was all.

"I can," wired Dick in reply.

By eleven the gold transfer was effected. A heavy truck, escorted by mounted constables, rumbled slowly the length of the block and was received by the fickle crowd with deafening cheers. At once Henry announced in person that the tide had turned. The depositors were slinking back, entreating the tellers, shamefacedly, to receive their money. The special edition of the *Enquirer* had done its work! But the run on the mother bank continued. The *Mercury* special was selling like hot cakes. The editor admitted frankly that Henry's institution was perfectly safe; thanks to the unparalleled imprudence of Mr. Chester Barrington! He went on to say that the confidence of the public had been shattered; that heavy depositors had closed their accounts; that the vaults were depleted; that Charles Paradise, foreseeing ruin, had resigned; that Chaos had commenced!

Cassius Quirk rushed in.

"Blackmail," he whispered and was gone.

Dick began to grow nervous. How was he to answer these lies?

"Send the *Mercury* a check," suggested Perkins.

"I'll be damned if I will," said Dick fiercely.

With these words on his lips he crossed the Rubicon. He had shouldered his responsibilities and assumed the toga virilis. He was sensible of the risk he ran in defying a powerful editor who might be silenced with a few paltry thousands, but in taking upon himself the stewardship of his father's bank no compromise either with the devil or his own manhood was possible. He might, hereafter, be accused of trifling with vast interests, but he could face such criticism with a clean conscience. He had been true to himself.

At two Mr. Fergus McAlpin carried his sturdy body and freckled face from the Exchange to Dick's room.

"Man, man," he said, "ye've an awfu' sicht o' siller, *belanging to me*, in your cellars."

A sickening dread palsied Dick's tongue.

"I cam to tell ye," he continued, drawling out the words, "that ye can use it—every bawbee, if ye need it. The deil 's awa' wi' the *Mercury*, but, my certie, ye're doing a gran' day's wark."

Another hour passed and it became known outside that Dick himself had taken the place of one of the tellers, a sickly lad who was prostrated by excitement. Still the tramp, tramp, tramp, of hundreds continued, and above the murmurs of the throng the chink of coin as it passed from hand to hand. A notice had been posted on the lintels advising the public that the bank would remain open till further notice. Some of the depositors, reading this, left the line and scampered home. A big, burly German Jew approached Dick's window. Early in

the day he had withdrawn two thousand dollars in gold "twenties," and this sum, no light burthen, he had carried on his person several hours. It chanced that Dick, mixing unnoticed with the crowd, had overheard some of his inflammatory talk. Now he sullenly tendered back the sack of gold.

"I made a mistake," he growled.

Dick pushed back the sack with a smile.

"Take that to another bank," he said, addressing the fellow by his name. "We do not wish to do business with you."

The big Hebrew gesticulated wildly, demanding a reason.

"Why do I do this?" enquired Dick, raising his voice. "Because, sir, my father cannot afford to have dealings with either knaves or fools. Please move on."

A small matter often makes a deep impression upon a mob. The story sped from mouth to mouth, and a reaction set in. Then Dick, believing that the hour had come, left the bank and climbed up the massive pedestal at the foot of the flight of steps.

"My friends," he said, his powerful voice ringing far down the street, "let me advise you to go home. I have given orders that if necessary these doors shall remain open all night. We wish to accommodate you all to the best of our ability, but believe me, you are being imposed upon. The editor of the *Mercury*, to serve some purpose of his own, has played upon you a cruel practical joke. They say that we Americans like being fooled. Perhaps that is so, but this joke has gone far enough. You are tired and hungry and so are we. I propose that we go quietly home to our dinners. Who will second the motion?"

His genial face, his laughing eyes, his jovial voice, his sturdy figure, these were not to be gainsaid. His appeal provoked an instantaneous response.



"I second the motion," cried a harsh voice, "And I," "And I," "And I," came from a score of throats.

The great run upon the Barrington Bank was at an end!

## XIX.

ALL these events were duly chronicled by the metropolitan press, and Dick woke Friday morning to find himself if not famous, at any rate a personage of consideration and importance. He had not done much, it is true, but by the exercise of a little tact and common sense he had certainly averted a serious panic, and San Francisco proved herself not ungrateful. The Chamber of Commerce tendered him a formal vote of thanks and Mr. Fergus McAlpin, in his fullness of heart, went to Vanderslice's and bought a wondrous, pear-shaped, pearl scarf-pin which he presented to Dick.

"Laddie," he said, "ye're a pearl o' price yersel'. Hoots, toots, man, but ye've made a record! Tak this gew-gaw and dinna say a word. It'll look gran' in a black satin' cravatty."

Cassius Quirk and his reportorial friends used up gallons of ink. The contribution of the historian is still spoken of with bated breath as a superlative effort — a classic, so to speak, of modern journalism. Moreover, thanks to his indomitable energy, Pixler was arrested.

"A branded steer shies at the corral," said Cassius to Dick, "and I saw David wiggling and squirming when the officers came for him. The State'll board and clothe him for some time, I reckon. I asked him how he liked hotel life and he tried to spit at me. That was nasty, was n't it? Spitting don't go, at least not with me."

"Do you know, Cassius, that I'm under overwhelming obligation to you."

"That's all right," said Cassius, winking with unnecessary vigor. "I'm your friend, Mr. Chester, and proud of it."

"Call me Dick." He judged rightly that this privilege would please the historian.

"Well, Dick, then. I'm your friend till the crack o' doom. As for David I'm on his trail, and the scent's a hot one. You won't be bothered with him again."

"Cassius, now that the excitement is over I want to ask you a question. Who is Miss Ramage?"

They were sitting in Mr. Barrington's room at the bank. Dick was in his father's chair. Cassius lounged easily upon the table and dropped the ashes from his cigarette all over the Turkey carpet. To sit thus familiarly in such a place, talking, smoking, and laughing, was a crowning glory to the Bohemian.

But at Dick's question the smile faded from his face.

"I've given that away once," he said uneasily, "and I don't want to do it again, but, Dick, Miss Ramage is OK,— solid, I tell you, as the Constitution; not a flaw in her; a regular diamond; a shiner."

"Then why masquerade under a false name?"

"Why, Dick, I'll be — Why! just listen to him! Who was calling himself Barton a short week ago? Miss Ramage, Dick, is a friend of mine. I would go through fire and water for Stella Ramage."

"I believe," said Dick, with a laugh, "that you're in love with her, Cassius. Come now, confess."

"No," returned Cassius, quite seriously. "I never loved but one woman and she's as far from me as the moons of Jupiter. It's a queer thing, this love business. Ever been there yourself?"

He asked the question so earnestly, with such manifest feeling, with so quaint

a puckering of his comical features that Dick answered him in all soberness.

"Yes, Cassius, I've been there, *le pays du tendre*, as the French call it. The climate did n't suit me. The wind was too cold."

"I found it cold," said Cassius with a shrug, "but I was so warm myself that I did n't notice it — till afterwards."

His eyes were suspiciously moist and the inkstained fingers which held the cigarette trembled.

"May be," he added quietly, "it did me good. Mother says so, and she's smart as chain lightning, but seeing her — *her*, I mean — every day, and listening to her talk, the sweetest, cleanest talk, Dick, that ever was, the kind of talk that makes a man want to kick himself because, — well, you understand — you've heard her talk yourself?"

"I?—" repeated Dick. Then the light illuminated his brains — Phyllis Murray.

"Yes, yes," he said hastily. "I don't blame you, Cassius. Not at all."

"Blame me, Dick, well I should think not. I'd blame myself if I hadn't appreciated her, and loved her, and worshiped her. Yes, sir, worshiped her. Those old stiffs we read of, Petrarch, Dante, Romeo, Paolo, and all that gang, a sick lot, too, to my notion, were in it with a plain American citizen when it came to solid worshiping. And it braced me up. Mother is right there. I've walked perpendicular in slippery places when but for the memory of her sweetness I might have been wallowing like a hog, — on all fours."

Cassius was quite excited by this time. Dick listened to his simple phrases with a strange tugging at his own heart strings.

"But you see," continued the historian, with something of a sigh, "although it's been a blessed privilege it's made a

lob-sided, dot and carryone-sort of crank out of *me*. When a feller smokes twenty-five centers he loses his taste for domestics and plug cut. But," his eyes brightened, and he lit another cigarette. "I've got my profesh — eh, and it's a daisy, a tooter. Why, think of it, Dick. I'm an educator! Not a measly, square-toed, narrow-minded, red-eyed school teacher, but a fellow who can strike right to the heart of the people, who 'gets there' every rattle out of the box. So, after all, if I'm destined to be an old bach, and I guess I am, there's something left in life."

Dick remembered that once he had despised this man, had called him in the vernacular of Isis and Cam "a rouster," a "beastly cad!"

"You say, Cassius, that you are proud to be *my* friend. I am proud, old fellow, to call myself yours, and here is my hand on it."

On Saturday morning Dick and Henry traveled as far as Sacramento to meet the "Menominee," which rolled into the State capital ahead of time and a little loose-jointed, but otherwise none the worse for her record-breaking trip.

"We came none too fast for us," said Mr. Barrington, as they sat around the pretty luncheon table, "but we might as well have taken our time. So, Master Dick, *you* are a banker it seems after all."

"And I," said Henry, with emphasis, "am not."

His father scrutinized him sharply. Henry looked thin and worn, but a pleasant light shone upon his handsome features. Dick and he had foregathered, and if a twinge of jealousy tweaked him occasionally he had too much wit to show it. He bore his ill-fortune with a better grace than might have been expected. After all a man who has barely escaped drowning thinks lightly of a ducking.

"Let us not talk of that, Henry," he said in his bluffest manner. Then his eye twinkled as he poured out a glass of champagne. "We have all learned something lately. Your dear mother," he continued, "has recovered her appetite and developed an amazing aptitude for figures. She is quite a financier."

"You look much stronger, mater."

So they chatted and the time slipped by.

"If Helen were here," said her father regretfully, "I should call this a 'family time.'" His brow clouded, thinking of Hector.

"Helen," said Dick gloomily, "is an enigma to Henry and myself. She never leaves Hector. He is quite out of his head; harmless, but apparently crazy on poor Nellie. He won't allow any one else to feed him. And he makes her kiss him and fondle him. There's a nurse, but Helen does the work."

"A nurse? You don't mean to tell me that Stella Johnson, Ramage, whatever her name is, is there still?"

"No. She has gone. There's another woman. What is this mystery about Miss Johnson?"

Then at last Dick heard from his father's lips the story of Stella. Naturally his indignation and anger knew no bounds, and when Mr. Barrington had finished he gave him, in turn, the details of Desmond's illness. Of this the salient features had been wired, but the cause, delirium tremens, had not been mentioned. The horror of Helen's position appalled them. Separation, they all agreed, must be insisted upon.

"Her actions," said Henry, "don't warrant much interference in that line, but she must leave him. Whether he recovers his reason or not."

Thus it came to pass that every member of the family arrayed himself or herself against Helen's determination to ex-

piate her sin. Finally, distracted by their pleading, she told the truth!

The ghastly story seared their hearts forever; weighed them down with the burden of an intolerable secret, but the discipline was needed. Not till then did Mrs. Barrington throw off those grosser vapors which had obscured so long the light of a sweet simple soul. Not till then did Rufus Barrington reap the harvest of his own sowing; and not till then did he realize that his daughter's act was truly the logical consequence of his sneers at religion. The iconoclast had broken many an idol and at the last his own, his darling child, his little Nellie. The emancipation of her bright intellect from the shackles of Christian myth had accomplished *this*, this horror!

## XX.

FOR many days Mr. Barrington, like the Spectator, distinguished himself by a most profound silence. Dick guessed what was uppermost in his father's thoughts and waited patiently. Finally the banker spoke.

"There must be an understanding between us, Dick."

"Yes."

They were sitting in Mr. Barrington's private room.

"As between man and man. You are a man, with a man's conception of the facts of life. The way you handled this bank last Thursday week showed me your caliber. I wished to find out of what stuff you were made, but the experiment might have proved costly. You justified fully my confidence in you. I never prized money, as money, but I value — perhaps, too highly — success, as the world interprets the word. I respect the man who 'gets there.' Knowing, as I know, the fierceness of competition, and the million complexities and

entanglements of life, I honor and admire the chosen few who come to the front. I believe that you, my boy, are one of these. I believe that you will make your mark, but your energies must not be divided. You cannot attend to this vast business and write books that wise men care to read. I told you when you left Oxford to wait, but you have waited long enough. Now I give you your liberty."

"I can do exactly as I please?"

"Yes. If banking and the cares of my affairs are distasteful to you,—and I fear they are distasteful?"

"They are," assented Dick gravely. "I never could take pleasure in adding to the family pile."

"But the power of great wealth?" said the banker eagerly.

His son shook his head.

"To be honest," he said slowly, "I must confess that, to me, power carries with it too many penalties to be desirable!"

"I see you have decided already," returned Mr. Barrington, with a sigh. "But, Dick, you will stay in California?"

"Surely, father, an author, if he wishes to strike home to the hearts of his readers, should be in actual touch with the intellectual life of the East and Europe."

"I suppose so," muttered Mr. Barrington. "Yes, yes, you are right."

"On the other hand," continued Dick, impassively, "your interests here demand your constant attention and presence?"

"Yes."

"So our paths for the future, would seem to lie apart?"

There was silence. Mr. Barrington trifled nervously with a pencil. Then he looked at his safe—the symbol of his vast possessions—and finally allowed

his troubled glance to rest upon the face of his son.

"Dick," he murmured in a low voice, "don't leave me."

The young man sprang to his feet and seized his father's hand.

"Ah," he cried, "I was waiting for that word. And if I've trifled with your feelings, forgive me. Stay with you, father, of course I'll stay. I've learned one thing in the last two months. And that is my true place in the world, and that place is here, in California, here in this bank, here, in your heart!"

Mr. Barrington shaded his glistening eyes with a broad hand.

"You told me long ago, sir, that there were too many books in the world and I'm not going to add to the number. I once believed that a man could do what he pleased with his life within honorable limits, but I see now that that theory plays the devil in practice. A place is already prepared for each of us and we can fill it worthily or not, according to our conception of the word duty. I don't care a rap about money, but I do care very much about the stewardship of money. It may astonish you but I never seriously considered the responsibilities of Dives till I came into actual contact with Lazarus. All these years I've been trying to 'know myself,' but my knowledge of others could be written in a very small book."

"I've made the other mistake," said his father, slowly. "I've studied others and ignored my own idiosyncrasies. So we can meet half way, my boy, and cry quits! I believe you've chosen wisely. Nor will you be hampered by me."

"I don't quite take you, sir."

Mr. Barrington rose from his chair and stood upright. A certain dignity, not to be described clothed his words.

"I mean," he answered deliberately, pointing to his massive chair, "that an

old dog must not be taught new tricks. I resign the presidency of this bank in your favor. Not a word! I've put Henry on his feet. I do the same to you. Take this chair and occupy it worthily, according to your own conception of what is right. If you want advice at any time I'm ready to give it. Both you and Henry will often need me, but I shall not dictate to either. I wish my sons to be men, not puppets. As for me, I shall give my attention to my other affairs outside the bank. Besides, your mother and Helen have claims upon me. Poor women—they've been sailing without a compass on a troubled sea!"

"Do you know, Dick," Fred Langham remarked, with a solemnity which befitted such an announcement, "do you know, Dick, that the hounds meet at Langley on the first of November?"

"They've done so, Fred, from time immemorial."

"And here I am," cried Mr. Langham in dolorous accents, "more than seven thousand miles away from home!"

"Here you are, old chap. That's true enough."

The smoked in silence for nearly five minutes.

"The beeches at Langley, Dick, are at their very best now. Hang it—why are there no beeches here?"

"I'll speak to the Manager, if you like, Fred." (They were sitting in Langham's rooms at the Palace Hotel.) "He's very accommodating and perhaps it might be done."

"Dick, my boy," said Fred, taking no notice of his cousin's chaff, "I'm getting homesick. I'm getting beastly homesick. Queer—is n't it? I'd a letter from the girls yesterday and they say it's a wonderful year for the partridges, and the pheasants have done well. But here I am in California. And the hounds

—as I say—meet at Langley on the first of November."

Dick waited. He guessed what was coming.

"And Phyllis," continued Fred, in a doleful voice, "is the dearest girl in the world."

"I've heard you say so before."

"There she is, Dick, devoting herself night and day to poor Helen. I once fancied, perhaps it was only fancy, that she and Uncle Rufus did n't quite hit it off, eh?"

"Not quite," said Dick dryly.

"That's all changed, I can tell you. Your father and I, Dick, don't agree upon many things. He thinks me insular, by Gad, and that's why he has taken such a fancy to Phyllis."

"Because you are insular, Fred?"

"Because she is so terribly American. He spends half his time at Helen's now, and of course he has heard Phyllis and me talking. Her attitude amazed him. He told me so. That's his weak spot, Dick. And he appreciates what she has been to Helen. I heard him begging her to stay on there, but she's loyal to Aunt Mary. 'What's to become of Aunt Mary?' she said. 'Well,' he answered. 'I'll look after Aunt Mary if you'll stay with Helen!' You see since the nurse, Stella Johnson, went back to the hospital Phyllis has taken her place. Certainly, Dick, she is, bar none, the dearest girl in the world."

"Bar none," repeated Dick.

"But, as I say, *terribly* American. Such a pity is n't it? I've tried, the Lord knows, to turn her mind into the proper channel, but it's no use. The Declaration of Independence is stamped upon her face. Hang it, it can't be erased. And her views upon English history and English policy are—er—tainted. Quite offensive, in fact—No—confound the luck—she is—it's not

too strong an adjective — Phyllis Murray is *damnably* American! I could not hope to change that.”

“I fear, Fred, that it would be impossible.”

“And that being the case,” returned Langham, “I find myself, dear boy, in a hôle — a regular crevasse.”

“I don’t quite take you, Fred.”

“Not to put a fine point on it, Dick, I’ve compromised myself. I’ve paid the dear girl the most marked attention, hoping and trusting that she would become my wife and — in short — an Englishwoman. My wife, you see, must be prepared to sacrifice her own country. I could not live here. The very idea is absurd, eh?”

“Preposterous.”

“But as a man of honor I must ask her to be my wife.”

“Seriously, Fred, do you love her? As much, I mean, as you did at first? Has she got the same grip on you?”

“No,” he admitted, “she has not. I don’t know how it’s all come about, but I’ve — er — cooled a little, and so has she.”

“Has she?” said Dick, with lively interest. “I did n’t expect that, Fred. I looked upon you as a sort of conquering hero; you with your big body and big income and long pedigree and aristocratic nose and your parliamentary record and all that sort of thing. It is generally irresistible with my countrywomen.”

“Those things,” replied Fred solemnly, “don’t weigh with her. I never saw a girl less mercenary, and I love her for that, but if she were the least little bit more —”

“Plastic?”

“Yes, thank you, if she were more plastic about English customs and manners it would be all right.”

“But you are going to propose.”

“Yes,” he replied doggedly. “I’m going to propose. I’ve put it off long enough. But I know my duty. Tomorrow, Dick, I shall ask Phyllis to become my wife, and if we rush things a bit,—why not?—we may see the hounds draw Badgely Gorse on the first of November. If the wind is in the right quarter the fox will take down Badgely Vale and I would n’t miss *that* for anything.”

“Let me propose first, Fred.”

“For me, my dear boy!” Would you do that? I could n’t ask such a favor, but if you would.”

“Fred, a man must do his own proposing. If I ask Phyllis a certain question it will be in *propria persona*, *not* as your proxy!”

“You don’t mean to say?”

“Yes, I do.”

“Well, I’m — Dick, my boy, go in and win, if you can. If she gives you the mitten I’ll take my turn.”

And so it was agreed between the cousins. They talked on, upon many topics but reverting always to the main subject.

“Chetwynd went off very suddenly,” he remarked later. “Do you know, Dick, I never expected to take that man’s hand in friendship again, but I like him more than ever. I wish he could have married poor Helen. I half fancied that they once cared for each other.”

“It might have been,” said Dick, wincing, “and, who knows, Fred, it *may be yet*. Let us talk of something else.”

DICK traveled down to Menlo, and Aunt Mary welcomed him with open arms.

“I have come,” he began, “with messages from my father, from Fred, and from Phyllis. Which will you have first? *Seniores priores*. My father’s first, eh?”

His face was beaming, and his laugh good to hear.

"You have seen Phyllis? The dear child is well and happy?"

"I spent the morning with her. She is quite well and *happy*."

"Your father, Dick, you say, sends me a message?"

"Yes. He wishes you to come back with me, this very night, by the next train. I can't wait, Aunt Mary. I tell you frankly I can't wait. The Del Monte Special travels too slowly for me. My father wants you and my mother wants you; in fact, we all want you; so you will come. Say you will come."

"My dear child, I never saw you so excited. Did your father really say he wanted me?"

"I give you my sacred word of honor.

You have made a mash, Aunt Mary, with those dear old-fashioned caps of yours, and your English accent, and your own peculiar, delightful ways. It is Aunt Mary this, at the house, and Aunt Mary that. Yes, yes, you have captured the pater, as I always knew you would."

He kissed her, hugging her like a school boy, and laughing.

"Yes," she sighed, the tears standing in her soft eyes. "Yes, Dick, I will come."

"And Fred is homesick, and asked me to tell you so, and he's dead set on seeing the hounds draw Badgely Gorse."

"And Phyllis?" she faltered with trembling lips.

"You want to hear what she has to say. Well, bend your head, Aunt Mary, and I will whisper it. So!"

*Horace Annesley Vachell.*

[THE END.]

## CATALINA.

### IN AN ISLAND HOLLOW.

'TIS the most peaceful spot of earth I know,—  
 A living cup, embossed and rimmed around  
 With low-set hills,—neither a sight or sound  
 Of the small world which idles there below!  
 Here all the day the sunshine's golden glow  
 Falls like a benediction on the ground:—  
 Here one lone sleeper perfect peace hath found.  
 Blow, all ye winds of life, blow, roughly blow,  
 'Tis *peaceful here*,—old ocean's troubled roar  
 Intrudes not through the windings of these hills;  
 Not even a stream its slender thread doth pour  
 Adown the stillness. Not a linnet trills  
 The sweet, sweet song before its mossy door,—  
 Empty the nest which yonder tree fork fills!

*Sylvia Lawson Covey.*

## MUNICIPAL PAVEMENTS.

A PAPER OF PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.



ON JULY 15th, 1895, according to the report of the Superintendent of Streets, there were one hundred and forty-two miles of accepted streets in San Francisco.

These streets were covered with three distinct

kinds of pavement,—basalt block, cobbles, and bituminous rock. The first two classes were first accepted by the city a great many years ago. The bituminous rock pavement has only been used on the streets for about ten years. Since that time the great portion of the residence streets have been laid with it.

Nature has endowed California with all the resources and materials for the pavement of our streets. The foothills of Sonoma County give us our basalt blocks; the Sierra Nevada Mountains

yield us the granite used for curbing and cross walks, while Southern California supplies bituminous rock,—all these in endless quantity. No material of any kind used upon our streets is imported from beyond the bounds of this fair State.

The chief aim of the municipal officials is to obtain the best possible pavement at the least cost to the taxpayers, who alone must bear the burden of the expense. But here as in many cases the best is the cheapest in the long run, the principal objects being durability, smoothness, and noiselessness. Experience has taught that the only proper way to test pavement is by actual use. My experience in the street paving in San Francisco dates back for a period of twelve years, during which time there has scarcely been a block of pavement laid in the city the construction of which I have not seen from beginning to end, and I desire to give cause for the bad pavements that we have now.

Many reasons have been assigned for defective pavement, but the principal one is that the specifications under which the work was to have been performed have not been complied with, but have been grossly and flagrantly violated. The specifications themselves are not often defective. It has been the rule in years gone by that when a contractor obtained a contract to pave a block, his first object was to make the greatest possible profit, and in order to do this, he must be either the official himself, or gain the close friendship of the official who was to pass judgment upon this work. He must have what is termed a "pull."

For example, we will take the basalt



MARKET STREET, NEAR EIGHTH.





MARKET STREET, BETWEEN SIXTH AND SEVENTH.

block, and I desire to call special attention to this class of pavement, in which, to my knowledge, the greatest frauds have been perpetrated on the public in years past, by the contractors who have laid it. Just at this present time, we have loud complaints against this pavement. The wheelmen clamor for a more smooth and durable surface. The pavement on Market street, our principal thoroughfare, is an eyesore to our good citizens. This is paved with basalt blocks, and is in about as bad a condition as any basalt block pavement in this city. But to account for this bad condition it is only necessary to show how the specifications are violated. The contract for basalt block pavement is let at so much per square foot. The specifications are as follows: The size of the block,—width, not less than three and three fourths inches nor more than four and one half; length, not less than eight or more than twelve inches; and depth, not less than four, nor more than eight inches. It follows that the foundations must be thoroughly laid, watered, and well tamped, in order to make the proper bed for the basalt blocks.

The contractor purchases the blocks from the quarrymen by the thousand, and as he is paid by the square foot, it

will readily be seen that the larger the block and the farther apart they can be set, the more profit to the contractor. This accounts for the large and unsightly basalt blocks that are seen in the streets of San Francisco. The large blocks are set so far apart that they are not firm and upright, and therefore in a short time they tilt to one side, tip from one side to another, making ruts, holes, and other uneven surfaces. The blocks are usually set upon loose foundation, without the proper amount of tamping, as provided for in the specifications. None of the bad work on this class of pavement is the fault of the specifications,—the fault lies with the officials who will accept such pavement, knowing that it is not properly laid.

There is, however, one great mistake in the specifications that should be remedied. No basalt pavement should ever be laid, except on a concrete foundation. This would avoid all holes and depressions, provided the blocks were small and set closer together; it would then make a smooth pavement. Therefore, no blocks should ever be permitted to be laid with greater width than four inches, as the wide blocks soon become slippery, and horses cannot get a foothold upon blocks of this character. This is the



EIGHTH STREET, NEAR MARKET.



CALIFORNIA STREET, BETWEEN KEARNY AND MONTGOMERY.

reason why horses are so often seen stumbling and falling upon this pavement, for, as a rule, a horse's foot is not more than four inches in width. If the block is of small size, it gives the animal a chance for a footing and makes all the better pavement. In many instances we see basalt blocks in the street with a width of all the way from five to seven inches. Wherever this class of pavement is found, there is sure to be a slippery, uneven street, full of holes and ruts of every character.

Many contractors in years gone by have grown rich from basalt block pavement. Only a short time ago an old contractor told me that when Market street was paved the profit on each block was all the way from two to four thousand dollars, and from the manner in which this pavement has been laid, I am not surprised that there are now a half dozen men grown wealthy and retired, who were street contractors fifteen and twenty years ago.

The next class, known as the cobble stone, is an antiquated pavement, one of the first San Francisco ever saw, and I am happy to say that the cobble pavement is now almost a thing of the past. Years ago, we had a number of our most prominent down town business streets laid with this class of pavement, which it is

really a cruelty to animals to drive over, but it is fast disappearing, and the Board of Supervisors have been taking up a number of blocks of this pavement and replacing it with a more modern and improved pavement. It will only be a matter of a few years when no cobbles will be seen on any of our down town business thoroughfares, they being only used in some of the outlying portions of the city, where there is an excessive grade on which no other class of pavement could be used and where there is little or no travel.

We now pass to that modern, smooth, and noiseless pavement, known as bituminous rock. This class made its advent into San Francisco some ten years ago, the first block being laid on Eddy street, between Mason and Taylor. This has stood the wear, and is today a fair block. Many of the streets in the Mission and Western Addition are paved with this kind of material. It is smooth and noiseless, and less expensive to keep in repair and keep clean than any other pavement that we have ever had in San Francisco. Upon the down town streets little as yet has been laid; but there are three or four blocks on Front street that have been down for a period of about eight years, and have stood wear remarkably well, having cost the city little or nothing



SANSOME STREET, NEAR CALIFORNIA.



KEARNY STREET, NEAR PORTSMOUTH SQUARE.

to keep in repair. Folsom street has just been completed, that is, the greater portion of it, and it makes a splendid and beautiful driveway. Van Ness avenue is now complete with the exception of a few blocks, making a drive from Market street to the Bay.

This pavement, when properly treated and when a thorough foundation is laid, is a first class pavement. Nevertheless, there are some mines that produce inferior rock; although very little of this has ever been laid in San Francisco. A few blocks laid some three or four years ago are rapidly going into decay, but the contractors who performed that class of work are now out of business. In order to protect the city against fraud in laying this class of pavement a proper concrete foundation must be first laid. The specifications adopted by this city for this

class of pavement, are good ones and could not be improved upon, but all contractors must be watched to see that no cheating is done. The principal way in which contractors may increase the profit on bituminous rock pavement is by failing to put in the required amount of cement, thereby making a poor foundation, and as the foundation is the fundamental principle of all pavement, if this be not good, the bitumen will soon have the appearance of sunken ridges and in a short time will be full of holes. Another essential is that the bituminous rock be properly cooked, that it carry the right amount of bitumen, and not loam, earth,



SACRAMENTO STREET, NEAR KEARNY.

or other foreign matter, for rock containing foreign or earthy matter, will after a year or two disintegrate on the street, and wherever water stands, it will rot. Therefore too much can not be done towards the selection of the proper material for the bituminous pavements.

As a rule all the best streets we have had laid in San Francisco of recent years have been of bitumen pavement. For the past few years it has been the principal pavement, with the exception of portions of the city where the excessive grade would not admit of its use.

There is still another kind of pavement, although it is used now only in the ex-



MONTGOMERY STREET, CORNER BUSH.



GEORGE W. ELDER.

treme outlying districts of the city, the macadam. The hills in and around the city abound with good material for macadamizing, but I regret to add that as yet we have not had any macadam streets properly done, and I will venture to say that the specifications for macadamizing with very few exceptions have never been complied with. In order to have a good macadam street, and the specifications require it, there is first to be laid a good sound layer of rock, not less than six inches in size in any direction; this is called the first coat. Next is a small size two inches thick, which is called the second coat. Next comes the small, fine or top dressing. The specifications require that each layer of this shall be rolled, watered, and properly laid, but we scarcely ever get any such macadamizing done, and the great amount of rock that has been used for macadamizing purposes is the refuse of the quarries, being intermingled with dirt, debris, and the offings of the quarries. There-

fore when a street of this kind is made, it is composed of about as much dirt as good sound clean rock. Thus, in a year or so, we have our houses covered with dust in the summer and the streets filled with mud and slush in the winter. Oakland and Alameda have beautifully macadamized streets, but the work is done with an entirely different material, and is properly watered and cared for, which is not the case with our macadam streets of San Francisco.

We have laid out beautiful driveways in and around the vicinity of the Park, on which the city has not as yet spent any money of consequence for keeping in proper order and repair. We have several miles of a beautiful drive, if it was properly macadamized and made the proper width for driveways, in the vicinity of Golden Gate Park, but there is as yet a great deal to do in order to make these driveways what they should be, a credit to San Francisco in every particular.

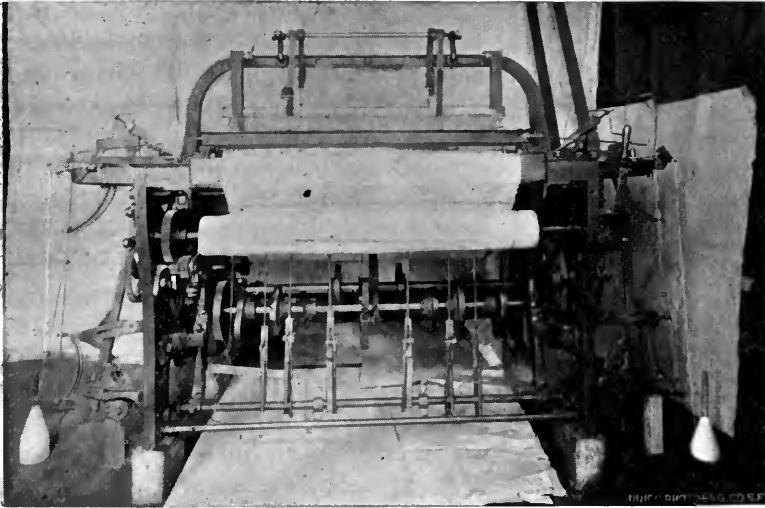
All macadam roads must be kept wet and sprinkled during the summer for their preservation; this being done, good roads and driveways may be maintained. Golden Gate Park expends quite an amount of money in keeping in repair the macadam driveways, which are always in a splendid condition, owing to the fact that proper care is given them; otherwise they would be as bad as any macadam streets that we have anywhere in this city.

In order to obtain good streets and driveways, it should be the duty of the Superintendent of Streets and the Board of Supervisors to see that the specifications pertaining to street work are strictly and properly adhered to and that every improvement and every advantage should be taken in order to secure the most serviceable pavement. But the only way in which this class of pavement can be obtained is the strict

enforcement of the specifications by competent and reliable officials, who know when the specifications are enforced, and when they are not, and strict oversight by men who know concrete from stone and sand, and who know bituminous rock from adobe and loam, and who know

that a basalt block is four inches in width instead of five or six inches, and who know when they are properly laid, — men who will keep a strict vigilance upon all parties doing any class of street work, and then, and then only shall we have good streets.

*George W. Elder.*



A LOOM WITH THE HUNT ATTACHMENT.

## A REVOLUTION IN WEAVING.

### AN INVENTION THAT DOUBLES THE CAPACITY OF LOOMS.

THE press of San Francisco in the last month or two has with one accord published in words of the highest commendation accounts of a recently perfected San Francisco invention. It remains for the OVERLAND with its more diffused circulation and more permanent place on library shelves to make its record of this "new thing under the sun."

Ever since Jacquard of Paris, over a hundred years ago, invented the means of making beautiful patterns in machine woven goods, — for which grateful France

has erected a monument to his memory, — there has been but small improvement in the methods of weaving. Shuttles by millions have been flying to and fro, each with its little supply of thread on the bobbin, soon exhausted and requiring to be renewed at the expense of a stopping of the loom.

An expert attendant by the old system could attend only four or five looms at a time, and these hundreds of stops a day reduced the running time of a loom in a given number of hours some forty per

cent. There was always too a waste of say eight or ten per cent of the cost of weaving, in the loss of yarn when the bobbin became nearly empty, and this waste amounts to a vast sum of money every day.

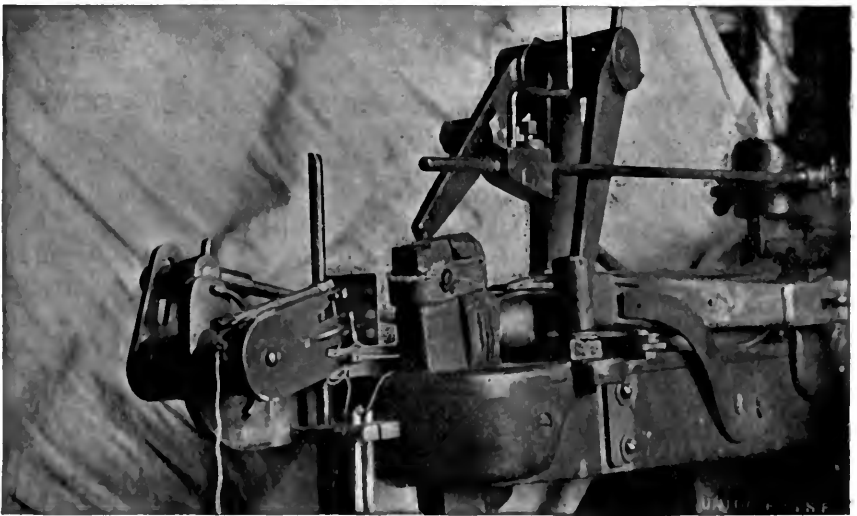
These recognized disadvantages have been the subject of an immense amount of thought and effort on the part of inventors, but the conditions were such that all the attempts to make an improvement on the shuttle and bobbin came to naught, and ever since Kay invented the fly shuttle a hundred and fifty years ago it has remained practically the same. The problem came to be thought of as like the discovery of perpetual motion or the transmutation of metals.

But Mr. Robert H. H. Hunt of San Francisco did not lose his faith that some solution could be found. The son of a cotton weaver, he was familiar with the subject and he has spent thirty years in experiments in this single direction. At last the answer came to him, gradually and with little steps of improvement, until he has perfected an attachment

which can be applied to any loom at small cost, and which makes it possible to run a loom practically continuously.

There is no bobbin in the new contrivance, and the shuttle is replaced by a carrier with jaws at each end which catch the thread from little "feeders," measure it off exactly by an ingenious device, cut it off, and insert every inch of the thread in the cloth with the ends securely lodged in the selvage. The feeders are supplied by great spools or bobbins of thread containing a practically unlimited amount, which can be renewed without stopping the loom. The result is a cloth free from faults occasioned by splicings of the weft, fine as gossamer or heavy as carpet indifferently, woven with one or a dozen threads at a shot, changing color as desired by a simple supply of more feeders, and produced at a saving of labor and cost estimated at from twenty to fifty per cent of that of the best looms previously in existence. One man can attend to twenty or thirty of them, instead of four or six as in the old way.

This attachment, which may be con-



END VIEW OF LOOM, WITH ATTACHMENT.

tained in an ordinary hat, can be added to any loom in use and at a cost which it is estimated will be repaid by the saving in a week’s run.

Thus American ingenuity supplies American industry with advantages better than a protective tariff, and more than equalizes the difference in wages over the cheapest in the world. The inventor of this machine even expects the looms to weave so smoothly that the operator may start them at night and go to bed,—and particularly so in weaving linen cloth, where the threads are not so apt to break. In case of a broken thread the loom will ring a bell and stop. This catastrophe is much less likely to happen with the new device than the shuttle; for the carrier is so much slenderer that

the shed of the warp is opened but a fraction of the amount heretofore required, thus greatly reducing the strain.

The saving and profits of the new invention, when figured as applied to all the one million looms in America and the fourteen million in Europe, exceed the average comprehension.

It is now in practical working and may be seen any day together with its beautiful product by applying at No. 24 Montgomery Street, the office of the Hunt Loom and Fabric Company, a strong corporation of which Samuel J. Hendy is President; D. M. Seaton, Vice-President and Manager; and John A. Ledden, Secretary, all well known business men of San Francisco.

*S. G. Wilson.*



## “UNDER THE HEADIN’ OF THRUTH.”

I.—CUSACK’S GHOST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF MRS. LOFTY’S  
DIARY.

on. Fetch yourself one out of the other room.”

“Thank you, I will; don’t disturb yourself. The byes wor tellin’ me, Colonel, down on the sthreet, that yez have a piece av rock from the new tin mine the Englishmen have been sthrikin’, over in Kitsap, an’ I thot I wud just sthep up and take a luk at it. An’ is that it?”

Mr. Cusack produced his spectacles and examined the specimen attentively, with an expression of profound sapience.

“If they’ve got much av that sort, they’ve got a big thing; me life, but they have!” [he remarked finally with impressiveness.

THE door opened a few inches, and Mr. Cornelius Cusack put in his head tentatively. “Good avenin’, Colonel. Good avenin’, Judge, and Mистер Crandall. Are yez houldin’ a consultation? No? Thin, if ye are at laysure, I will sthep in a moment.”

“Look out for that chair, Cusack,” said some one; “it’s not to be depended

"What do you know about tin, Cusack," asked the Judge.

"What do I know about tin? I know all about it, sor! I know of a tin mine at this moment, sor, in Arizony, that wud make the fortunes av all av us, if 't was not situated on the topmost point av an inaccessible pake. But there it is, away from wather, away from fuel, away from thransportation, where it will niver do good to any mortal man; onless, indeed, it is thru what that Tacoma thayosophist man is writin' about the axis of the earth takin' a somersault now and again, and givin' us a fresh dale out of the box. It was on that thrip that I had an adventure with a grizzly that bate annything iver I heard or read."

"Give it to us, Con, give it to us," said the Colonel, cocking his feet on the desk. "It is a good while since we have heard one of your yarns."

"This wan is under the headin' of thruth now, I do assure yez, though ye may laugh whin I tell it yez; but all the same, it is sthrectly the thruth. Well, to make a long story short, we, (that is mesilf an me partner, a fellow we called Blue-Nosed Pate, because he came from Novy Scotiay,) the two av us, had been nosin' around through the Apache country all summer, houldin' our scalps on wid the wan hand, the whilst we did a bit of prospectin' wid the other. Why, many a time, we dare not so much as flight a bit of backy in our pipes for fear the smoke wud bethray us to thim divils of Injuns. Yez that have lived in Nevada you know somethin' about it, but down in those Arizony deserts the atmosphayre do be magnifyin' things to that extent that you do be takin' a crow sittin' on a cactus branch a half mile off for a wild camel, till it says "caw" an' flies away. Well, this day, whin the night came on we had to make a dhry camp. Along about sundown we came to a deserted

'dobe cabin wid a chimney, down by the dhry bed of a sthrame, where we had thot to find wather; but the sun had sucked it all up long ago, and left the little round stones shinin' an' white, like the top of the Judge's head there. 'T was a sore disappointment to us, but we made the best av it. We lit up a fire in the fire place wid some of the sthicks and twigs that goes by the name of wood down in that counthry; an' I made up a loaf av bread an' baked it in the Dutch oven we carried wid us; an' a pot of coffee that shud do our supper and breakfast; an' thin we had but a sup of wather left in our canteens to put us over to the nixt wather hole, — an' the Lord only knew where we shud find that, an' he wud n't tell.

"Aftther supper, Pate brought in a pole or two of cottonwood, yez could n't call em logs, — and we raked up the fire an' sthuck the little end of wan av them in the coals to keep up a smouldherin' through the night. I gathered up the bits of provisions an' shut em up in the Dutch oven, an' stood 'em up on the table to keep 'em out av the way av the scorpions an' ants an' all the other crawl-in' bastes; an' hung up a blanket in the dureway wid two wooden pegs that I whittled out, — there was no dure, yez will understand, — an' we crawled into a couple of bunks that was nailed against the wall, Pate in the top wan an' mesilf in the under wan. Pate was asleep an' snorin' like an alligator before yez cud count tin; but what wid the noise he made, an' something that was in mesilf, I cud not slape at all; an' I lay there listenin' an' waitin' for something that I was ixpectin' to happen, though I cud not tell what it shud be.

"'T is wondherful, the things that a man do be hearin' in the dead silence of the night in thim desert places. You wud be thinkin' the souls in purgathory



had permission to wandher about thin, for all the sighings and moanings and whisperings that do be travelin’ back and forth. Wanst in a while, I reached out my arrum an’ laid hold of the ind of the sthick nearest me an’ poked the other ind up into the coals so as to kape the fire from goin’ out intirely. And prisintly, I got tired listenin’ and was about dhroppin’ off to slape, whin I heard a noise at the dure, the queerest noise that iver I heard. It was nayther a snuffle nor a grunt, but a combination of the two. I raised upon me elbow in the bunk an’ listened wid both ears.

“If that ’s a soul from purgathory, Cornaylius Cusack is not me name,” sez I to meself, “an’ I raised up my feet cautious like an’ kicked the bunk atop av me in the hopes av wakin’ up Pate. But the divil kept on snorin’ as if he was in the Palace Hotel, an’ the bell bye wid orders to wake him up in time for the thrain. An’ thin the blanket in the dureway began to raise up at the bottom an’ walk out into the room as if somebody was pokin’ it up wid a sthick from the outside.”

Here Mr. Cusack arose, and standing in the doorway between the two rooms, illustrated with his walking stick.

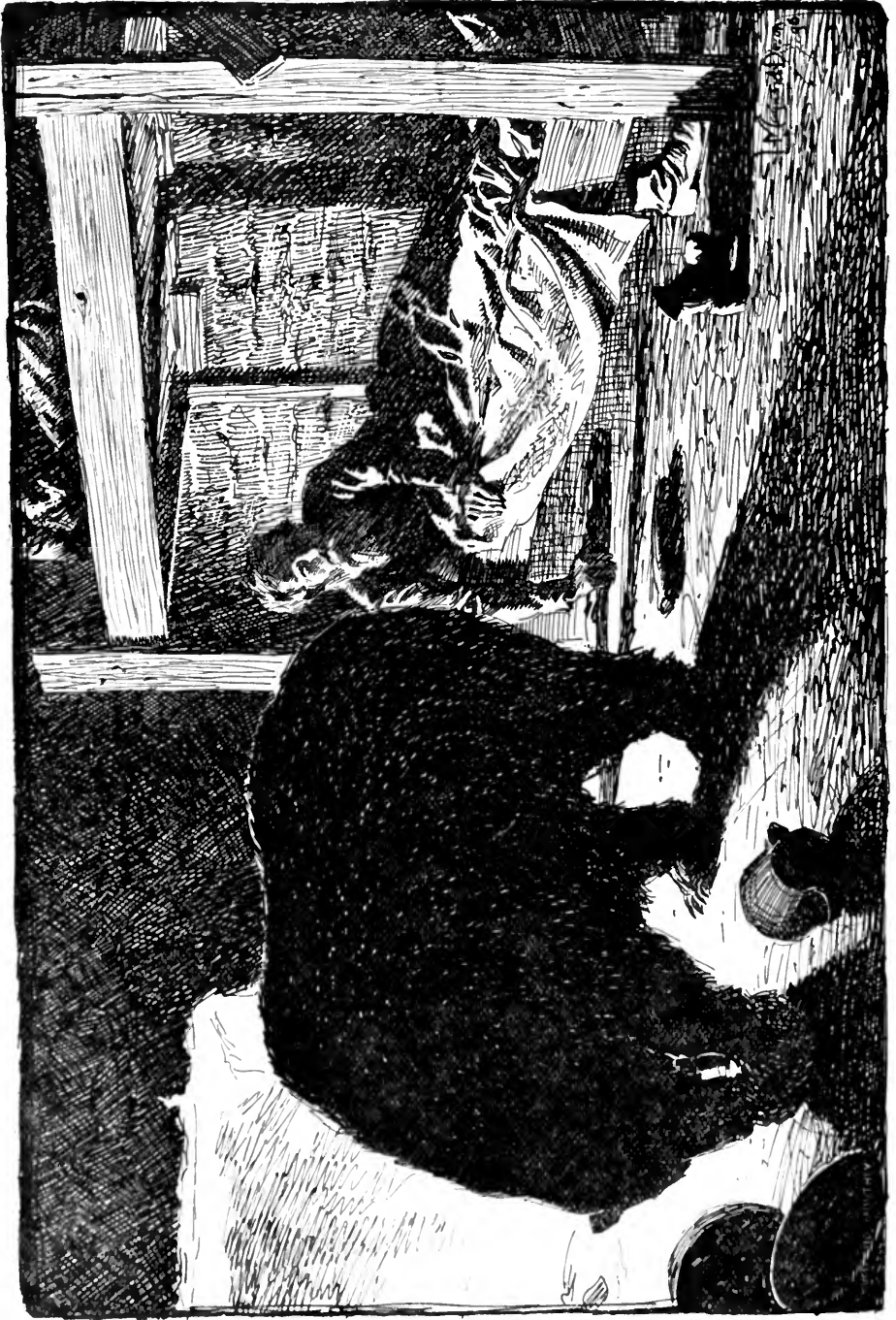
“Well ?” said the Colonel, after an impressive pause. “Was it a boa constrictor, or a Gila monster, or what was it ?”

“Far worse than ayther,” resumed Mr. Cusack. “I ixpected nothing else than to see the topknot av an Apache crawl out from undher the blanket, an’ I grabbed my rifle at cock, determined to sell my life as dear as possible, notwithstanding the hair was raisin’ itself on my scalp widout any outside assistance. But prisintly, the blanket fell back into the dureway, an’ out from under it sthepped the biggest grizzly bear that iver it was my lot to see. As I’m standin’ here

he stood five foot high in his claws, an’ I’m certain he would have turned the scales at sixteen hundred pound, dhressed. He snuffed and sniffed for a minute or two, an’ thin he lit onto the Dutch oven, an’ wid wan swipe av his big paw he had off the cover, an’ had out our loaf av bread, an’ commenced devourin’ it wid the utmost contint. Well, gintilemin, he might as well have ate up us, as ate up our provisions an’ upset our coffee pot, an’ we forty mile from a dthrop av wather.

“‘Had we better thry a shot at him, both together ?’ whispered Pate, who was wide enough awake by now. We discussed the matther back an’ forth for a time, an’ we concluded we would stand no chance av killin’ the baste at the first fire, an’ thin he would have us at his marcy in the little sivin by nine hut. An’ thin it was, gintlemin, I had an inspiration; I remimbered hearin’ whin I was but a lad in the ould counthry of how a pioneer woman in the West druv out a baste from the cabin wid a fire brand; an’ I reached out my hand an’ poked up the pole into the fire, to start it into a blaze, intindin’ thin to make a demonstration at the brute wid it. Now, just at that very moment, whin the coals flashed up in a little flare, whether our talkin’ made the craythure onasy, or whether the instinct av him tould him he’d betther be facin’ the dure, but annyway the baste turned himself round, an’ in the doin’ av it, crowded his hinder parts (savin’ your prisince, Judge) up into the fireplace.

“Now the fur on that baste was six inches deep if it wor an inch, an’ as dhry as tinder wid the drooth, an’ full av ile besides; an’ it’s undher the headin’ av thruth, what I’m tellin’ you now, he blazed up like a torch, and the fire ran over him from head to foot before you could so much as wink. He shot out av



"AN' HAD OUT OUR LOAF AV BREAD AN' COMMENCED DEVOURIN' IT WID THE UTMOST CONTENT."

the dureway like an anarchist that has thrown his bomb, takin' the blanket along wid him; an' by the time me and Pate got outside he was half a mile away, streakin' it up the mountain side.

"Now, belave it or not, but it's the God's thruth, we followed the flight av that baste wid our eyes for twenty miles as he tore acrost the counthry like a comet on a jag. Up hill an' down dale we cud thrack him by the trail av fire an' sparks he left behind him as he wint,

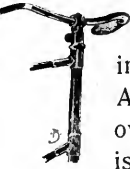
an' we cud hear the coyotes an' the jack rabbits scamperin' in ivery direction. O, yez may laugh if yez like, that is the reward a raycontour like mesilf is to ixpect for his throuble from an ongrateful gineration.

"I think I will take a thrip over to Kit-sap an' take a luk at that tin lode mesilf; I will be in again afther I come back, an' let you know the thruth about the matter. Good avenin', gintlemen, good avenin'."

*Batterman Lindsay.*

## THE LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN IN POLITICS.

BY THE CHIEF CONSUL, NORTHERN CALIFORNIA DIVISION.



THE largest athletic organization in this country is the League of American Wheelmen. It has now over sixty thousand members and is increasing at the rate of five thousand a month. Organizations of this sort increase in membership and power in a geometric rather than in an arithmetical ratio, and with the determined efforts now being made to bring into the League every eligible cyclist of the country, it does not seem at all out of the range of possibilities that the prophecy of the National League President will be realized, that we shall have a million members in five years. A little arithmetic demonstrates that if every member should stay in and obtain but one other member each year, we should have in five years very nearly two million members.

There are wheelmen enough now in the country to control and determine all legislation affecting them directly or indirectly, but only a very small per cent of the number is organized and there is no means of effectively directing the energies of the whole body. As organiza-

tion is perfected, the power of the wheelmen makes itself felt. In every town of any importance in this State the League has its local Consul. He acts as a sort of agent to report to the State Committees of the Division the character and qualities of the roads and highways of his vicinity, and also the character and qualities of those aspirants for political offices which have to do with determining the character and quality of those highways. The whole force of the League is then directed to securing the nomination and election of those candidates who will serve the interests of the wheelmen in this regard. Fortunately, it is now universally conceded that the interests of the wheelmen are equally the interests of the farmer and all road-users, and today the old-time prejudice that existed on the part of the owners of other vehicles against the wheelmen is fast dying out, and a Good Roads ticket in a county contest for supervisors secures not only the support of the users of the bicycle but also of all the intelligent and progressive farmers and merchants of the district.



Courtesy of the Olympic.

R. M. WELCH,  
MEMBER NATIONAL RACING BOARD, NORTHERN  
CALIFORNIA DIVISION, L. A. W.

The most important function of the League is its work for the betterment of highways. In a recent article in the San Francisco *Wave*, General Roy Stone, in charge of the Office of Road Inquiry at Washington, stated that the annual expenditure for road repairs in money and labor throughout the United States approximates \$45,000,000. Twenty millions of this sum properly expended annually would keep the roads in better repair and leave twenty-five millions for permanent construction, which amount would cover the average cost of twenty thousand miles of macadam road.

In the City and County of San Francisco for the last four years the average expenditure for street work by the municipal government and the property owners has been something like two millions of dollars annually.

It is obvious that the intelligent outlay of such sums of money as these is an ob-

ject important enough to furnish ground for bringing together in an organization for the purpose, men of every political complexion; for whatever may be their differences on other matters of political policy, all are a unit on the economical and intelligent improvement of streets and highways.

This year, for the first time, the North California Division of the League feels itself strong enough to accomplish something more than agitation in the direction of road improvement. For a number of months past, Mr. C. Michener, the Secretary of the Highway Improvement Committee for this Division of the League, has been in correspondence with the United States and State officials in charge of road work, and with the various movers for road improvement throughout the country. One result of his work has been the preparation of a number of bills to be introduced at our next Legislature, providing such amendments to the County Government Act as will enable Boards of Supervisors in the various counties of the State to expend the road



Courtesy of the Olympic.

J. J. B. ARGENTI,  
CHAIRMAN LEAGUE TOURING BOARD.



Courtesy of the Olympic.  
 C. MICHENER,  
 SECRETARY HIGHWAY IMPROVEMENT COMMITTEE, NORTH  
 CALIFORNIA DIVISION, L. A. W.



Courtesy of the Olympic.  
 FRANK H. KERRIGAN,  
 CHIEF, NORTH CALIFORNIA DIVISION, L. A. W.

fund to much better purpose than has hitherto been done. I believe the endorsement of the League of American Wheelmen will have much weight in securing the passage of legislation which, while its good effects may perhaps be first felt by the users of the wheel, is yet undeniably for the benefit of the State at large.

So much for the League's serious work. But it serves other purposes hardly less important from the point of view of wheelman strictly. It controls racing and provides a code of rules for the government of that branch of the sport, and in this direction its power is absolute over every wheelman who appears upon the path. By this means the sport is kept clean, and the riders are guaranteed just treatment at the hands of race promoters.

Every member of the League is also guaranteed legal protection whenever his rights as a wheelman are infringed

upon, and during the past year in this city alone the League has successfully disposed of more than thirty cases in the courts without expense to the members.

A great advantage of the organization is the opportunity it affords for co-operation in securing and distributing information for touring purposes. It publishes a Road-Book, containing maps of all the rideable roads of the State, showing their condition as to grade and quality, and this it distributes free to its members. It also publishes a hand-book describing the many pleasant tours that may be made, and containing explicit directions which are the result of the combined experience of very many wheelmen. It has established a system of League hotels throughout the State, which offer reduced rates to all League members.

In short, in every way that co-operation and organization is beneficial, the League benefits each of its members.

*F. H. Kerrigan.*

## IN SUMMER WOODS.

FROM crowded street and ceaseless din,  
To summer's leafy woods we turn,  
And hear the brown thrush trill within  
The twilight deeps of tousled fern.

Between dark shores of spruce and fir  
The crystal river leaps along,—  
A clear-voiced poet,—wanderer  
From out the mystic realm of song.

The air hangs thick with rich perfumes,  
Warm, woodland odors, scents of musk;  
Tall lilies drowse in bramble glooms  
And glimmer through a gleam of dusk.

Where one frail branch slow sways and swings  
From shade to sunshine, can be seen  
A scolding jay's bright, burnished wings,  
Two sapphire flames amid the green.

We catch a glimpse from where we lie  
Of nesting bird above, and higher,  
Of lilting yellow butterfly  
That flickers like a dying fire.

O happy hours, how swift your flight!  
O love, how dear those words of thine!  
Two fond eyes beam with misty light,  
Two rose-red lips are pressed to mine.

*Herbert Bashford.*





TOP OF CRYSTAL SPRINGS DAM.

## THE WATER SUPPLY OF A GREAT CITY.

### LAKE PILARCITOS AND CRYSTAL SPRINGS VALLEY

**W**E HAD been driving for hours over perfect roads among Alpine lakes. Our team, which seemed to know no difference between grades, dashed up a chaparral-clothed ridge, and the bay of San Francisco was almost at our feet. A felucca was winging along close inshore where the water was amethystine, and far out in the deep green flood the discolored cloths of a cargo schooner were flapping. A second diminutive range of hills, chaparral covered, stretched between us and the shore of the sea, and in this perfect amphitheater a chain of mountain lakes lay wimping in the sun.

It was a wilderness that reached out in all directions to the hill crests,—a

smiling California wilderness, fertile enough to raise in almost barbaric profusion all the fruits of this sun land. The warm dust of the road was bordered with a riot of pink godetia cups and sky-blue ceanothus. The tinted air was alive with honey bees and painted butterflies. Only the road marked the invasion of man. Such a scene, such surroundings, seemed out of place within sight of a great city. It was a bit of the High Sierra but a few hundred feet above the sea, and a dozen miles from the suburban palaces and cottages of Burlingame, Belmont, and Menlo.

"There is the dam," remarked my companion, and the spell was broken. My Alpine lakes were the water supply of my city. The thirty thousand acres of



SAN ANDREAS DAM, LOOKING SOUTH.

oaks, manzanita, and cottonwood, were its water-shed, left in its virgin purity and wildness for the protection of a half million consumers.

One gets in the habit of taking a great many things for granted in this century. The water we drink, the gas we use, and the railroads we ride on, — they are too much like the air, the sunlight, and rains, — we only notice them when we miss them. The sources of, or reason for, are questions that have been settled centuries ago, as far as we are interested.

It is only when someone makes the charge that our drinking water needs boiling or that the assessment of the Company that furnished it is too small or too large that we are set to wondering about it at all. Even then, we do not stop to consider the great and varied interests involved in what is known as the water supply of a great city.

It was impossible to keep these thoughts out of my mind as we drove mile after mile through a scenery that should have commanded all my attention.

I have grumbled, I confess, at my monthly water-tax of three or four dollars. It never occurred to me that it might have been twice as much if this vast body of clear, pure water, did not empty into the hill-top reservoirs in the heart of San Francisco and reduce the fire risk enough to account for the difference.

If the water that comes bursting from the end of my garden hose did not rise above my first story window, I should feel it my duty to double the insurance on our modest castle. The reason why I carry one half the insurance in San Francisco that I did in New York is all plain to me now. The acres of water that stretch out before me are at the command of the smallest child, in that it goes rushing and tearing through the great conduits away to the hill tops in the city where it gives a power and velocity that doubles the efficiency of the fire engine. Since the building of the first reservoir on Russian Hill, three hundred feet above tide, supplied from Lobos Creek and the pumping plant at Black Point, no great conflagration



has visited San Francisco. The appalling disasters of Chicago and London are virtually an impossibility in a city whose statistics show that one half of the accidental fires are extinguished with the garden hose. If we had the same dead level water supply that New York has, with our streets of wooden houses, the expenditures of treasure in fire departments, insurance rates, and mighty conflagrations, would make one fully appreciate the privilege we enjoy.

Far down on the opposite side of the ridge toward Spanishtown a little whirlwind lifted a cloud of yellow dust into the yellow sunshine. A six-horse team came into sight for a brief moment and was lost in an encompassing park of scrawny oak. A jack rabbit sprang from beneath our wheels and disappeared among the red manzanita.

"Yes," remarked my companion, as though echoing my thoughts, "how few consider the real dollars and cents value of an efficient water supply to the insurable

property of a great city. It is many, many times greater than the revenue derived therefrom. It is an interesting problem. The gross receipts of the the Spring Valley Water Works last year were in round numbers one million seven hundred thousand dollars. The value of insurable property in San Francisco is at least five hundred million dollars of which two hundred million dollars is insured. Now, it is not unreasonable to suppose that an efficient water supply in San Francisco, as in other cities, reduces the insurance risk at least three per cent per annum. Three per cent of five hundred millions is fifteen millions. Fifteen millions minus one million seven hundred thousand, leaves thirteen million three hundred thousand dollars to the credit of the people. Is it not simple?"

I recollect reading in the Boston newspapers a good many years ago a controversy that excited a great deal of attention at the time. The owner of a palatial home on a choice corner, occupied by



VIEW OF CRYSTAL SPRINGS DAM.

himself, wife, and two servants, complained that his water tax was six times more than that of his neighbor, with twenty in the family, who were using six times as much water as he. On the first presentation of the case, injustice seemed apparent, but someone, who evidently understood the matter, pointed out that the premises, which were paying twenty-four dollars a year for water, were valued at ten thousand dollars, only five thousand of which was insurable, whereas the complainer paid only one hundred and fifty dollars a year on premises valued, with its paintings and bric-a-brac, at two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, two hundred thousand of which was insurable.

It was claimed that in a city like Boston, with its efficient water supply, the rates of insurance were reduced to a minimum, say an average of one per cent, and that without an efficient water supply the average rate would be at least six per cent. There is, therefore, accruing to the benefit of the insurable property in Boston five per cent per annum, *and that too whether it is insured or not.* It seems that the insurable property in Boston at that time was \$350,000,000, five per cent of which is \$17,500,000, and which sum, it was contended, did accrue to the benefit of the owners of the insurable property annually, *whether they were insured or not,* a sum more than sixteen times greater than the entire income from sales of water, and why should not the man pay his one hundred and fifty dollars per annum, when he derives a benefit of five per cent per annum on the value of his house and its contents, viz.: \$200,000, which is \$10,000 per annum?

As it is, all that we tax-payers and sometime grumblers require, is that these thousands of acres about the lake-dams shall never be turned over to the plow and the pruning hook, — that they shall

be kept as they are now, free from all possible pollution. I tried to close my eyes to everything but the beauty of the scenery as we wound up the gentle hills and through smiling vistas of forest and lake, but my companion was as enthusiastic over the material and artificial points of our drive, as I was at its artistic possibilities. We paused a moment within the shade of a clump of great Douglas spruce.

“What a picture,” I commented, “a perspective of tumbled hills, a cañon full of changing greens, a vast shoulder of white rock, a little patch of wild oats, a blue, blue sky, flecked with point lace clouds, a bit of green and purple water, white-capped here and there, the bay running off into a halo of rosy lights —,”

“And the largest stone dam in the world,” he finished.

It was no use, I did not interrupt again.

“Why, do you know that it is a hundred and forty-five feet high, a hundred and seventy-six feet thick at the base, and it required two hundred and forty-five thousand barrels of Portland cement, four hundred and ninety thousand barrels of sand, and one million two hundred and thirty thousand barrels of broken rock to build, that behind it is stored nineteen thousand million gallons of water as pure as the lakes of the High Sierra?”

I do not know whether other cities can boast of such a water supply, but the more I travel over the State, and I have traveled over almost the entire world, the more I begin to believe that California, as Emerson says of the Yosemite, comes nearer “up to the brag” than any other part of this vast earth. So without fear, I am willing to believe that I have seen a water system that I can use as a model.

Prior to 1859, San Francisco, a city of nearly eighty thousand inhabitants, iso-

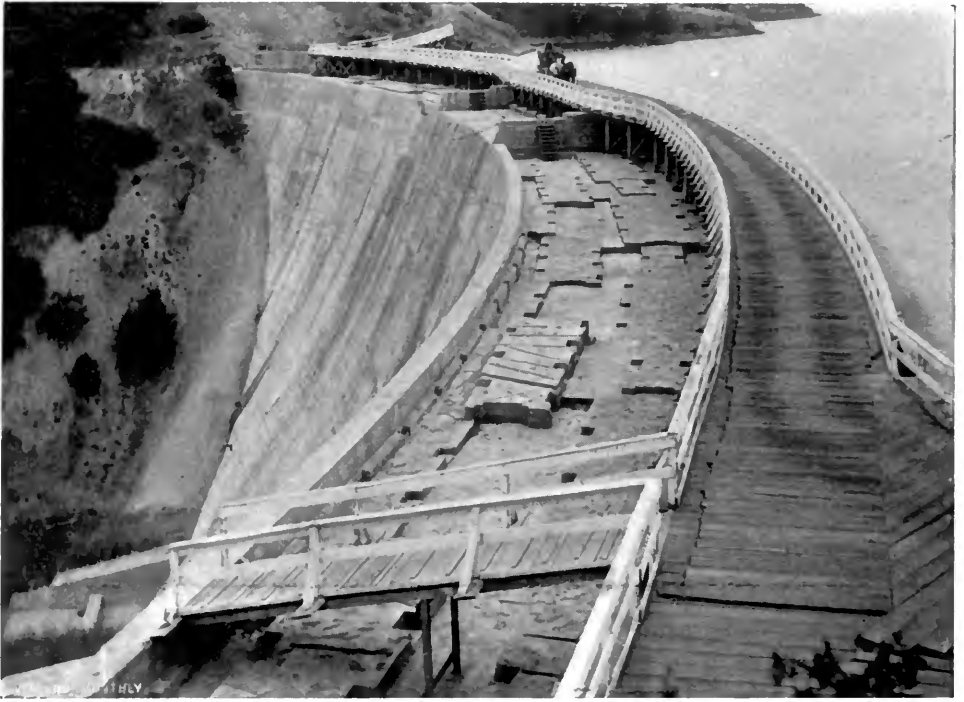
lated on the end of a sandy peninsula, had no fresh water supply. The first water company that brought in some two million gallons a day from Lobos Creek must have had an abiding faith in the future of the city, — which, for aught they knew, might vanish with its gold, — to go twenty miles away to the San Mateo mountains, buy thousands of acres of ranch and forest land, and turn a valley into a lake. Here, at the junction of the Pilarcitos and Spring Valley creeks, they made Pilarcitos Lake, laid a conduit for thirty-two miles, consisting of three tunnels, twenty-five hundred feet in total length, a redwood flume, and a thirty-inch wrought iron pipe which extends to Lake Honda reservoir, which is three hundred and sixty-five feet above the city's base, and has a capacity of thirty-three million gallons. This they did when labor was worth many times what it is today and when the same fortunes invested in mining stocks would have doubled themselves every few years. What success

has come to these pioneers since, they richly deserve. But the growth of the city confirmed their faith, and the company which oddly enough took its name from a small spring near the residence of Mr. J. B. Haggin in the heart of the city, kept steadily increasing its usefulness by acquiring the ranches and farms in the watershed of its then contemplated lakes so as to control the same and prevent any taint to its water supply. Mile after mile of lands that were golden with bounteous crops of wheat and barley or covered with countless herds of cattle and sheep, they turned back to nature. By 1864, the population of the city had so increased (to 100,000) that it became evident that more water would be required in the near future, and between the years 1865 and 1866 the Pilarcitos reservoir, with a capacity of one thousand million gallons, was completed.

During the next few years the consumption of water in San Francisco rose from eight hundred and sixty-four million



SAN ANDREAS RESERVOIR, LOOKING NORTH.



TOP OF CRYSTAL SPRINGS DAM, SHOWING CONCRETE BLOCKS.

gallons in 1865, to one thousand three hundred and forty-eight million gallons in 1867. It was evident that if the population continued to increase at this ratio, the combined resources of that time would become insufficient to supply the demand. Accordingly there was built in 1868 the San Andreas dam, ninety-five feet high, across the San Andreas valley, about two miles westerly from Milbrae station, and about fifteen southerly in an air line from the foot of Market street, with a capacity of six thousand two hundred million gallons. The consumption of water that year in San Francisco was one thousand five hundred and seventy-eight million gallons. In 1869, it had increased to two thousand and three millions, and in 1876, when the city's population was about 200,000, the consumption for the year was four thousand six hundred and forty million gallons. In the last named year, Upper Crystal Springs reservoir was added, with a

capacity of about four thousand million gallons.

The rainy season of 1876-77 gave such a scant supply of rain, that it was decided to erect pumping works at Lake Merced, whose original capacity of about eighteen hundred million gallons, was increased to two thousand seven hundred million gallons.

As far back as the early seventies, soon after Mr. Charles Webb Howard became President, the Company, with a wisdom and foresight that is so often singularly lacking in municipalities, decided that the rapid increase of the city's population, combined with a possible dry year, might put all their energies and resources to the test. They felt that the guardianship of the city's water was a sacred trust and that they would rightfully be held responsible for a water famine. So to guard against any possibility they commenced in 1875-76 to pur-

chase land and water rights in Crystal Springs Valley near San Mateo, and on Calaveras and Alameda creeks, including the Vallejo Mills property at Niles and the Washington and Murray township irrigation canal, which formed the key to the Calaveras system.

From 1878 to 1887, the population of San Francisco grew from 215,000 to 280,000. The annual consumption of water increased from four thousand one hundred and fifty-one million gallons yearly in 1878 to six thousand nine hundred and seventy-eight millions in 1887. Though the consumption had increased over sixty per cent during these nine years, the water in store April 1st, 1887, was only eight thousand two hundred and fifty-nine million gallons, or one thousand three hundred and fifty-nine million gallons less than on April 1st, 1878.

The hour came for which they had been preparing for over a decade,—more water was wanted and at once. It was not necessary to await the vexatious and expensive movements of a municipal or State legislature. The consumers never even knew that a famine was threatened, for before the water began to run low in the older reservoirs, orders went out to connect the Alameda creek with the works.

So the old Vallejo Mill stone aqueduct was at once remodeled, two thirds of a mile of flume added, and a stone dam built at its head across Alameda creek, about a mile and a half above Niles station. From the western terminus of the flume a thirty-six inch pipe was laid, via Centerville and Newark, and over a pile bridge nineteen thousand feet in length across the Alameda marsh to Dumbarton point, where the bay of San Francisco is only a mile and a quarter wide. From this point, two submarine ball-joint, wrought-iron, galvanized pipes, sixteen inches in diameter, and of a length of eighteen feet each, were laid across the

narrow neck of the bay to Ravenswood on the westerly shore. There the two pipes join again and pour into a thirty-six inch main which extends through and past Redwood City and Menlo Park to Belmont, where a pumping station was erected. On the Alameda marsh a river or navigable slough three hundred feet wide had also to be crossed by two submarine pipes. From Belmont the thirty-six inch pipe was continued in a northerly direction to a point two miles north of San Mateo, where it joined the forty-four inch pipe which extends from Crystal Springs lake to San Francisco. At Belmont, which is at fourteen feet elevation, a powerful compound condensing pumping plant, erected in duplicate, lifts the water into a steel stand-pipe two hundred feet, thus forcing it six miles to the junction with the Crystal Springs pipe, thence on through it to the reservoir at University Mound, which has an elevation of one hundred and sixty-three feet above city base, and has a storage capacity of thirty-five million gallons. The Alameda line can furnish eight million gallons daily, but as the creek sometimes in the late summer reduces its volume, the average daily quantity drawn from this source is about six million gallons.

In addition to these extensive improvements, the Company concluded the same year to begin the construction of a dam below the junction of the Cañada Raymond, and San Mateo, and San Andreas creeks. The foundation of the famous Crystal Springs dam was started in the summer of 1887. Its construction presented some peculiar difficulties. As there were no quarries of good sized building stone to be found in the neighborhood, the hard rock of the quarries breaking up into small fragments, Mr. Herman Schussler, Chief Engineer of the Spring Valley Water Works, advised the construction of a concrete dam.

Concrete dams of much smaller dimen-

sions had been built in other parts of the world, but owing to the then universal construction of the concrete in the shape of a monolith, much trouble had been experienced, owing to their shrinking and cracking. In order to avoid this danger, Mr. Schussler devised a plan of using irregularly shaped blocks of concrete forty feet in length, seven feet in height, and seven feet in width, which were first placed over the surface of the dam, each having niches and projections on the tops and sides. The first set of blocks may be likened to the black squares in a chess-board. After the dam had been covered by these and they had set and hardened, the spaces between them were filled in by the second series of blocks. The niches and projections in the blocks of the first tier fitted closely into the secondary blocks, breaking joints with them so perfectly, that not only were they tied together but water-tight broken joints were made between the two series of blocks. The primary tier of the next stratum of blocks was then commenced, these primary blocks being so placed that their centers came approximately over the junction of four of the former blocks. Two blocks were built each day. The foundation of this enormous structure was entirely hewn into the bed rock, no powder being used in the excavation, thus avoiding the opening of fissures. The plan of the dam is one hundred and seventy-six feet at the base, twenty-five feet thick at the top, and one hundred and seventy feet in height, with seven hundred feet slope on the water side, one foot horizontal to four feet vertical. It is curved with a radius of six hundred and thirty-seven feet, the convex side being up-stream. Its storage capacity will be twenty-nine thousand million gallons.

As I stood on the vast cement walls of this, the greatest and most perfect res-

ervoir dam in the world, and listened to its history,—of how each crevice and imperfection had been cleaned with brushes of steel and sponged dry,—of how each block had been carefully made and protected night and day until it had hardened,—of how everything that genius and money could do had been done to insure the dam against any possible strain that can be brought upon it, I could not but compare it with the work that we would have had a right to expect, judging from our city sewers and streets, had it been done under municipal direction by contractors representing the political party in power. It was an object-lesson worthy of more study than I could give it.

In order to increase and supplement the Pilarcitos water supply, the Spring Valley Water Works in 1891, erected at Lake Merced a new pumping plant of similar construction to that at Belmont. The machinery being built in duplicate, each plant has a daily capacity of three and one half million gallons lifted to an elevation of four hundred and thirty feet, or a joint capacity of seven million gallons daily.

The dam on San Francisquito creek, which submerges a portion of the town that was known as Searsville, was constructed in 1891, forming the so-called Portola reservoir, which furnishes at present the water for The Leland Stanford Junior University. The dam was built so as to easily allow its increase in width and height. When completed it is intended to connect it by nine miles of thirty-six inch pipe with the thirty-six inch pipe at Belmont, thus sending the water from the proposed reservoir into San Francisco by gravitation. The Portola dam, when finished, will be three hundred and seventy-five feet above city base. The total length of the conduit pipes, including the two thirty inch pipes from Pilarcitos and San Andreas, is eighty miles,

with a total delivery capacity of forty-three million gallons daily, while the total length of the distributing pipe system on San Francisco is three hundred and forty three miles. There are eight distributing reservoirs in San Francisco at elevations varying from one hundred and thirty-nine to six hundred feet above city base. The Company in its present condition, including its pumping facilities, can supply in the neighborhood of thirty million gallons daily; but when the San Francisquito creek, the San Gregorio and Pescadero streams, and the large Calaveras water system are added, the daily average supply capacity will be close on to one hundred million gallons, or a sufficient supply for fully a million inhabitants.

It is interesting to note what it has cost the Company to furnish San Francisco with its splendid water system.

Up to January 1st, 1882, the cost of the works as shown by the municipal report was \$19,268,044.50, and since that time to January 1st, 1896, there has been expended in making new improvements and carrying on the work of construction \$10,674,691.24, making a total of \$29,942,735.74. During the year 1895, there was expended for new construction and permanent improvements \$485,910.28, and it is expected

that as much more will be expended for the same purpose during the present year.

It is also worth while to relate the extent to which the water rates have been reduced from time to time during the last eighteen years.

The smallest general rate, 1879 was \$2.00 per Mo.  
 The smallest general rate, 1880 was 1.60 per Mo.  
 The smallest general rate, 1882 was 1.35 per Mo.  
 The smallest general rate, 1883 was .95 per Mo.  
 The smallest general rate, 1885 was .88 per Mo.  
 The smallest general rate, 1887 was .85 per Mo.  
 The smallest general rate, 1889 was .65 per Mo.  
 The smallest general rate, 1892 was .50 per Mo.  
 The smallest general rate, 1895 was .25 per Mo.

HIGHEST LOWEST

Meter rates per 100 cubic ft., 1879,	\$ .75	\$ .37½
Meter rates per 100 cubic ft., 1880,	.67½	.30
Meter rates per 100 cubic ft., 1882,	.56½	.24½
Meter rates per 100 cubic ft., 1883,	.39½	.17½
Meter rates per 100 cubic ft., 1884,	.37½	.18½
Meter rates per 100 cubic ft., 1885,	.34½	.17½
Meter rates per 100 cubic ft., 1887,	.34	.17
Meter rates per 100 cubic ft., 1889,	.30	.16
Meter rates per 100 cubic ft., 1895,	.29	.13

In 1879, the number of rate payers was 20,444; in 1895, 39,355. The amount collected by the Company for sales of water in 1879 was \$1,258,280.07; in 1895, \$1,694,304.90. By reason of the reduction in water rates the rate payers are saving at the present time \$8,500 per month over the previous year.

*Rounsevelle Wildman.*

WHAT SHALL I CARE?

WHAT shall I care for the fame of a name,  
 Or the praise of a world which I have not known,  
 When my songs are said, and my heart is dead,  
 And my head laid under a stone?

*Madge Morris.*

## OCEAN COMMERCE DRIVEN FROM CALIFORNIA BY LAW.

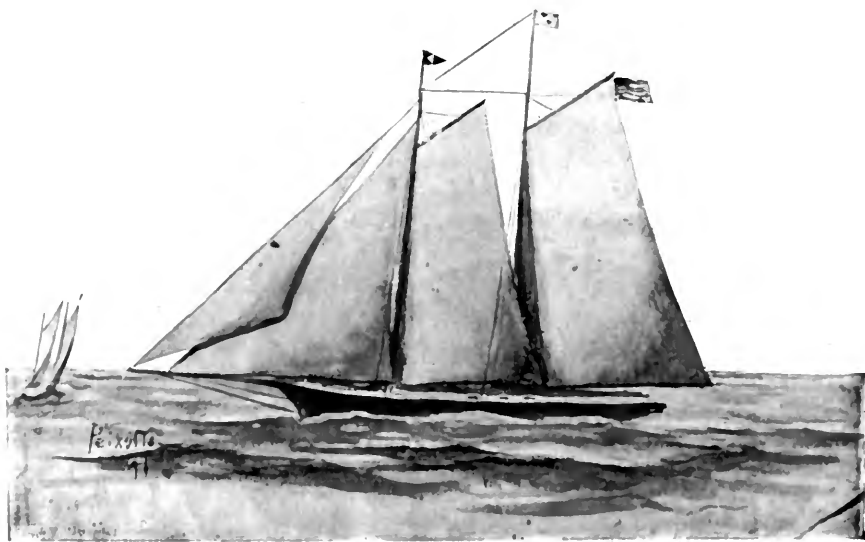
“THE GOOSE THAT LAID THE GOLDEN EGG.”

COMMERCE, as we shall discuss it and as generally understood by common folk, is the traffic carried on by way of water navigation, and more particularly that which makes use of the billowy surface of the broad international ocean highway. Inland and overland commerce have monopolized so large a share of our time, attention, and investments, during the past thirty years, that the other, and as affecting the permanent general prosperity of our people, far more important, the ocean navigation, has been allowed to slip away from our grasp and pass into the control of our wide-awake sister nations and their shrewder financiers.

As an example, in 1874 the United States owned fifteen per cent of the entire merchant marine of the world; and Great Britain, forty-seven per cent. Twenty-one years later, or in 1895, Great Britain held fifty-six per cent and

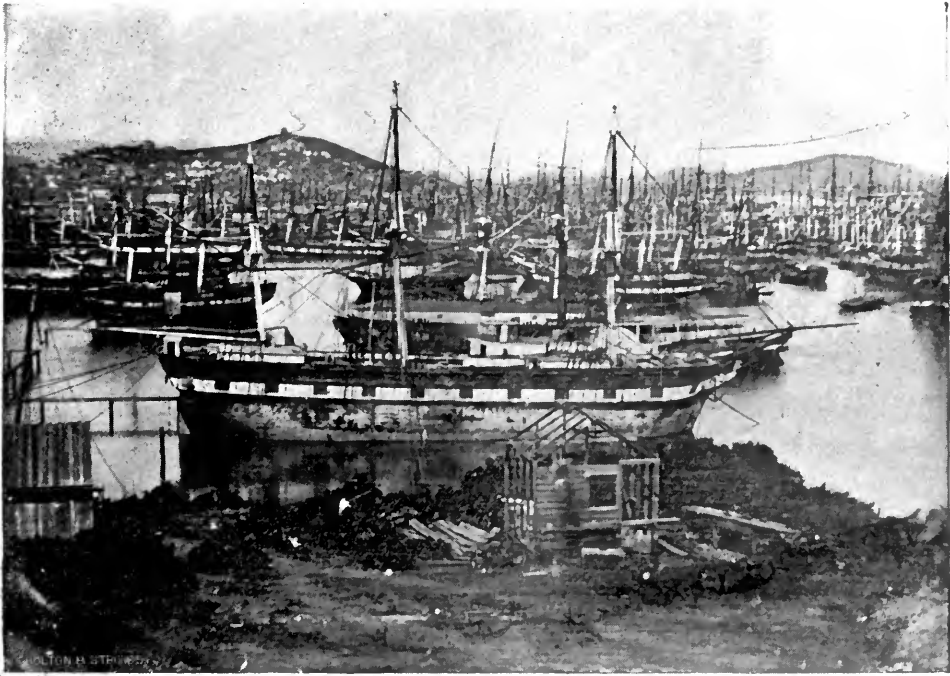
the United States seven per cent. One might naturally ask, “If this humiliating progression continues, how long will it be in this war of peace until America will be wiped from the ocean and no ship will fly the Stars and Stripes in the ocean carrying trade?”

The long-headed Britishers appreciate commerce, they recognize the vast and permanent benefits to be derived by their peoples from the active use of the great highway which is a natural producer of wealth and power. Over this highway they conduct their intercourse with the other nations of earth, in their own vessels. They sell goods to those other nations, and bring back gold. Sometimes they must buy from these nations also, but they buy just as little as possible and always at the producer's home, paying the lowest possible price, usually in other merchandise. The goods that they buy, they carry back to their own country in



A PILOT BOAT OUTWARD BOUND.





SHIPPING IN SAN FRANCISCO —

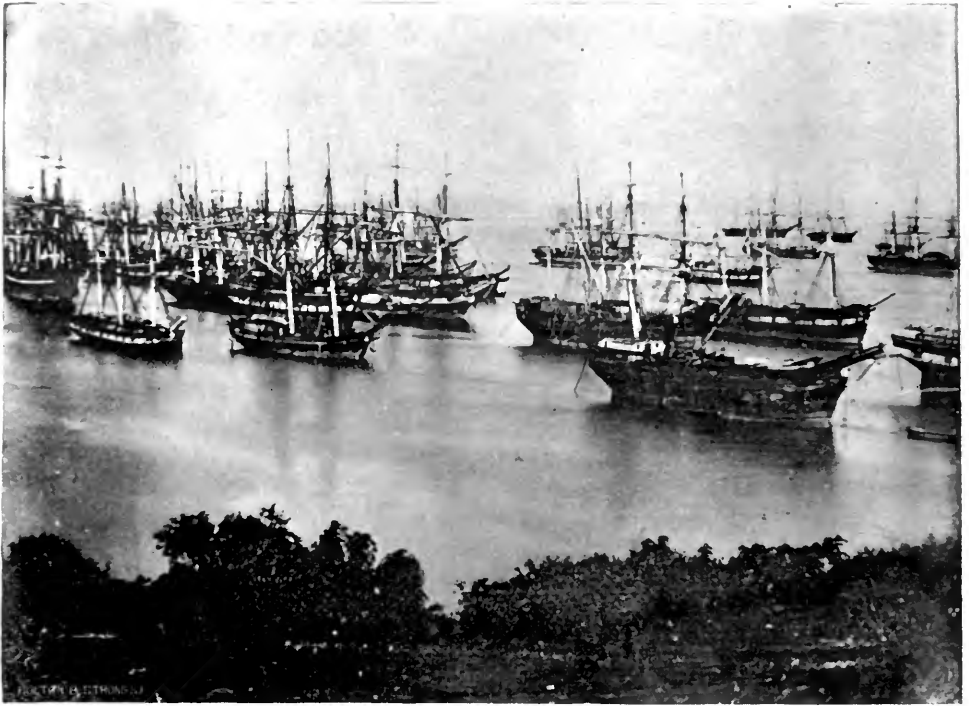
their own vessels, retaining the freight money for their own people, paying no tribute in the shape of freights to foreign carriers.

These freights amount to millions of golden eagles annually, and are a rich source of income, wealth, and independence, for the nation that gets them. Adding these freights to the balance of trade, for which the thrifty Britishers are ever striving, the balance of wealth and power is created. But the penny wise and pound foolish American in his anxiety for a temporary, transient, individual gain overlooks entirely the possibilities and importance of future permanent prosperity or gradual decay of the nation. He will be heard to say, "Ah, but we can get our freights a little cheaper if carried in foreign ships, owned by foreign peoples; what is the difference where the money goes or whom we pay, so we save money for ourselves?"

This individual forgets that by sending money out of the country that should

be kept within it, he is helping to impoverish the nation by draining it of the wealth to which it is justly entitled. This Lilliputian person is too numerous in America for any kind of use; his nose is so long and his vision so short that the latter seldom reaches beyond the former. Had he lived in Boston when the tea was cast overboard, he would have saved the tea and sacrificed the nation. Broad-minded patriotism pays financially. Another generation is just behind us for whom we must provide a heritage; we cannot if we are human be totally indifferent as to what may befall that posterity to which we bear the most endearing relations. But it seems that there have been some among us who, unfortunately for the others, were devoid of the faculty that would enable them to realize these facts. And these short-visioned persons are the barnacles that have stunted our growth and retarded California's progress in years past.

Their lack of patience, public spirit, and



HARBOR WHEN THERE WAS NO CHARGE FOR PILOTAGE.

due deliberation, and their great haste to get wealth, power, or station, for themselves at once, quickly, now, were prominent characteristics that may have created a few millionaires, but the effects of which are today reacting on a whole commonwealth, which is a decade behind in material development.

To illustrate, we might truthfully say, with only a grain of exaggeration: Our merchants (the obsolete ones, of course, not the present strugglers) have wanted to make the entire month's store rent from each petty sale; our landlords have wanted each month's rent collected from the merchant to pay a year's interest on the cost of the property; our newspapers have hesitated to mention the name of a merchant unless in connection with a scandal or a failure, lest they might perchance give him some free advertising; our laws have authorized interest to be exacted by our money lenders at rates

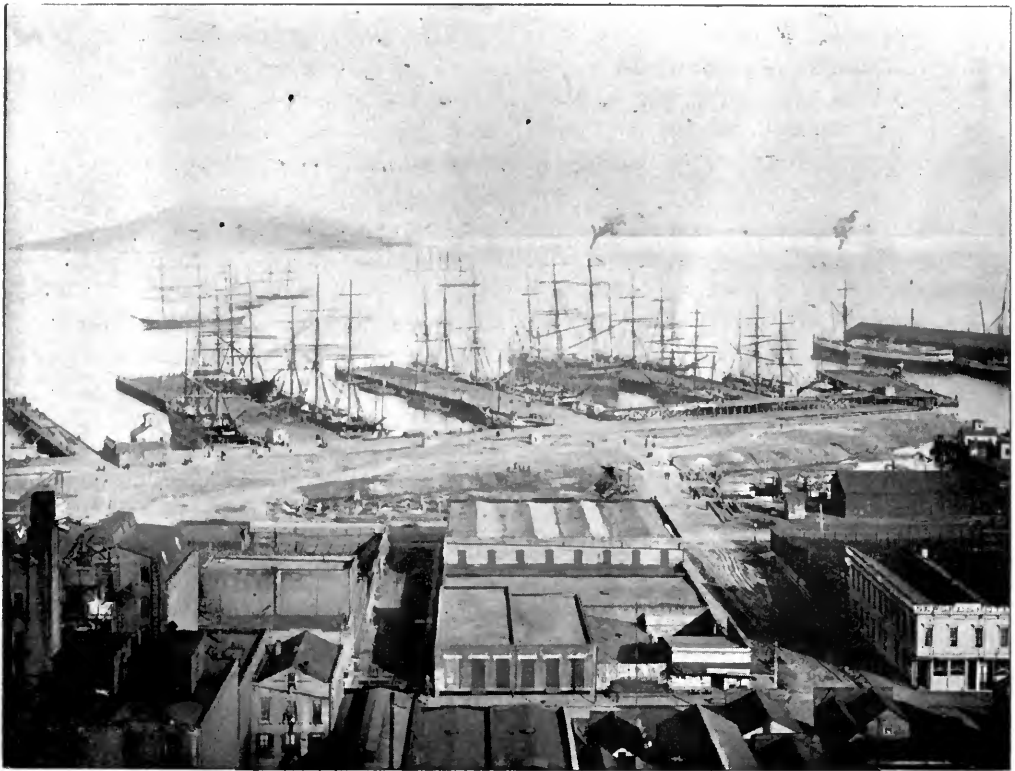
ranging from twelve to twenty-four per centum and more if they could get it on contract; our laws instead of offering inducements to encourage navigation and intercourse with the outside world have levied the most burdensome taxes on shipping interests of any State of the Union, in the shape of compulsory pilotage (that is, pay for the privilege of using a free public highway whether you need or employ a pilot or not), heavy charges for wharfage, tolls, dockage, State, and city and county taxes; and by every conceivable device have so conspired by narrow legislation, tending to destroy rather than to build up, practically to drive the shipowning interests out of the State, discouraging our most powerful and helpful resource with no other earthly excuse than to give a horde of political appointees rich picking. As one result the ships that come to our port are largely owned either in foreign countries or other

States where they are exempt from taxes.

How different all this from the broad-gauge, public-spirited methods of the citizens of the great Western-interior metropolis, Chicago, "the only city on earth." The words in quotation marks, so characteristic of those enterprising people, contain a world of meaning which easily exemplifies the method of their madness. It would require even greater natural advantages than California possesses to resist such persistent and destructive internal attacks upon her industries as she has struggled with and is staggering under, especially as the competition with the outer world, particularly with India and South America, for the sale of productions is extremely keen.

And now, as the "goose that laid the golden eggs" has been strangled almost to death, if Californians are sufficiently depressed in their affairs, if this attempted suicide has brought them near enough to the verge of financial cremation, and they really desire a change, a new start may be made upon a substantial basis if they will only begin aright. The present awakening and co-operative activity among our business people indicates that the narrow methods of the past are being cast aside, and a "middle of the road" system inaugurated that promises well for the future.

Let their first move be to build up a merchant marine owned by Californians that shall carry away their productions at the very lowest possible cost and in returning not only bring back the price



THE EMPTY WHARVES OF SAN FRANCISCO SINCE THE ENACTMENT OF COMPULSORY PILOTAGE.

realized in gold, but also bring the freight moneys earned, so that they too may be kept at home for circulation among our people, and to that extent increase the wealth of our State.

It is only necessary in order to accomplish this, to offer encouragement to their own citizens, who will gladly invest their capital in shipping, if it is not too heavily taxed to enable them to supply cheap transportation facilities and earn interest on the investment at the same time. The State could well afford to remove all taxes now levied upon ships as property, to furnish wharfage and dockage free, and to support at the general expense a sufficient corps of good pilots to attend to all the needs of the harbor. Let every master that sails an American ship out of the Golden Gate be a competent and licensed pilot capable of tak-

ing his vessel in and out, and allow the pilots to charge pilotage only when a pilot is actually employed, the rate to be nominal. In other words, make San Francisco practically a free harbor, hang across the Golden Gate the word "*Welcome*," and pull down the sign "*Stand and Deliver*,"— which is now the legend, — and we shall have made a long stride towards independence and prosperity. The free highway, the ocean, will do the rest. Our own people will reap the reward through low freights, the consequent better returns for their products, and the general prosperity that must result. The good work has begun, the San Francisco Committee on Commerce has been organized and is composed of representatives from almost every legitimate business. It is educating and agitating; "'T is a good thing, push it along." *Charles E. Naylor, Secretary San Francisco*

*Committee on Commerce.*

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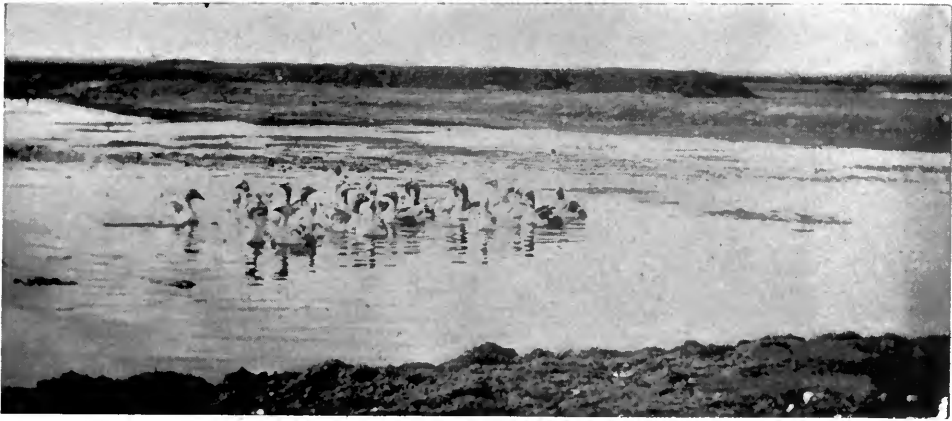
### A SUMMER SONG.

GOLDEN grasses,  
 Summer lasses,  
 Flowering pink and white and blue,  
 Bold sun shining,  
 White arms twining,—  
 O my love, be true, be true!

Moonlight flooding,  
 Flowers a-budding,  
 (Pity hearts that never knew,)  
 Young blood rushing,  
 Fond words gushing,—  
 Oh, my love, for you I sue!

Far we wander,  
 Deep we ponder,  
 Life and love forever new,—  
 O the rapture  
 Of my capture,—  
 O the world was made for two!

*Harriet Winthrop Waring.*



## AS SEEN OVER THE HANDLEBARS.

PIETA, LAKEPORT, AND THE BLUE LAKES.



IF YOU have a week to spend in outing, or even a day or two less, no more varied and beautiful cycling trip can be found than the Lake county region, provided one is enough of a tourist not to grumble at walking through interesting country, by pretty streams, and up long grades commanding inspiring views.

From the morning train from San Francisco the arch enemy of wheelmen handed our vehicles out of the baggage car at Cloverdale, a picturesque town in a vineyard and fruit country among the hills on the beautiful Russian river. There was ample time to inspect our wheels, and to dine at the shady hotel, where pink azaleas adorn the veranda.

The road to Pieta is dusty, over rolling country, but to the lover of river scenery, that is no great objection to the ride down the Russian River valley. The scattered redwoods, pickets of the main force on the coastwise mountains, add to the low and massive foliage of white oaks, buck-eyes, willows, and madroños,

a force of character lacking in the southern counties of the coast, where the live oak has to do all the honors of the scenery. I have found no scenery equal to that in Marin county and northward, in riding southward as far as San Diego, through the coast mountains; not the San Antonio, not the Santa Ynez, not even the beautiful Sierra Madre mountains, quite equal that region.

If one has to walk the sandy portions of the road, there is all the more opportunity to enjoy the river scenery, a joy the "scorcher" never knows. I have watched this modern phenomenon, as a scientific friend of mine would say, plow through dust and whiz by inspiring views; and discovered that his idea of the country at nightfall is a streak of road "1 A," "2 B," or "3 C," as he technically marks it, and a boast of so many miles an hour. Let such phenomena avoid the region.

For the lover of river scenery, especially the seeker after the artists' "bits," there is along this ever-changing panorama the zest of the chase, without the attendant blood and pain to any creature.

I had painted my face a beautiful pink



A "BULL" BY THE WAYSIDE.

Photo by A. O. Carpenter.

with grease paints number one, and I was sun proof. My companion and I used up the warm afternoon walking, riding, and resting by clear pools in the shade of the willows, till dusk overtook

us at the comfortable hostelry at Pieta. After a dinner, washed down with fabulous quantities of good milk, — the best tippie for a touring wheelman, — we were seized with a foolish spirit of adventure.

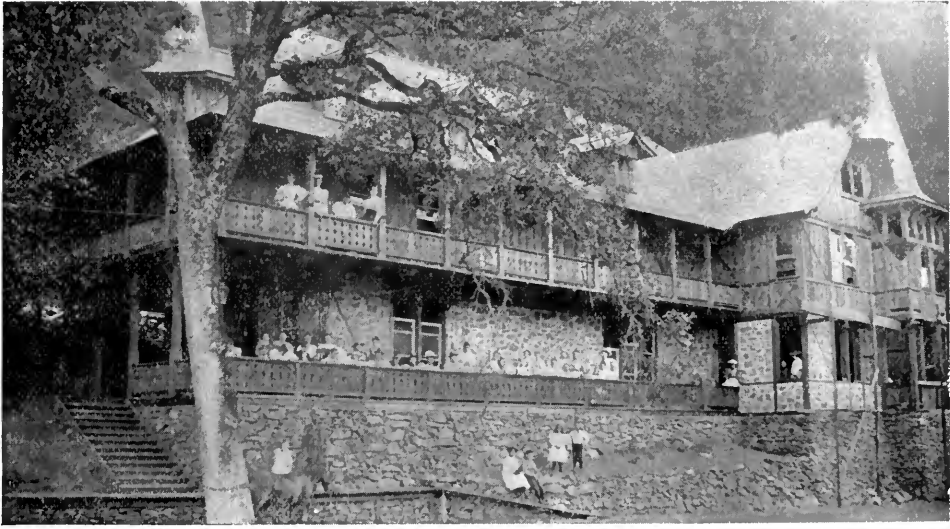


Photo by Carpentet

HOTEL AT LAUREL DELL LAKE.

We left the neat hotel to cross the river and bargain with a farmer to sleep in his attic. We wanted a novel experience, and we got it. Our host agreed to wake us at four and give us a breakfast before we started on the long climb at dawn. We were guided up some rickety stairs on the outside of the house to the garret, where our host told us to make ourselves at home. We could make out in the candle light four rough redwood bedsteads, where the blankets and comforters were piled on the straw mattresses, as they had been flung by their last tenants. There were no signs of sheet or pillow case. In an attempt to make our beds, we found that chickens had been roosting at the head and foot of two of them.

We were road weary, not inclined to cross the river in the pitch dark to the hotel, so we turned in, my jolly partner leading in the song, we learned at college together.

“ He went to bed, but it wa’n’t no use,  
His feet stuck out for a chicken roos’  
Singing polly, woolly, doodle all the day.”

I soon heard him snoring loud enough to scare off the bravest rooster.

At gray dawn a rap awoke us to the cold fact of the chilly air and no breakfast, for the bland host told us that his wife said there was n’t a thing to eat in the house. We could not bribe him to find anything.

There was the alternative of waiting for breakfast at the hotel, and a hot ride over the unknown grade into Clear Lake basin, or the cool ride of early morning we had planned. There might be a farm house up the road somewhere, so we chose the early start,— but alas! there was none. The road goes over a low hill first; then down into a little gully, wooded with live oak; thence it crosses a brook, turns eastward, and climbs an easy grade for six or seven miles. It is a fine piece of mountain road, well kept, and shaded below by great stately pines, from under which the cañons about open up as one climbs. Up, up, we trudged and rode, fainter and fainter, with no refreshments but a drink at a sulphur spring, until each turn promised to be the last, for we were in the chaparral, looking down on everything to the westward.





Photo by Carpenter.  
SARATOGA SPRINGS.

We were two pale cyclists, when we reached the top level, but still no house was in sight. A jackrabbit bounded into the road in front of me, as if to challenge me to a spurt. I must confess to a consuming desire to eat my pace maker, but we then got along pretty well until "Brer Rabbit" swerved off the grade to avoid a collision, and I espied a chimney with smoke rising.

"Hurrah! for breakfast," shouted my companion, and we took the hospitable house by storm. It was only seven thirty, and a mountain range to our credit.

In such a scrape as this, kolacyls or any kola lozenges would be most useful.

A good farm breakfast at a lady's private table, brought us back to the land of joy, and gave us eyes for the view.

Clear Lake, backed by dark mountains, rising abruptly from its far shore was spread out to the eastward, the view of the near shore and Lakeport cut off by the mounds of scrubby foliage in the foreground.

The ride down the winding grade is mostly walking, as the Irishman would say; it is dusty, gravelly, and steep. From places one has glimpses of the southern shore of the lake, and the region of Soda Bay. Coasting down the turns, we suddenly came upon Highland Springs, hidden among the oaks and buckeyes. From the cool shade of a summer house the white-frocked summer girls, looked a welcome to the dusty wayfarers and offered soda water from the bubbling spring within.

We were bound for Lakeport and the Blue Lakes that day, but we found such a welcome, such square meals, such shady nooks and lazy hammocks, that schedule time was forgotten. We found ourselves in delightful captivity to the fairest at the springs.



RESTING THE WHEEL.

Photo by Carpenter.





Photo by Carpenter.

LAUREL DELL LAKE.

Mischievous charmers induced us to taste of the various ill-smelling and worst tasting medicinal waters that flow here in wonderful proximity. It seems to be nature's drug store. There are the "Ems," nicknamed "the Dutch," the soda, the iron, the arsenic, the sulphur springs, and then we refused to be drugged more. Cyclists need no medicines.

It was after the last meal before we left the soda springs for Lakeport, about nine miles to the northeast, over level roads that are heavy with dust in places, through a rich flat, between the lake and the mountains. The road to Soda Bay branches to the southeast near the springs.

Lakeport is a flourishing town of about one thousand inhabitants, about twenty-three miles from Pieta, one of its railroad distributing points. From there and from Hopland, the grain, hops, fruit, and wool of the valley, teamed over the mountains, are shipped.

Several churches and substantial bank

buildings, and tasteful residences give the town a more solid aspect than one would expect, from its position, secluded from railroad communication.

The little port is unique, quite like a toy harbor, dotted with miniature craft about the landing in the tules. From the wharf the mountains several miles away look very close across the muddy waters. One asks, if it is in irony that Clear Lake got its name.

It was growing late, and we were bound for the Blue Lakes that night, so we glided out of town by the light of the full moon. Northward, through a rich and level country, watered by artesian wells, the road winds through hop fields, orchards, and vineyards. As we approached the mountains that close in at the head of the lake, the road becomes less uniform, skirting the base of the hills to the west, by rustic fences inclosing rich pastures to the right, and buckeye, madroño, live oak, or a venerable white oak, which stretches its strong, graceful limbs over the road in graceful benediction.

As twilight deepened into darkness, the shadows grew black as Erebus, and riding became somewhat hazardous. When the moon rose over the mountains, shining through the trees and silvering our open road, with no sound save the whirr of the cycle chain, it seemed an enchanted region. The balmy air, the silver light, softening the outline of the massive oaks, and sifting through the overhanging branches, the occasional trickling of a spring in the silent night, made the region seem the embodiment of poetry, a fit prelude to idyllic scenes, that await the traveler, who beholds the Blue Lakes by moonlight.

The traveler knows when Laurel Dell is reached, by the narrowing of the valley between the mountains, from the sides of Clear Lake to a small pass at its



Photo by Carpenter.

RUSSIAN RIVER, NEAR PIETA.

head among the hills. At the entrance is an artistic Swiss chalet, by the roadside, just beyond an apple orchard, whence the road continues up the side of the dell overlooking the lakes, past picturesque summer resorts out of the valley at its northern end, turning westward to Ukiah.

When the spirit moves, explore these lakes, push off in a skiff for a row, or drift among the overhanging branches, or the emerald grasses, but be careful lest you flush a brace of lovers in this ideal courting ground.

The Blue Lakes are two in number, called the Upper and Lower Lake, though the Upper Lake is divided by a neck of timbered land which apparently cuts it in two. Above the Upper Lake is a brilliant green meadow, circular in shape and smaller than either of the others. This is evidently the remains of a third lake in the chain filled in by the action of rain erosion which is now busy filling up the north end of Upper Lake.

From near this meadow the road turns westward for a few hundred yards up grade to the summit, and then plunges into a long descent to Ukiah in the Russian River valley.

Down that grade and from Ukiah to Cloverdale is a pleasant trip if one is limited in time. Accordingly my companion waved his hat back at me and disappeared down the long grade.

The view on these little lakes from the summit of the more somber hillside greens and browns is exquisite, sapphires set in emeralds, so intense are the colors under a clear sky.

I returned to explore the pretty grounds of the attractive resort that lies at the head of Upper Lake and on again to Wambold's, where I had a refreshing swim. When I could leave the fascination of these tiny bodies of water, I turned back on my course through Lakeport and on to Soda Bay.

This resort is about ten miles from Lakeport over a level road where the

flat shore of the lake joins the hill country, near the southern end of the lake. The country about is well wooded, giving ample shade about the cottages. A small landing extends into the lake, from which the friends I found there embarked me in a small boat toward a white house, apparently floating about a hundred yards out in the lake. It proved to be built upon a rock, near the surface of the water, out of a pit in which warm soda water boiled up in a flow about a foot in diameter with sufficient force to rise a few inches above the surface.

There are others like this, but at less accessible points, where plenty of this delicious water can be bottled and cooled for table use.

The proper bath to take is to stand in the mouth of the spring, neck deep, and let the warm soda effervesce on the skin. It is as good as a champagne bath, without the chill. The tingling sensation is delightfully novel. I have tried nearly all the important springs from Shasta to Coronado, and this surpasses them all for novelty in bathing. The carbonic acid gas is so strong, however, that one can remain but a moment, breathing the fumes before the pleasant faintness of laughing gas warns one to give the next man a chance till the effect wears off.

That night after a dinner, where unlimited quantities of good soda were served with the claret, my friends started along a road in the moonlight to an alkali lake a mile or two southward. The trees crowded about forming a perfect ring around the silver circle of the little lake, which shone almost like a handglass.

I preceded the party homeward, picking my way cautiously by the bright spots of light on the road, until I came to a little stretch of good level road. There I dimly

discerned a rabbit running along the road ahead and I spurred to see if I could not pass him even if he had a twenty-five yard handicap. Closer and closer I drew, faster and faster he moved, but I was gaining and I bent over the handlebars for a magnificent burst of speed on the straight away. Victory was within my grasp. We shot out into the lighted road again. I caught a glimpse of a bushy tail and unrabbit-like white marks on his back. A cold sweat burst out on my forehead as I found I had nearly touched him. Frantically I put on the brake and back-pedaled to give my rival the race by many lengths. I always give the road to Mr. Mephitis whenever I chance to meet him.

A jolly company that kept the fun going early and late, invited me to a day's sail exploring the lake. Across from Soda Bay we visited a secluded villa among rich foliage trees, shrubs, magnolias, and pomegranates, from the veranda of which a small brass cannon threatened us. It proved to be the late home of ex-Secretary Floyd of Confederate notoriety. Another landing brought us to an avenue of great fig trees among the grape vines leading to a quaint farm house, where an old man was busily at work on a perpetual motion machine.

The lake gives ample opportunity for sailing, for it extends about twenty-six miles, northwest and southeast, by six miles wide.

The trip out of the valley, was a short hard tug up hill over rough roads, and a long coast down until the second small hill is reached, then another coast. The train picks up the wheel at Pieta, and a tour is ended, which has been all play and little work.

*Phil. Weaver, Jr.*



TIRFY L. FORD.

## THE LAW AND THE MINER.



A MOST singular and erroneous impression seems to have gained some foothold in certain parts of our country to the effect that gold mining in California, upon which the foundation of the State was laid, has been practically abandoned for other and more profitable pursuits. Nothing could be farther from the fact. Notwithstanding the fact that the surface placers that yielded so prodigiously from 1850 to 1860 have become in large part exhausted; notwithstanding the severe blow received by the hydraulic branch of the gold mining industry at the hands of the Federal

Courts in 1884; and notwithstanding the marvelous growth and development of California in farming, fruit growing, and manufacturing, gold mining is still a leading industry of the State and bids fair once more to assume the magnificent proportions of its earlier years, when its annual output arose to over \$50,000,000 per annum.

Following the exhaustion of the surface placers and the adverse decisions of the Federal Courts above referred to, the production of gold in California steadily declined, until it reached low water mark in 1890 with an annual yield of only \$10,000,000. In the meantime, however, attention was being directed to deep channel mining and the more scientific and methodical development of quartz properties. As a result the gold product of the State began once more to increase until it reached an output in 1895 of nearly \$16,000,000, while the data at hand point to a still larger increase for the present year of 1896. In addition to the renewed activity in quartz and drift mining, there is now much ground for the hope that a few more years will see hydraulic mining in California restored to its rightful condition, whence will come an additional yield of not less than \$10,000,000 per annum.

The law, both judicial and legislative, that has been woven about this latter branch of the mining industry forms an interesting chapter in the legal annals of California. Never was an industry at once so vast in its proportions and so closely allied to the necessities of commerce so suddenly stricken down by the silent decree of a judicial tribunal. Never was a people so brave and so law-abiding in the face of such business disaster and financial ruin as came to the hydraulic miners through the official utterance of a Federal Judge. By the application of

an ancient rule of the English common law, a hundred millions of invested capital were destroyed and thousands of homes were rendered desolate. Whole districts were depopulated and a general gloom settled over the mining camps of California.<sup>1</sup>

By their courageous conduct, however, and their faithful observance of the law under circumstances the most trying, the miners soon gained the admiration and sympathy of the thinking public, and what was of equal, if not greater, importance, the commerce of a great State began to yearn for the gold that lay hidden in the gravel beds of the Sierra Nevada mountains.

In response to a public sentiment that had been gradually crystallizing in favor of the rehabilitation of hydraulic mining, Congress authorized an investigation of the matter by a Board of Government Engineers to be detailed by the Secretary of War for that purpose. This Board of Engineers, composed of members of the Engineer Corps of the United States Army, after a thorough investigation of the subject reported the result of their labors and pointed out the methods whereby the business of hydraulic mining might be resumed without material injury to other interests.

It then became an engineering problem, and the miners, with their accustomed fairness, at once accepted the suggestions of the engineers and set about with characteristic energy to have those suggestions carried into practical operation. In the meantime, however, the question had taken on a broader scope, for it had

<sup>1</sup>The Board of Government Engineers appointed under the Act of October 1st, 1888, to investigate the mining debris question in California, stated in their report that, "It is estimated that over \$100,000,000 were invested in this branch of mining previous to the restriction of the Courts," referring, of course to hydraulic mining. They stated further that, "On the large hydraulic mines operations have been suspended and many costly works incident to the industry have been allowed to go to decay, the mining camps have been deserted and large districts depopulated."

*Executive Document No. 267, Fifty-first Congress, second session.*

become apparent that the works necessary to the resumption of hydraulic mining were precisely the works needed for the protection and improvement of the waterways tributary to the mining regions. The question, therefore, became national in its character and appealed to the duty resting upon the general government to protect and improve its navigable waters.

Briefly stated, the system outlined by the Board of Government Engineers was as follows:—

First. The detention in the foothills and cañons of such material as could be safely and permanently stored behind properly constructed barriers.

Second. The improvement of the rivers by means of dredging and otherwise, thus enabling them to safely carry such detritus as might find its way into their channels.

This system has been successfully employed in many parts of Europe, notably by the French government at the foot of the Alps, and is not wholly unknown to America. In fact, in the very mining regions under discussion, debris from hydraulic mines is already being successfully impounded under the direction and supervision of Federal engineers.

The magnitude and public character of the work placed it beyond the power or authority of accomplishment through private enterprise, and so our State and National legislatures were appealed to for financial and legislative aid. The legislature of California promptly responded with an appropriation of \$250,000, conditioned, however, upon the appropriation of at least as much by the general government. The State legislature also extended the aid of further friendly legislation, at the same time creating a Commissioner of Public Works, whose duty it should be, among other

things, to devise means for the protection and improvement of the waterways of the State. Congress, while proceeding with more deliberation and with less of seeming sympathy with the movement, nevertheless gave its adherence to the policy outlined by the Board of Engineers appointed under its authority, and by an Act approved March 1st, 1893, created a special commission of Federal engineers with the expressed intention of having the recommendations of their former Board of Engineers carried into practical effect.

This latter Board, officially designated as the California Debris Commission, and composed, like its predecessor, of members of the Engineer Corps of the United States Army, has been much hampered by lack of funds; so much so, in fact, that no substantial progress has so far been made toward the carrying out of the policy contemplated by the Act by which the present Board was created. Though clothed with abundant authority and fully advised as to the result to be accomplished, the California Debris Commission has been unable to make even a survey, or to formulate a single plan with reference to the great and important work for which it was called into existence. Thanks to the present Congress, however, the future is taking on a brighter hue and we may now indulge the hope that the work so long deferred will be soon carried forward to a final and successful conclusion. Though confronted with a rapidly diminishing treasury, Congress has seen its way clear to the appropriation of \$15,000 to defray the expenses of the Commission and \$250,000 for the construction of the works recommended by the former Board of Government Engineers. The smaller appropriation will be used, in part, in making surveys and formulating plans for the improvement of the waterways, to the end that they

may be put in condition safely to carry all detritus that may reach them from whatever source the same may come; while the larger appropriation is intended to unlock the appropriation made by the Legislature of California, and thus cause the expenditure of a half million dollars in the construction of restraining barriers to prevent the flow of mining and other debris into the navigable streams.

It is worthy of note in this connection that the recent improvements made in river dredging have practically revolutionized that character of work and caused it to supersede many of the older and more expensive methods of river improvement. The sort of debris that finds its way to the rivers from the mountains where the mining districts are located can now be dredged out of the rivers at an expense of from three to five cents per cubic yard, thus bringing the cost of such work within easy reach of moderate public expenditure. It has, furthermore, been demonstrated that the coarser material can be safely and permanently lodged in the mountain cañons, behind properly constructed barriers, at the exceedingly small cost of less than one cent per cubic yard. It can thus be readily seen that the contemplated work, the importance of which can scarcely be overestimated, presents no serious financial difficulties or unusual engineering problems.

It may be well to state just here, that the hydraulic miner, while he could not, of course, be expected to undertake at private expense to protect the rivers from the detritus which they gather from a multitude of sources and localities, is, nevertheless, willing to contribute a just proportion of the expense necessary to relieve the rivers from the burdens to which he in some degree contributes. In fact, this very matter has already engaged the attention of Congress and a

provision in relation thereto was inserted in the Act of March 1st, 1893, above referred to. It is intended by that Act that the hydraulic miner may pursue either one of two methods. He may, if his mine be fortunately situated with reference to local facilities, construct at his own expense, under the supervision of the government engineers comprising the California Debris Commission, the works necessary to the detention of the debris resulting from his individual mining operations; or, if this be impracticable through lack of local facilities or otherwise, the Act in question contemplates that he may operate his mine without the construction of such works, provided he deposit in the United States Treasury a sum equal to three per cent of the output of his mine as compensation for the additional burdens which he imposes upon the general government. Some of these provisions, unfortunately, are not as clearly expressed as might be desired, and have already given rise to some discussion. However, there will be ample time for the correction, through legislative amendment, of any doubtful provisions prior to the completion of the works for which the recent appropriations were made.

It should not be assumed, however, that the success of the movement, here briefly outlined, is already assured, or that there is no necessity for further vigilance upon the part of those who would see this great work carried to a successful conclusion. Eternal vigilance is not only the price of liberty, but it is also the basis of all earthly success whether in public or private affairs. The advantageous position now occupied, while a source of profound gratification, should not be permitted to create an unfortunate sense of false security, or cause a relaxation of the earnest activity that has produced the present desirable results. There is

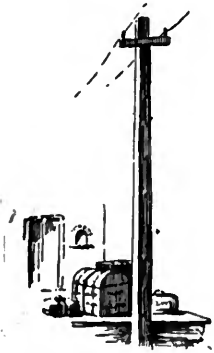
still much to be done. Congress must carry out in good faith the policy to which it is solemnly pledged by the Act of March 1st, 1893; the provisions of that Act must be made clear and certain and relieved of all possible ambiguity or doubt; no manner of question must be left respecting the rights intended to be guaranteed to the hydraulic miner; and finally, adequate financial aid must be obtained to enable the government engineers to carry into full and practical effect the expressed policy of the national government as above indicated.

When all this shall have been done; when restraining barriers in mountain cañons shall be supplemented by improved river channels; when added mil-

lions from the mines shall quicken commercial enterprise and give new impetus to the industries of a great State; when the valley farmer shall begin to reap the advantages of an improved river system and feel the abiding security of governmental protection; then, and not till then, may the earnest efforts of an anxious people give way to the glad rejoicings of success assured. Then will the mountains once more resound to the enlivening echoes of a reawakened industry, while the songs of contented husbandry pervade the air of peaceful valleys, and all California joins in the award of praise so justly due for the splendid achievements of modern engineering skill.

*Tirey L. Ford.*

## ARGENTIÆ, OR THE SILVER PROBLEM.



THE dissimilarity of physical and natural conditions in our vast expanse of territory is so pronounced, that it is not to be wondered at that conflicting elements exist. What may be deemed of paramount importance to one section is denounced in another, and the unanimous deliberate consideration of an issue for the benefit of the whole, is seldom achieved. It is deplorable

when some controversial incident is forced from the domain of reason into the political arena, as has been the case with the silver question, for political capital is an unknown, mysterious, speculative quantity, that may be of advantage to its manipulators, but is generally, if not always, fraught with disappointment and disaster, to their confiding constituents.

In order to enter into a serious consideration of the subject, it would be well to bear in mind that we are dealing with a question which is one of the most mo-

mentous and far-reaching in consequences that has ever assailed our welfare and integrity as a nation, and which should be reviewed from an economic, commercial, and industrial standpoint, untrammelled by any party sentiment or bias, — from which, permit me to observe, I am wholly and totally free, being absolutely without sympathy for any of the political parties.

Among the "Silverites," so-called, we find a motley-minded array, evolving tenets and principles that challenge all established law and precedent, and set at defiance all argument and logic. There are those afflicted with a species of rabies, or firm belief that our salvation hinges on the free unlimited coinage of silver, but just how or why, they fail to explain; those who discard completely all economic application to the subject, but who, on general principles deem a plethora of money, of any kind, a great desideratum; those who maintain that the government stamp on a coin is all that is needed to make it full and legal tender, and they therefore fail to see why there should be



any difference between gold and silver ; finally, there are those who are simply mystified with all this wrangling and ask "What does it all mean?"

Now, as no doubt, there is a large proportion of the intelligent and well-disposed in our communities, people open to conviction, to whom the question has been made needlessly complex, the necessity suggests itself for a concise review of the subject in all its bearings, in order that they may see the course devolving on them as a duty to themselves and to the country, when they go to the polls.

No government may claim such omnipotence as to declare itself regardless of its credit and obligations. In spite of whatever may have been urged to the contrary, a government is a huge commercial or banking institution, the general depository, custodian, guarantor, of the public wealth, and without solid and substantial government guarantees, there can be no nation worthy of the name. A government has to be as mindful of its credit and solvency as any mercantile establishment, even more so, because of the multiplicity and peculiar nature of its responsibilities. No first rate power can repudiate its obligations,—and payment of such obligations in a debased or depreciated value would be a partial repudiation—without seriously imperiling its financial status and bringing down upon itself the odium of its creditors, who in our case are the entire civilized world. Our resumption of specie payments was blazoned to the world, and by specie sound money is not only implied but expressed (at least so it would be interpreted by any sound mind). A silver dollar worth intrinsically a little over fifty cents cannot, by any stretch of imagination, be transformed into a sound dollar, hence, forced payment in such coin is virtually a compromise of fifty per cent, which is in direct violation of the law of redemption, a total frustration of its intention, a deception to the nation and the world, and a most undignified downfall from the high pedestal of financial renown to which we had clambered.

Proceeding next to the vaunted benefits to be derived from the proposed inflation, we find such set phrases as,

"Silver is the poor man's money," "The silver dollar is the working man's dollar," and more in a similar key, as if the poor and laboring classes were not entitled to as good a dollar as the wealthy, and more so. Of course, to the simple, such specious claims are not only delusive but conclusive, and the natural corollary is: More silver, more dollars; more dollars, more money. But let us, who are struggling for a livelihood, and to whom the question of money is vital, endeavor by sober thought to discover whether we should be admitted, in a spirit of socialistic or communistic fraternity, to the benefits that proprietors of silver producing stock will derive through the arbitrary metamorphosis of their product into double its value,—in a word, whether we shall participate in the spoils, or whether by consenting to it we shall at the same time engulf the country and ourselves.

So long as the social and commercial world exists, and Utopianism be not among the factors mundane, the law of supply and demand will regulate the value of all commodities, and a commodity will always be, as it has ever been, anything that has a market value and fluctuates in harmony with such supply and demand. Everything that emanates from the animal, vegetable, or mineral kingdom must necessarily be embraced in the comprehensive term, commodity. In our day, the sole exception to the rule is gold, which consequently constitutes the sole measure of values, to which all else must be subsidiary. No government (or combination of governments for that matter) can with impunity undertake to bolster up a fictitious value for any commodity whatsoever, by making itself responsible for the eventual outcome of such action, especially on such a colossal scale as that presented by the free coinage of a product that has so continued to increase in quantity as to be almost a drug in the market; worth today about half its value of a few decades ago. The day of reckoning must surely dawn, and on whom will the brunt of the redemption, or resumption number two of specie payments, fall? Most assuredly on the people; not those who may have profited by the scheme, but necessarily those who pay the penalty of all bad

legislation,— the greatest consumers, the middle classes, the farmer, the laborer, the artisan, the merchant.

We have seen too many instances of booms and their inevitable collapses not to be convinced that should the silver party triumph, the same treacherous current of ephemeral wealth created by artificial expansion of values, that would probably ensue, would swiftly bear us onward to the breakers ahead, with disastrous results.

Let us reject as chaff, the theory that so long as a government effigy is on a coin, "It makes no difference whether such coin be gold or silver," (why not add copper, iron, and tin?) likewise the mawkish sentimentality, that "Because from time immemorial silver has been in juxtaposition with gold, as the basis of currency, it should still continue so." Our response is "*Tempora mutantur.*" Unquestionably, the times have changed, and we with them. There was a period when the limited production of silver did warrant its being placed on an equality with gold. Then a silver dollar was intrinsically worth a dollar, today it is worth about half. The ever increasing output in the interval has caused violent fluctuations, which totally unfit the metal nowadays for use as a standard.

Note well the augmentation in production,

In 1873, 63¼ million ounces, Commercial Value.....	\$ 82,120,000
In 1883, 89¼ million ounces, Commercial Value.....	98,986,000
In 1889, 125½ million ounces, Commercial Value.....	117,268,000
In 1891, 143½ million ounces, Commercial Value.....	141,827,000,

giving rise to the fluctuations mentioned and be convinced that silver has *not been demonetized* by the enlightened nations of our century, but has demonetized itself, — fallen by its own weight, by the same rule that applies to wheat, cotton, cinchona bark, and other commodities. Is there any good reason why any one commodity not self-sustaining should be lifted out of the mire by artificial means, more than any other?

Does it follow that because silver or any other commodity has depreciated gold or sound money has appreciated? Assuredly not. Take any staple article, the produc-

tion of which has not abnormally increased in proportion to the demand for it, and you will find that it commands its full value in gold. I cite as an instance Havana tobacco, — because it is a well known article, — which is quoted in gold prices at the place of production and cannot be bought for any other money. The holders know too well the stable intrinsic worth of their article to part with it except against a value of equal intrinsic merit. In the past two or three decades the demand for the production of Havana has assumed such an enormous disproportion to the supply, that the same quality of Havana cigar that could be bought twenty or thirty years ago at fifty dollars per thousand, cannot be attained today for less than one hundred dollars and perhaps one hundred and twenty-five dollars per thousand. (This was the situation previous to the anomalous condition brought about by the revolution in Cuba.) Now, in all fairness, what does this demonstrate, a variation or depreciation in gold or a variation or appreciation of the commodity itself, governed by natural laws? If tomorrow, from failure of crops, an increased demand, or any other reason, wheat or cotton should rise in price, a twenty dollar piece would still remain a twenty dollar piece, but it would require more of them to buy one thousand bushels of wheat or one hundred tons of cotton.

Some years ago during the Russo-Turkish war, a European combination conceived the idea that because of the prevalence of pestilential diseases in the contending armies, the demand for quinine would be unprecedented. The market was cornered to the fullest extent by the syndicate, and then they suddenly had their dreams dispelled by the grim fact that the output was increasing beyond their power to control, besides which the duration of the war was less than anticipated. The result was simply ruin. Such are the vagaries to which a bolstered-up commodity are subject, and to which the free coinage silver dollar will not be an exception; for we have already been afforded ample proof that a universal syndicate, — the entire world, — has been unable to control silver, or they certainly would have done so, long ere this.

We have seen how difficult it is to re-

strain the drain of gold from our shores, as things are, and it is too gloomy to contemplate what means we, as a self-respecting nation, could adopt to sustain our fair name and credit, in the event of the substitution of a debased currency for a sound one. The late suggestion at the Chicago Convention of increasing the ratio from sixteen to one, to twenty-five or twenty-eight to one, has the merit at least of intimating that some semblance of consistency and sense of reason prevails, if but among a few; but the drift is towards a dangerous, shifting currency, liable to be modified every few years in harmony with the fluctuations of the metal.

Currency is not a plaything, as older and more experienced nations have long ago discovered. Gold is not the basis on sentimental grounds, but simply because of the stability that qualifies it to be such. We hear England constantly denounced as the insatiable nation, endeavoring to impose by monopolizing gold. Yet we must admit, that as the oldest leading commercial nation, she must be the best fitted to judge of the proper gauge of value. But England does not stand alone. All Europe has been from time immemorial exercised over the matter of money standards; exhaustive deliberations and conferences have been held at intervals, and research enlightens us on the fact that while the gold standard was practically in vogue in England and Holland previously, it was accepted at the Paris monetary conference in 1867 and by the commercial convention in Berlin in the following year. Germany, however, did not practically adopt it till 1871. Thus Europe is evidently convinced of the evils of a double standard.

Francis Amasa Walker defines money as:—

That which passes freely from hand to hand throughout the community in final discharge of debts and full payment for commodities, being accepted equally without reference to the character or credit of the person who offers it, and without the intention of the person who receives it to consume it or enjoy it or apply it to any other use than in turn to tender it to others in discharge of debts or payment for commodities.

To this let me append the following culled from another authority:—

It is well to notice before concluding the question of depreciations, that it is the poorer classes

who especially suffer from a change in the coinage. The reasons of this are very plain, for from their ignorance they are less able to understand the nature of the alteration, and even if it were not so, the absence of available resources places them at a disadvantage in comparison with others. Masters and dealers are quick to discount—so to speak—the nominal value of the depreciated money, and prices are much more speedily adjusted to the new state than wages, so that it may be confidently asserted that a debased coinage is especially injurious to the more helpless classes of society.

Another point that thrusts itself on our observation is the contention that only bankers oppose silver coinage, as having only gold or less money in circulation, they can with some facility grasp and control it. For the purpose of banking, or control of the money market, no special class of coin is necessary. Bankers are equally competent to manipulate one or the other, since unemployed capital has to flow somewhere for safe-keeping,—necessarily to the banks. Bankers cannot curb a legitimate expansion of commerce, and where they are able to do so, they would not, as the policy would be plainly suicidal. Foreseeing the impending cataclysm, that the bankers hoard gold, is to be commended, as a measure of self and general protection; for woful indeed would be the day that witnessed the total drainage of the yellow metal from our shores.

This hue and cry against Wall and Lombard streets is strictly for campaign purposes and does not require any serious consideration. I confidently assert that probably not one of the self-constituted oracles, who undertake the rôle of public instructors on finance, has even a rudimentary notion of the money movement in the financial world; or that money is obtainable on Wall street at less than half the current rate of interest charged by our local banks, and in London, often, at less than one per cent per annum. This is merely an illustration of the fact that the opportunity combined with a feeling of confidence, are the soul and secret of a healthy flow of money.

Many of our readers will remember the consternation produced in the older countries, at the news of the discovery of gold in California. It was seriously believed for a time that huge nuggets of gold were to be obtained by one

blow of the pick, and that the same were commonly picked up in the streets. The policy of self-protection quickly surged to the surface, and people began to think of unloading gold and hoarding silver. Here we have another object lesson in the unalterable course of nature's laws, — simple evolution, a survival of the fittest.

The aim and ambition of a nation has ever been to enhance and not debase its currency. The only exception on record that I am aware of (if we except the present attempt) is when Lycurgus, Lawgiver of Sparta, about 900 B. C., substituted iron coinage for gold and silver. The object possessed, however, a certain merit, (and in that it differs from the other,) inasmuch as it was to check the wide-spread indulgence of luxuries imported from other countries and establish moderation and thriftiness. History does not inform us whether Sparta had grain and cotton crops, as well as food-stuffs and manufactures, to export and to suffer by the restriction, — and apropos thereof, let us consult our farmers and manufacturers to ascertain whether they would be content to receive for their products a debased coin of fluctuating intrinsic value, especially when a large proportion of said products is sold abroad.

Did government possess the ability to decree a forced value on commodities, long ago France would have done so on her wines and silks, England on her tin, iron, and coal, and we on our wheat and cotton, — and silver.

Virginia's first settlers used tobacco as currency. In its day it was useful as a standard; so was silver. Both have outlived their usefulness; and so "History repeats itself." A diminution in the supply of silver would restore it to its ancient usefulness, but nothing else would.

The gold coins of Mexico and South America find circulation among us at about their full face value, whereas, the silver coins of those countries can only be realized according to their weight and intrinsic value as bullion. The same rule applies to trade dollars which, we all know, are heavier than the Bland dollar. The explanation is simple enough; they are not worth their face value, intrinsically, and no confidence exists as to their ultimate redemption at face value. Into

the same pitiable condition should we assuredly fall through unwise and injudicious legislation, for we are a debtor and not a creditor nation still. We cannot spurn and despise our relations and obligations to foreign countries, to the extent of experimenting in a debased system of currency, "without reference to any other nation on earth."

It must have occurred to many a thinking mind, that the result of an appeal to the masses in a matter in which by effusive oratory they are led like sheep, would hardly indicate the real sentiment or interests of the country. Take seven eighths of the workmen who are entitled to suffrage, question them regarding the sixteen to one theory, and you will elicit the response, either that they have not the remotest conception of what it signifies, or that one dollar in gold is to be redeemable at the Treasury with sixteen dollars in silver, free silver coinage being the responsible medium for so brilliant a financial operation.

Is "Vox populi" always "Vox Dei?" or do we sometimes bear witness to a lamentable travesty in its acceptance?

There are many who are impressed with the conviction, that under certain circumstances even the glorious principles of universal suffrage are liable to gross prostitution, but this subject of itself, — like the tariff, income tax, laws for restriction of monopolies, and government supervision or interference in the workings of corporations, and many other kindred collateral issues, — is of sufficient magnitude and importance to serve as a theme for separate discussion.

I feel satisfied that if President Cleveland has done nothing else for the country he has by his unflinching attitude saved it from a financial cataclysm, and some day when party passions cool the country will realize its debt of gratitude to him.

When the Bland Law of 1878 was passed, the nation felt intuitively that there was something wrong in the emission of a dollar not intrinsically fully up to the standard, and many a misgiving was felt and expressed, but unfortunately the feeling was not sufficient to stem the tide, as there was not a general realization of the far-reaching consequences of the measure, for few fully foresaw or sufficiently dwelt upon them,

in which respect we differed from the older and wiser nations.

When we read of silver States threatening to sever their allegiance from the body politic unless their product be protected, a sentiment of pity alloyed with amazement is awakened at the desperate avowal. They have failed to perceive that if the solid whole is powerless against a process of natural evolution, how much more so must a mere handful be. The reopening of silver mines would certainly afford employment to many thousands, and probably some day the increased application of silver to general uses may conduce to this desirable sequence, but it must be clear to all that to protect thousands the government is not justified in victimizing as many millions, by literally guaranteeing, in their name, the deficit between the real and nominal value of a silver dollar.

And let us not be dismayed by the specter so often raised, that there is not

sufficient money. Let a healthy current of trade arise from healthy causes,—a solid basis,—and all necessary money will soon be forthcoming; let a healthy demand arise for produce and the producer will soon enough receive for it a "quid pro quo";—but beware of creating artificial demands, for a reaction must necessarily be tenfold more disastrous than the hard times we are now experiencing. If the exigencies of trade had demanded the necessity of silver money, the crude material could never have declined in the open market, as it has.

Finally do not be deluded into the false theory, so persistently advanced, that to the non free and unlimited coinage of silver is attributable all the ills under the sun, and every catastrophe that has befallen the universe, embracing the last eruption of Vesuvius, the failure of the discovery of the North Pole, and the recent tidal wave in Japan.

*J. C. Levy.*

## A SONG OF THE TULE.



THE watery wealth of winter comes  
 In prodigal store on this Western lea;  
 There is joy in the wild-fowl's honking harsh  
 As the tules turn from meadow to marsh,  
 And from marsh to inland sea.

The invitation of quiet waves  
 On sudden sea and sound  
 Receives reply from a million wings.  
 They come from the northern lakes and springs  
 And from far Alaskan ground.

And the stretch of waves 'gainst the levee's side  
 To the V-shaped caravan of the air  
 Is a welcome sight, as with rush and roar  
 The waters battle their man-made shore,  
 On the summer tule fair.

*Laura B. Everett.*



A GLIMPSE OF HOOPA VALLEY.

From Humboldt County and its Redwoods.



VIRGIN REDWOODS NEAR HUMBOLDT BAY.

From Humboldt County and its Redwoods.



## X. NAPA SODA SPRINGS.

You cannot bar my constant feet to trace  
The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve.

*Thomson.*



HERE is something Arcadian about the Napa Valley that is restful. It is restful for reasons that are not apparent at first but that gradually grow upon one. There may be such a thing as a mortgage among these tawny fields of autumn grain and checker like squares of olive, peach, and fig, but it does not cover the entire landscape. Everyone looks happy and independent, and the warm, mellow earth seems to court the plow and the reaper.

The gentle, rolling hills that encompass the valley in a frame of varying green are not obtrusive and their chaparral matted slopes do not reach above the warm semi-tropical air of the lowlands. Even from Castle Peak, which rises possibly a thousand feet above the hillside resort of Napa Soda Springs, the valley scenery predominates. No thought of the bold awful glories of Yosemite, of the fierce mountain crags about Shasta, calls forth comparisons. The many-toned tinkle of cowbells comes up from below, mingled with children's voices and the pistol-like crack of a whip. The air is so pure and clear that you feel in touch with the busy life beneath your eye.



TYPICAL FARM IN NAPA VALLEY,—INGLENOOK VINEYARD.

Photo by Taber.





THE PAGODA, NAPA SODA SPRINGS.





TOWER HOUSE.

After all, when one is in the mountains he is not in the country, and there are many degrees of show places on earth. Napa Valley exposes its smiling acres languidly, indolently, without affectation, and the summer seeker after rest feels under no obligation to exert himself to see more than the landscapes that stretch away before him from the hotel veranda or from Castle Peak. He is contented, thankful for once that there is no famous peak to climb or cañon to explore.

Such is Napa Soda Springs, a place to rest, a place to bathe in the tepid sunlight, a spot to love for its very gentleness.

The forty-five miles that lie between this charming American Carlsbad and San Francisco cover a part of California that makes one forget the mining stories of Bret Harte. From the quaint old town of Vallejo north through the Napa Valley, agricultural California is seen in all its wonderful productiveness. What was once the ranches of four Spanish New World grandees is now the home of hun-

dreds of progressive farmers, and in place of the adobe casas are modern summer homes and ranch houses, vine-covered, half buried in roses, and surrounded by almost endless orchards and vineyards.

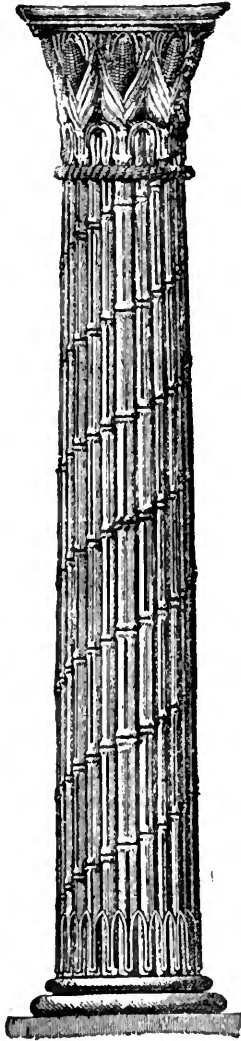
It is a seven mile drive in a four-horse leather-sprunged coach from the railroad station at Napa to the massive stone pillars that mark the entrance to the hotel grounds. The town of Napa does not look Western nor even "new." Its broad, heavily shaded streets, charming open-air homes, if I may so call them, substantial public buildings, and a general atmosphere of prosperity and dignity, seem entirely fitting in the metropolis of so rich a valley, and yet hardly what the stranger would expect to find in California, the land of gold.

For half the seven miles the road carries one through fields of grain and orchards of fruit. Sometimes a long line of silver poplars throw their narrow shadows across the way, then the sunlight is

knotted into a tangled mesh by the massive, odorous eucalyptus. Below a bridge a creek cuts down twenty and thirty feet into the inexhaustible soil. The pools are dark and cool beneath a canopy of willow and pepper trees, and a dozen boys sport and splash among them. Half of the drive is among the low foot hills, following the graceful windings of a not unpicturesque cañon filled with a snarl of wild grape vines.

Almost from the moment you leave Napa the great glass dome above the Rotunda of the Springs blazes forth on the hillside, seven miles away and a thousand feet above. It is like a gigantic arc light, and glows a spot of blinding intensity against its mountain side of green.

From the always wide open doors of the Rotunda at Napa Soda Springs the panorama of this valley stretches away to the shores of the bay. In the near foreground are the billowy foothills. Earth has gathered in its hollows since the volcanic overflow came down from Mount St. Helena and the manzanita, the madroño, oak, and cottonwood, have found root. Yet here and there the lava

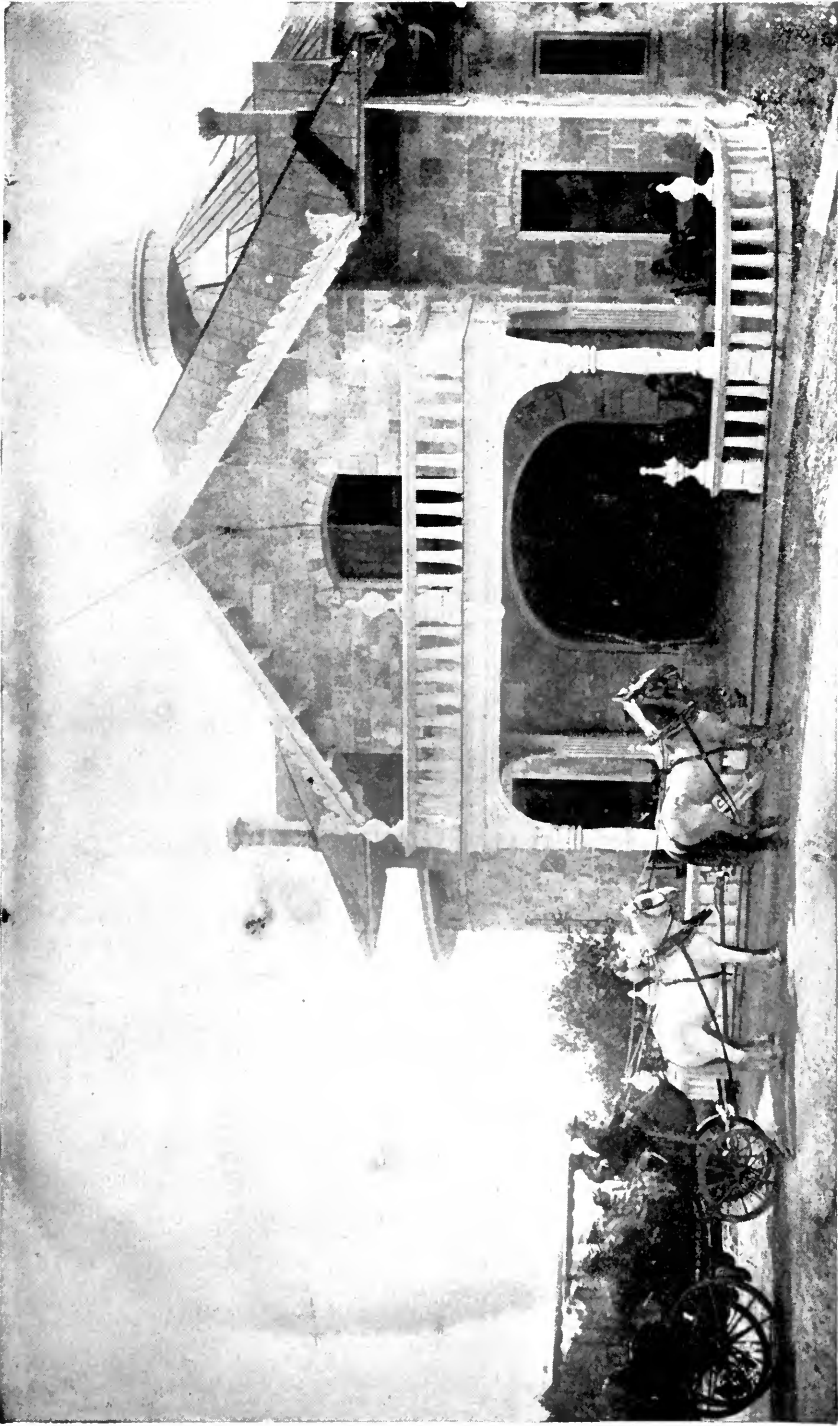


THE "AMERICAN" COLUMN.

has not given place to the chaparral and it breaks through the stunted growth and exposes its dull black fissured shoulders to the eye. Farther away the reds and greens merge into a soft purple and the eternal battle between the rocks and the trees is forgotten. Against the horizon, across the bay Mount Tamalpias pushes its head up into a scud of amber-tinted cloud puffs. When the sun falls to a level with the mountain top, burnishing the water, and filling the air with a million points of light, the landscape seems, in its own warm beauty to justify the oft repeated charge and "smiles."

Napa Soda Springs as a summer resort stands alone as the sole representative of the German Spa in California. It is not what one has a right to expect after visiting the typical Pacific Coast resorts.

It is not a "summer hotel" in the general acceptation of the term; it is not a caravansary. On a volcanic hillside one thousand feet above the bay about the several springs of soda water, its dozen buildings are of stone, no two alike. The center of life in this feudal domain is the Rotunda, a circular structure of white stone, one hundred and twenty feet in diameter, and seventy-five feet high. The heart and greater portion is given up to a grand salon, where each evening the guests from the numerous cottages and halls collect. Great doors open toward the Napa Valley on the one side and Castle Peak on the other. About this central court are rooms; above, a balcony; and at its apex, a glass cupola. The whole effect is so massive, so unique, so unexpected, that one momentarily wonders whether he is at a public resort or in some baron's castle. Across the broad drive from the Rotunda is an example of Rhenish architecture—a castle tower of stone and a turreted suite of rooms, with walls massive enough to resist the retainers of



THE ENTRANCE TO THE ROTUNDA, NAPA SODA SPRINGS.

a rival baron. The music hall, also of stone, comes next, and a little farther on, the Ivy Cottage, the Club House, and the Dining Hall. Above the spacious Dining Hall is Bellevue, a stone mansion built in the Colonial style, with a broad circular portico whose roof is upheld by twelve iron columns. These columns, strange as it may seem, are the only representatives outside an obscure corner of the National Capitol of a pure, original style of American architecture. They were patterned after a design by Thomas Jefferson. They are twenty-four feet in height and two feet in diameter, and conventionalize the most sturdy grain product of the North — Indian corn. Each column represents a cluster of cornstalks, so bound together that the joints of one stalk stand slightly above those of the preceding one, the recurrence of the joints in the seven divisions of each stalk producing a spiral effect. The capitals represent ears of corn with the half opened husks displaying the corn.

The origin of this design is as interesting to students of American history as the effect of the design is striking. President Jefferson lamented the lack of individuality in our public buildings and asked Benjamin Henry Latrobe, the capitol architect, to conventionalize the tobacco leaf of Virginia and the cornstalk of the North into appropriate col-

umnar designs for an American order of architecture. After studying over the matter for a year, Latrobe reported that the tobacco leaf was intractable, but that he had prepared the model for some columns for the north wing of the capitol, which upon being exhibited to the leading members of Congress, they had christened the "corn-cob capitals," more for the sake of alliteration than appropriateness. In these columns each is composed of a cluster of Indian cornstalks bound together as in the columns of the Bellevue. In front of the office of the marshal of the supreme court in the rotunda of the capitol are eight of these columns, placed there by President Jefferson's order. They are of marble, eight feet high and eight inches in diameter. They are known to but few, but were located a few years ago by Colonel Jackson, owner of the Napa Soda Springs, and in an enlarged form were placed by him, much to the delight of General Harrison, in front of the building in which the ex-President was entertained during his visit.

Years ago Mrs. Trollope, who was fortunate enough to discover the originals at Washington, wrote in an account of her travels that they were the most beautiful things she had seen in primitive America.

The water of the springs which gave



THE GATE TO THE SPRINGS

the resort its fame is almost too well known to call for a description.

The springs are twenty-seven in number, and have an average daily flow of about four thousand gallons, ranging in temperature from 65 to 68 degrees Fahrenheit. From the main spring, to which the name Pagoda has been given because of the beautiful pagoda that covers it, most of the commercial Napa soda is obtained. It is an alkalo-chalybeate water with a pungent and yet agreeable taste, and clear and sparkling in appearance.<sup>1</sup>

The "Lemon Spring" flows considerably less than the Pagoda, but many consider it far more wonderful. It is known generally as Napa soda lemonade, and is valuable in kidney troubles, as it contains lithium. The water of all the springs is much alike, however, and its healthfulness is established beyond dispute. It aids digestion, is gently aperient when taken before breakfast, and espe-

cially recommended in malaria, anæmia, and other disorders of the system requiring iron for the formation of red blood corpuscles.

And such delightful lazying places as there are within the grounds. Little nooks filled with hammocks and easy chairs under the resinous pines and spruces, stairways that lead up into a nest among the gnarled branches of great oaks, hammocks again just where they should be amid a grove of dwarfed mahogany, where you can lie and read and look down among the warm acres of the valley and where the air perfumed with new hay and freshly plowed fields sweeps. Then the flowers are everywhere,—the flowers of two zones, with humming birds and honey bees stirring the heavy air about them with their soft whirr and drone. There is a great swimming bath on the hillside above the bowling alley cut in the solid rock, and there are baths of sparkling soda water below the Lemon Spring. And there is always the wonderful water to drink.

These springs in their wilderness of flowers, shrubs, and exotics, with their drives, walks, grottos, and sunny spaces, form one of the "Well Worn Trails" that health seekers and summer tourists take year after year with ever increasing profit and pleasure. They are our own Californian Carlsbad.

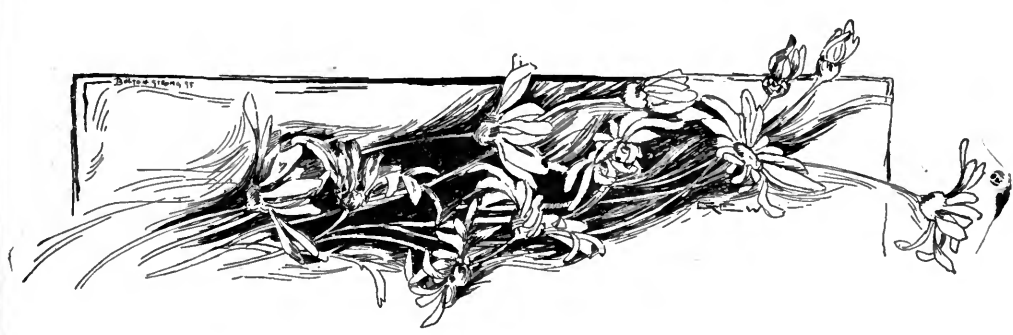
*Rounseville Wildman.*

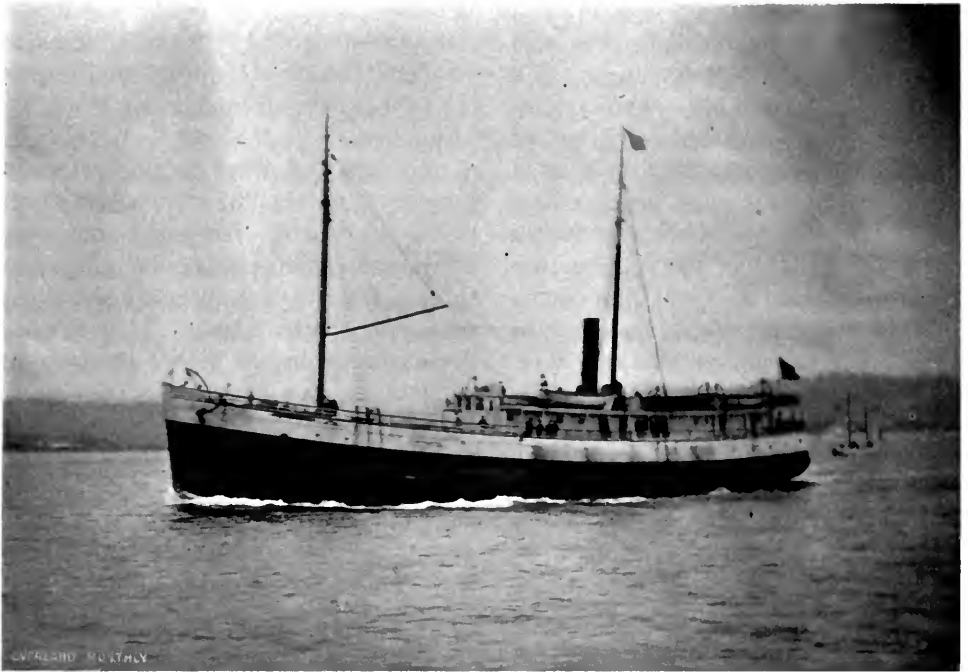
<sup>1</sup> *Analysis Napa Soda, Alkalo Chalybeate Water.*

Temperature 68° F.

U. S. GALLON CONTAINS

Mineral Ingredients. Grains.	Mineral Ingredients. Grains.
Sodium Chloride ..... 4.72	Calcium Carbonate.....8.97
Sodium Bicarbonate.....15.24	Ferrous Carbonate.....8.11
Sodium Carbonate.....4.65	Lithium.....trace
Sodium Sulphate......76	Boric Acid.....trace
Potassium Salts.....traces	Alumina......74
Magnesium Carbonate...25.19	Silicates......83
Magnesium Sulphate.....trace	Organic Matter.....trace
Total Solids.....69.21 grains.	
Free Carbonic Acid Gas.....143.62 Cubic Inches.	





STEAMSHIP FARALLON ENTERING HUMBOLDT BAY.

Photo by Shaw & Lambert.

## A CALIFORNIA PRINCIPALITY.

### HUMBOLDT AND ITS REDWOODS.



**A**BOUT forty-six years ago last April the schooner *Laura Virginia* arrived off Humboldt bar and Captain Ottinger decided to send a boat's crew to take soundings and ascertain the depth of water at the entrance, it was the second officer, Hans Henry Buhne, wise in council and intrepid in action, who was dispatched on this mission of peril. How skillfully and successfully he and his men accomplished it, is now a matter of history, and when five days later the *Laura Virginia* crossed the bar it was the same officer who took the wheel and piloted her to safe anchorage. The story of the cruise of the *Laura Virginia* reads like a romance. Certain it is that Jason and the chivalrous heroes of Greece, were not more confident of bringing back the golden fleece than were the men of the *Laura Virginia* that beyond the newly discovered bay, among the purple-tinted

mountains of the Trinity, lay the virgin gold that was to make them all kings.

The story of Captain Buhne it is well to recall in some detail, as he was the most picturesque and prominent figure of all the Humboldt Bay mariners for many years. Born in Flensburg, Schleswig-Holstein in 1822, he went to sea as cabin boy at sixteen years of age. After many voyages, and many strange experiences in whaling and trading, during which he rose in rank to be first mate, he reached San Francisco as third officer of the whaler *Clementine* in 1847. Thence he made more voyages and learned of the discovery of gold while at the Navigator Islands. He was then second officer of the ship *Zudipole*. Immediately the ship set sail for Chile and took a load of freight and passengers for California, Captain Buhne being promoted to first officer, and arriving in June, 1849.

Mining did not prove suited to Captain Buhne, and after a severe illness, he



CAPTAIN HANS HENRY BUHNE.

shipped again as second officer on the Laura Virginia. The tale of the Laura Virginia's discovery of the Humboldt bay and Captain Buhne's part in it begins this article.

The knowledge gained in sounding out the channel on that voyage made the Captain the first and easily the best pilot of the Humboldt bar.

Mining on Trinity river proved no more successful than before, and an attempt at a freighting business was nipped by an Indian encounter, in which he was seriously wounded. Captain Buhne, as master of the brig Colorado, then went to sea in the lumber trade to San Francisco.

On his return he was engaged to pilot the bark Home over the bar. The heavy sea running caused him to protest against going to sea then, and his fears were justified by the wreck of the bark. Captain Buhne, with another sailor was cast adrift on a boat with a hole stove in it, and but for his great strength would have drowned.

The sailor was drowned in the breakers but Captain Buhne drifted through the breakers out on the ocean. He was on the bottom of the boat all night and the next day again drifted through the

breakers on the beach near Table Bluff, so nearly exhausted that he could not stand up. The Indians found him, but he was so helpless that they concluded to put him out of misery. As he lay on the beach he could see the ramrods going in the guns driving down the bullets. Just as the Indians were ready to shoot, two sailors sent from the bay to search for his body came to the rescue.

When Captain Buhne recovered he engaged in the pilot service in Humboldt bay and bar in which work he continued for over forty years. His record in this service is one of the brightest histories that can be recorded of any man on this Coast.

He has saved hundreds of lives in his time and quite frequently risked his own in so doing. He and his brave life boat crew have all gone excepting Major Frank Duff. His assistant pilots in the early days have all died excepting Captain John Hansen.

A partial list of vessels saved by Captain Buhne is as follows: schooner Eclipse, crew of eight men; brig Rounder, passengers and crew of fourteen; brig Isabel; ship Louisa; schooner Toronto, passengers and crew; bark Palmetto, crew, passengers, and cargo; steamer

JAMES W. HENDERSON,  
PRESIDENT HUMBOLDT COUNTY BANK.





BLUE SLIDE, VAN DUZEN RIVER, NEAR BARNUM'S.

Frémont, all hands and cargo; schooner T. H. Allen.

In 1858 he was pilot on the steamer *Columbia*, and had brought the steamer in and was at home. The same night some of his old comrades of former trips of rescue came to the house and asked him to go out with them and save the crew who were lashed in the rigging of a wrecked vessel. At the time the old '49 boys came to his house there were twenty vessels in port, but not one man of their crews volunteered to go with them.

The night was freezing cold, the north wind was loaded with sleet and hail, but the brave fellows never faltered in their work. At last they arrived alongside of the wrecked vessel and found the crew all in the rigging. One had already died from the cold. Those remaining were carried down with gentle hands, and shortly after the vessel went to pieces.

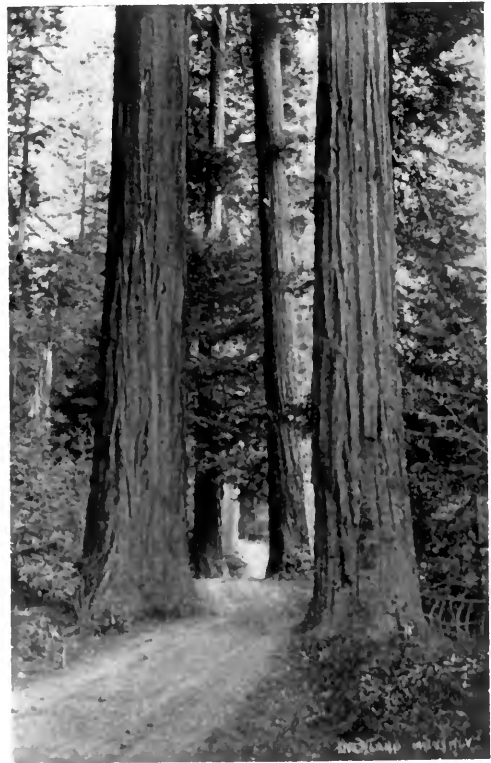
He went out at midnight and saved the tug *Fearless*, Captain Dryden, which be-

longed to A. M. Simpson, and was the one that laid the corner stone of Captain Simpson's large fortune.

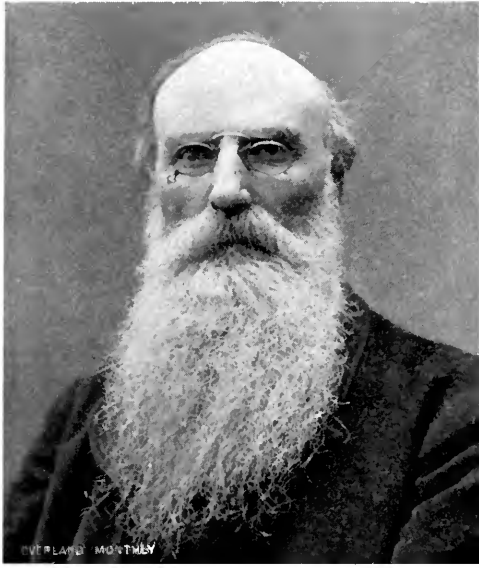
Captain Buhne never received any recompense for saving life or property on Humboldt Bar, nor did his brave crew. With his hard-earned salary as master and pilot he bought into the business of L. C. Schmidt & Company, afterwards known as Buhne & Company. He soon after purchased an interest in D. R. Jones & Company's Lumber Mill. He was one of the incorporators of the Humboldt County Bank, Humboldt Logging Railroad Company, Eel River & Eureka Railroad Company, and various other companies. Failing health obliged the Captain to retire from active business in 1890.

In speaking of his retirement from business one of the local papers has this to say:—

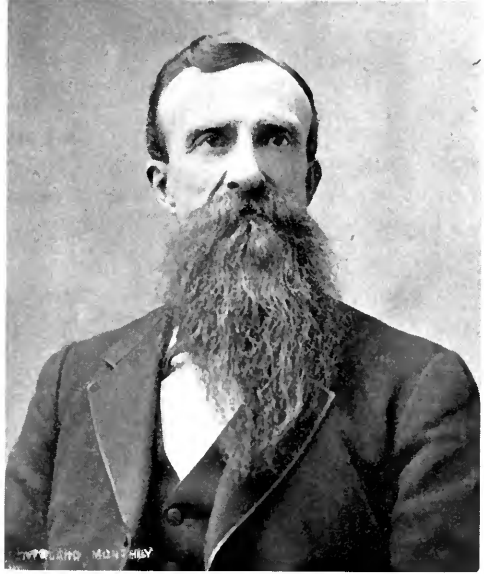
The rumor that the tugs *Mary Ann* and *H. H. Buhne* are to be transferred to San

REDWOODS ON EX-GOVERNOR ALGER'S PLACE,  
VAN DUZEN.





JOHN VANCE,  
FOUNDER OF JOHN VANCE MILL AND LUMBER COMPANY.



EDGAR H. VANCE,  
PRESIDENT JOHN VANCE MILL AND LUMBER COMPANY.

Francisco parties and taken to that port for use will seem to most old residents here like removing part of our harbor. With such implicit confidence and so long have we relied on the judgment and coolness of Captain Buhne as the veteran pilot of this harbor, that it will seem that our bar will grow one degree shallower, and the channels more tortuous when we think of him

being disassociated from the navigation of the Bay.

Four years after his retirement from active business Captain Buhne passed quietly away at his summer home, Camp Solitude.



MAYOR CYRUS G. STAFFORD.



H. H. BUHNE,  
PRESIDENT H. H. BUHNE COMPANY.

No braver or more daring spirits ever sailed the seas than the gold hunters who first and last roved up and down the northern California coast in search of the mouth of Trinity river. It was for a time believed that this stream, instead of being a tributary of the Klamath, emptied into the Pacific ocean and that, its mouth once found, the river would afford easy ascent to the Trinity mines, stories of whose extraordinary richness had spread far and near. The trackless forests of redwood, fir, pine, oak, laurel, alder, madrone, and manzanita, whose fabulous wealth the lumbermen have even yet scarcely more than begun to draw upon, the fertil-



S. A. VANCE.

Photo by Shaw & Lambert  
S. I. ALLARD.

ity of the alluvial lands of lower Eel river, the great richness of the valley of the Mattole and the extraordinary productive capacity of the Arcata bottom were alike unknown. Indeed, the hopes of the pioneers of the county were never fully realized, for few ever reached the mines; but they who came after, who have built mills and towns, and tilled the ground, have found in the Humboldt forests and the Humboldt soil a wealth greater far than that of the golden sands of the river-beds or the quartz ledges of the mountains.

Humboldt county extends north from the 40th parallel to about  $41^{\circ} 30'$  and

contains an area in round numbers of 3,500 square miles. The census of 1890 gave it a population of 23,469, an increase in ten years of fifty-one per cent. If the rate of increase has experienced no diminution since, the present population of the county ought to be nearly 30,000. It is three times as large as the State of Rhode Island, one and one half times the size of Delaware, a little smaller than Connecticut, and nearly half as big as the

Photo by Shaw & Lambert  
JOHN C. BULL, JR.  
CONTRACTOR HUMBOLDT JETTIES.



THE WHARVES, ARCATA.

State of Massachusetts. The principal streams are the Klamath, Trinity, Little, Mad, Elk, Eel, Van Duzen, Bear, and Mattole rivers, all of which, except Little river, flow in a general northwesterly direction. Eel river is navigable for a considerable distance by vessels of light draught as is the Klamath. Redwood and Salmon creeks are streams of some size and importance.

Of climate the county possesses the greatest variety. That of the coast is foggy, moist, and cool; the interior is warmer in summer. The temperature of the coast belt proper varies little from January to December. Those in pursuit of health alone find the climate of the county much to their liking. As one travels inland the atmosphere becomes perceptibly dryer and warmer. The variations of temperature are also greater inland, for while the summers are warmer the winters are cooler. In October or November begins the rainy season and it usually lasts until April or May. The precipitation is always abundant, being

greater in the interior than immediately on the coast. Seldom does snow fall in Eureka and it never lies on the ground. However, upon the high mountains inland it often reaches a depth of several feet.<sup>1</sup>

But climatic conditions are influenced by forests, which being retainers of moisture impart a humidity to the atmosphere. It is this and proximity to the ocean that have caused the fog and dampness of the coast climate. But since its settlement in 1850 a great change has been observed at the county seat. In early days no finer redwood timber could

<sup>1</sup>The mildness of the coast climate may be inferred from data kindly furnished the writer by Mr. J. J. McLean, Observer of the United States Weather Bureau. The highest temperature in summer noted in observations covering a period of ten years are 78° in May, 73° in June and July, and 79° in August. For the same period the lowest winter temperatures recorded are 38° in November, 32° in December, 20° in January, the lowest ever known here, and 27° in February. Eureka has a mean temperature of 52° in June, 55° in July, 56° in August, and 55° in September. The winter means are 50 in November, 48° in December, 46° in January, and 46° in February.

Observer McLean adds that here the precipitation is more evenly distributed than in most other portions of the State, the greatest occurring during the winter months and ranging from 0.05 to 8.36 inches. The summer months show a precipitation of from 0.06 to 4.66 inches. An insufficiency of rain to secure good crops is something unknown.



Photo Shaw & Lambert.

COMPLETION OF THE EUREKA AND KLAMATH RIVER RAILROAD, WEST EUREKA.

be found elsewhere than grew about Humboldt bay. But with the establishment of mills and the growth of the city the land has been denuded of its forests, and the proportion of bright, sunny days

has been growing larger. The improvement in the Eureka climate within the last thirty-five years has been marked.

The undulating character of the country, the absence of tule lands, and the



Photo by Shaw & Lambert.

J. L. CRICHTON,  
COUNTY TAX COLLECTOR.



Photo by Shaw & Lambert.

OSCAR D. STERN,  
COUNTY CLERK.



Photo by Shaw & Lambert.  
T. M. BROWN,  
SHERIFF HUMBOLDT COUNTY.

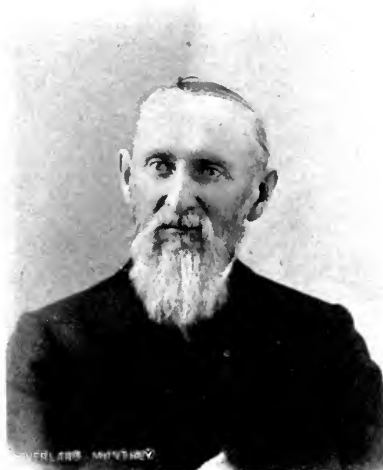


Photo by Shaw & Lambert.  
JOSEPH TRACY,  
COUNTY TREASURER.

excellence of its drainage, render fevers and malaria comparatively unknown. All along the coast and also inland flowers bloom in the open air all the year round. There are three crops of strawberries annually and certain varieties of the raspberry ripen in midwinter. Garden vegetables may be successfully cultivated at any season. The uplands except the mountain tops furnish excellent grazing from one year's end to the other and stock requires very little attention. Native grasses grow luxuriantly and abundantly.

What gives the county its great commercial importance is Humboldt bay, a magnificent land-locked harbor upon which all the fleets of the world might lie secure from the most terrific storm outside. Humboldt bay is about midway between Mexico and British America, is one of the three secure harbors of California, and is to be one day the seat of a great commerce. Fourteen miles long and from one half a mile to four miles wide, this harbor's greatest length is parallel with the coast, and from the fierce sweep of gales is adequately protected by headlands and mountains. It has been computed that this bay possesses fifty miles of available water front, a tidal area of twenty-eight square miles and of navigable channels thirty-five lineal miles.

And this brings us to consideration of the improvement of Humboldt bar, whose shifting channel and treacherous sands used to be the dread of those who go down to the sea in ships. Years ago the importance of securing a deeper channel was recognized as imperative, if its advantages as a commercial rendezvous and harbor of refuge were ever to be utilized. This bit of government work was several years ago placed upon the list of improvements receiving from Congress permanent appropriations.<sup>1</sup> Steamers now cross in and out at any stage of the tide without pilots, feats impossible before. Vessels of the deepest draught can enter Humboldt bay with perfect ease and safety.

Humboldt county has more redwood timber than all the rest of the world. According to what are believed to be accurate calculations, the area of virgin redwood forest in the county is approximately 497,000 acres, which with an average yield per acre of 100,000 feet would produce no less than 49,000,000,000 feet of lumber.

The outlook for successful invasion of Eastern markets by this commodity has never before been so bright. For some time the Eureka Chamber of Commerce has been endeavoring to secure from the

<sup>1</sup>An article on Jetties and their construction, including this work at Humboldt Bar, will be published in the October number of the OVERLAND MONTHLY.

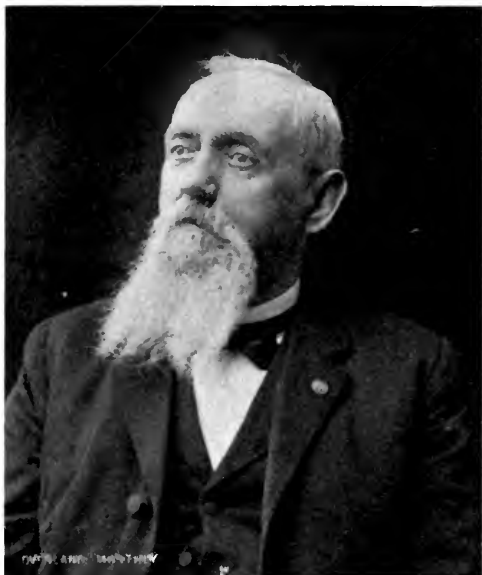


Photo by Shaw & Lambert.  
A. W. RANDALL,  
PRESIDENT RANDALL BANKING COMPANY.

railways for redwood shipments Eastern terminal rates. Both the Southern Pacific and the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company have now made the coveted concession. To Eastern points the rates on Humboldt shipments are the same as those of the lumber manufacturers of Puget Sound.

The condition of the lumber industry of the county is expected steadily to improve. The many excellent qualities it possesses must commend redwood wherever it shall be introduced. Its extraordinary resistance to the action of fire, its freedom from pitch, its susceptibility to polish, its wonderful lasting qualities, whether exposed to the weather or placed underground, the fact that it will not warp or swell or shrink as pine does, and the circumstance that no insect but the teredo was ever known to attack it, render redwood peculiarly valuable. It is already proving an entirely satisfactory substitute for black walnut and mahogany, and is preferred to oak for railroad ties and to cypress and cedar for shingles. As an illustration of the lasting qualities of redwood, the shingles used to cover the buildings at Fort Humboldt near Eureka are as sound today as when first put on, nearly a half-century ago.

The extraordinary width of much of the rough clear redwood lumber manufactured in the county is the wonder of all beholders. Of course this wood can be ignited, but it burns slowly and flames feebly, and forest fires that sweep over large areas and consume other timber never harm the redwood.

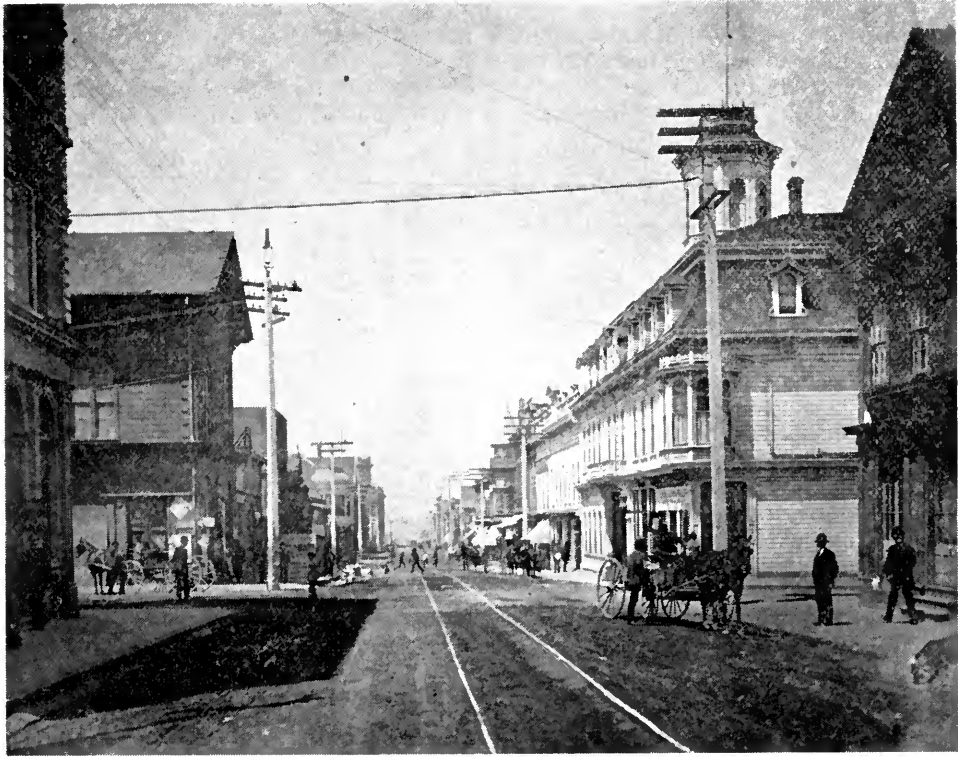
The fact that all redwood lumber takes a polish and that the curly grained portions and the immense bird's eye burls are susceptible to a very high polish, causes it to be especially desirable in cabinet work. It will therefore be readily seen that the only wood that can take the place of white pine is redwood, and that for all outside coverings its qualities herein enumerated render it the superior material.

There are at present in the county thirteen lumber mills with a capacity of 200,000,000 feet of lumber a year. The number of shingle mills is twenty-four.

In speaking here of the lumbering in Humboldt county, it is neither my purpose or desire to slight any of the companies, but desiring to give some idea of the magnitude of this industry, I have selected a company which seems (after considering all the different plants) more advanced and complete than any other



Photo by Thors.  
F. A. CUTLER,  
POSTMASTER EUREKA, CALIFORNIA.



SECOND STREET, LOOKING WEST FROM VANCE HOTEL, EUREKA, CALIFORNIA.

in the section, the John Vance Mill and Lumber Company. This company has expended during the past three years (years of very marked depression in the lumber trade of Humboldt county) over half a million dollars, which expenditure has enabled it to reach its present position. Added to this is the fact that the quality of lumber which this company produces is the standard of grade in foreign markets and particularly in the Australian market.

The three masted schooner "Lizzie Vance," bound for Australia sailed from Eureka about August first, carrying an ordered cargo of something over half a million feet of "rough clear" lumber. Every stick of which was carefully inspected and branded on the end with a steel brand boldly bearing the initials of the Company.

A recent visitor says:—"We left Eureka on the swift ferryboat Antelope for Samoa, or West Eureka, where we boarded an engine in waiting and pulled

out for the logging camps at Buckman's Prairie, sixteen miles distant. Leaving the mill, the track winds picturesquely in and out along the bay shore until Mad River slough is reached, about three miles distant and the point at which the road dumps the logs of Dolbeer & Carson into Humboldt bay. The Eureka and Klamath River Railroad, although owned by the Vance Company, has a contract for carrying the logs of Dolbeer & Carson from the woods to their mill in Eureka. It realizes a handsome profit from this at it is the only road available. From here the bay steamers of the Vance company tow them in rafts to the Dolbeer & Carson mill.

"Continuing over a splendid standard guage track and gravel ballasted roadbed through the beautiful Arcata bottom and its little metropolis, we were soon at Mad River, the old mill site of the Company, where their store still stands and the comfortable, old-fashioned home of the late pioneer founder of this great



concern. Here we met the train coming down with its load of huge logs. A moment or two's delay and we were off again up a slight grade. A mile or so more and we were in the camp.

"We left the engine and watched it couple on to a train of loaded cars, which were awaiting its arrival, and in a moment it had left.

"I glanced at my surroundings. On my left was a long row of little houses with a big house at the end nearest me, the living houses of the men and the cook house. To my right was an engine, called a 'bull-donkey,' with a great drum in front with a cable wound around it. It looked quite peaceable and reminded me of a hoist in a mine, but it can haul seventy tons two miles.

"Suddenly two bells rang. A whistle and then it commenced to pull in the cable. We followed the cable over a skid or log road three fourths of a mile to a point in the woods where it is met by three like roads.

"From here we went on another quarter of a mile to where two little donkey-engines with a crew of a dozen men to each were busily at work pulling the newly fallen logs upon the skidway where they were chained together, grappled by the cable of the great bull-donkey and dispatched to the loading station at the railroad.

"After a hearty dinner at the camp and an hour spent watching the felling, peeling, and sawing in lengths, of the giant redwoods we took passage on a log train for the mill, where our load was deposited in a pond from which they are taken one by one, by a carriage that comes down a steep incline from the mill into the water and feeds the great logs to the swiftly moving band saw.

"This great plant, owned by the John Vance Mill and Lumber Company, was formed upon the death of John Vance in 1892. It consists of Edgar H. Vance and S. A. Vance as principal owners, with Edgar H. Vance as President and active Managing Director.

"John Vance, the founder, came to Humboldt County in 1852. He realized at that early day the great future of redwood lumber and with his characteristic determination he settled and began the foundation of the business which today

is first in the State and second to none in the world. He built his first mill on Mad river, not many miles from where the logging of the Company is carried on today. Afterwards, realizing the advantage of having his lumber cut at tide-water, he built a mill at Eureka. The present mill of the Company is located across the bay from the site of the old mill at West Eureka. This mill is built upon the latest and most approved plans, and cost a hundred and twenty thousand dollars. It is so arranged that it can be easily transformed into a double mill, or in other words, can double its present cut, which is about seventy thousand feet per day. The Company owns also sufficient timber land to keep this great mill running twenty years, and also a fleet of five sailing vessels and several small steamers.<sup>1</sup>

A volume could not speak of the butter industry more eloquently, of its proportions and prosperity, than the simple statement that the butter exports of Humboldt for 1895 aggregated 3,832,750 pounds. In the San Francisco market Humboldt butter commands the very highest price and much of it goes directly to the East. Since the construction seven years ago of the pioneer creamery the growth of the industry has been little less than marvelous. As may be supposed, stock in Humboldt creameries pays handsome dividends.

The Diamond Springs Creamery is situated at Swauger's, on the line of the Eel River and Eureka Railroad, and is of importance as it is the largest and most complete creamery in the county. It makes fully twelve per cent of the entire product of Humboldt county. It is fitted out with the latest improved machinery for butter making, having three eight hundred gallon cream vats, two five hun-

<sup>1</sup> During the year 1895, according to the annual shipping review published by the Eureka Daily Times, there were exported from Humboldt 550 cargoes of wood products, consisting of 87,859,831 feet of lumber; 297,937,500 shingles; 16,434,788 shakes; 73,719 railroad ties; 37,116 tray cleats; 56,100 feet of mouldings; 40,000 feet of laurel logs; 22,535 posts; 9,090 tree stakes; 11,000 pickets; 3,700 lineal feet of redwood pipe; 861 cords of bolts; 4,437 piles. Among other exports in 1895 were 3,832,750 pounds of butter; 133,334 pounds of cheese; 883,543 pounds of wool; 903,400 pounds of fresh fish; 1,149 pounds of smoked fish; and 100,000 pounds of dried and salt fish. Seventy-six different vessels, consisting of 53 sailers and 23 steamers, constituted the lumber fleet of 1895. These, inward and outward bound, representing a tonnage of 337,995, crossed the bar 1109 times and not a mishap occurred to any one of them.

See also OVERLAND for August, 1893, for article on "Humboldt Lumbering."





W. J. SWORTZEL,  
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD OF COUNTY COMMISSIONERS  
FOR HUMBOLDT COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.



Photo by Shaw & Lambert.  
JOHN M. VANCE,  
PRESIDENT EEL RIVER AND EUREKA RAILROAD COMPANY.

dred gallon churns, a National butter worker that works three hundred pounds of butter in five minutes, and three of Simpson's Jumbo butter moulds. The receiving of the milk is under the care of Mr. H. Peterson, who also attends to the machinery. The making of the butter is under the management of Mr. James Boyce, who has given the making of fine

flavored butter a careful study for years. The butter has gained a high reputation, which it justly deserves, for the creamery is kept perfectly sweet and clean and the cows that furnish the milk are in perfect health, — in fact, disease is practically unknown as grass grows green twelve months in the year in Humboldt county.

The creamery has forty-seven of the best natured patrons in the State, — and



Photo by Shaw & Lambert.  
GEORGE A. KELLOGG,  
SECRETARY HUMBOLDT CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.



Photo by Shaw & Lambert.  
D. K. B. SELLERS,  
CHAIRMAN DEMOCRATIC COUNTY CENTRAL COMMITTEE.



THE HUMBOLDT COUNTY BANK AND HOME SAVINGS BANK, EUREKA, CALIFORNIA.

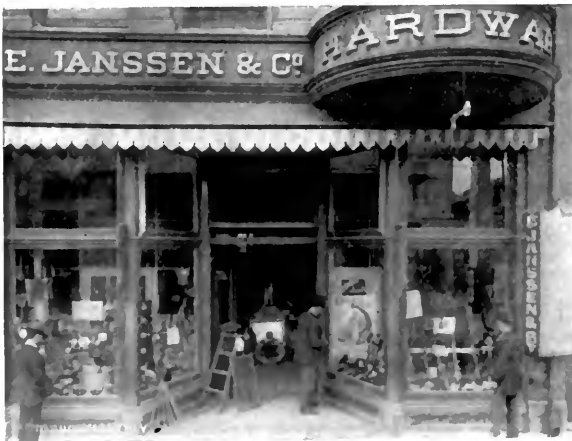
why not, when they know the creamery will pay them between \$75,000.00 and \$80,000.00 for milk during the year of 1896? The creamery is built on the gravity plan; the floors and lower side walls are built of concrete, and suitable drains are provided for all waste water to drain freely to a large tank from which it is pumped by large steam pumps to a tide-water slough some two miles away, thus avoiding any foul smell near the creamery. They also own a ranch of eighty acres where from five hundred to

six hundred head of hogs are raised every year and fattened on the skim and butter milk which is pumped to the pens just ninety-two hundred feet from the creamery.

The Harpst and Spring Custom Creamery of Arcata is the leading one of the northern portion of the county. It was opened in May 1895. The cost was \$5,000, and it is well constructed and conveniently arranged. Production, eight hundred pounds daily. The climatic influences here are more favorable than in some of the interior points, for the making of the fine quality of butter which this creamery produces. It always commands the highest market price and the demand exceeds the supply.

Connected with it is a ranch of some two thousand acres owned by Harpst and Spring, which is stocked with several hundred head of fine dairy cows. A very elaborate system of water works supplies both the creamery and the ranch.

The quantity of grazing land in the county is about 600,000 acres, or a little more than twenty-two per cent of the whole. It exceeds by 100,000 acres perhaps the area susceptible to cul-



A TYPICAL THIRD STREET STORE.



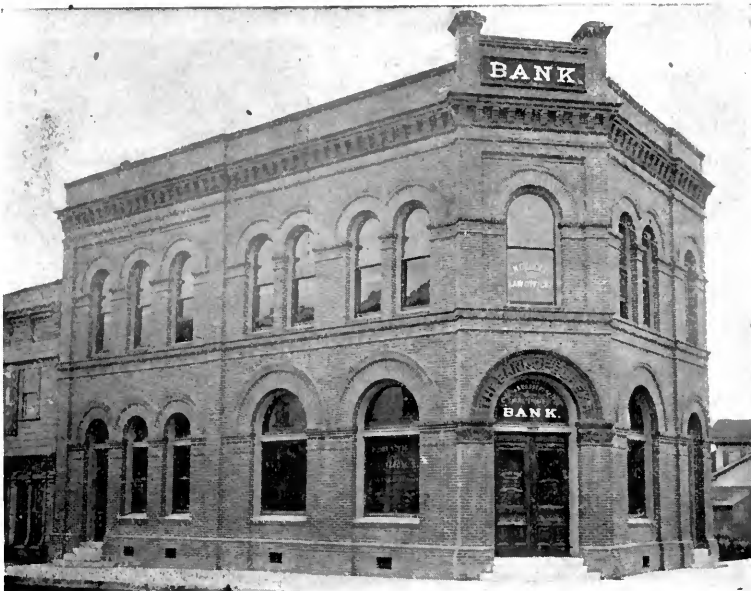
C. P. SOULE,  
CASHIER BANK OF EUREKA.



L. T. KINSEY,  
ASSISTANT CASHIER BANK OF EUREKA.

tivation and is fifteen times as large as the denuded area. The quantity of waste land is about 11,000 acres, the area of the marsh-land district, quantities of which are in process of reclamation, is in excess of 31,000 acres and there are 125,000 acres of mineral lands. In round numbers there are 937,000 acres of forest land.

Since Humboldt ranchers first turned their attention to the raising of sheep, Humboldt wool has commanded the highest prices in the San Francisco market. It therefore follows that the quality of the mutton of the county is also first-class. Upon the large ranges east of the redwood belt is sheepraising chiefly carried on, while cattle are reared not only



BANK OF EUREKA'S BUILDING, E STREET



RANDALL BANKING COMPANY, F STREET, EUREKA.

there but also on the smaller farms between the redwoods and the coast, whose owners engage in a diversified agriculture, and on cleared areas in the midst of the forest. The low price of wool and the pernicious activity of coyotes have not had an exhilarating effect on the sheep industry. On the other hand the stockmen are raising more cattle than ever. All the beef consumed in Humboldt is produced in the county. The nutritious grasses that spring up on the ranges abundantly after the beginning of the rainy season are sufficient to last through the summer and fall of the following year, though prudent and thrifty stockmen usually make provision for feeding their flocks and herds a portion of every winter. One of the prosperous sections of the county devoted almost exclusively to cattle-raising is the beautiful valley of the Mattole and the adjacent foothills. Most of the beef consumed in the thickly settled parts of the county comes from the Mattole.

For the hog, Humboldt is a paradise. Large numbers of swine are fattened on acorns and the refuse of the creameries.

The chief agricultural products are wheat, barley, oats, corn, potatoes, hay, peas, and lentils, and all are grown without irrigation. The area devoted to wheat is limited, but increasing. On bottom and upland the yield is good, there being well authenticated instances in which it has exceeded ninety bushels per acre. But such productive areas are not large. Ranchers believe the upland prairie lands east of the redwoods produce the finest grain, yet it is all extremely plump and bright-colored. Thirty bushels is perhaps the usual yield per acre. Lack of transportation facilities has prevented its production for export.

The area devoted to the cultivation of barley exceeds greatly that dedicated to wheat and the production per acre is large, an average of sixty bushels to the acre being nothing unusual in the Eel River valley. Never-

theless the output scarcely equals the local demand.



Photo by Marceau.

J. F. THOMPSON,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR OF EUREKA "STANDARD."



G. R. GEORGESON.

More acres are given to the cultivation of oats than to wheat and barley combined, and in quality and quantity of this grain Humboldt is easily first among California counties, the output per acre frequently being as much as one hundred and twenty bushels. The yield on uplands varies from forty to sixty bushels, and eighty and one hundred bushels are not uncommon.

Corn may be grown to advantage any where except very near the coast. In Eel River and Mattole valleys it is valued as a green feed.

In the halcyon days of potato farming in Humboldt, Arcata bottom was the heaven of the tuber-grower. Humboldt potatoes, like Humboldt wool, ranked number one in the San Francisco market, and in their production fortunes were often quickly made. That the Eel River valley and Arcata bottom farmers made money rapidly will be understood when one realizes

that in the palmy days of potato farming a ton of the tubers was worth from \$20 to \$40, and that a single acre would produce from eight to fifteen tons. Such big yields could not continue forever. Some affirm that those feats of production were made possible only by the dense fogs of that period. Certain it is that upon removal of the heavy timber there was a perceptible decline in the product. Finally there came an era of low prices and ranchers turned their attention to a more diversified farming. However, potatoes are still grown at a profit in this county, the yield is excellent and the quality strictly number one; and there are no potato bugs.

A large acreage is utilized for the growth of clover and oat hay. Oat hay is produced in Eel River valley, on Arcata bottom and around Humboldt bay. On some tracts large crops have been grown every year for nearly a third of a century, and the ground seems almost as fresh and strong as ever. Dairymen early learned the value of clover. The soil of the lowlands appears adapted to it to such a degree that its growth is perennial; and it produces a large flow of the very richest milk. They found it paid to clear, even at enormous expense, heavily timbered lands that they might be converted into clover fields. The clover contagion spread rapidly, and now not only Eel River valley and Arcata



Photo by Shaw &amp; Lambert.

VANCE HOTEL, EUREKA, CALIFORNIA.



F STREET, LOOKING EAST FROM ANTONSEN BLOCK.

Photo by Shaw & Lambert.

bottom, but the Van Duzen and Yager valleys, the Jacoby creek, Elk river, and Salmon creek bottoms and the country about Humboldt bay have become wedded to the clover idea. It is preferred to alfalfa.

Humboldt county produces more peas than all the rest of the Pacific Coast, a couple of tons being an average yield per acre in the valley of the Eel river and around Humboldt bay, the vegetable being unmolested by insects such as have made life a burden to the pea-farmer of the East. The cultivation of seeds for wholesale seed firms promises to attain respectable proportions in this county.

The orchards of the interior produce a large variety of the most delicious flavored fruits, though horticulture is yet only in its infancy. No other part of the State can produce finer apples than the uplands of the interior. The Trinity River and Willow Creek country has long been famed for its superior apples, pears, peaches, apricots, plums, and grapes; but lack of a market has restricted the fruit area there. Upon many tracts from which redwood has been removed have orchards been planted, and they usually, prunes especially, do remarkably well. But it has been discovered that fruit grown in the interior has the finest flavor. All the deciduous fruits known to temperate climes can

be produced to advantage. Experimentation with figs, olives, English walnuts, and almonds, proves their adaptability to our soil and climate. Fruitland has a one hundred-acre prune orchard and Blocksburgh has another of sixty acres. Smaller prune orchards are numerous. The fact that it is marketed in the dried state is one advantage attending the cultivation of this species of fruit. Raspberries, strawberries, currants, and gooseberries, of the largest size and the



Photo by Shaw & Lambert.  
P. F. ANTONSEN.

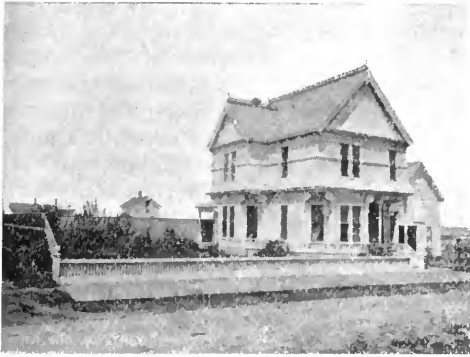


Photo by Shaw &amp; Lambert.

RESIDENCE J. G. LOVEREN.

finest flavor are produced in every part of the county in the greatest abundance. Strawberries together with huckleberries, salmonberries, and blackberries, also grow wild and are very plentiful.

Since early days development of the placers of Willow creek and Klamath and Trinity rivers has been in progress. The gravel beds of those streams were early found to be rich, but even yet the half has not been told. The gold hunters of early days were after big money, and if a mine did not pan out well at the start they moved on. The panic of 1893 drove many idle men to the Humboldt mines and they have mostly made good wages. Many old abandoned claims have recently been operated with profit. The area of pay gravel is extensive and apparently inexhaustible. The great drawback to development of the Hum-

boldt placers is lack of capital and transportation facilities. The average annual output of the mines of Humboldt county is about \$70,000.

Settlement of the county had scarcely begun before attention was directed to the black sands cast by the tides upon Gold Beach on the northwest coast. A mining company is operating there to advantage, but when a better process shall be discovered for separating the gold the profits will be greater.

That the county has deposits of a fair



Photo by Shaw.

J. G. LOVEREN.



Photo by Shaw.

MILL, HOT-HOUSES, AND GARDENS, OF J. G. LOVEREN, EURFKA.

quality of coal of the post-carboniferous era has been known for years. There are ledges both on Maple creek and on upper Eel river. Lack of transportation facilities has rendered their development out of the question. In many parts of Humboldt there are traces of iron. Near the mouth of Mad river is a valuable granite quarry that supplied the stone for construction of the gov-





Photo by Shaw & Lambert.  
A EUREKA HARDWARE SHOP.

ernment lighthouse on Seal Rock near Crescent City. Along Jacoby and Freshwater creeks are valuable quarries of sandstone.

In 1886 in the Mattole valley the most encouraging indications of the existence of petroleum were found. Oil experts were attracted to the county and wells sunk, but petroleum could not be found in paying quantities. A second edition of the excitement of early days was experienced in 1891. Oil experts came and wells were sunk, but once more there was a failure to obtain petroleum in any considerable quantity. Yet seepages of oil and sandstone impregnated with petroleum were found on every hand. From the Brierland well there is a flow of natural gas sufficient to supply a

town. A residence near by is supplied with light and fuel from it.

The fishing industry of the county gives employment to 400 or 500 men. For years there has been in existence near the mouth of Eel river a salmon cannery.

The county seat of Humboldt and the principal city of Northern California is Eureka, situated on the northern arm of Humboldt bay, 225 miles from San Francisco. The city covers an area of 5.75 square miles, or 3,680 acres, is built on a plain gently sloping toward the bay, has fine drainage and an excellent sewer system, is supplied with good water from Elk river five miles away, is lighted with gas and electricity, is in telegraphic communication with the outside world, and besides the steamer mail, which arrives every four days, there is a daily overland postal service by which San Francisco mails are received in less than forty-eight hours. The schools of Eureka are well attended and conducted, it has free delivery of mails, an efficient fire alarm system, and a competent volunteer fire department. The construction of bituminous pavement was begun some years ago.

The streets are well laid out and adorned with very many expensive and beautiful residences. The number of handsome business blocks, already large, is steadily on the increase. One of the ornaments of the city is its courthouse, built of stone and Portland cement at a cost of \$170,000.



Photo by Shaw & Lambert.  
JONES BLOCK, F AND THIRD STREETS, EUREKA.



In the outskirts of the city is the county hospital, a large, handsome structure. There is also within the city limits a private hospital. The city has one of the finest opera houses in the State and several miles of street railroad. Its population is about 8,000. Two private educational institutions are the Eureka Academy and Business College and St. Joseph's Institute.

For the number of her fraternal organizations, secular and religious, Eureka has long been noted. The city is well supplied with banking institutions, they are:

The Bank of Eureka, the Savings Bank of Humboldt County, the Randall Banking Company (successors to A. W. Randall), Humboldt County Bank, and the Home Savings Bank.<sup>1</sup>

The city has soda and bottling establishments and breweries. Quantities of mineral water, an artesian water of merit, are exported. There is also a factory that manufactures toilet and washing soaps.

The prosperity of Eureka has been in

<sup>1</sup>Humboldt County Bank of Eureka, is the oldest bank in this county, incorporated February 27, 1873, capital paid in coin \$200,000. Its officers are, J. W. Henderson, President; Josiah Bell, Vice-President; George A. Belcher, Secretary; H. A. Libby, Cashier. Directors, J. W. Henderson, Josiah Bell, H. H. Buhne, N. Bullock, I. Cullberg, J. M. Carson, H. W. McClellan, J. M. Vance, and S. W. McFarland. Correspondents in San Francisco, Chicago, New York, and London. I give herewith the forty-seventh semi-annual statement of condition at close of business, June 30, 1896.

RESOURCES.

Real Estate.....	\$ 36,788 67
Money on hand.....	54,250 52
Due from Banks.....	12,305 68
Loans.....	224,891 82
Other Resources.....	2,150 10

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock.....	\$200,000 00
Profit and Loss.....	22,382 86
Deposits.....	101,059 47
Due Banks.....	6,816 23
Other Liabilities.....	208 23
	<hr/>
	\$330,476 79    \$330,476 79

The Home Savings Bank, capital stock \$50,000, transacts a savings bank business only. Its officers are, Isaac Cullberg, President; J. W. Henderson, Vice-President; Frank Ellery, Secretary; and J. B. Casterlin, Cashier. Directors, Josiah Bell, N. Bullock, J. W. Henderson, Isaac Cullberg, Frank Ellery.

The Bank of Eureka and Savings Bank of Humboldt County were incorporated October 4, 1889. They erected the handsome building which they now occupy jointly, during the winter of 1889-90 and opened their doors for business July 1, 1890. Both banks are owned by the same stockholders, and the officers are identical,—neither officers nor directors have ever been changed.

The capital stock of the Bank of Eureka is \$200,000 subscribed: paid in, \$100,000; surplus and undivided profits, \$40,016. Its officers are, William Carson, President; J. K. Dollison, Vice-President; C. P. Soulé, Cashier; L. T. Kinsey, Assistant Cashier. Directors, William Carson, Allen A. Curtis, Robert Porter, J. K. Dollison, Alex. Connick, A. Berding, C. P. Soulé. Correspondents in San Francisco, London, New York, and Chicago.

<sup>1</sup> We give herewith the Thirteenth Semi-Annual Statement of condition at close of business, June 30th, 1896.

a large measure due to the wages of the laborers in the mills and logging woods, of whom several thousand find steady employment the greater portion of every year.

One of the creditable and cherished institutions of the city is the free library and reading rooms. It has been in existence ever since 1878.

The abundance of tanbark oak in the county and the comparative inexpensiveness of the bark have rendered the manufacture of leather a profitable industry. There are three tanneries in the county, one of which is situated near Eureka.

Humboldt builds her own ships. I have had the privilege of visiting the most important wooden ship building yard on the Pacific Coast today. This yard is situated on a peninsula in Humboldt bay, opposite the city of Eureka and about one and one half miles distant. It is owned and personally managed by H. D. Bendixsen. Mr. Bendixsen is a native of Denmark. He came to California in 1863 and to Eureka four years

ASSETS.

Cash on hand.....	\$39,793 48	\$ 60,942 61
Due from Banks.....	21,149 13	
Loans.....		238,464 60
Bank Premises and Fixtures.....		15,554 03
Other Real Estate.....		2,199 07
Other Assets.....		251 18

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock paid in coin.....	\$100,000 00
Profit and Loss.....	40,010 67
Due Depositors.....	123,339 24
Due Banks.....	53,368 53
Other Liabilities.....	693 05
	<hr/>
	\$317,411 49    \$317,411 49

The Savings Bank of Humboldt County has a subscribed capital of \$100,000, paid in, \$50,000. It pays interest on deposits, and receives same in amounts of from one dollar upwards.

The Randall Banking Company occupies handsome quarters on F street. This institution is the outgrowth of the private banking business established by Mr. A. W. Randall, a gentleman who has long been prominently identified with the financial and general business interests of Humboldt County. A general banking business is conducted under the directorship of a board composed of Messrs. A. W. Randall, J. M. Sass, David Evans, Geo. A. Kellogg, F. Corbel, Stephen Hill, W. H. Johnston, E. H. Vance, and J. S. Murray. Mr. Randall is President, with Stephen Hill, Vice-President, and J. S. Murray, Cashier. A stronger list of substantial and responsible citizens and business men could scarcely be found in Humboldt county. The prosperous condition of the Randall Banking Company is shown in the following statement taken from the books August 1, 1896.

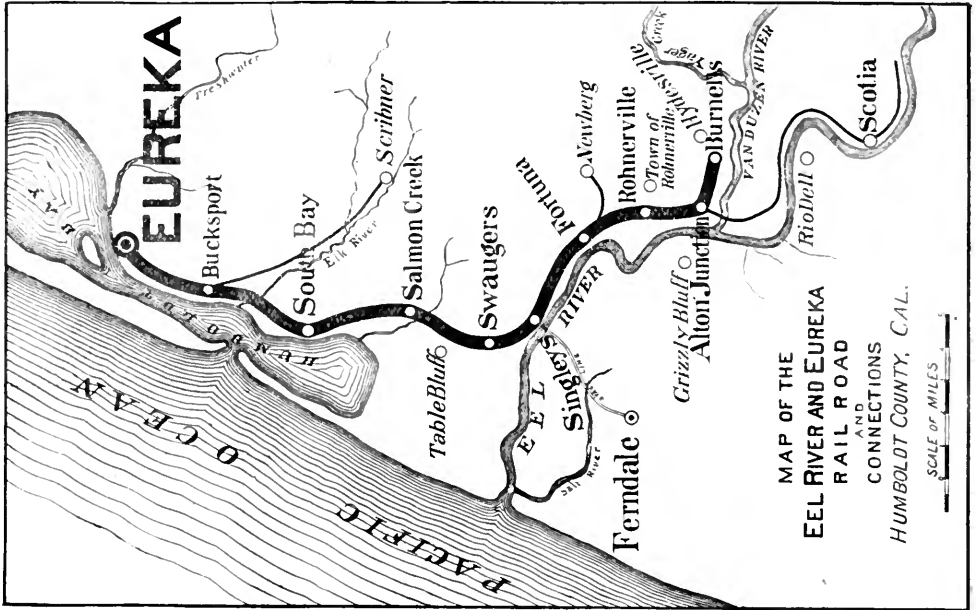
RESOURCES.

Loans.....	\$257,079 51
Due from Banks.....	12,834 32
Money on hand.....	32,404 83
Furniture and Fixtures.....	2,877 65

LIABILITIES.

Capital paid in coin.....	\$ 57,300 00
Profit and Loss.....	24,953 63
Due Depositors.....	222,934 48
Due Banks.....	8 20

\$305,196 31    \$305,196 31



later. He engaged in shipbuilding there, during which time he launched eight vessels. In 1873 he established his present yard at what is now known as Fairhaven. From that time until today he has successfully completed and launched eighty-seven vessels. Four square rigged, nine steamers, and seventy-four schooners, almost all built for lumber carrying, but some for the South Sea Island trade. Mr. Bendixsen has the honor of having built the largest wooden vessel ever launched in California. This was the barkentine Jane L. Stanford,—dimensions: 215 feet long, 41 feet beam, and 17 feet depth of hold. Registered measurement, 922 tons net.

During this season two large schooners have been completed and launched from this yard, they are the Albert Meyer, four hundred tons, and the Metha Nelson, four hundred tons. On the stocks at the present writing are a four masted schooner (to be christened the Defender), a steam schooner, and a steamship to take the place of the steamer Humboldt, which was wrecked on the coast in the fog below Humboldt Bar one year ago. It is expected that this steamer will be the fastest on the Coast. No expense is to be spared in her construction, and the best judges predict from her model and the power which is to be put in her, that this claim is justifiable. Her dimensions

will be: length, 220 feet over all; beam, 31 feet; depth of hold 22 feet. Many pages could be written regarding the advantages possessed by this ship-yard at Fairhaven on the beautiful Humboldt bay, but lack of space forbids,— suffice it to mention a few of them briefly. First may be mentioned the fact that the yard has its own complete saw-mill plant, which by its arrangement is capable of sawing timbers to a length of 125 feet. Next, the accessibility of this length of clear pine timber of the finest quality, which is particularly valuable inasmuch as it brings the scarfs (joints) farther apart, thus materially strengthening a vessel, third, the almost inexhaustible supply, near by, of pine knees. It may be said to the credit of the builder that he does not hesitate to take a financial interest in any vessel that he builds, if those he builds for so desire, and he enjoys today a comfortable income from his interest in some vessels which he has built on that basis. Mr. Bendixsen carries his years with comparative ease. Day in and day out he may be found everywhere about his extensive plant, personally supervising the labor performed by the hundred and twenty men which he employs. He models himself the vessels he builds, and no detail in their construction is overlooked by him. The illustrations hardly do justice to this

great industry of Humboldt county, but a reader may look and learn something of it. To appreciate it fully, one must visit the yard itself. He will be more than repaid.

One of the old established industries of the city is the manufacture of brick. Both the land office of the Humboldt district and the custom house are located in Eureka.

The city is well provided with newspapers, there being the *Times*, daily and weekly, Republican in politics; the *Standard*, daily and weekly, which is also Republican, the *Sunday Letter*, an independent weekly; the *Watchman*, a Populist weekly, and the *News*, an independent journal published twice a week.

The Eureka Chamber of Commerce is made up of some of the most liberal and public-spirited citizens of the city and county, and the amount of good it has done in making the needs and advantages of Humboldt known abroad, it would not be easy to overestimate.

Eureka is connected with the Eel River country by the Eel River and Eureka railroad, which extends to Burnell, near Hydesville, a distance of thirty miles. A branch line eleven miles long extends from a point four miles beyond Scotia to a junction with the Eel River line at Alton. The Company is the only fully

equipped railroad in the county. Its passenger trains start from Eureka regularly twice a day on week days with an extra passenger train on Sunday. The northern terminus of the road is Eureka and the southern or land terminus, Burnell, at the gateway of the rich Van Duzen valley, up which it could readily be extended twenty-five miles, thereby adding greatly to its traffic. The road has a profitable carrying trade in lumber and agricultural freights.<sup>1</sup> A glance at the map of the road will show it to have three feeders,—with the owners of which it holds long contracts for hauling lumber and supplies. All that section of country lying south and southeast of the county seat is tributary to this railroad. Its officers are John M. Vance, President; C. L. Rose, Superintendent; T. R. Lever, Secretary.

On the north of Eureka are the Eureka and Klamath River railroad, which runs from West Eureka, on the peninsula between Eureka and the ocean, to Buckman's prairie, a distance of twenty miles; and the Arcata and Mad River railroad, which extends from Arcata to the lumber-

<sup>1</sup> 72,843 tons freight carried from June 30, 1895, to June 30, 1896, earning freight revenue \$56,070.44. 32,811 passengers carried from June 30, 1895, to June 30, 1896, earning passenger revenue of \$24,748.70. Total earnings of road from all sources from June 30, 1895 to June 30, 1896, \$82,317.55. Over 3,000 tons of the above freight was butter from Eel River valley section. Company paid upwards of \$30,000 for wages alone to employees for the year ending June 30, 1896.



EUREKA STATION, EEL RIVER AND EUREKA RAILROAD.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>The photographs along the line of the Eel River and Eureka Railroad Company are by Shaw & Lambert.



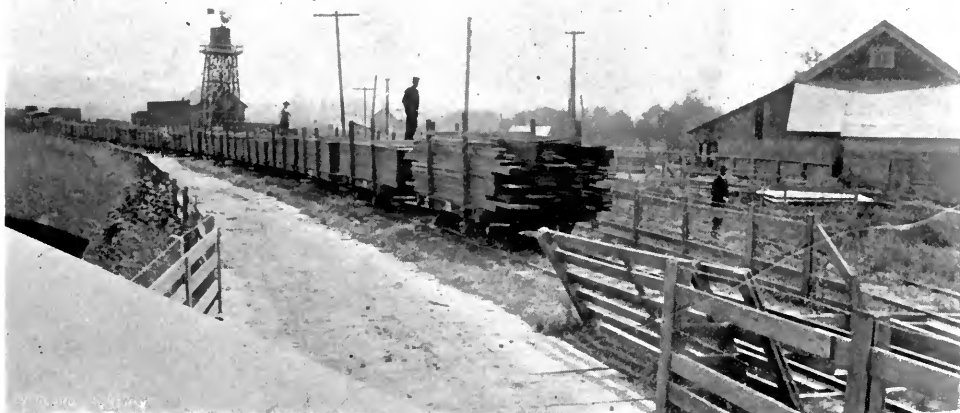
SOUTH BAY (FIELD'S LANDING), EEL RIVER AND EUREKA RAILROAD.

ing town of Korbel and is 17.25 miles in length. In addition to these lines there are the railroad in the Salmon Creek section, of the Milford Land and Lumber Company, now one and one half miles in length; the Bucksport and Elk River railroad, now about eight miles long; the Newberg branch line, two miles long; McKay & Co's railroad, five miles in length; the Excelsior Lumber Company's

railroad, which extends a distance of fifteen miles; Dolbeer & Carson's railroad, two miles long; Flanigan, Brosnan & Co's line of six miles, and the five-mile railroad at Trinidad, the property of the California Redwood Company. Three of these are incorporated roads and all were built for the transportation of logs and lumber. In addition to these local railways there are numerous stage lines,



FORTUNA STATION, EEL RIVER AND EUREKA RAILROAD COMPANY.



NEWBERG JUNCTION, EEL RIVER AND EUREKA RAILROAD.

rendering access to any part of the county, however remote, comparatively easy.

Humboldt, though hitherto denied railroad communication with the outer world has been well supplied with steamer routes. The San Francisco and Yaquina Bay Steamship Company runs its fine steamers, Farallon, Captain J. E. Roberts, and Alcatraz, Captain Walwig, regularly connecting Eureka with San Francisco on the south and Port Orford, Coos

Bay, the Willamette valley, and Portland, on the north. This line has built up at Newport in Yaquina Bay a summer resort of ten thousand people, where the most fashionable society of Oregon spends its summers. The Company has also done much for Humboldt Bay ports. It is under the able management of Mr. C. F. Meyer.

Of the other towns of the county first in alphabetical order comes Alton, a pretty and prosperous little village on the



ALTON JUNCTION, EEL RIVER AND EUREKA RAILROAD.



COUNTRY HOME OF JOHN M. VANCE, PRESIDENT EEL RIVER AND EUREKA RAILROAD, VAN DUZEN RIVER.

edge of the Eel River valley on the Eel River and the Eureka R. R. Co's. line. It is, therefore, in a live farming district. About a mile away is the Van Duzen river and a prosperous creamery is situated a few steps from town. Alton has an excellent public school, is well supplied with hostelries, and is one of the

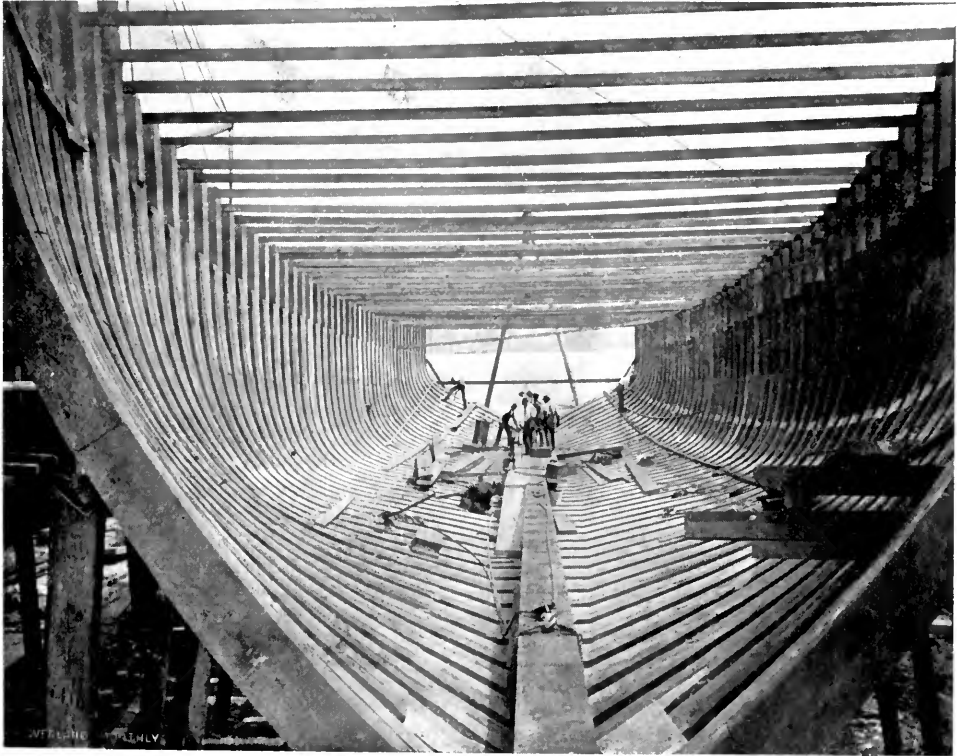
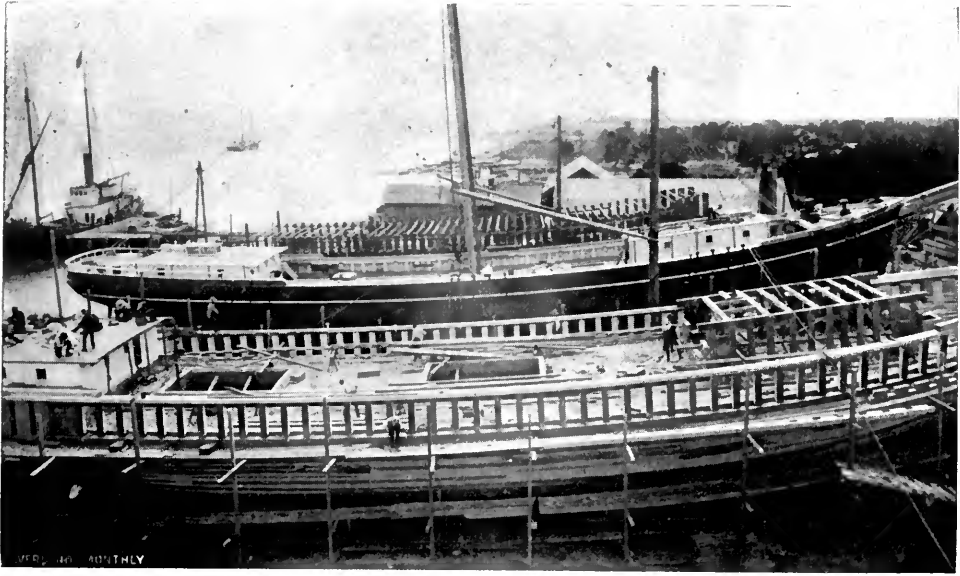
progressive and wide-awake towns of the county.

Arcata enjoys the distinction of having been the first town in the county to incorporate. It is delightfully situated on a plateau at the northern extremity of Humboldt bay, is well laid out, with a plaza in the center, and has very many charm-



DIAMOND SPRINGS CREAMERY, SWAUGER'S.





SCENES IN BENDIXSEN'S SHIP YARD.

Photo by Shaw & Lambert.



GENERAL VIEW OF BENDIXSEN'S SHIP YARD.

Photo by Shaw & Lambert.

ing residences. Arcata is distant from Eureka about twelve miles and the climate is superior, the high hills beyond affording ample protection from both fogs and cold winds. The Arcata bottom, upon the border of which the town stands, is one of the most fertile and prosperous

sections of the county. The town has one banking institution, the Bank of Arcata, water works, an excellent free library and reading room, a tannery, several shingle mills, three creameries, an electric light plant, a high school, and a creditable school building. Arcata has first-class hotels, a number of mercantile establishments, and for a town of two thousand people is quite a business point. The *Arcata Union*, a weekly Republican newspaper, is dedicated to the best interests of the community and well-conducted and well-patronized. A wharf has been extended to the deep water of the bay so that the largest vessels can take cargo there. Arcata is a depot of supplies for the mining region of northeastern Humboldt, northwestern Trinity, and southwestern Siskiyou, and Arcata bottom is noted for the 'beauty' and homelike look of its residences.



Photo by Shaw & Lambert.

CLEAR HUMBOLDT PINE, ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE FEET LONG, USED IN BENDIXSEN'S YARDS.

A village in a stock-raising section of Humboldt well adapted to fruit culture is Blocksburgh. The country round about contains much arable land, being on the old overland highway. It also has two stores, good schools, and enjoys the advantages of a healthful climate, warm in summer and mild in winter. Blocksburgh is about seventy miles from the county seat and is situated at an elevation of about eighteen hundred feet.

A town prettily located in a pretty





BENDIXSEN'S SAW MILL.

valley is Blue Lake. It nestles in the upper portion of the valley of Mad river about twenty-one miles from Eureka. Being distant from the ocean perhaps ten miles, it escapes both the fog of the coast and the high temperature that prevails farther inland. Blue Lake is surrounded by a rich dairy country, has a creamery, a shingle mill, hotels, schools, churches, several stores, and the weekly *Advocate*, an excellent Democratic newspaper. Except in the winter season two pack trains are constantly engaged in transporting

supplies of general merchandise from Blue Lake to the mines and agricultural districts of the Trinity, the Klamath, and the Salmon, bringing back wool, hides and pelts, and gold dust. The Arcata and Mad River railroad passes through the town.

A small town situated where the overland road crosses the Van Duzen is Bridgeville. Its altitude is about 900 feet and the village is in an excellent stock-raising section. Fruits of good size and fine flavor are grown there. The Bridgeville country is deservedly popular with camping parties and sportsmen.

The Van Duzen river is noted as a trout stream. Above the town, about a mile, is Larrabee creek, a day's ride across the divide the little Van Duzen and Mad rivers, all of which are famous for their fishing, and sportsmen find deer and other game in abundance. E. B. Barnum is the owner of Bridgeville and the commodious hotel which is known among sportsmen all over the State as "Barnum's."

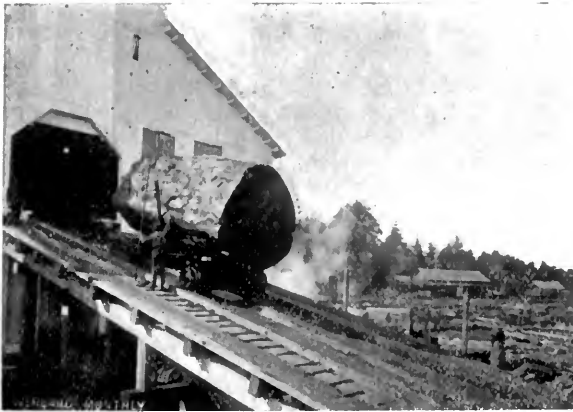
On the southern border of Eel River valley is the town of Ferndale, third in



DEPARTURE OF THE "LIZZIE VANCE."



VANCE MILL AT WEST EUREKA.<sup>1</sup>



THE LOG.

the county in population and wealth. Eighteen hundred people has the city of butter and ferns. The dairy interest predominates there, the people having made large sums from their dairies and creameries though a diversified agriculture is pursued. Ferndale is a well-built incorporated town with one bank, a public hall, two newspapers, the *Semi-weekly Enterprise* and the *Oracle*, secret societies and churches, schools conducted by zealous and competent instructors, and an electric light plant. The nearest

point on the Eureka and Eel River railroad is Singley, five miles away, but a steamer plies between San Francisco and Port Kenyon, Ferndale's closest shipping port. Port Kenyon is a hamlet on Salt river, a tidal tributary of Eel, and boasts a factory for the manufacture of condensed milk.

About seven miles from Eureka on the deep water of the bay and one of the stations of the Eel River and Eureka railroad is Field's Landing, the principal



THE LOG SPLIT.

<sup>1</sup> The photographs of the John Vance Mill and Lumbering Company and Eureka and Klamath River Railroad Company are by Shaw & Lambert.



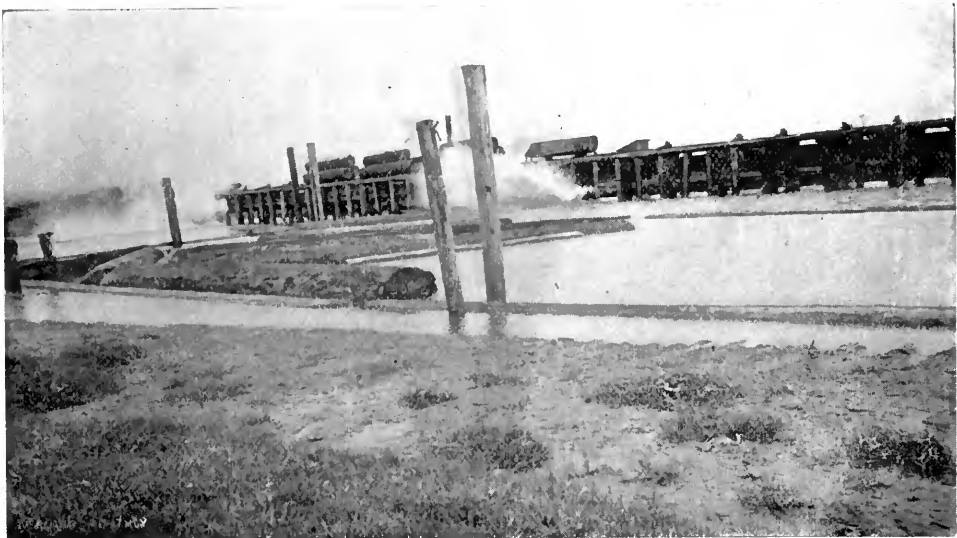
LOG TRAIN AT MAD RIVER SLOUGH, EUREKA AND KLAMATH RIVER RAILROAD.

shipping point for southern Humboldt, which is well-provided with warehouses, lumber yards, and wharves. Steamers plying between San Francisco and Eureka are in the habit of calling each way. The population of Field's Landing is about five hundred.

Fortuna, on the Eel River railroad, is another prosperous town of the valley of Eel river. It is situated on the north side of the stream and has nearly a thousand inhabitants. Like Ferndale, it is surrounded by a fertile country, and it is

really a very handsome place. It possesses a fruit cannery, electric light works, lumber, shingle, and excelsior mills, and a moulding, door, and sash mill, and an enterprising independent newspaper, the *Advance*.

Fortuna's principal industries are the lumber, shingle, sash, blind, and door, and moulding mills of Swortzel and Williams. These very enterprising people are large shippers over the Eel River & Eureka railroad to San Francisco and the East. Their mills are complete and modern.



DUMPING LOGS AT SLOUGH



THE DONKEY ENGINE AT WORK.

Mr. Swortzel is a native of Virginia and came to California in 1874. He is County Commissioner from this district and chairman of the Board of County Commissioners. The redwood blinds and doors made by them are always greatly admired.

Another important industry in Fortuna is cider making. The Eel River valley grows fine apples, and Mr. J. W. Munroe has experimented until he is pressing all the apples in the valley and making a pure, sparkling apple cider that is much in demand. It is used all over the county and is being extensively introduced in distant cities.

Far away up the South Fork of Eel river seventy-three miles from Eureka, surrounded by a rich agricultural country is the bustling little town of Garberville, with its schools, its hotels, and its good country

trade. It is in a thriving stock region, is Garberville, but when it has some sort of transportation facilities that country will produce a handsome surplus of those staples, to the production of which it is so well adapted.

Memories of the martial sort cluster about Hoopa Valley. It is the name of a charming and picturesque vale and also of a little town in what has been known as Hoopa Valley Indian Reservation, though the reservation lands have been allotted in severalty. It used to be a military post. Hoopa Valley is very



THE LOGGING TRAINS.



"BULL" DONKEYS AT THE LOGGING CAMP.

popular with city people who want to get as far as possible from the haunts of civilization. The climate in summer is simply exquisite. The town has its stores and hotels and a government school for the education of Indian children.

Fruits, grain, and hay, that are superior, constitute the products of the Hydesville section. The town is near the terminus of the Eel River and Eureka railroad and prettily located at an elevation of about five hundred feet. The climate is healthful and enjoyable. Hydesville

is a village of schools and churches and possesses some fine residences. The distance from the county seat is about twenty-five miles.

Korbel is a lumbering town near the terminus of the Arcata and Mad River railroad. It is situated on the North Fork of Mad river. In the summer season pack trains convey supplies from this point to the mining section. The little lumbering settlement of Riverside is but a few yards away where lumber and shingle mills are located.



LOG TRAIN ON SKID ROADS.



FERNDALE.

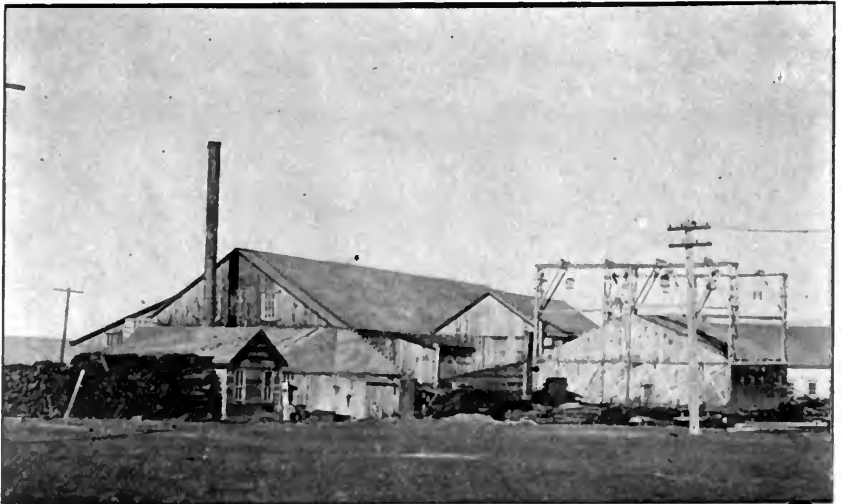
Photo by Dr. L. Michael.



FORTUNA, LOOKING ACROSS EEL RIVER VALLEY.

Orleans is a little mining town picturesquely situated on the Klamath in the northwestern part of the county. It has rather an interesting history and when

there was a Klamath county in California Orleans was its seat. The old courthouse, only recently torn down, was for years used as a school building. Latterly



WORKS OF SWORTZEL & WILLIAMS AT FORTUNA.



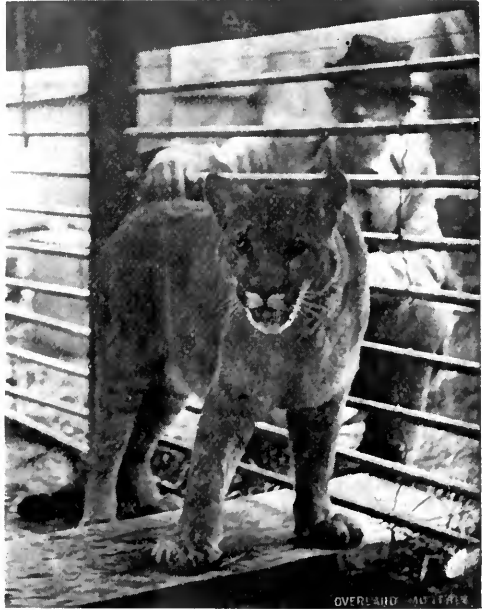
a fine new school house has been put up. Orleans has schools, hotels, and stores, and is in the midst of a rich farming and mining section.

A classical name was bestowed upon Petrolia because it was created by the oil excitement of thirty-five years ago. It is a pretty little place in the valley of the Mattole, its climate being genial and sunny. As has been stated elsewhere the country about Petrolia is a great grazing region. A daily mail, stores, a school, and a good hotel, are some of the advantages of the oil city.

Situated about one and one half miles from the Eel River and Eureka railroad, is Rohnerville, one of the oldest towns of the valley. With a population approximating 600, it is in a rich agricultural district that produces a great deal of the finest hay and grain. It has a weekly independent newspaper, the *Herald*. The section has nurseries, a brick and tile yard, shingle mills, and a tannery.

Eel river has its picturesque lumbering town of Scotia, on a branch line of the Eel River and Eureka railroad. It is the northern terminus of the daily overland stage line.

Twelve miles north of Arcata on Trinidad bay and hemmed in by a densely timbered country is the village of Trini-



THE ONLY MOUNTAIN LION IN CAPTIVITY. OWNED BY CORNELIUS SWETT, FORTUNA.

dad, once the scene of extensive lumbering operations. It has an excellent school, stores, hotels, and a wharf where a coast steamer stops to discharge cargo and load freight. Trinidad bay is deep



BRIDGEVILLE (BARNUM'S).

Photo by Dr. L. Michaels.

and the construction of a breakwater would afford vessels of the largest size safe anchorage there.

West Eureka, formerly known as Samoa, is located on a peninsula in Humboldt bay directly opposite Eureka, and about a mile distant. It occupies the same position to Eureka as Oakland does to San Francisco. It is the terminus of the Eureka and Klamath River railroad a standard gauge road, which it is safe to predict will be extended into Del Norte county and thence to Oregon.

Here at West Eureka is located the great lumber mill of the Vance Company, which alone furnishes employment to nearly two hundred men. West Eureka has the deepest water frontage on Humboldt bay, at least twenty-five feet at low tide. It is the natural shipping point for the northern portion of the county. It has the warmest and most equable climate on the bay, and people of moderate means can still afford to buy homes there and be near Eureka. There are many pretty cottages here now, the salt water swimming baths, and many creditable buildings.

West Eureka has a future and will continue to grow with the county.

The interests of Humboldt county are at present in the hands of the following well known citizens, who constitute the Board of Supervisors:

W. J. Swortzel, of Fortuna, Chairman; J. A. Moore, Blue Lake; Hector McCloud, Arcata; W. A. Scott, Ferndale; W. S. Clark, Eureka.



Photo by Dr. L. Michaels.  
BARNUM'S.



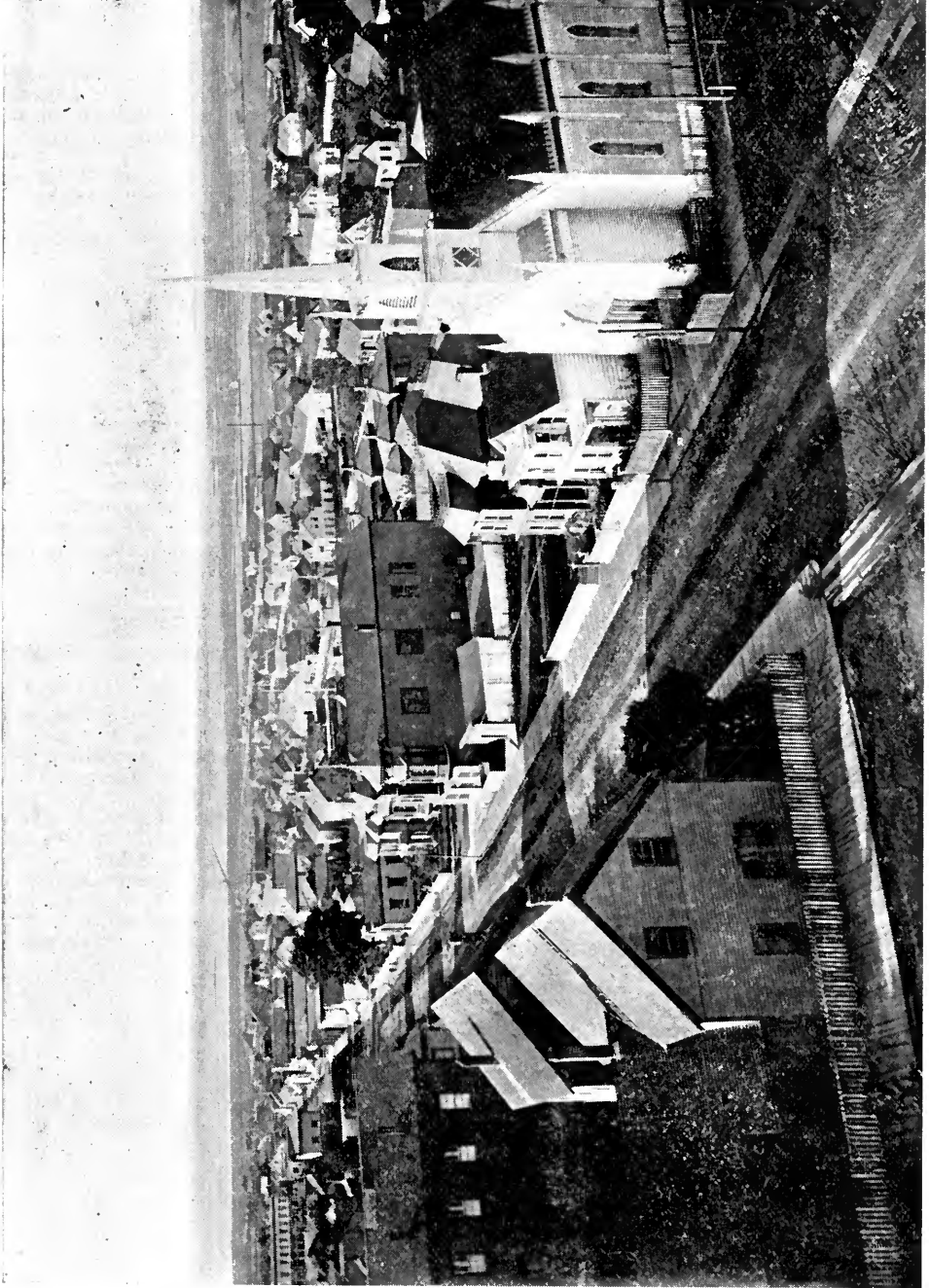
Photo by Dr. L. Michaels.  
WOOL PACK TRAIN AT BARNUM'S.

For more decades than one should care to name, the county has patiently, hopefully waited for railway connection with the world beyond her borders. When the histrionic Lotta was a Humboldt school girl; when there dug potatoes and taught school on Arcata bottom the distinguished *litterateur* Bret Harte, whose brilliant pen has in years gone by been wielded in the service of the OVERLAND; when Grant, the soldier President, commanded a garrison at Fort Humboldt, visions of a railroad used to obtrude themselves upon the day-dreams of the old pioneers.

That a county by nature so splendidly endowed in all that constitutes true wealth, that a county whose landlocked harbor is one of but three in a coast line of hundreds of miles, should have been all these years deprived of a railroad, seems incomprehensible. If there is one thing more than another that the people of the county do want, it is a railway. To it the local lines would be feeders and an area as great as a European kingdom would be tributary. It would bring Humboldt bay commerce, and to Humboldt bay ships from every clime would bring products for it. But whensoever and howsoever it may come, it can be but a matter of a little time when the twin bands of steel shall be laid and shrill peans from a thousand iron throats proclaim the triumph of steam and the marriage of the beautiful maiden Humboldt to the great pulsating world outside.

Melville M. Vaughan.





A VIEW OF ARCATA.

## PROMINENT MEN OF HUMBOLDT.

TO SHOW the material that goes to the making of a prosperous California community like that of Humboldt county, we add to Mr. Vaughn's article biographical notes of a few representative citizens. ED. OVERLAND.

James W. Henderson, now president of the Humboldt County Bank, was born in New York State, June 9th, 1828. He first came to California in 1850 and mined for three years on the American river. In 1853 he went East and purchased a band of horses, which he brought back

left when he entered the firm of H. H. Buhne & Company. Mr. Buhne resembles his father in many ways. He is much esteemed by his many friends in the county, both socially and commercially.

Charles Parsons Soulé, born at Winslow, Maine, in 1851. Attended school at the preparatory Academy of the Colby College at Waterville, Maine. Came to California in 1867. Entered the employ of the Bank of California, San Francisco, as a messenger boy in 1868, and at the instance of the Bank went to Virginia City, Nevada. In 1869 served as bookkeeper in the office of the Virginia & Truckee Railroad Company. Returned to San Francisco, and reentered Bank of California as a clerk in 1870. In 1871 went to Hamilton, White Pine county, Nevada, as bookkeeper for the agency of the Bank of California at that place. In 1873 went to Austin, Nevada, as cashier of Paxton & Curtis's Bank. Was elected a Republican member of the 10th Nevada Legislature in 1880. Remained in Nevada as manager of Paxton & Curtis's banking business at Austin, and member of the banking firm of Paxton, Curtis & Co., Reno, Nevada, until 1889, when he returned to California and located in Eureka. Was one of the incorporators of the Bank of Eureka and the Savings Bank of Humboldt county, of which banks he has since remained cashier and director.

Fletcher Arnold Cutler, who first saw light in Tuolumne county, California, May 4, 1864, was brought by his parents to Humboldt county in 1869, where he has resided ever since. He studied law and was admitted to practice in 1890, associating himself with Judge S. M. Buck. The firm has ever since been engaged in all important litigation in the county. In 1894 the local Democrats became engaged in a factional trifle over the appointment of a postmaster, when at the request of the party Mr. Cutler, always a prominent Democrat, was appointed, as having



Photo by Ericsson.

UNION SHINGLE MILL, ARCATA.

to California and sold in the fall. These trips were several times repeated in the years following until 1856, when he began a land and stock business in San Francisco and Petaluma. In 1860 he married, and in 1865 moved to Eureka, which has ever since been his home.

He served one term as Register of the United States Land Office, and has done a large real estate business. In 1873 he was one of the incorporators of Humboldt County Bank, of which he has ever since been a Director, and for the last seventeen years President.

Edgar H. Vance, President and controlling owner of the Vance Mill and Lumber Company and the Eureka and Klamath River Railroad Company, is the eldest son of the late John Vance. He was born in Massachusetts, February 8, 1844, where he received his education. He came to Humboldt county after attaining his majority, but later on removed to Sonoma county where he still holds large property interests. He is a careful, conservative business man and fully capable of managing his great business enterprises.

H. H. Buhne, President of the H. H. Buhne Company and only surviving son of the late Captain H. H. Buhne, was born at Humboldt City on Humboldt bay, September 22, 1858. He served on the pilot tugs under his father for some time, and became Superintendent of Tugs and of the Humboldt Logging Railroad Company. During 1876 he became connected with the Humboldt County Bank, which position he



Photo by

H/ RPST AND SPRING CREAMERY, ARCATA.

the good will of all. In his administration of postal affairs Mr. Cutler has made sweeping and radical changes, and has paid particular attention to the betterment of the mail service generally in the county, the detail work of the office he has confided to an efficient corps of clerks. He is a prominent Native Son and one of the county's best orators.

John McGregor Vance, President of the Eel River and Eureka Railroad, and controlling owner of the road, is a native of New Brunswick, where he was born in 1846. He came to Eureka in 1866. Mr. Vance received a thorough business education and acquired the trade of millwright. He engaged in lumbering until 1892, when he became the owner of his interest in the railroad and was elected President of the road. He is well fitted for the position which he occupies, being independent yet courteous and warm hearted.

John Clark Bull, Jr., of Arcata, one of the most prominent men in Humboldt, is a native of Boston, born in 1840. He came to California in 1850 and to Humboldt six years later. Mr. Bull was Sheriff of Humboldt for many years and has always been active in business. He is a large land and cattle owner, and is the contractor on the Humboldt jetties.

D. K. B. Sellers, President of the D. K. B. Sellers Commission Co., of Eureka, the only wholesale commission house in Humboldt county, was born in Dayton, Ohio, August 9, 1861. He came to California in 1887, and to Humboldt county in 1891. He first became prominently known to the people of Northern California as the promoter of the Sequoia Carnival, held at Eureka in July, 1895, which was a success both from an artistic and financial point of view.

He is one of the most active members and a trustee of the Humboldt Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Sellers is and always has been an earnest and active worker in the Democratic ranks and at the County Convention held in Eureka, August 15, 1896, was elected Chairman of the Democratic County Central Committee. Although one of the youngest business men of the county, Mr. Sellers has by his ability and untiring perseverance attained a position of prominence in the community. His success has had the effect of stimulating the energies of many of the other young men of Humboldt, and before many years pass by Eureka will see a great many changes for the better in her commercial houses.

S. I. Allard, one of the county's most enterprising young men, was born at Danvers, Massachusetts, December 29, 1866. He came to Eureka in 1877, and received his education at the Eureka High School, from which institution he graduated in 1882. He engaged in the real estate and insurance business and was for two years special agent and adjuster of the California Insurance Company. Mr. Allard is a Democrat in politics, and was nominated presidential elector at the State Democratic Convention held in Sacramento, June 15, 1896.

He is secretary of the Board of Trade, The Fruitland Company, Humboldt Orchard Company, Samoa Land and Improvement Company, Humboldt Marine Railroad Company, and the Humboldt County Abstract and Title Company.

Thomas Maginnis Brown, Sheriff of Humboldt county, was born in Overton county, Tennessee, January 26, 1829. He came to California in 1849, and engaged in mining a mile and a half south of Jimtown, now Tuolumne county. From there he went to what is now Trinity county in March, 1850, where he resided until 1853, when he went to the East Fork of Salmon river in Klamath county. He was elected Sheriff of Klamath county in 1861 and served until 1874. At this time Klamath county was divided, the west half being joined to Humboldt county and the east half to Siskiyou. Mr. Brown lived at Orleans Bar until 1877, when he was elected Sheriff of Humboldt and took charge of the office on March 4th, the following year. Mr. Brown has held the office as Sheriff for practically thirty-one years. He ran for the office and was elected six times in Klamath county and nine times in Humboldt. It is said of Sheriff Brown that he has never been beaten in an election, and that a criminal that he went after never escaped him. He is at present hale and hearty, stronger than many a younger man. He carries his sixty-seven years easily. Mr. Brown is without doubt the oldest Sheriff in the State.

Joseph Tracy, County Treasurer of Humboldt county, was born at Thetford, Vermont, February 28, 1826. He went to the Willamette Valley, Oregon, in 1853 and came to Shasta county, California, in 1855, where he engaged in mining. In 1857 he came to Humboldt county and started a stage and express line between Hydesville and Eureka. Was elected Sheriff of Humboldt in 1863 and served two terms. He withdrew in favor of W. S. Barnum, who succeeded him. When Buckley was elected Sheriff some six years later, Mr. Tracy accepted an appointment as chief deputy under him and filled the position for four years. He then went to farming until 1890, when he was appointed Register of the U. S. Land office for Humboldt by President Harrison and held this office until elected County Treasurer in 1894. Mr. Tracy comes of old Puritan stock, his ancestors having come to this country in the Mayflower. In all the official positions he has ever held he has proved himself an honorable and efficient officer and has given public satisfaction.

Oscar David Stern, County Clerk of Humboldt county, is a native son. He was born in Arcata, January 9th, 1859. Engaged in general merchandise business. He was elected County Clerk on the Republican ticket in 1888, and has held the office since that time, having been re-elected three times. He is a member of Humboldt Parlor, Number 14, N. S. G. W., and Lincoln Lodge, Number 34, K. P. He succeeded his father, Henry Stern of Arcata, as a member of the Humboldt Pioneers Society. Much could be said of Mr. Stern as an official, but it would seem to be superfluous. The voters of the county have time and again re-elected him to an office, which is a sufficient guarantee that he fills it to the entire satisfaction of the people of the county.

John Loftus Crichton, Tax Collector of Humboldt county, was born in Victoria, Australia, in 1854. He came to California and to Humboldt county in 1867. Mr. Crichton engaged in lumbering in the county from that time until 1892, when he was elected to his present office. He

has proved himself a capable officer and worthy of the trust reposed in him by the voters of the county. In event of there being an election this fall, his many friends will undoubtedly urge him to accept a renomination.

Cyrus G. Stafford, the present Mayor of Eureka, was born in St. Lawrence county, New York, in 1836. He read law and was admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of New York in 1859. After leaving New York he went to Idaho, where he continued the practice of law and was elected Probate Judge of Owyhee county. He came to California in 1869, and to Humboldt county in 1870. Was elected Mayor in 1894, but the city charter being changed, his term of office expired soon after. He ran again, however, and was re-elected. Mr. Stafford is prominently identified with the business interests of the county, and is president of the Elk River Mill and Lumber Company.

J. G. Loveren was born in Deering, New Hampshire, May 3d, 1850. The early years of his life were spent in his father's saw mill on the Contoocook river. He remained in this mill until he became of age, when he went to Michigan and remained a year. Then removing to Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, he took a business course in Waveland University. On graduating he went to Oshkosh, Wisconsin, and engaged in milling. He moved to California in 1874, and becoming fully aware of the possibilities of Humboldt, decided to make his future home in Eureka.

Coming as he did from the advanced mills of the East, he found the Humboldt millmen far behind the times in the manufacture of lumber. At that time all lumber was being edged by hand. In 1875 he went East and had constructed for him the first gang edger that ever cut a redwood board. He is also entitled to the credit of having introduced on the Coast the first machine for working up the waste from sawmills, the shingle machine. When the question of securing from the railroad companies a terminal rate on lumber from Humboldt county was first agitated, Mr. Loveren took an active and personal interest in the question. The rate has been granted, but it was not the work of a day nor was it readily accomplished.

This boon which Humboldt now enjoys is the result of persistent agitation on the part of its Chamber of Commerce and particularly of the individual and official efforts of J. G. Loveren, the chairman of their committee. Mr. Loveren is one of the leading manufacturers of shingles in the redwood belt and might be properly called the pioneer of this business in the Eastern market. For years he has been exploiting the Eastern markets and has kept himself in touch with them through agents and correspondents scattered all over the United States. Regularly twice a year he has canvassed the markets there by means of circulars and letters, not only for shingles, but for lumber and other manufactures of redwood which he handles. He has never lost faith in the ultimate invasion of the East by our redwood and to his persistency may be attributed much of the present good fortune of Humboldt.

G. R. Georgeson came to Humboldt county from Scotland in 1882, when seventeen years of age. He has occupied positions of trust with some

of the largest mercantile houses of Eureka, and left the employ of H. H. Buhne & Company to succeed A. W. Randall & Company in his present real estate and insurance business. Mr. Georgeson is supervising agent for Humboldt county of Wells, Fargo & Company's Express, and represents three of the largest fire insurance companies in the world. He also represents the Union Pacific Railway and all of the European steamship lines. By strict attention to business and carefully formulated detail, he has built up a business which is far in advance of any like it in the city or county. His opinion on real estate values is considered authority and his standing in business circles the highest. His offices on Third street between E and F are models, and in every particular up to date.

S. A. Vance, who with his brother, Edgar H. Vance, owns the John Vance Mill and Lumber Company and the Eureka and Klamath River Railroad Company, was born in Massachusetts, May 11, 1846. He is better known as Al. Vance. Mr. Vance has spent but little time in Humboldt county, although his interests are all there. He is deservedly popular with all who know him, but being a confirmed invalid, does not take any active part in the business and is seldom able to leave his home.

That Eureka has many fine business blocks has been briefly referred to elsewhere in this article. One of the most important of these, not only from point of size, but from its desirable location, is the Jones Block, on the corner of Third and F streets. This property is owned by Warren Jones. Mr. Jones is a native of Ohio, and was born in 1843. When quite young he went to New York, where he remained until 1861, in which year he came to California. For ten years he was employed in one of the oldest wholesale grocery houses on the Coast, Bradshaw & Co. of San Francisco, and on leaving them in 1871, came to Eureka. He engaged in the confectionery business with much success. In 1876 the premises he then occupied on Second street were destroyed by fire and he lost heavily. Nothing daunted, he erected the present Jones Block, then the only business building on F street, at a cost of thirty thousand dollars. In 1884 he sold his business and started in carpets and wallpaper. Four years later he sold that business and seeing the need in the community of an exclusive shoe store, he started what is now known as the Eastern Shoe Store in 1892. This is certainly a model store in every respect, and is without doubt equal, if not superior, to any in the State outside of the metropolises.

The stock carried is a large one and strictly up to date. Mr. Jones's eldest son is associated with him in the business. Mr. Jones is a prominent Odd Fellow, and a member of the Humboldt Chamber of Commerce. He owns outside property (timber lands) and residence property in Eureka. He is an example of the wide-awake self-made man of the West; for he was thrown on the world when twelve years of age, and has earned his own living ever since.

The H. H. Buhne Company was incorporated January 27, 1896, with a paid up capital of \$100,000.00. This company succeeded H. H. Buhne & Co., who in the early sixties succeeded L. C. Schmidt & Co. The firm was composed of H.

H. Buhne, G. T. Smith, and Charles Everding. G. T. Smith retired in the seventies and was succeeded as a member of the firm by H. H. Buhne, Jr. Charles Everding retired in 1887. On the death of Captain Buhne in 1895, his entire interest was acquired by H. H. Buhne, Jr. The business is that of general hardware, ship chandlery, paints, oils, etc.

The firm of Janssen & Co. enjoys the distinction of being one of the oldest commercial houses doing business today in Northern California. It was established in 1853 by John Walser. In 1858 he was succeeded by E. Janssen, a California pioneer of 1849, who left the then unpromising commercial field of San Francisco to become identified with the early development of Humboldt county. For thirty years a general merchandise business was conducted, until in 1888 J. E. Janssen, the son and successor in interest, concluded to anticipate the changing business conditions and abandon the mixed stock to replace it with hardware exclusively. In 1892 the present quarters in the Carson Block were occupied. These were fitted up especially for them from plans prepared under their instruction. Since then these premises have become well known as the best appointed retail hardware establishment on the coast. It is indeed a model store; its interior arrangements and fittings have been made the subject of various illustrated articles in Eastern trade journals. No one enters here without getting at once an impression of order, system, and general fitness and harmony of surroundings. The stock consists principally of shelf hardware, tools, cutlery, sporting goods, and housefurnishing hardware. The business, both as to variety of stock, display, and business methods, would be a credit to any city.

Mr. J. E. Janssen, surviving representative of the firm of E. Janssen & Company, is looked upon as one of the best posted hardware men in the business,—he is a frequent contributor on trade topics to the *Hardware Journal*, and enjoys the reputation of being progressive and enterprising, and in advance of all movements tending to place Eureka in the forefront of commercial activity.

J. F. Thompson, editor and proprietor of the daily and weekly Humboldt *Standard*, was born in Erie county, Pennsylvania, on May 29th, 1844. At twelve he removed with his parents to Grant county, Wisconsin, then a new country. His education was received in the public schools and Tafton Collegiate Seminary. He taught school and in 1869 removed to Clayton county, Iowa, to become principal of the Monona schools, and later principal of the Elkader High School. In 1873 and again in 1875 he was elected County Superintendent of Schools. In 1880 he bought the Clayton county *Journal*, a Republican paper, which he edited for one year, when he was elected clerk of the courts of his county. In 1885 the prohibition issue was raised and Mr. Thompson opposed a prohibition law, acting with the Democratic party, which favored high license. The Democrats and liberal Republicans in 1885 nominated him for the Iowa Legislature. He was elected over Judge Murdock, and was re-elected by an increased majority. He became one of the acknowledged leaders of his party in the House, but the prohibition forces were able to

pass one of the most stringent prohibitory laws ever enacted. In the spring of 1888 he came to California, and in June bought a half interest in the Eureka Daily *Standard*, of which he took the editorial control and management. In April, 1890, he bought out his partner.

The *Standard*, established in 1873, has been Democratic up to the present campaign, but under Mr. Thompson's management, it has always been a "sound money" paper, and upon the adoption of the free silver platform and the nomination of Bryan, by the Chicago Convention, it reluctantly parted company with its party and declared in favor of the Republican platform and ticket. The *Standard* devotes much space to local matter, publishes the daily Associated Press dispatches, is bright and newsy, and works with a will for the best interests of the city and county. It is firmly established, has a wide circulation, and as the county is developed will continue to exert a commanding influence. Associated with Mr. Thompson in the management of the *Standard* are Fred W. Georgeson, business manager and Will N. Speegle, city editor.

Peter Frederick Antonsen, one of Eureka's respected and substantial business men, was born at Kiel, Germany, April 30, 1849. When old enough he went to sea before the mast and rose to be a mate. After fifteen years of life at sea, he returned and went to Callao, where he lived five years and established there an extensive bakery business, in which he was very successful. In 1873, he left Callao and went to British Columbia, but soon tired of that country and came to California and to Eureka in 1874. Mr. Antonsen is the owner of one of the best business blocks in Eureka, situated on the corner of F and Front streets, where he conducts a café known as the Fair Wind, second to none in the city. He also owns some very desirable residence property. Mr. Antonsen is a great lover of fine horses, and may be seen most any day on the roads behind his favorite "Covey," a thoroughbred pacer with a record of 2:16, which he purchased some two years ago for something like three thousand dollars.

George A. Kellogg, Secretary of the Humboldt Chamber of Commerce, was a native of Belvidere, Boone county, Illinois, March 24, 1853. He went to Trinity county, California, in 1859, and remained there until 1879, when he came to Humboldt. For over eight years he taught school in Rohnerville. He was elected Auditor and Recorder in November, 1882 and re-elected for three successive terms, the last expiring in 1891.

Mr. Kellogg has held many positions of trust, among them, Secretary Eel River and Eureka Railroad, Secretary John Vance Mill and Lumber Company, and his present position. His election as Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce was a good one, as his knowledge of the county is thorough and his treatment of visitors courteous.

Edmund B. Barnum, of Bridgeville, came to California from near Cleveland, Ohio, in 1849, when twenty-two years old. He engaged in mining in many localities north of American River, and finally in 1881 bought the property now known as Bridgeville, from J. J. Hale, where he owns and conducts the hotel, general

merchandise business, and many important concerns.

The firm of Harpst and Spring was formed in 1874 and consists of John Harpst, a native of Ohio, who came to California in 1858, and O. H. Spring, a native of Maine, who has been in this State since 1864. They are the owners of the Harpst and Spring Creamery, the Union Shingle Mill and a general merchandise business in Arcata. They are copartners in the firm of Flanigan, Brosnan & Co., lumber mill, railroad and stone quarry. This railroad and quarry are used in connection with the work on the Humboldt jetties. Harpst and Spring are the pioneers of Humboldt county in reclaiming marsh lands and were instrumental in the formation of the Arcata Land and Improvement Company, which has in the past two years reclaimed over two thousand acres. It is now the finest dairy land and produces good crops of timothy, rye, and clover. The Union Shingle Mill was built in 1882, was supplied with improved machinery, and has run continuously since. They produce

twenty million shingles per annum besides a large quantity of shakes.

Mr. Spring is Vice-President of the Bank of Arcata, the managing partner of all their interests. Mr. F. R. Emerson is the firm's accountant.

Cornelius Swett, a Fortuna merchant, was born in Allan county, Indiana, in 1842. Went to Oregon in 1852 and came to California in 1862. Mr. Swett engaged in mining on Humboldt creek near Yreka, McKinney creek, and Jacksonville, Oregon. In 1867, he came to Humboldt county and engaged in sheep raising at Spruce Grove near Garberville. This business he sold to Woods Brothers in 1882 and settled in Fortuna. Mr. Swett is a large land and cattle owner. His ranch, seventeen miles from Fortuna, is managed by his son, Cornelius, Jr., who is twenty-one years old and who was born at Rhonerville. His property in Fortuna is very desirable, being situated at the corner of Main and Mill streets, the buildings and improvements costing nearly eight thousand dollars. Here Mr. Swett conducts his large business.



### An Educational Campaign.

THERE is no doubt but that the money question will be thoroughly understood or sadly misunderstood before the next President takes his seat. The Cuban, Armenian, Venezuelan, Japanese, and every other theme, have sunk into insignificance before the momentous question of money. Even tariff, woman suffrage, and prohibition, have been relegated to the side show. "Sixteen to One," "Sound Money," "Bi-metallism," are the phrases that are beginning to be "chestnuts," in the general acceptance of that descriptive term. Magazines and papers are full of Tom, Dick, and Harry's ideas of the money tangle. The village oracle and the city orator hold forth in the corner grocery and on the platform on what the result will be if McKinley or Bryan is elected. Pophcey has become so common that it has lost all point. And yet the result of all this talk and investigation will be profitable. Seventy million people studying the money question cannot but have its effect. It will raise the average standard of in-

telligence to such a point that no man will dare offer himself as a candidate for legislative office who cannot impress the voters that he understands at least the practical side of the money question. Another good effect of the agitation is the dethroning of the "banker oracle." In the same way if everyone went enthusiastically at work to study law there would be less value set upon the opinion of the small lawyer.

Pseudo panics will become impossible; financial statements will no longer impose upon anyone; solid reasons for the fluctuation of bank stocks and currency will be demanded; and bond issues will lose their terrors. Until this time probably no national question has had so little attention as the money question. A year ago the OVERLAND might have published a money article by Aristotle, Oresme, or Sir Thomas Gresham, without exciting a comment or winning a single subscriber. Since the publication of "Coin's Financial School," Silver articles have sold out entire editions. Mails bring letters daily asking for numbers containing the money articles, and the surprising fact is that the letters in almost



every instance ask for articles on both sides of the question. It is an evidence that party feeling has sunk before a desire to know the merits of the controversy. It has gone beyond the point as to whether it shall be McKinley or Bryan only inasmuch as their names stand for certain principles.

For the benefit of our readers the titles and date of publication of several money articles that have lately appeared in the OVERLAND is here noted.

November, 1895, "Gold Not Necessary For Foreign Trade." U. S. Senator William M. Stewart.

February, 1896, "The Scarcity of Money." Hon. Irving M. Scott.

April, 1896, "International Bimetallism." J. J. Valentine, President Wells, Fargo & Co.

May, 1896, "The Silver Question." Colonel John P. Irish.

May, 1896, "Hard Times." Irving M. Scott.

June, 1896, "A Pioneer Bimetallist." James Dryden.

June, 1896, "The Law on the Silver Question." Gov. W. J. McConnell.

July, 1896, "Bimetallism." Irving M. Scott.

July, 1896, "The Measure of Value." George A. Story.

July, 1896, "The Natural Law of Money." J. J. Valentine.

Instead of fifteen months Doctor Jameson should have been sentenced for fifteen years, and his aristocratic friends the Sirs This, and the Major the Honorables That, and the Colonel the Honorable Thingumbobs, should go to jail like any common malefactor, notwithstanding the handles on their names, and be thankful they were not given short shrift against a Praetoria dead wall from Boer rifles.

Dr. Jameson has added Matabeleland to the Empire — away with him to Wormwood Scrubs! Mr. Rhodes has added Bechuanaland, Mashonaland, Pondoland, and Gazaland to the Empire — put him in Pentonville! How we have ever got our Empire together is a mystery, seeing how we treat our imperial adventurers. A cry is now being raised for the prosecution of Mr. Rhodes, to which the preposterous severity of the punishment meted out to his subordinates lends force.

The fact that other provinces have been stolen and the thief remains unpunished is here advanced as a reason for immunity. In the same breath these honorable gentlemen are called "imperial adventurers," a relic of the days when England gave license to other of her honorable gentlemen to commit piracy on the high seas. Rhodes will never be tried. His natural and only defense would be inspiration from the home government and the government is not going to place itself in an awkward position.

**The Farce Goes On.**

THE *Saturday Review* in an editorial in the issue of August first bemoans the conviction of the bandits who invaded the dominion of "Oom Paul"

and finds that the farcical sentences imposed are too severe. It says:

Two years' hard labour is therefore a conventional phrase, meaning twenty-three months' imprisonment, and one month at the crank or treadmill. For fifteen months, therefore, Dr. Jameson will be treated exactly like the most violent thief in the Borough; for ten months Sir John Willoughby will be so treated; for seven months Major the Hon. Robert White will be so treated; and for five months Colonel Grey, Colonel the Hon. Henry White, and Major the Hon. Charles Coventry will be so treated. It is hardly to be believed.

Supposing the case reversed and that the Boers had entered the confines of Cape Colony with the avowed intention of placing it under the Transvaal domination, what would have been the result? There would have been no "pourparler," no interference by a powerful government, but a quiet little shooting party by order, and with the death of the filibusters the incident would have been closed!

**Good Roads for California**

A NOVEL inquiry is being conducted in the Good Roads Movement by Charles Freeman Johnson, in connection with his articles in the OVER-

LAND MONTHLY for September, October, and November.

He will send ten thousand circular letters to good roads advocates throughout the United States, asking practical questions relating to good roads. These questions have been formulated with the approval of the California Bureau of Highways and the Washington Department of Road Inquiry, so that the information gained will be of service in the official departments of good roads work.

These letters will be sent to the following persons in each State: County Supervisors, County School Superintendents, Principals of Normal Schools, Presidents of Universities, and members of Good Roads Commissions and organizations.

Any of the above persons reading this notice, or persons not mentioned above but interested in Good Roads, are requested to send replies to these questions, (even if they do not receive the letter,) addressed to Charles Freeman Johnson,

care OVERLAND MONTHLY, San Francisco, California.

The following are the questions :—

(1) What do you think of the plan of the Washington Department of Road Inquiry, for teaching road construction and maintenance in the normal and public schools, shown in my article, page 252, September OVERLAND MONTHLY?

(2) What do you think of the plan for a State Bureau of Highways and State Corps of Engineers, advocated by the San Francisco *Examiner*, on page 261 of my article, September OVERLAND MONTHLY?

(3) Is there any provision in the Bridge Laws of your State or County, similar to that in the California law, shown on page 258 of my article, September OVERLAND?

The replies to these questions will be compiled and published in a series of articles written by Mr. Johnson for the OVERLAND MONTHLY, (November), and other publications.

Other papers are requested to publish the above notice, and questions.

#### A Correction.

THE title "Columbian Novels" on page 651, of the June OVERLAND, was inserted in Miss Shinn's list of books recommended for school libraries without her authority. The books are good ones, but, it seems, unknown to Miss Shinn.

#### "Ford's Life in Washington."

A CURIOUS bit of Bohemian humor has recently come to the OVERLAND Sanctum, and since it has a bearing on one of the articles in the present number, we think it worth while to make a note of it.

It is a booklet in manuscript written by Walter E. Adams, Washington representative of the Boston *Herald*, that was presented by a group of newspaper men in Washington to Mr. Tiley L. Ford, on the occasion of a supper given to him on his departure from the capital after his successful pushing through of the Hydraulic Mining Bill, early in May of the present year.

Its title heads this article, and the paper on which it is written is the common brown wrapping paper used by butchers. Its illustrations are various, from pen sketches made expressly for this effort to clipped portions of well known advertisements. One page is decorated with a royal flush in hearts, as illustrating some occult episode in the distinguished recipient's career. Another illustration represents Mr. Ford in the act of hooking out a chunk of River and Harbor

Pork out of a Congressional Pork Barrel valued at two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, "which," to quote the author, "the Miners' Association of California wanted, but which really belonged to Boston."

The text of the booklet is a humorous recital of Mr. Ford's doings in Washington, as the representative of the Miners' Association, in aid of the bill which gave the appropriation mentioned in Mr. Ford's article on Mining, in this number.

The little book is something more than the bit of horseplay that it shows on the surface. Newspaper men are hard to impose on. They cannot be caught by chaff, having had experience in many kinds of life. Therefore, when a man so conducts himself as to win the respect and affection of a group of these sharp-witted Bohemians, it is certain that he has solid qualities that command admiration. Mere camaraderie will not do it.

Mr. Ford's trip to Washington and its successful issue was but the natural outcome of his life. From a boyhood of hard farm work in Monroe County, Missouri, where he gained an education by dint of much labor, he came, at twenty, to California in 1877. Here he worked as a ranch hand, on what he facetiously calls the "eight hour system—eight hours in the forenoon and eight hours in the afternoon." Park Henshaw, of Chico, took him into his law office to read law and Ford was admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of California in 1882. He hung out his shingle in Oroville and later in Downieville, thus coming into familiar contact with the miners and their operations. He was elected District Attorney in 1888, and again in 1890. In 1892 he went to the State Senate. Now he lives in San Francisco, and is the Attorney for the Board of State Harbor Commissioners.

He was active in the State Senate for the measures rehabilitating hydraulic mining, and was chosen early in 1896, by the State Miners Association, to go to Washington as their representative in procuring similar action on the part of Congress. The success of that mission, celebrated in the booklet that has been described, is also told in Mr. Ford's article, but his modesty did not permit him there to tell how a large part in that success is due to his own efforts. He received no compensation for those efforts other than his share of the prosperity that is coming to the State from the reopening of the hydraulic mines.

Mr. Ford has lately been elected chairman of the McKinley League of Republican Clubs.





### Zola's Rome.<sup>1</sup>

*Rome* is a great book, a book that will live and one that ought to insure its author an election to any academy on earth. It is a vast conception,—Rome, past, present, and future,—Old Rome, New Rome, and Modern Rome. It is the second book of Zola's trilogy, "Lourdes, Rome, Paris," and is superior in every respect to its predecessor. It is the story of a faith-shaken priest who goes to Rome desolate and gloomy from unbelief in the miracles of Lourdes. He gives vent to his feelings by writing a book, "New Rome," which is the outgrowth of his latest studies in socialism. In it he gives a story of primitive Christianity and its evolution into its modern form, with a nineteenth century study of Catholic society as it now exists, concluding with a vision of the future, invoking the return of the golden age of the primitive church. He defies Leo X III, raises him on a glorious pinnacle, makes him a modern savior of mankind. The powers at Rome, however, do not see the book in the same light, and the congregation of the Index Expurgatorius being about to place its interdiction upon it, the priest-author hurries to Rome to plead in person his cause before the Pope, believing that the pontiff would understand.

The opening chapter of *Rome* is devoted to a poetic picture of the Eternal City, and between paragraphs the description of the city in all its historic and scenic beauties goes on. In fact, outside of the tragic love story and the religious discussions the book is by all odds the best guide book of Rome possible, and will no doubt be used as such for years to come. Its exposé of the life at the Vatican is as interesting as it is instructive, and reveals an intimate acquaintance with the Holy See.

Shortly after his arrival the young French priest found that his book was to be condemned and that it was not so simple a matter to throw

<sup>1</sup>Rome. By Emile Zola. New York: 1896: Macmillan Co. II Vols. \$2. Emporium Book Department.

himself at the feet of the Holy Father as he imagined. Then commenced a period of struggle and enlightenment. Every where he comes into collision with the same powerful engine whose component parts seek to ignore one another. After months of lobbying he reaches the Pope, only to have his last dream shattered. It is a sorrowful, hopeless picture he paints of Italy, Rome, and Catholicism. The love story is powerful and the death scene terrible. The characters are all drawn with a masterful hand with almost too much painstaking detail. One cannot but wonder how the Catholic Church, and the Pope himself, will accept the work. No doubt they would like to place it under the ban of the Index Expurgatorius.

### A Timely Book on Cuba.<sup>2</sup>

SEÑOR CABRERA'S work on Cuba, now translated into English under the title *Cuba and the Cubans*, will be welcome to a great many Americans. The reports of the sanguinary conflict now raging in that island are so utterly untrustworthy, whichever side they come from, that a book written before the struggle began, by a man of undoubted probity and authority in his subject, (for Señor Cabrera was the recognized leader of the Autonomist party in Cuba,) will clear away many doubts.

The the Spanish people accepted the work as valuable is proved by the fact that since its first publication in Spain in 1887, eight editions have been issued.

### Aldrich's Marjorie Daw.<sup>3</sup>

IN THE Riverside Aldine Series Houghton, Mifflin and Company has republished Thomas Bailey Aldrich's little volume of classics, *Marjorie Daw and Other Stories*.

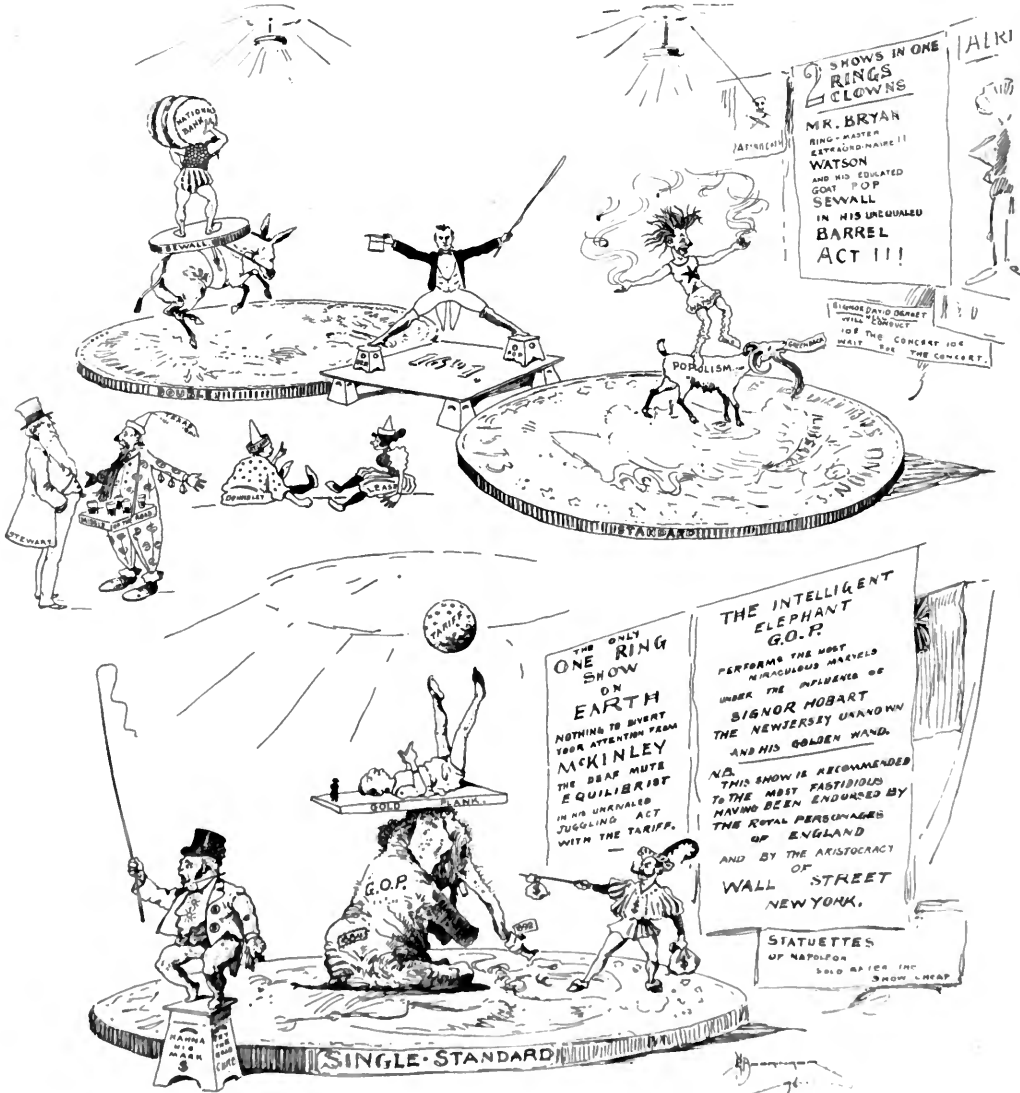
No sweeter, more charming, humorous, or

<sup>2</sup>Cuba and the Cubans. By Ralundo Cabrera. Philadelphia: Levytype Company. \$5.50.

<sup>3</sup>Marjorie Daw, and Other Stories. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: \$1.00.

pathetic bundle of stories have ever been placed before the public than "Marjorie Daw," "Miss Mehitabel's Son," "Mademoiselle Olympe Zabriski," "Père Antoine's Date-Palm," "Quite So," "A Rivermouth Romance," and the rest. They are almost as well known to the readers of this generation as "Robinson Crusoe," and stand as models of clever plots and pure English. The book should be placed in the libraries of all our schools, and would be read and read with increasing pleasure and profit.

MR. CHARLES J. KAPPLER, 60 Corcoran Building, Washington, has devised the accepted emblem of the Free Silver movement. It is a badge in the form of a field daisy, with a gold center marked "1," and sixteen silver numbered petals. It is beautiful and expressive, and deserves the commendation it has received from the great Silver leaders, Stewart, Bland, Teller, Dubois, and others, and the adoption, July 21, 1896, by the National Committee of the National Silver Party.



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*inter-lining makes it strong as well as elastic*  
*and I can conceive of nothing better for the*  
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MY DEAR SIR:—Your favor of the 2d at hand. In reply will state that I commenced treatment with you last fall two weeks after my Hay-Fever came on, and it was at its very worst stage. I expected some relief, but was very agreeably surprised. After taking your medicine two weeks I felt like a new man, and have been improving in general health every day since. I think your treatment of the constitution a great thing. Every other year (and I have had Hay-Fever for over twenty years) after it left me I always felt depressed, with no ambition to do anything. It also left me with a bad cough and more or less Asthma for two or three months; but this last year I was free of all these ailments and give your treatment credit for it all. I have spent thousands of dollars traveling to find a spot where I would be free from the Hay-Fever, but received more lasting benefit from your medicines than I ever received before, and I stayed right at home and never missed a day at my work or lost an hour's sleep. I have always had to sleep sitting in a big chair when I have my Hay-Fever, but after taking your medicine 48 hours I could lie down in my bed and sleep as sound as a two months' old baby, and have done so every night since. This year I will commence taking your medicine about the

first of July, and I am sure then I will not know when the Hay-Fever time comes.

Thanking you for what you have done for me, I am,  
EDWIN B. FARLEY, Dubuque, Iowa.

"Yours of the 3d is at hand, asking permission to use my name in your little book; I have no objection in the least. I think I am a very good sample to convince anyone that your treatment does just what you claim it to do. I was troubled with Asthma and Hay-Fever for twenty-seven years, and have not had an attack since the first week I commenced to take your medicines, four years last September, and I have not had a supply of medicine in two years. I think I have had the Asthma as bad as anyone could and live. I have been all night at times trying to take a swallow of water, and sit in a chair for nine months at a time. Now I go to bed and sleep as good as anyone without bolstering up at all, and lay anyway I choose. You may use any part of my writing, this, or any other, that you choose. I have recommended a number with satisfaction."

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Contra Costa News Cal.

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THE OVERLAND MONTHLY is particularly happy in its selection of short stories. Probably the early association of Bret Harte has left a standard and power of judgment out of the ordinary. Verily some of its eastern confreres might learn much from it in this matter, the short story, to judge from some of the great periodicals of today, being in a mildewed, moribund condition on this side of the Rocky mountains.

Chicago Journal.

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THE CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION has issued its seventh annual statement, which may be had for the asking. It shows the company's usual doubling up in business, in spite of the general dullness, best indicated perhaps by its comparative statement of business during 1895 and 1896:—

	1895.	1896.
Assets.....	\$185,400.29	\$321,522.07
Profit and Reserve Fund.....	26,657.26	41,231.87
Paid-up stock.....	31,000.00	65,000.00
Amount loaned during year .....	73,432.00	141,860.00
Appraised value of land and improvements.....	168,200.00	358,664.00
Insurance covering loans.....	82,075.00	158,405.00
Average loan.....	727.00	892.00
Average insurance.....	812.00	996.00
Average appraised value security ...	1,605.00	2,256.00
Percentage of loans to appraised value .....	43%	39%
Number of homes built by members during year.....	54	80
Loans made during year.....	101	161
Shares written.....	11,552	24,286

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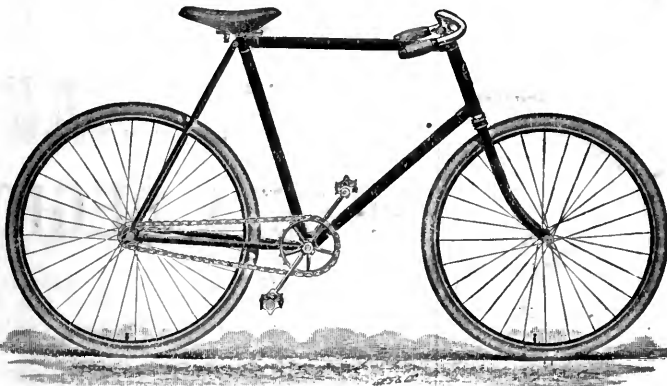
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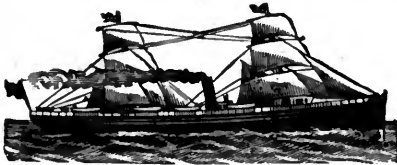
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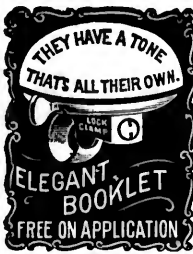
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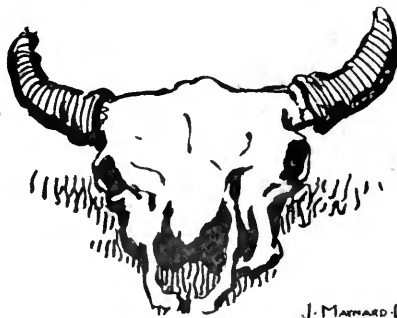
THE SILVER QUESTION, Irving M. Scott.

# Overland Monthly

Edited by Rounseville Wildman.



OCTOBER, 1896



J. MAYNARD-DIXON

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YOUNG MEN'S INSTITUTE .....	Frank Murasky
TIT .....	Major-General O. O. Howard, U. S. A.

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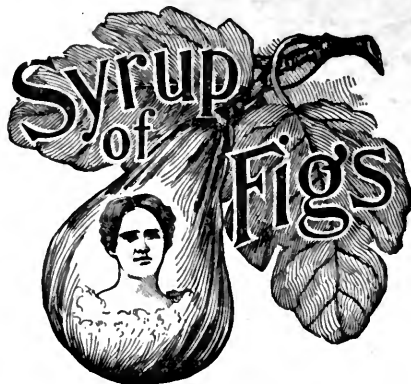
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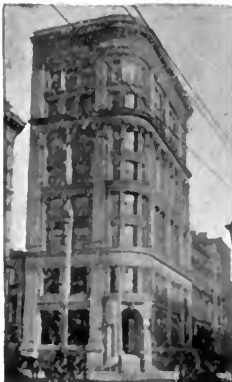
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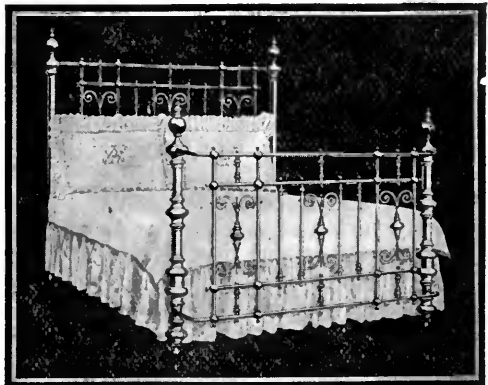
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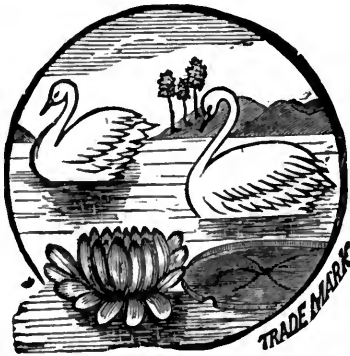


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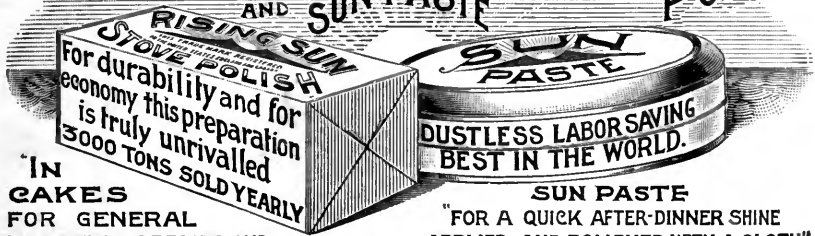
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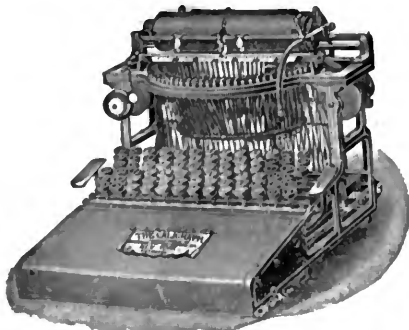
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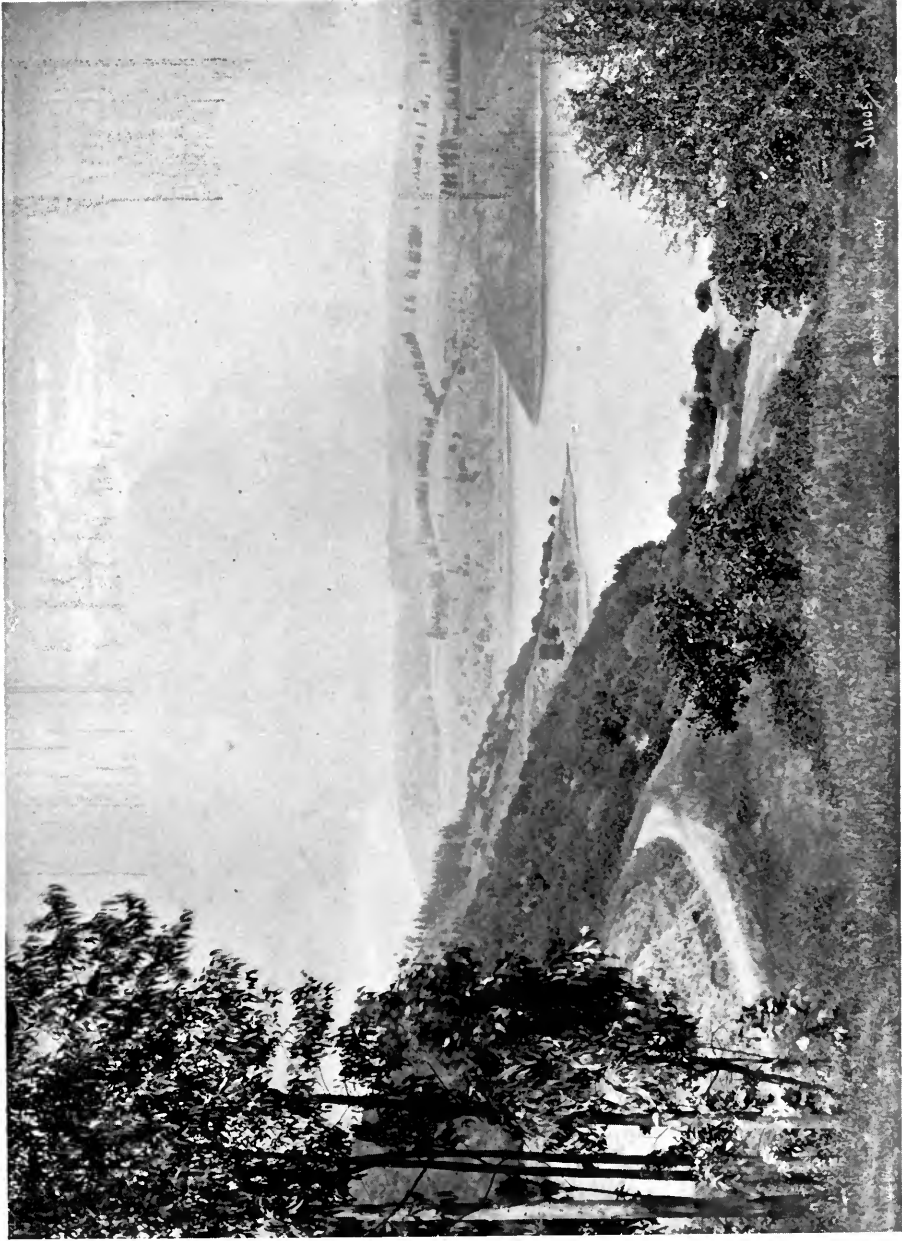
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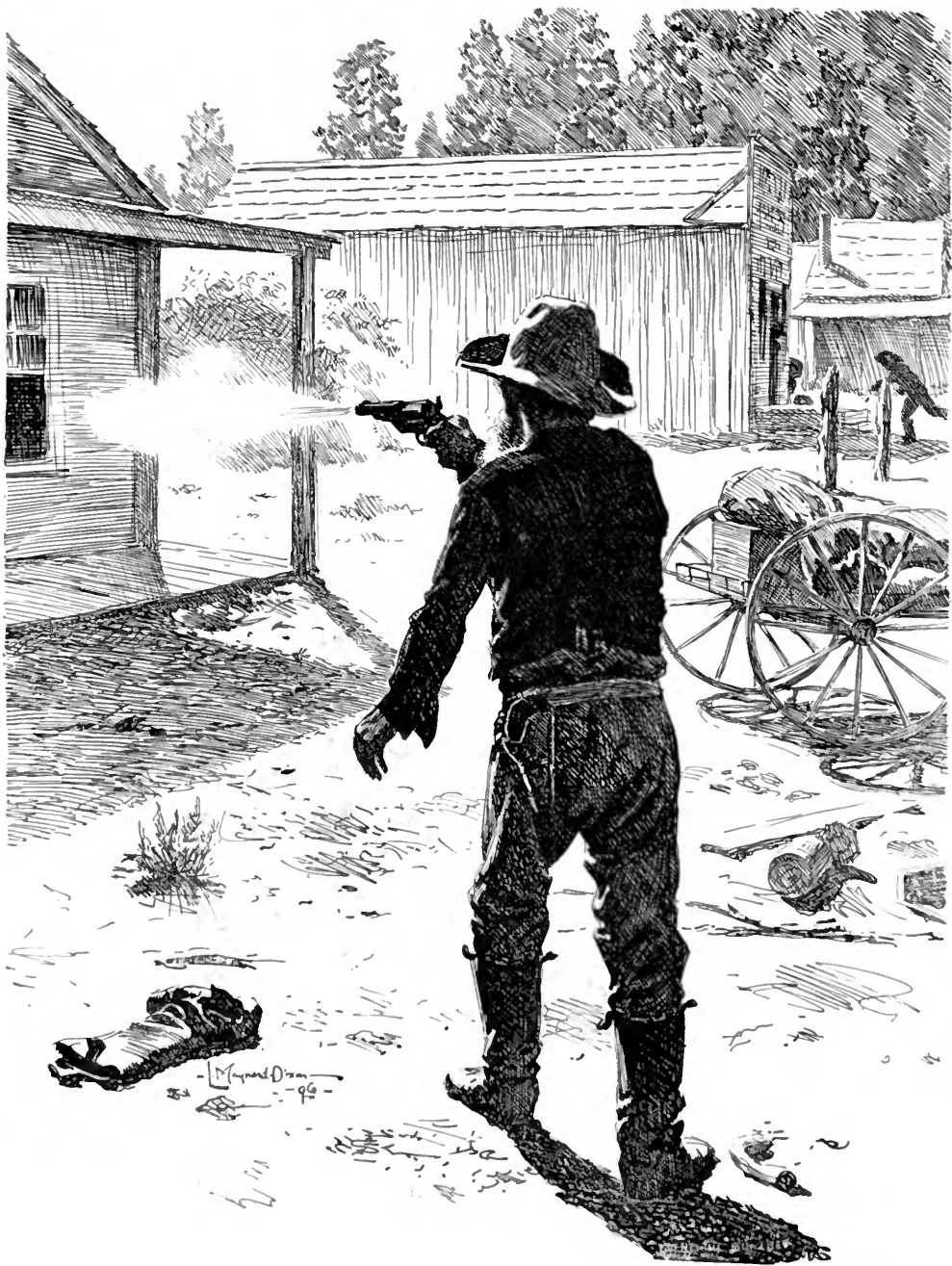
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"Come on, the whole bilin' av yez, come on!"



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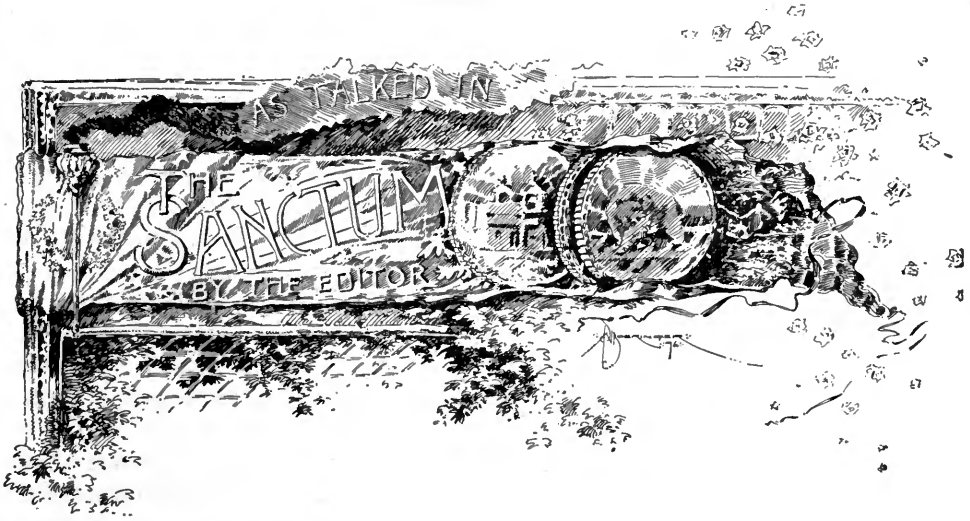


From the "Young Men's Institute"  
Patrick William Riordan, Archbishop of San Francisco.



# Overland Monthly

VOL. XXVIII. (Second Series.)—October, 1896.—No. 166.



THERE is nothing so ephemeral under the sun, not even fashions, as the arguments, watch-words, shibboleths, and for that matter, passions, born of a Presidential campaign. "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," "329," "Blocks of Five," "The Little Red School House," Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion," "16 to 1," and a dozen like phrases represent as many patriotic struggles to turn the rascals out or to reform the reformers. The Sanctum, unfortunately, is not a unit in politics and during the last month all interests have paled before the all-absorbing discussion of silver. I was for Greeley in my first campaign, and one of the dark days of my boyhood was when I heard of his overwhelming defeat. Just above the farm house there was a triangular bit of greensward where three roads met and parted. It was an ideal spot for one flag-pole but not large enough for two, so Jack and I compromised. "The history of our Republic," some one explained, "is a history of compromises." We did not exactly understand then, but it was enough for us that Washington, Hamilton, Clay, and Calhoun were held up as grand "compromisers." We climbed over the blackened logs beyond the Pinnacle in the "back-pasture" and cut a straight ironwood pole. We painted a flag on a square of heavy cheesecloth and nailed it firmly to the top. Then we raised it with the aid of the hired man in the center of the triangle and that night had a bon-fire. It was a memorable date in our lives and was made wildly exciting by the presence of rival campaign clubs, — not that there was anyone actually present save Jack and myself, but we knew that the family were sympathetic spectators from the veranda of the old farm house just below in the warm darkness. First Jack would shout lustily for Grant

and then I would hurrah for Greeley. All the next day and many hours of subsequent days we built air castles beneath the shade of a pile of sweet smelling hemlock as we watched for passing teams. The moment a cloud of dust arose in the narrow briar-choked old road toward Whitesville, or we heard the rattle of a heavy country wagon coming down the hill from West Union, or the loud "Gee Buck" and "Haw Bright" saluted our alert ears from the Andover turnpike, we were up and on duty beneath the flag.

"Hurrah!" we both shouted as the wagon paused at the parting of the ways.

"Who do you hurrah for?" the driver questioned.

"Who do you?" we answered.

"Greeley, of course!"

Then I would step proudly forth and shout, "Hurrah for Greeley!" — and he clucked up his sleeping farm-horses and disappeared, laughing softly, down the road. Once in a while a Greeleyite would pause to make some flattering comment on the "grand old wheel horse of the Republican party," as he called him, relate some humorous incident of my candidate's life, or predict with all gravity that the country would again be deluged in blood if the "man on horse-back" was elected.

But if the passer hurrahed for Grant, Jack would step up and give three ringing cheers for the hero of Appomattox, and then we would hear one of those homely, stirring tales of unconscious personal heroism when "I was at the front with Grant."

To Jack the flag meant Grant, to me Greeley, but after the campaign, with its passions, ambitions, heart-burnings, recriminations, and I fear "lies," we remembered that the flag was still the one flag of our country. It floated no more proudly above the White House and Grant than it would have above the White House with the founder of the Republican party in it.

In spite of all the difference of opinion in the Sanctum as to principles, I opine it will take many impassioned speeches and tons of printed matter to make any of us believe that either great party is intent upon the sacrifice of the government for selfish ends, or that our future is menaced because it is asserted that McKinley is "owned by a Syndicate" and Bryan in "the employ of Stewart, Jones, Mackay, and the big silver mines." One day there was a duel between the Contributor whom we have nicknamed for the campaign "16 to 1," as he feels equal to any 16 "gold bugs" in argument, and the Occasional Visitor, who wears a button in his lapel that reads "Sound Money," and as the "sound" of money is about all either of the good men ever get, it will hurt no one to reproduce the memorable debate.

The Contributor. "To all intent and purpose the Republican party is in favor of gold. It claims to be in favor of bimetallism, but only [by international agreement. You might just as well insist that you were a Christian by the consent of the devil."

The Occasional Visitor said he was willing to admit, without prejudice to the case, that he believed in one measure of value.

"Very well," continued the Contributor, "it is true whether you admit or not. Now, Mr. McKinley in his letter of acceptance says that the adoption of free coinage would only help one class of people — the silver mine owners. They would be able to take 53 cents worth of silver bullion to the mint and get a silver dollar with which they could pay off the men that did the actual mining. In giving a working miner three legal silver dollars for a day's work he is actually giving away what cost him three times 53 cents or \$1.59, making thereby three times 47 or \$1.47.

“ Now it is conceded that all bankers and money handlers are opposed to free coinage. Do you think for a moment, if Mr. McKinley’s reasoning was fair and honest and if the mints of the United States would allow every man who brought 53 cents worth of uncoined silver to carry away one coined full legal tender silver dollar, that they, the bankers, would not be in favor of free coinage? Why, if the Bank of California has fifteen million in gold in its vaults, as is alleged, what is to hinder, save bad judgment, their taking that fifteen million and buying thirty million ounces of silver now, and having it coined after Bryan’s election at the expense of the government into thirty million silver dollars. Nothing in the world. Still they, the only people who have gold, are opposed to their gold doubling itself in the way they boast it would. Now what will happen if Bryan is elected. Just this,—silver will become a competitor of gold. Today we have beef, mutton, and pork, and in France, horse, as meat. Do away with all but beef, and the price of beef will quadruple, or make it unfashionable to eat mutton as it is to eat horse, and you could buy mutton for a song. In a short time sheep would only be raised for their wool. Since 1873 gold has had no competitor. It is the one measure of value, so we can only measure its appreciation by the corresponding depreciation of silver. Silver has lost its value as a debt payer, because the law leaves it with the creditor to say whether he will accept it or not. It is legal tender only by the will of the creditor, who always has power to put a gold clause in the contract. In other words, its free circulating power is gone. Naturally people prefer gold, which is never discriminated against. The bankers know the moment silver becomes unlimited legal tender the law of supply and demand will operate, and the demand will raise the price of silver to an equality with gold.

“ With Bryan’s election silver will go up in value from fifty-three cents to sixty cents, to seventy cents, to eighty cents, to one dollar, an ounce, just as it did in ’90 when the Free Coinage bill was passed in the Lower House and had a fighting chance to pass the Senate. Silver went up during the session from seventy cents to ninety-two cents, and fell back after the failure of the bill to seventy cents. In 1890, the ratio between gold and silver was nineteen to one, today it is thirty-four to one. Naturally the bankers want a single measure of value. They are not particular whether it be gold or silver. But what they do not want is competing moneys. The price of butter and eggs in the winter is higher than in the spring, Why, because the cows and the hens are not in competition with the market. The old wheat in the elevators falls in price the moment it is known that there will be a big wheat crop.

“ But the greatest bug-bear that the gold-bugs have to frighten the nation with is that the foreign holders of our bonds will throw them on the market and demand their gold,— that the country will be drained of gold. In the first place, you cannot collect a note or a bond until it falls due; and secondly, the bond-holders are the last people in the world who would gain by creating a panic. Why did they invest in American securities in the first place? To drain this country of gold? No, because the rate of interest was larger in this country than in Europe. The banks in San Francisco get eight per cent interest, although the legal rate is only seven per cent. In London gold can be had as low as one and one half per cent, and investors can only get in many cases one per cent for their money. Then why should foreign bond holders want to do anything to make their usurious rate of interest less secure?

“ Don’t lie awake nights walking the floor for fear of the foreign bond-holders.

Let them do the walking. Another threat is that the bankers will call in all loans, and sue on all overdue notes. Let them — they cannot eat their money and if it all comes back to them they would have to go out of business, and they know it.

“It is not that we want more money, but that we want a competitor with gold as we have in corn a competitor with wheat, mutton a competitor with beef, cotton a competitor with wool.”

For a moment we were all silverites, then the Occasional Visitor arose.

The Occasional Visitor. “Wind! wind! The Contributor would make a devoted disciple of Dennis Kearney. Dennis made a silver speech ‘South of Market’ the other night. His logic was convincing, and the magnetism of the man swayed his audience as it did in the old days when he was the autocratic king of the sandlots. ‘To conclude,’ he said, ‘I kin summon up the intire Silver Question in wan sintince. If I have a twinty-dollar gold pace and I throw it into the crowd of yez, ye will all scramble fur it but only wan man will git it. But if I have twinty silver dollars and sling thim into the crowd of yez, ye will all scramble fur thim and twinty men will git thim.’ ‘I know all I want to ’bout this 16 to 1,’ said a colored citizen of Santa Rosa, ‘its just as it was since befo’ de war, sixteen dollars for de white man and one dollar for de nigger.’ The Contributor’s argument is on a par with these. You cannot make silver a competitor with gold by legislation. We have outgrown silver as money, just as the world has outgrown the iron of Sparta, the copper of China, the lead of Siam, the shells of the South Seas, and the wampum of the Indians as money, just as we have outgrown the age of barter. This is a world of evolution and it never goes backward. Silver has had its day and all the sophistry of Bryan and Stewart cannot change the march of civilization. As far as I am selfishly concerned, I would be willing to have the government place an order with this Company for all the OVERLANDS we can turn out at an increased selling price of forty per cent. We could save money, but the rest of the country would be taxed enough more to make up for our profit. If the mine owner realizes a clear profit of forty-seven cents on every ounce of silver he takes to the mint, somebody has got to pay him. We are not in need of more coin to do business with. There has been more silver coined into dollars since the so-called ‘Crime of ’73’ than ever before. How would it help you or me if there were twice as many coined silver dollars in the United States today? What we need is business confidence, not cheap money. And there never will be business confidence as long as this insane agitation keeps up and there is any danger of the government being in the hands of the men who are agitating.”

The Poet. “I feel like the boy who handles the campaign novelties at the ‘Golden Rule Bazar.’ In order to sell a five cent McKinley button he talks gold and McKinley for half an hour, argues with his Republican purchaser on every tenet of the party platform, condemns the silverites from Bryan to Altgeld. To dispose of a Bryan button he becomes a red-eyed Populist and out-Herods Herod in his defense of the masses against the classes. ‘Its hard luck,’ he remarked sadly, ‘by night I don’t know whether I am a Republican, Democrat, or Prohibitionist, I am a mental and moral wreck, and all for five cents, hard luck!’”

The Artist. “The Irishman who replied to Pat Collins, who was addressing a Boston audience on the virtues of the gold standard, expresses my position. ‘My hearers,’ said Collins in his well known pompous style, ‘I hold in my right hand a silver dollar, and in my left hand a gold dollar, and the one represents fifty-three cents’ worth of silver and is good only in our own country. The other is a tiny thing, but it is worth one dollar anywhere in the world. Now, which, my fellow citizens, will you take?’ The Irishman got up and said, ‘Well, sor, as I have nayther, I’ll take ayther.’”

The Type Writer. “There is a lady outside with an article on the ‘Silver Problem.’”

The Sanctum. “Show her in!”

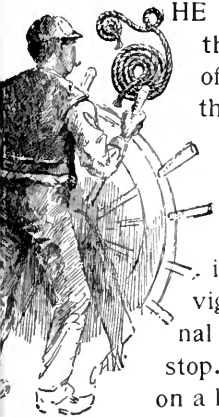
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THE GREATEST JETTY ON THE WEST COAST.



HE grizzled captain stood on the wet and slippery bridge of the Pomona. It was in the early morning and a fog which obscured both ends of his staunch ship had chilled him to the bone through the anxious hours of his night vigil. He had rung the signal to the engine room to stop. The ship rose and fell on a long westerly swell to the dismal sighs of a whistling buoy. From an unknown distance came an ominous

sound of breakers. Whether its portent were good or evil could not be divined from the weather-worn visage of the old captain. No expression escaped him beyond a growl that the "— tug" was never there to meet him. He added another to the long series of whistles he had been sounding all night, when suddenly came out of the impenetrable mists a weird chime of whistles, followed almost immediately by a ghostly hulk. The tug was approaching,—the pilot was at hand. Another call from that chiming whistle was answered by ours. We followed. The closing of windows and



ENTRANCE TO HUMBOLDT BAY, LOOKING OUT, OVER THE BAR, NORTH JETTY ON THE RIGHT AND SOUTH JETTY ON THE LEFT.

slamming of stateroom doors by the ship's men proclaimed the terror of the trip — Humboldt Bar.

On, on we went, deeper and deeper into the mists. Higher and higher rose that terrible swell until it seemed as though a mountain of water carried its dark slope to a hidden summit ahead. In an instant we had surmounted it, to plunge down the awful declivity of the other side. With bated breath we take the plunge. A sickening sense of danger seizes every heart. That mountain has changed to a leviathan with a curling, hissing crest. On, on he comes, down the slippery steep. "Full speed ahead!" rings the captain, but too late; the monster has fallen upon the ship's high stern. The after rails and cabin staterooms are crushed like eggshells. The good ship broaches to and trembles in every joint.

If another strikes, we are gone. But the vessel has recovered her speed and soon rides in the calm waters of Humboldt Bay — across the bar.

Such were some of the experiences of crossing in through the entrance to Humboldt Bay three years ago.

Humboldt Bay, distant 230 miles from San Francisco, is the only land-locked harbor in California north of San Francisco. Besides being the outlet for the richest dairying section of the State, it is the most important lumber port. The bay has an area of thirteen square miles at low and twenty-four square miles at high water. The tides have an extreme rise and fall of eight feet at spring tide and less than three feet at neap tide, with a mean of four feet and four inches, producing an average tidal discharge of one hundred thousand cubic feet per second. The bay is fourteen miles long, parallel with the ocean, and separated from it by two low sand spits of an average width of half a mile, between which, at a distance of four miles from the southern end of the bay, is its entrance.

South spit has its lower end at Table bluff, an abrupt headland which shuts out Eel river from the bay. This spit has neither timber nor undergrowth. North spit is largely covered with small pine timber and dense underbrush. It extends to the waters of Mad river, beyond which rise redwood-covered hills.



TWO STERN WHEEL STEAMERS AND ONE TUG BOAT CONSTITUTE THE TOWING FLEET.



JACOBY CREEK QUARRY — LOADING THE CARS.

The formation of this spit is known. Midway between its extremes and near the bay shore, well-borers have found excellent fresh water in a bed of smoothly washed gravel, after having passed through successive strata of sand, clay, and gravel, to a depth of 225 feet.

Emptying into the bay are several small streams, draining timbered watersheds of limited area, whose contributions

by the sea and diverted into shore currents. Without attempting to refer these sand spits for their origin and upbuilding to the littoral currents flowing from Eel river and Mad river, it may be safely assumed that these spits, with the aid of favoring gales, serve to guide these currents unerringly to the harbor entrance. There they meet and oscillate in battle with the regular tidal forces. Their burdens of detritus find fitful equipoise on



JACOBY CREEK QUARRY — THE LITTLE GIANT MONITOR. PILES OF WASTE ROCK ARE ITS SPORT.

the spit terminals, on the middle ground within, or on the bar without the entrance. Under the hand of Nature this bar has been constantly shifting its sands, varying the depth of the channel from nine to twenty-five feet and its width from twenty-two hundred to twenty-four hundred feet; and often causing it to swing within a few months over a space from southwest to northwest of one and onehalf miles.



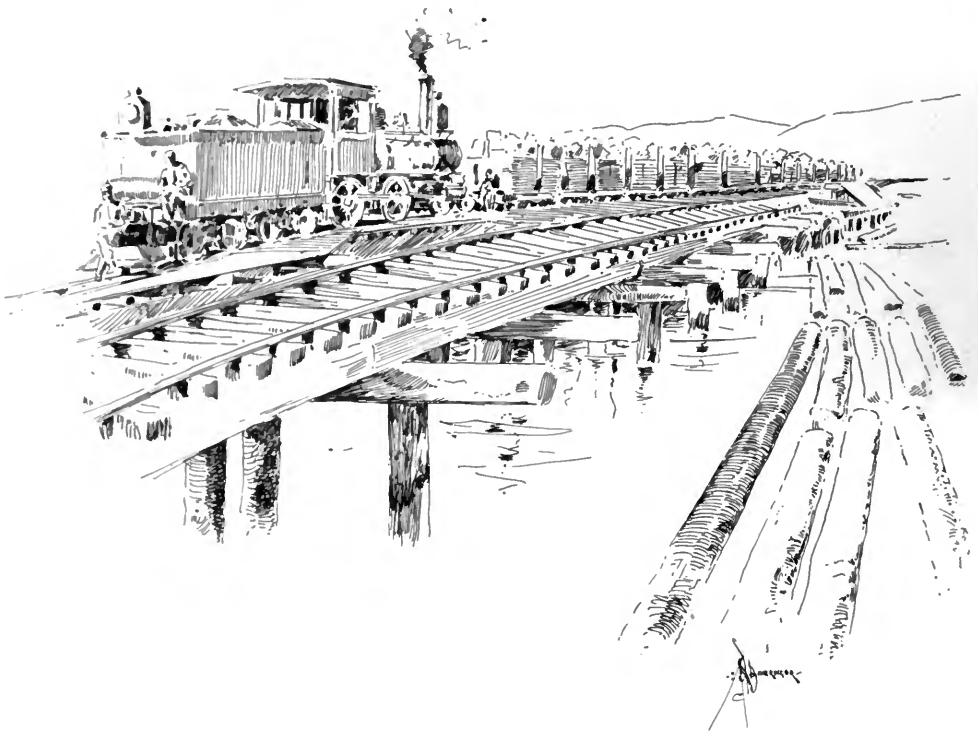
JACOBY CREEK QUARRY — LOCOMOTIVE CRANE SWITCHING CAR THROUGH THE AIR.

of silt to the channels of the bay are necessarily slow.

Both Eel river and Mad river take their rise in a high range of mountains which sends its western elevations down close to the sea. These streams are thus given during the rainy season great power for erosion with sufficient effluent force to carry their detritus rapidly to tide water. Their impetus is there met



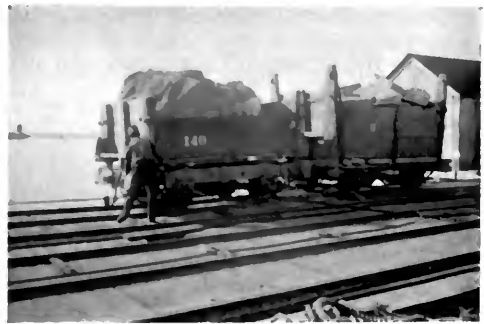
JACOBY CREEK QUARRY COOK HOUSE ALL SET FOR TWO HUNDRED.



OUT ON THE BAYSIDE PIER.

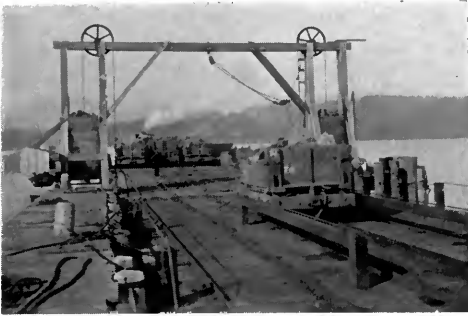
Commerce struggled over the bar for years, suffering all of the adversities of detention and shipwreck in the unequal fight, until some public-spirited citizens of Eureka were sent to Washington to importune national assistance. It came in 1881 in the adoption of a project for dredging a channel thirteen feet deep and two hundred feet wide to the wharves at Eureka in North bay, and one ten feet deep and one hundred feet wide to Arcata and Hookton, in North and South bays respectively. This work was completed in 1884 at a cost of \$96,000, and was really preliminary to the project adopted in 1882 for deepening the water over the bar with a low-tide stone jetty to extend seaward from the South spit for a distance of six thousand feet, at an estimated cost of six hundred thousand dollars. Although appropriations were made in 1884, 1886, and 1888, aggregating over three hundred thousand dollars, the government engineers did not let the contract

for initial jetty work until 1888. In 1890 it was found that the North spit could not be expected to offer a proper resistance to tidal discharges when the jetty from the South spit should be extended. An additional plan of building two high-tide jetties, one from each spit, was recommended by a board of United States engineers, at an estimated cost of nearly two million dollars. This was adopted and another contract let, which was completed in 1891. Up to this time the South jetty



THROWING THE LOOP.





THE MAN AT THE BRAKE CAN CHECK THE DESCENT OF A CAR WITH THE WEIGHT OF HIS ARM.

trestle had been carried out 3699 feet to Bent 231, and a dyke, of same construction as the jetty, had been built on the North spit 1480 feet in length to Bent 92. This dyke was parallel with the bay and located on the bay shore of the spit. There had been used in these works about twenty-eight thousand cubic yards of brush mattresses and one hundred thousand long tons of stone, at a cost of about three hundred thousand dollars.

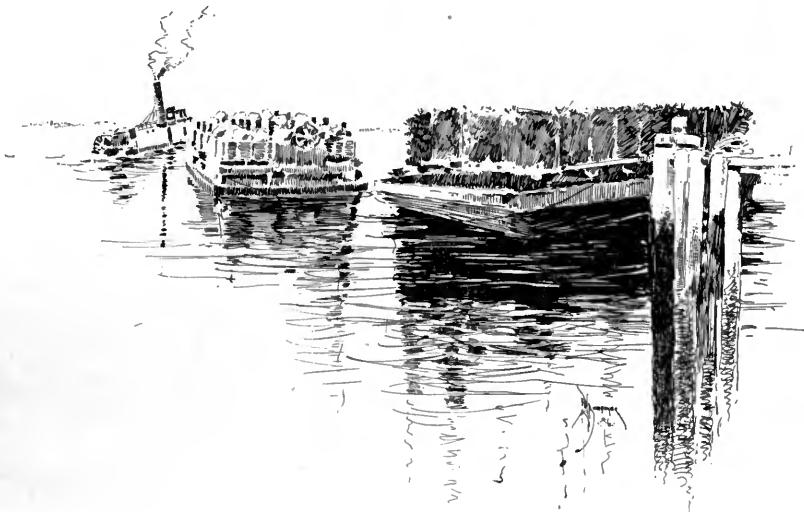
In 1892, through the efforts of Congressman T. J. Geary, and as a measure of economy, a provision was inserted in the River and Harbor Act, placing further work on the Humboldt jetties under

what is known as the "continuous contract system." This provision authorized a further aggregate expenditure of \$1,740,115 to continue and complete the work. The contract was let December 16, 1892, to John C. Bull, Jr., of Arcata, California, at prices which insured to the government a saving, compared with the cost of previous work, of 25 per cent on brush and 35 per cent on rock. The engineer officer in charge thought that the prices bid by Mr. Bull were about 12 per cent too low and would lead to his failure.

Work was begun under this contract April 14, 1893, and is still in progress, with a prospect of completion in 1898.

But here let us dismiss the dry details of a history which for the most part can be found in any of the Annual Reports of the United States engineer officer, in local charge, to the Chief of Engineers at Washington.

No more pleasant outing can be had on a mellow autumnal day than by going to the scenes of this great work. Two stern-wheel steamers and one tugboat constitute the towing fleet. All hours of the day and far into the night their musi-



LEAVING THE APRON — A TANDEM IN TOW.



NORTH JETTY APRON WHEN THE CARS ARE HAULED OFF THE BARGE BY A POWERFUL ENGINE AND CABLE.

cal whistles are heard signaling to the main office on the wharf in Eureka: three blasts, "We are bound down with a load;" two blasts, "We are bound back for another." As we stand in the office waiting for a chance to board one of these boats, we hear the constant ringing of a telephone and a man hollering incessantly to the North jetty, the South jetty, the quarry, the quarry junction, the quarry pier, and to the train dis-



AT THE SCALES—NORTH JETTY.

patcher at Bayside. In front of him he has a board with all the courses on the bay represented by lines of holes into which he thrusts pegs with cards attached showing the relative positions of the three steamers and seven barges at every hour of the day. He is the man for information.

To our inquiry, "How can we reach the quarry?" he replies, "One of the

boats will land here for wood and water in a few minutes; she will take you to the pier."

Surely enough, almost immediately a short imperative blast of the steamer's whistle announces her arrival. She has alongside a huge barge with three standard gauge tracks filled with twenty-one empty rock cars. In an hour we are at the end of the pier three miles out over the mud flats from Bayside. Here an

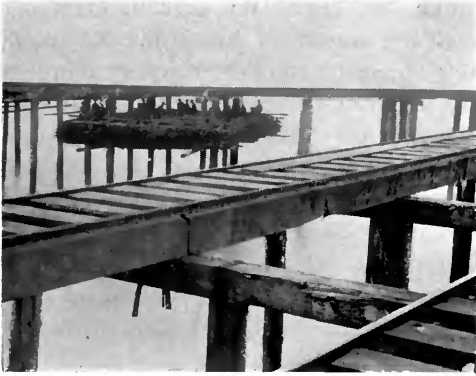


HYDRAULIC DUMPING CARS—NORTH JETTY.

apron is lowered upon the end of our barge, a locomotive hauls off the cars seven at a time, and in ten minutes we are whistling for the crossing at Bayside and rushing up the left bank of Jacoby creek over a three per cent grade into the reverberating redwoods. At "the junction" another locomotive takes our train and switches it around a sharp turn into the quarry.



BUILDING THE MATTRESS.



COMPRESSING THE MATTRASS.

The change is startling. In excavations at the base of a bold rocky bluff, 420 feet high and extending up the creek for more than three thousand feet, two hundred brawny men are working. They look like pigmies. Stupendous devastation! The bluff has been undermined again and again with steam drills until its face is bare to the roots of the giant redwoods on its brow. The work of removing the mountain has just begun.

Another season will be required fully to open the quarry. And yet more than six hundred thousand tons of stone have been shipped away to the jetties. Enough waste rock lies on the dumps to macadamize every road in the county.

Ten derricks of the stiff-leg type, operated by steam, and a locomotive crane perform the work of loading. Night and day the work goes on. A twenty-five



MATTRASS READY TO DROP.

arc-light dynamo gives cheer to the night shift. That nothing should be lacking



WITH A CRACKLING SOUND THE MATTRASS STRIKES THE WATER.

to make this quarry the completest of its kind on the Pacific Slope, the waters of Jacoby creek were brought to the summit of the bluff through a ditch three miles long and are made to supply the "Little Giant" with the power of a hundred men. Piles of waste rock are its sport. They are flung like toys into the dry bed of the creek and carried down to the dump by winter's floods.

But almost while we have been talking, the train has been loaded. We have barely time enough to see the crane perform its trick of switching cars through an air line; to glance into the quarry "cook-house," with plates "all set for two hundred," and we are off for



IN AN INSTANT IT IS OUT OF SIGHT.

the apron. In twenty minutes we are again out on the pier. Ten minutes suffice for the parting of the train and setting it in three sections of seven cars each at the hinges of the apron, all ready to be loaded upon the barge. The cars are loaded by gravity, and checked by a wire cable looped over the crossbeam of the car. Two of these cables are wound on drums on a shaft which lies at right angles with the tracks and under them near the apron hinge. The shaft is controlled by a wood friction applied by compound levers to a large wheel at one end of the shaft. As one cable with its load unwinds, the other or idle cable winds up for its car. The man at the

brake can check the descent of a car with the weight of his arm. At favorable stages of the tide, thirteen minutes are required for loading a barge and two minutes for raising the apron to disengage the barge. The twenty-one cars contain about 225 long tons, and weigh an additional seventy-five tons. Three hundred tons embarked in fifteen minutes! The average output of the quarry is six trains per day, with frequently a day of seven.

A ride of two hours brings us to the North jetty apron, where the cars are hauled up over an apron by a powerful hoisting engine and wire cable. The cars pass over the scales, where they are weighed, three at a time. They are then taken out on the trestle and dumped on the jetty wall. Two types of car are in use, one where the dumping is done by hand, and the other by hydraulic power supplied through hose from a tank and steam pump carried on the locomotive. The hydraulic cars are used principally for large rock.

The first operation in jetty building is the construction of the trestle, which is done with an overhanging pile-driver revolving on a turntable. The trestle consists of four-pile bents sixteen feet apart, supporting two standard gauge tracks of forty-pound T rails and is designed to last only long enough to complete the jetty beneath it.

Before any rock can be placed in the wall, brush mattresses about forty-four feet wide are placed end to end upon the sand and weighted down with small rock. They are intended to arrest the shifting sands. A mattress is built upon two piles swung under the trestle by wire cables made fast to the cap timbers. First is laid upon these sling-piles a grillage of poles bound at every intersection with strong wire. Upon the grillage are placed in successive layers bundles of

brush about twelve feet long, the bundles in each layer being at right angles with those of the next. When the brush has a thickness of about six feet, another grillage is placed on the top. The two grillages are made to compress the brush to two thirds of its original volume by means of long screws extending through the mattress. The grillages are then bound together by numerous wires, previously brought up through the brush from the bottom. The screws are removed, and the mattress is ready.

Cars filled with small rock are brought, and a layer of stone is thrown by hand upon the mattress to serve as ballast. Six men are stationed on the cap timbers. They stand with uplifted axes ready to cut the lashings and free the cable ends. Others stand by the car doors ready to release the rock. The word is given. With a cracking and a crash, the mattress strikes the water. In a second a rattling volley of rock drives it out of sight and to the bottom.

The actual work of building the jetty may now begin,—for, after all, it is simply a stone wall, very little of which can be seen at high water. Wall building is very slow. The depths of water vary from fifteen to twenty-five feet, requiring immense volumes of stone to bring the wall to view. The present contractor has placed already more than half a million tons of stone upon nearly sixty-thousand cubic yards of brush mattresses. He has extended the North jetty from Bent 92 to Bent 503, or 6576 feet, thus making that wall a total length of 8048 feet,—over a mile and a half out into the waters of the Pacific. The North jetty will probably be completed during this year, as its end now rests upon the crest of the bar. Under the present contract, the South jetty has been prolonged from Bent 230 to Bent 341, a distance of 1,776 feet, making its present total

length 5,456 feet. Two years will probably be required in which to carry it to the crest of the bar, 2,200 feet farther.

Upon the present project there has been spent, since resumption of the work in 1893 and up to September 1, 1896, about \$930,000, leaving about \$800,000 yet to be expended to complete the system. The operating plant of the contractor has cost over \$125,000, and is complete. For its purchase substantial aid was obtained from the City Street Improvement Company of San Francisco, whose secretary, the writer, has managed the work for three years. The working season begins April 15th and ends October 15th. Everything during that period is at the risk of the contractor.

Both jetties are under construction at the same time, requiring in all a force of over three hundred men. The heaviest month's work was in August, 1895, when 36,222 tons of rock were placed in the walls. So far as known, this record has never been equaled on the Coast. The limits of this article will not permit a description of the dangers and risks of the undertaking, but they are many and great, both to life and property. The government takes no risk, save upon the trestle during the winter. The work from its inception until the close of the season of 1895 was under the charge of Major W. H. Heuer and the supervision of Colonel George H. Mendell; since then, under the charge of Captain Cassius E. Gillette,—all of the Corps of Engineers of the United States Army.

Possibly to the inland reader it may not be clear as to the object of all this vast expenditure of money. It may be stated in a few words: The opening and keeping open of a fine harbor.

But how do the jetties accomplish this? Their office is two-fold: First, to fortify and keep in permanent place the sands

of the two spits; second, to confine between approximately parallel walls the tidal currents, thus compelling the increased velocity and power of the outgoing tide to deepen its channel across the bar. In the first instance, the walls must impound and keep in place the sands being constantly brought by the littoral currents. As the jetties are extended seaward, the spits will widen seaward too, if the walls are properly compacted with small rock. In the second instance, as the walls increase in length, so the currents, which they confine and guide, enlarge and concentrate in direct ratio their powers for good and evil,—good to the bar in lowering its crest; evil to the walls in undermining them. Two methods are used to prevent the undermining force of the accelerated tidal efflux: one by extending groins or spurs into the channel at right angles to the main wall and of construction similar to the jetty; the other by reveting the channel slopes of the walls with large quantities of small rock. By the spur method the current is broken and diverted from the jetty, with probably a resulting loss of energy on the bar. By the revetment method, the channel slope is flattened and the base of the wall broadened. Undermining currents are thus met at every point. Any loss of loose foundation sands is immediately and flexibly compensated by advancing stone. The walls are thus perfectly buttressed against the ever-increasing weight and thrust of sands impounded upon the spits.

Illustrative of revetment work and the character of material best adapted to produce its full value, the following remarks contained in the annual report for 1895 of Major W. H. Heuer to the Chief of Engineers may not be inappos:

The rock dumped in revetment did not retain the slope first assumed, but was flattened and spread out over the slope of the channel, thus forming a blanket of stone over the sand and preventing erosion.

The experience thus far on this work leads to

the belief that the revetment of slopes has been more effective in checking undermining of the jetty than a system of spurs or groins for the reasons:—

First. That the revetment can be instantly applied whenever scour is manifested; whereas, to construct a spur it is necessary first to build a trestle from which to place the mattresses and rock, and serious injury may be done before this can be accomplished:

Second. The revetment does not change the channel alignment, but allows a smooth flow of the current over it. The spurs generally have caused eddies and whirls around them, which in a few cases caused their partial destruction, with probable injury to the jetty as well:

Third. Revetment is cheaper for the length of the jetty protected.

In a few scattered places the waves have beaten down the peaked crests of rock, and at the outer ends of the jetties, and occasionally at other places, some subsidence of the rock has been noticed, and small rock used for revetment purposes has been scattered and spread by the sea along the steep sandy slopes on the channel side of the jetties, as was expected and desired.

This distribution of small rock has created frequent unfavorable comment and hostile criticism through at least one local newspaper, clippings from which were regularly mailed to Senators and Members of Congress from California, to high officials in the War Department, and to other officers in charge of public works, with a view to discredit the work and its management.

In the September number of the *Proceedings* of the American Society of Civil Engineers, an article by Colonel G. H. Mendell, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A. (retired), on the improvement of Columbia River entrance, contains the fundamental principles of the science of jetty building. In it occurs the following:—

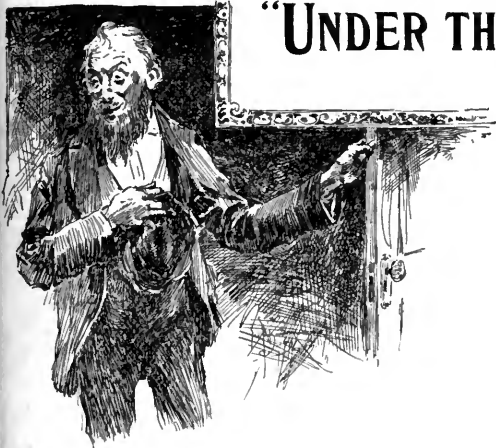
The jetty, to best fulfil its functions, must be tight, with no large interstices through which water and sand may circulate. It must therefore be made in great part of small stones, at least sufficient in quantity and varied sizes to reduce the dimensions of interstices to a minimum.

The failure of the Humboldt jetties to deepen the harbor entrance, to maintain a permanent channel, and to push the bar out into the deep sea, is no longer predicted. For more than two years the largest vessel entering the harbor, the steamship Pomona, without a tug easily crosses the bar by day or night.

A chart of the Government Survey made in May, 1896, shows a channel across the bar of about fifteen hundred feet in width, with a depth of, twenty-four feet at low water. In two years this channel can probably be declared permanent and the work completed.

W. E. Dennison.

# "UNDER THE HEADIN' OF THRUTH."



## II.—HOW THE BOYS RESIGNED JUDGE TRAVERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF MRS. LOFTY'S  
DIARY.

YOU used to live in Idaho, Colonel," remarked Mr. Cusack, stretching out his game leg across a chair in front of him. "Did you ever hear how the byes resigned Judge Travers?"

"No," replied the Colonel. "That was before my time. Tell us about it."

"Well, you see Judge Travers was very onpopular wid the byes. Prident Hayes sint him out there to be territorial Judge, an' a good manny av us thot we shud have had a Western man to begin wid. And thin he had no idea av bein' accommodatin' wid the public. We wor all very much displeased wid his minin' law; whether he got it out av the buks or made it up out av his own head, we niver cud tell, but anyway it was mostly very onplasin' to the old timers. The Judge got a manny frindly hints that it wud be taken as a politeness on his part if he shud resign, but he was a very obdurate man in his disposition. So finally some of the byes thot they wud sind in his resignation for him. It niver transpired who done it, but we all had our suspicions. I know very well it was a fellow by the name av Charley Forbes in the county clerk's office; he was a very divil av a fellow for imitating handwritin's.

"Annyway the Judge's risignation wint on to Washington all in proper form, stating that his wife's health was breaking down undher the climate, an' that the docthers said she must go to the Coast, an' for that rayson he wud tinder his risignation, which he hoped the Prident wud find it convanient to accipt immadiately; which the Prident did, an' I suppose was very glad to get it so he cud give some other man a turn and get him off the list. An' the first thing Judge Travers knew about it, was whin he saw it in the Eastern newspapers, an' his successor was already on the way."

"Well, what did he do about it?" inquired the Judge. "Did he submit?"

"Did he submit? He had to, bless your sowl. He was the maddest man annybody ever saw or heard av; he moved heaven and earth to find out who played him the thrick; an' he wrote back to Washington that it was all a mistake, an' he niver had resigned at all. But the Prident said he was resigned by somebody, all regular enough, an' another man was appointed, and the appointment wud stand. An' so Judge Travers he packed up and came away over to Seattle; an' he did very well here too, speculatin' in real estate whin the boom came on.

"He was the man that fined old Billy Magee fifty dollars for contimpt av coort for puttin' a bullet through the coort-room window, an' Billy offered to double the sthakes if the Judge would let him go

outside an' thry it over again. It happened this way.

"Old Billy Magee was a character; whinever he came into town he always walked in the middle of the sthreet, because he said he wor a paceable man an' did n't want to be hustled into no sort av a row on the sidewalk.

"Well, this day, just about the time he sthruck Main Sthreet, there wor a three-cornered fight undher way, unbeknownst to him. One fellow was sight-in' through the window av a shanty; another was takin' aim out av the dure av a tint across the way; and down the sthreet a bit, wor a third behind an awn-in'-post; an' just at the time whin old Billy got into the focus, as ye may say, av the field av battle, they all began pop-pin' away at one another. Billy was asthounded, as well he might be, an' he whirls around at the first whizz! just in time to see a fellow dodging away from the window, an' he lets him have it straight. That man niver stirred again; but in the mane time, whizz! comes another shot by his ears, an' he turns around wid his six-shooter an' lays out the fellow in the dure av the tint. About this time, the third man behind the awning post tumbles to the racket, an'

takes to his heels; an' thin old Billy turns loose on the spectators that begun to crawl out av their places av shelter.

"'I'm a paceable man,' sez he, 'an' allus take the middle av the sthreet; but I'll be d—d if I'll be put upon by a golderned lot av so-and-sos like yez, just bekase I'm a stranger! Come on, the whole bilin' av yez, come on!' he sez, an' began shootin' around at random.

"Wan bullet wint through the window av Judge Travers's coort-room, an' came widin' an ace av takin' off a corner av the Judge's ear. It made the Judge as mad as a settin' hen, an' he had Billy Magee haled up before him, an' fined him fifty dollars for contimpt av coort. And thin it wor that Billy Magee offered to double the amount if the Judge would let him go outside an thry it wance more.

"Will there be a fight wid England, Colonel, about Venezuela, do you think?"

"What do you think, Cornaylius?"

"Well, it wud give employment to a good many min, now would n't it, Colonel? An' if some av thim wor killed off, it wud leave more for the rest. There do seem to be too many av us, eh, Colonel? Well, I must be goin'. Good day, gintlemin. Good afternoon, Colonel."

*Batterman Lindsay.*

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## AUTUMN.

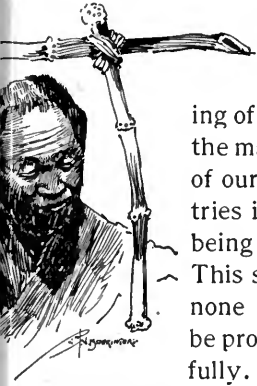
LONG dreamy summer days have faded, calm and slow,  
 And now the warm sweet autumn time will drift and flow.  
 How slips the golden coil of summer none may know,  
 Till winter's deepest green with tenderest spring shall glow.

*Harriet Winthrop Waring.*



## THE COMPETITION OF JAPAN.

BY UNITED STATES SENATOR PERKINS.



THE effect which the industrial awakening of Japan will have upon the manufacturing interests of our own and other countries is a question which is being studied with care. This study has been begun none too soon, and it can be prosecuted none too carefully.

The articles by W. H. Mills and John P. Young which appeared in the June and July *OVERLANDS* are, therefore, timely, as they form a basis for the discussion of some of the phases of the problem.

It will be apparent to the student of Japanese history that nothing in the life of that remarkable people up to 1854, when its ports were for the first time opened to the world, affords good ground for the belief that they are incapable of industrial advancement on modern lines. The policy of exclusion which obtained could have no other effect than to limit the number of suggestions which, in the case of European civilization, were eagerly received from whatever source they came. Japanese life was, therefore narrow, but within the boundaries which the laws of the country imposed it developed in a manner which will ever be the wonder of the world, demonstrating the great brain power of the people, and their love for thoroughness, and their capacity for advancement. Japanese art is peculiar, and to many not altogether pleasing, but within its limitations it has reached a point of excellence probably not attained by any other race. So also, was it with science, within their extremely

narrow field. Literature, as known to us could not be otherwise than limited in range; but within that range will be found masterpieces.

It is hardly safe to predict that a man can not do a thing because some power greater than his own has prevented him from even trying to do it. But that is what is done by those who assert that Japan has had opportunities to imbibe modern ideas from the Portuguese, Dutch, and English, from 1550 to 1854, but has been unable to utilize them. The fact is left out of sight that the principal object of the laws of Japan was to exclude ideas different from those which had obtained for thousands of years. The specific instance of the Englishmen William Adams and Captain Saris, who are alleged to have given the Japanese instruction in shipbuilding, after European methods, over a hundred years ago, loses its point when it is remembered that it would have been considered a crime to adopt those methods.

In the Consular Reports for May, appears an abstract of a series of articles recently published in the *Nichi Nichi Shimbun*, wherein it is stated that:—

Under the Tokugawa government, private individuals not being permitted to own any ships of foreign model, there was no scope for the rise of a mercantile marine. It was in 1860, two years after the downfall of the feudal regime, that the prohibition was first removed. At the end of 1870 the total number of ships of European form, both steam and sailing, was forty-six, with an aggregate registered tonnage of 17,952.

In 1894 there were 469 steamships, aggregating 163,309 tons, and 196 sailing vessels, aggregating, 30,177 tons, while Japan had taken rank as fifteenth in the maritime catalogue.

Surely William Adams's ideas were not given a chance to bear fruit, or it would not have been necessary to wait for a report of progress until A. C. Jones, United States Consul at Chinkiang wrote in the United States Consular Reports that:—

The large and well equipped marine for coast and other service presents a singular contrast with the days of jealous isolation, when nothing larger than a fishing smack was allowed to be launched. . . . Arsenal, dockyards and machine shops are filled with the very latest improvements in machinery; and nowhere in Europe or America can there be found workmen better trained, more skilful, or more thoroughly efficient.

T. R. Jernigan, United States Consul-General at Shanghai, thus writes in the Consular Reports for June, 1895:—

The enterprising Japanese have, within a few years, established docks and machine shops for the building of medium-sized war ships, and each subsequent year has witnessed fewer orders going to foreign markets for naval supplies. Soon, from the naval shops of Japan, will be launched as strong warships as breast the waves of Asiatic seas; and ere a distant year, the forces of civilization which have moved Japan so rapidly on lines of progress will be actively and practically at work in China.

In the face of the well known governmental policy of Japan to exclude all ideas which had their birth in other lands, it is hard to see how the assertion can be made good that the people are naturally conservative. On the contrary, it appears clear that they were unnaturally conservative. The sharp and sudden advance along the road now being traveled by America and Europe, as soon as all restraint was removed, shows that thousands of years of mental repression could not kill in the Japanese that desire for advancement, which is inherent in the leading nations of the world. The wonderful vigor which they have shown, the surprising readiness with which they have adopted European and American

ideas, the intense eagerness they have manifested to take a place—and a very high place—among the peoples who have developed what are known modern ideas, are evidences of a vigor of intellect which was manifested by few of the European nations when they emerged from under the cloud of the Middle Ages. The knowledge of art and science which was preserved by the Arabs of Spain did not find among Europeans the same warm reception that similar knowledge possessed by us has found among the Japanese. The progress of Europe along modern lines was slow. That of Japan has been wonderfully rapid. There can be found little ground for the prediction that the Japanese will be found laggards in the race for supremacy in all that makes our industrial life what it is to-day.

It is urged that the power of the Japanese to produce will be exercised only as their desire to consume increases; that the ability to procure will give rise to new wants, which can be supplied only through foreign industries.

This is practically an assumption that the Japanese are not to enter into competition with the world in the great struggle for power and wealth; that they are to refuse to make use of such advantages over other nations as they possess; that they are, in fact, to neglect to utilize all that skill and knowledge which they have manifested such unusual eagerness to secure. The strides which have been made by Japan in the last twenty-five years form a sufficient answer to this assumption.

It is idle to suppose that the new conditions under which the Japanese live will give rise to such a change in the manner of life of the laboring classes that the cost of living will increase tenfold, and with it wages, within a century, if then. Laborers can now live on one

tenth of the wages given to Europeans and Americans, and while the tendency of the greater faculty for earning will be to increase wants, these wants among a simple and frugal people will be long in developing. Besides this, the Japanese manufacturer will strive to keep as great as possible the margin in his favor between the cost of labor to him and that to his competitors. With a producing class that have thriven on one tenth the amount earned by the workmen of those with whom he competes, he will have little difficulty in preventing a tenfold increase in his pay roll for such time as will enable him to make serious inroads upon the trade of other nations. Even if his advantage in respect to wages should last only fifty years, that is time enough for such a nation as Japan, which has now got fairly started in the path of progress, to do injury to foreign industries which would probably be irreparable.

Those who assert that there is nothing to be feared by the United States from the present industrial revolution in Japan apparently assume that the manufactories which are now being established will be for the supply of the local demand. If this were the case the danger would be vastly less. But it is not true. Manufacturing goods for Japanese consumption is clearly not the strongest incentive in the movement which has astonished and alarmed the industrial nations.

Competition with American and European manufacturers in goods of the same class which they make is to be entered into even in American and European home markets. This policy appears to have been definitely settled upon, and to be national in its character.

James F. Connelly, United States Consul at Osaka and Hiogo, says, in the Consular Report for May, 1896:—

The development of both internal and foreign trade is the all-absorbing problem with every class of people of Japan. The system of education employed in the schools is admirably adapted to the turning out of well equipped business men, so far as practical commercial education can accomplish such an end.

Merchants, manufacturers, and, in fact, all engaged in trade actively or by investment of capital are making and will continue to make the very best use of the time intervening between the present and the coming into operation of the lately revised treaties, in borrowing *ad libitum*, the products (in the shape of labor-saving appliances) of the inventive genius of the people of the United States, and of every other nation, for use in the workshops of the Empire, and will return the results in merchantable goods to the people of the nations from whom they are now borrowing at prices which will make competition an exceedingly difficult problem to solve.

The Japanese excel in productions of silk, jute, cotton, clay, iron, and straw, in the shape of piece goods, wearing apparel, floor coverings, porcelain wares, curios of every description, mechanical and other toys, paper, and other goods in which they are the principal commodities used, and in retail products, among which may be mentioned surgical instruments, which, for delicacy of design and quality of temper, can scarcely be surpassed.

The raw material necessary for the production, not only of the merchandise named, but of nearly all other goods produced by the most favored of the producing nations, are found in the territory of the Empire, the material wealth and producing power of which have been enhanced in no small measure by the annexation of Formosa. The mines are rich in coal, iron and other minerals; the soil is fertile, and judging from the extraordinary progress being made in agricultural pursuits, every available foot of it will, in the near future, be put to a high state of cultivation. In many of the subdivisions of Japan, two crops are produced annually.

In this connection, I quote the following from a British made report of 1894:—

One of the many advantages enjoyed by the Japanese, materially aiding the rapid and economical development of their inventions, is that foreign patents are not protected. When a machine, patented elsewhere, is purchased, it is not infrequently imitated, and an article equally good, for all practical purposes, is turned out at less than half the cost.

It is not improbable that when, under revised

treaties, the patent laws become applicable to foreigners, there will be little or nothing to claim protection for.

What effect the appearance of this nation as a competitor in the manufacturing world will have is foreshadowed in the March number of *Gunton's Magazine*, which says:—

There is no country whose economic changes are likely to create so much industrial surprise, if not dislocation, in the next quarter of a century as Japan. Until recently Japan has been classed with China and other Asiatic countries as in the hand-labor area. The more advanced machine-using countries, like England and the United States, have entertained no fears from competition with the cheap labor of Asia, because the economies of their superior machinery have more than offset the increase in the cost of production through their higher wages. This has led many economists of the laissez-faire school to assume that high wages instantaneously bring with them lower cost of production, attributing the diminished cost to the increased skill and dexterity of the higher wage laborers. . . .

Having assumed that the superiority of high wage-conditions all lies in the increased personal dexterity of the laborers, these writers seem to have entirely overlooked the great part machinery plays in low-price machine phenomena. The reason this country is in greater danger from English competition than from the Chinese is that England has similar machinery to our own while the Chinese continue to produce by hand labor. Whenever two countries employ the same tools or machinery the lower wages become the great element in determining the competition. . . .

During the last quarter of a century Japan has been rapidly westernizing her civilization, and is now rapidly westernizing her methods of industry. At the present rate she is progressing it may not take her more than a decade to get the factory system, with its most modern equipments. Although this will be sure to act upon her laborers, raising their standard and increasing their cost of living, it will probably take half a century before her wages approximate the wage standard of the United States or even of England. To the extent to which she increases her factory methods faster than she raises her wage standard will she become a successful competitor with western producers, and will demonstrate the economic soundness of protection as a permanent principle in national statesmanship.

All the world should rejoice at Japan's progress. But it will be a calamity for mankind if Japan should be permitted to destroy or even lessen the rate of progress in this country or in Europe. Her advent into the use of modern methods should be beneficial to her own people, and make her the missionary to carry similar methods and civilization into other Asiatic countries, but not to injure the civilization of western countries.

Edwin Dun, United States Minister to Japan, in the May number of the *Consular Reports*, says:—

The greatest competitor that not only American, but European manufacturers as well, have to fear in Japan is the growth of home manufacturing industries here. With an almost unlimited supply of cheap, skilled labor, an abundance of coal, and magnificent water power throughout the country, there is every indication that, in the near future, the manufacturing interests of Japan will increase enormously. Inquiries are constantly being received from America and Europe in regard to the feasibility of starting manufactures of almost every kind with foreign capital and management. Existing treaties at present close Japan to foreign enterprise of this kind, but when the new treaties come into operation, there will be nothing to prevent American and European capitalists from availing themselves of the exceptional advantages that Japan will offer in almost every line of manufacture.

William Eleroy Curtis, in the January number of the *Bulletin* of the Department of Labor, says:—

Japan is becoming less and less independent upon foreign nations for the necessities and comforts of life, and is making her own goods with the greatest skill and ingenuity. Since their release from the exclusive policy of the feudal lords, the people have studied the methods of all civilized nations and have adopted those of each which seem to them the most suitable for their own purposes and convenience. . . . It is often said that the Japanese are not an original people; that they are only imitators; that they got their art from Korea, their industries from China, and that their civilization is simply a veneer acquired by imitating the methods of other countries. All of this is true in a measure, but it is not discreditable. Under the circumstances that attend the development of modern ideas in Japan, originality is not wanted, but a power of adaptability and imitation has been immensely more useful. The Japanese workman

can make anything he has ever seen. His ingenuity is astonishing. Give him a piece of complicated mechanism — a watch or an electrical apparatus — and he will reproduce it exactly and set it running without instructions. He can imitate any process and copy any pattern or design more accurately and skilfully than any other race in the world. It is that faculty which has enabled Japan to make such rapid progress, and will soon place her among the great manufacturing nations of the world.

It was only forty years ago that the ports of Japan were forcibly opened to foreign commerce. It was only twenty-eight years ago that the first labor-saving machine was set up within the limits of that Empire. Now the exports and imports exceed \$115,000,000.

While the Japanese will soon be able to furnish themselves with all they use and wear and eat without assistance from foreign nations, they will be compelled to buy machinery and raw material, particularly cotton and iron. Therefore, our sales will be practically limited to those articles. And the market for machinery will be limited as to time. The Japanese will buy a great deal within the next few years, almost everything in the way of labor-saving apparatus, but they are already beginning to make their own machinery, and in a few years will be independent of foreign nations in that respect also. Another important fact — a very important fact — is that they will buy only one outfit of certain machinery. We will sell them one set, which they will copy and supply all future demands themselves. This will go on until the new treaties take effect, when American patents will be protected.

The *London Times*, in an article published October 31, 1895, takes the same view of the influence which Japan is destined to have upon the industries of other manufacturing countries:—

The treaty of Shimonoseki opens up a vast field for industrial enterprise under foreign impulse and direction, of which it is almost impossible to exaggerate the future importance. We can only measure it, to some extent, by what has already happened in Japan. The point upon which, in this connection, most stress is usually laid in Europe is the damage done to certain branches of European industry by the extraordinarily rapid growth of Japanese industry, and the results already achieved by the latter are undoubtedly calculated to strike the imagination at first sight with astonishment and alarm. The

most conspicuous of these results are those connected with the cotton industry. In 1885, Japan imported only \$800,000 worth of raw cotton; in 1894, she imported \$19,500,000 worth, or more than four and twenty times as much. At the beginning of 1885, there were nineteen spinning mills, with about 50,000 spindles in Japan, and at the end of 1893 there were forty-six, with about 600,000 spindles. The result was, of course, inevitable. The lower grade yarns, formerly imported from abroad, have practically disappeared from the Japanese market, the importation of middle grades is rapidly declining, and only the higher grades, which Japan has not yet set herself to produce, still maintain their footing. The importation of cotton yarns reached its high-water mark in 1888 when the growing supply from the native mills had not yet overtaken the growing demand arising out of general increase of national prosperity and activity. In that year, cotton yarns were imported from Great Britain and India, in about equal proportions, to the total amount of 62,860,000 pounds. Six years later (in 1894) the importation from the same countries amounted only to 21,241,000 pounds, or barely one-third of the former figure. If the pinch has not yet been more severely felt in England, it is due to the fact that the loss has so far fallen much more heavily on Bombay than upon Lancashire, for while the imports from the latter have been reduced 40 per cent, those from the former have suffered to the extent of 90 per cent. Nor is this all; not only at the present rate of progress is the time within sight when Japan will cease altogether to import goods of this category, but last year for the first time she actually appeared as exporter, and for the respectable figure of 4,500,000 pounds, sent chiefly to China. How entirely the diminution of imports of cotton goods is due to the successful competition of native industry, appears from the fact that wherever that competition has not yet assumed such considerable proportions, the imports, as, for instance, of cotton piece goods, have continued during the same period to steadily increase, viz., from \$5,500,000 in 1888 to close upon \$7,000,000 in 1894. . . . Under the revised treaties Japan undoubtedly hopes to be in a position to favor nascent industries at home by raising the import duties on certain classes of foreign goods, but as she has done so well with the moderate tariffs hitherto in force, one may hope that she will not abuse the liberty which she is recovering to indulge in exaggerated protectionism; for if the Japanese as a nation have every reason to be proud of the rapid strides made by native indus-

tries, those investors who are personally interested in them have every reason to be equally satisfied with the handsome returns they yield. While ninety-three spinning companies in Lancashire were working at a loss, the cotton mills of Japan were paying, in 1894, dividends of 16 and 20 per cent, and even more. These are results which may well provoke jealousy and apprehension among European manufacturers and importers of cotton goods, and, though not in the same degree, similar results may already be noted in connection with many other branches of industry. Ready-made clothing, boots and shoes, hats and caps, umbrellas, paper of every quality, beer and matches, are all represented by annually diminishing figures in the import column of Japanese trade returns, while the corresponding figures in the export column are rising every year. Silk manufactures exported from Japan have increased in value from \$54,547 in 1885, to \$8,400,000 in 1894. The annexation of Formosa may be expected to give an immense impetus to the sugar industry by securing to Japan a field of almost unlimited capacity for the production of raw sugar. Japanese coal, the exports of which have risen in value from under \$2,000,000 in 1885, to over \$6,500,000 in 1894, is rapidly driving English coal, except for special purposes, out of every market east of Singapore, and has already penetrated as far west as Colombo and Calcutta.

The following, translated from the report of the Swiss consul in Japan, is published in the Consular Reports of the State Department:—

The Manchester *Guardian*, in its issue of June 9, 1894, says that manufactures of cotton textiles in India can no longer compete with Japan, as 4000 Japanese spindles will produce the same as 10,000 Indian. Around the industrial center of Osaka there are cotton mills in almost every village, and exports of Japanese fabrics were first made from that city. There being no protection to foreign machinery against patent infringements, the Japanese imitate quickly all European novelties and improvements and hence work under favorable conditions. Labor is so cheap that even Europe can no longer compete. Good cotton undershirts are being sold at 84 to 90 cents per dozen. Cotton umbrellas, on iron sticks (an important export article of Osaka), are sold at \$2.60 to \$3 per dozen, and the total exports of umbrellas in 1894 footed up \$746,067, as against \$589,272 for 1893. The manufacture of hemp and cotton has begun.

The British *Trade Journal*, of London, for March, contains a report from the British consul at Tokyo on the prospects for increase of trade between Japan and Australia, in which he says:—

That a considerable trade may be developed between the two countries is possible, but if so, its main feature will be that of exports from Japan to Australia. Many Japanese productions, which are peculiarly her own, will no doubt find large sale in Australia. And if the people of Australia seek cheapness without being particular as to durability, Japan can also soon supply them with a hundred articles which they either now make for themselves or import from England or Germany—matches, boots, saddlery, harness, portmanteaus, hats, etc.—all of which Japan could furnish to them for less than half the prices which they would have to pay for European prototypes.

The National Association of Manufacturers of the United States has requested Congress to appoint a Commission to inquire as to the invasion of our home markets by Japan, and the Manufacturers and Producers' Association of California has discussed the dangers that threaten from Japanese competition, and has adopted resolutions which have been sent to many members of Congress, urging the appointment of a Commission to investigate the question of Japanese manufactured importations and Japanese export trade.

From the facts given above it is made clear that not only is the fear of Japanese competition felt among the great manufacturing nations of the world, but that that fear is based on ground which cannot be disputed. And one great fact is becoming more and more plain, and that is that Japan is even now, though its industries are still in their infancy, a competitor with France, Great Britain, and America, in certain kinds of manufacturing.

Says Consul Connolly:—

The export trade of Japan for the year 1895 was 24,814,428.39 yen greater than that of 1894, and the people of the United States purchased about 40 per cent of all the merchandise sold for

export in each of the years given, the increase in their purchases being in proportion to the increase in the trade between the two years.

While the import trade of Japan for 1895 was 11,778,622.82 yen greater than that of 1894, the amount of the sales of American merchandise for import into Japan shows a decrease of 1,706,198.09 yen in 1895 as compared with the sales of 1894. The relationship of the amount sold by the people of the United States for import into Japan during 1894 to the whole amount of the imports of the Empire for that year was about 9 per cent; that of 1895, about 7 per cent, and of this, nearly 45 per cent was for kerosene oil.

It will be observed that imports of the year 1895 amounting to the vast sum of 26,993,650.58 yen are classified under the caption "all other articles, unenumerated;" this miscellaneous classification embodies all sorts of novelties new to Japan, together with machinery, toys, and sample lots generally.

It will also be observed that there is a balance of trade in favor of Japan of nearly \$3,500,000, and not one against that country. It is true that in 1894, as asserted by Mr. Mills in his article published in this magazine in June, the imports exceeded the exports by nearly \$4,000,000. But in 1895 the balance was altered in favor of Japan, producing a changed relation of \$7,500,000. Japan's balance in her favor is not, in the light of the facts already given, likely to diminish. Her volume of trade will increase through her export of manufactured products and her importation of raw materials. She will, if she succeeds in her design, prosper as Great Britain has prospered, and to work on she will have the great protective margin of only one tenth the rate of wages paid by her most active competitors, though she is already thinking of protective laws. The figures relating to the United States are significant, and need no comment.

As it is becoming more probable that the Japanese will develop inventive genius, so a more careful examination of history and a deeper knowledge of man will lead to the belief that, progress how-

ever fast or far Japan may on the lines of Western industrial development, her increased power to purchase will not increase her demand for the manufactured products of Europe and America. The Arab imbibed the arts and sciences of the Greeks and preserved them through the Dark Ages for us, but Greek art and science did not change his habits of life or cause him radically to change his tastes. As he grew richer he sought for and obtained more of such of the world's goods as had ever been pleasing to his race because of their adaption to its temperament, surroundings, and customs. The knowledge which he secured from a more highly gifted nation he made use of to secure more of that which was pleasing to his Arab nature, not of that which was pleasing to the refined Greek. He imbibed knowledge from abroad, but he remained an Arab.

In India the same phenomenon is observed. Since Clive first set foot on the soil the Indian has been under the direct and powerful influence of England. English habits and modes of thought have been made familiar to the people of the great peninsula, and everywhere English influence has been at work. English educational methods have been introduced, and among native Indians there are not a few scholars in English of more than local renown. Yet the educated Hindu is still a Hindu, with all the tastes and wants which has ever characterized his race. He has few needs which have arisen since his acquaintance with Western civilization began; but nine out of ten are still Indian. In the lower orders of people the adherence to old customs and habits is still closer. There is no sign that they will adopt of modern civilization more than that which will enable them to live more perfectly the old life of the race.

Our experience with the Chinese offers

no ground for the supposition that they will ever become modernized to such an extent that they will adopt the manners and customs and manifest the same wants as Europeans and Americans. The Chinaman who comes to America is willing enough to adopt any device which will increase his earning power. There is no branch of manufacturing in which he has engaged in which he has not become an expert. Everything that will assist him in his industrial life has been made use of. In fact his expertness in all branches of labor in this country has caused him to become, on account of the low wages for which he will work, a danger to American labor. Yet he is still a Chinaman. However long he may have lived here, his tastes, habits, and desires, are Chinese. He sends to China for his clothing and his food. He imports from Canton his rice brandy and his pipes. He is still Chinese, though he has become a formidable competitor with Americans in the industrial field.

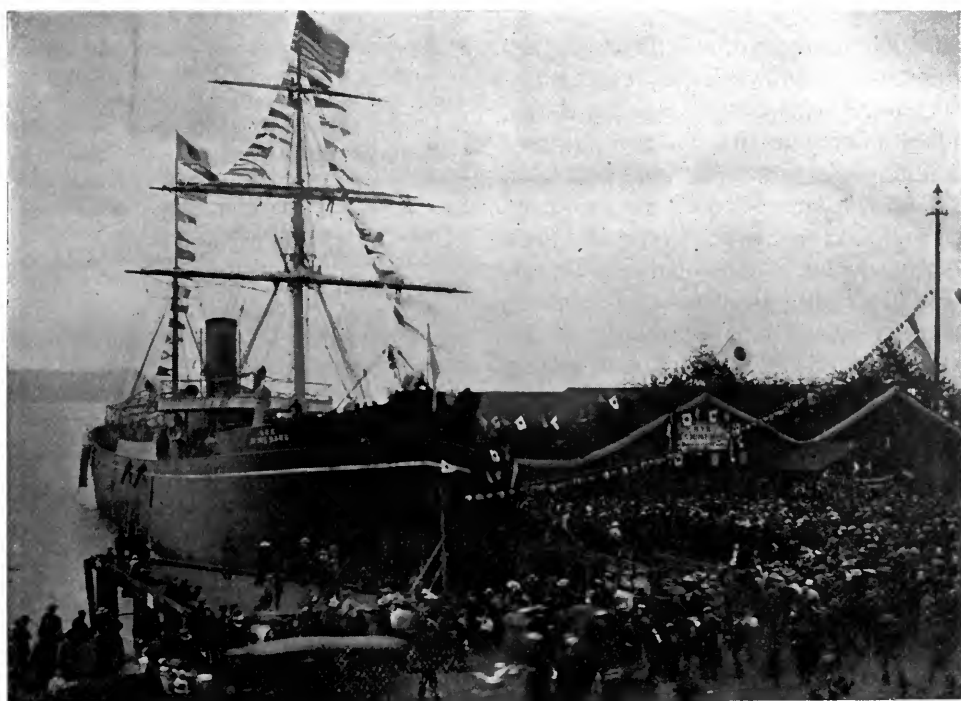
So, it may safely be predicted, will it be with the Japanese. In spite of the wonderful industrial progress which they have made and the greater that they are destined to make, they will remain Japanese. The nature of their wants is not likely to change outside of those created by new industries themselves. It is not probable that the habits of the people will be modified in a greater degree than have been those of the Hindus or those of the Chinese who have lived long and even those who have been born among us. There is little reason to hope that the Japan of the future will have demands which its own manufactories will not be amply able to supply, and the expectation that the increased power to buy will be followed by an increased consumption of foreign-made goods will undoubtedly prove fallacious. Already the assertion is made by T. Wada, the

Manager of the Kanegfuchi Spinning Company of Japan, that the end of the present year will see 1,500,000 spindles in operation in that country and that it will not be long before the Japanese will be able to supply the wants of 100,000,000 people across the Sea of Japan.

"Why," said he, "should this vast Asiatic population be supplied from Manchester at a greatly enhanced cost, when we have an abundance of cheap and competent labor both in China and Japan?"

Japan will soon be able not only to meet the domestic demand for cotton and woolen goods, but will have a surplus for export. And so with other manufactures. The country is even now preparing to make within its borders all the novelties which are adapted to the uses of the Japanese and other nations. That is the meaning of the \$13,000,000 worth of imports which are classed under the general head of "miscellaneous." The drift of the present movement is clearly toward a development of such industries as will not only supply the wants of the Japanese themselves, but those of other peoples who have hitherto looked to Europe and America. Japan is following the course pursued by England, which has reaped profits by putting into serviceable form the raw products of the world. The wealth which its prosperity will create will be expended in supplying demands purely Japanese, not in catering to the demands which are the outgrowths of the modern life of New York and London. The inherent desire of man to improve his condition will manifest itself not in an effort to become a New Yorker or Londoner, but by an effort to secure for himself a greater share of the benefits conferred by the civilization of his own race. These will be no more secured by increasing his demands upon foreign manufacturers than are the increasing wants of our own civilization satisfied by





THE MIKE MARU, THE FIRST SHIP OF THE NIPPON YUSEN KAISHA LINE AT SEATTLE.

the acquisition of the products of Japan. While, therefore, it is undoubtedly true that when the Japanese become producers on a large scale they will become consumers on a correspondingly increased scale, it is not true that the increased consumption will be that of goods of foreign manufacture. European and American manufacturers, therefore, can draw scant encouragement from the confident assertion of theorists that an increase in the wealth of the Japanese will be accompanied by a correspondingly great increase in consumption.

An article in the *North China Herald* of April 2, 1896, which was republished in the Consular Reports of the State Department, gives in succinct form an idea of the situation. It confirms what has been already said concerning the increase in the exports from Japan of manufactured articles and the decrease in the imports of the same class of goods. It

also shows that there is a constant increase in the imports of raw material, and that new manufactories are being started to make in Japan that which has hitherto been imported from abroad.

Japan has an unlimited supply of cheap coal and cheap labor, which, as every manufacturer knows, are of inestimable importance. It has mechanical and industrial skill, which has been made manifest by the goods with which she is displacing those of Europe and America. It has a national determination to become a leader in the great commercial war which is waged by the industrial nations with each other. It has already demonstrated its ability to compete with Europe and America by invading the home markets of those countries. It has the best machinery which the world has up to this time produced, and can manufacture as much more as it needs. The imitative faculty of the race is unques-

tioned and unrivaled, and its originality is becoming acknowledged. It recognizes such educational defects as it possesses, and with characteristic energy and conscientiousness is setting about to gain such knowledge as is necessary to bring its people to the highest state of industrial efficiency. Chemistry was formerly practically an unknown science in Japan; now the Japanese export chemicals to America. Physics and mathematics will be studied with similar practical results, and most Americans now living will undoubtedly see a Japan with a modern civilization as far as its industries are concerned, but with a people still Japanese in character and tastes, who manufacture goods for foreign markets, as do the English, and who no more desire to supply their needs with English, French, or American productions than we do to supply ours with those of China, Japan, or India.

Japan has entered upon a commercial war against the great industrial nations of the world with the same energy, earnestness, determination, and foresight, which characterized the war with China.

The public press has been teeming with accounts of the different lines of steamers the Japanese are going to operate between Asia and California, Washington, and Oregon, manned by Japanese crews; and from an editorial in the *San Francisco Chronicle* of August 16th, presumably from the pen of Mr. Young, it will be seen that they are enabled to do this by reason of a very liberal subsidy which they receive from the Japanese Government.

Ship-owners of America, and particularly those whose interests are located on the Pacific Coast, have good and sufficient grounds for contemplating with grave apprehension the new bounty law which becomes operative in Japan on the 1st of October next.

By the terms of this Act for the Encouragement

of Navigation, as the new law is called, all iron or steel vessels of one thousand tons built in Japan and possessing a maximum speed of ten knots will be entitled to bounties of two hundred and fifty yen for every ton running one thousand nautical miles; for every additional five hundred tons a bonus of twenty-five yen, and for every increase of speed of one nautical mile a further allowance of fifty yen; all such vessels being compelled to carry the mails gratis.

As a further encouragement to ship-building the owners of dock yards will receive a bounty of twenty yen for every ton of shipping constructed and approved of by the authorities, while the manufacturers of engines to be used in new vessels will be paid five yen for every one-horse power.

Hitherto but a few favored companies have been subsidized by the Japanese Government. The Nippon Yusen Kaisha has enjoyed a bonus of eight hundred and eighty thousand yen per annum, and the Osaka Shosen Kaisha, a company doing a coasting trade only, has received assistance to the extent of fifty thousand yen a year. But now the Government electrifies the world by offering a bounty to all ships of one thousand tons and over built and owned by Japanese individuals or corporations.

It is not surprising that the Act for the Encouragement of Navigation should have stimulated the maritime trade of Japan. Recent advices from the Orient allege that Osaka Shosen Kaisha has increased its capital by five million yen, and intends to open up new lines to Corea, various ports in China, Formosa, and the Pescadores, while the Nippon Yusen Kaisha will add six steamers of five thousand tons each, besides a number of smaller vessels to its already large fleet of fifty-eight ships.

These and other companies in process of organization are planning to avail themselves of the present opportunity by reaching out for the trade of the world. It is confidently expected that in the course of a few years vessels flying the Japanese flag will crowd American and British shipping off the face of the earth.

The maritime companies of Japan have most unquestionably a decided advantage over similar organizations in the United States. They construct vessels at half the cost and less, do not pay a fourth part of the wages paid to the crews of American steamers, and henceforth will receive valuable pecuniary assistance from a beneficent Government. Under such palpable advantages the Japanese will be enabled to carry freight and passengers at rates which would be ruinous to American shipping companies.

While this unwonted activity in ocean traffic is taking place in the Orient the apathy manifested by Congress to maritime affairs in this country is remarkable, especially when contrasted with the wonderful energy displayed by the rulers of the Mikado's empire, who are striving to develop a trade which will give them supremacy over the seas.

I think there must be some mistake about the amount of the subsidy, as I am sure that no government would pay such an exorbitant subsidy as that mentioned.

The fact, however, remains, that they are about to establish a line of steamships to compete for the business. They will operate these vessels for about one fifth of what American steamships can be operated for, — that is, the wages of their officers and crew are about eighty per cent less than what we are paying our American steamship crews.

They will also purchase their coal in Japan for about \$1.50 to \$1.75 per ton in silver, and they will take enough on board in that country for the round trip and also all of their supplies for ship and crew.

The gravity of the situation presented is sufficiently indicated in the extracts from reports and publications which have been given. The question has been brought to the attention of Congress, which will be forced by circumstances to take action.

A careful consideration of the facts presented can hardly fail to convince the most skeptical that the industrial revolution now in progress in Japan is a real menace to some of the most important interests of America, and that it is indeed time to act.

*George C. Perkins.*

“TOMTIT.”

BY MAJOR GENERAL O. O. HOWARD, LL. D.



**D**URING the fall of 1861, while the army of General McClellan was encamped along the Potomac, my camp occupied a position

in front of the Fairfax Seminary, — it was named

by General E. V. Sumner, who had but recently come from San Francisco, “Camp California.”

As some soldiers were one day returning from a visit to Alexandria, a queer little black boy who at first escaped their notice followed them to the camp. It was near night when he was first seen among the tents; and as there was no

one present to find, claim, or recognize him, the discoverers of this peculiar specimen of small humanity did as they would have done with a stray kid or lamb for which they had no immediate use, they led him to my headquarters.

The lad, judging from his size, could not have been more than six years of age.

I have often admired Mrs. Stowe's description of “Topsy.” Abate a few years and substitute boy for girl, and you have a fair portraiture of our mite. Mrs. Stowe says:

She (Topsy) was one of the blackest of her race. Her round, shining eyes, glittering as glass beads, moved with quick and restless glances over everything in the room. Her mouth,



"IT WILL TAKE LOTS OF SOAP AND WATER, GENERAL."

half open with astonishment at the wonders, . . . displayed a white and brilliant set of teeth. . . .

The expression of her face was an odd mixture of shrewdness and cunning, over which was oddly drawn, like a kind of veil, an expression of the most doleful gravity and solemnity. She was dressed in a single, filthy, ragged garment, made of bagging. Altogether there was something odd and goblin-like about her appearance, — something, as Miss Ophelia afterwards said, "so heathenish," as to inspire that good lady with utter dismay; and turning to St. Clare she said, "Augustine, what in the world have you brought that thing here for?"

Imagine just such another black specimen with the bright eyes, hair curled tight over his round head, the whitest of teeth, a curious, undefinable expression of face, so restless as not to keep still for a moment even, — a single, tattered,

dirty, gray garment hanging to his shoulders, with plenty of evidence that he had never been subject to water, comb, or brush, and you have the picture of little "Tom," as he turned up in my tent that first night.

"What 's your name, my lad?"

"Tommie, sah!"

"Tommie what?"

"Oh, oh, oh, dest Tommie!"

"Where 's your papa?"

"Papa 's dawne!"

"Where 's your mamma?"

"Oh, mamma, — mamma, she stap (probably strap or slap) Tommie."

Hereupon his mite-ship began to chase a dog that appeared near the open front of the tent, and to clap his hands and scream with delight as the dog scampered

away a few yards and then turned and barked at the youngster, as any dog would have done when half afraid of a bristling cat.

We could find out nothing from the lad, and our inquiries afterward in the town were of no avail. The child never cried from homesickness and seemed completely happy, well fed and cared for as he was, and not punished for his glee-ful and mischievous pranks.

I sent for Henry Johnson, our negro cook. Johnson was one of those black men of the old time. He was very black and shiny. Brought up in a Virginia family of standing, he never omitted his polite manners. He had somehow learned to read and write. He used excellent language in conversation, and our messmates always said of him: “Johnson never forgets himself,— he is a natural gentleman.” He was also a man of strong faith and prayer.

“Well, Johnson,” said I, “here ’s a queer little fellow. Take him and see what you can do with him. I will get him a suit of clothes tomorrow in Alexandria and set on foot some inquiries about him. Meantime, wash him up, give him some supper and a place to sleep.”

“Yes, sir, it shall be done as the General directs. I fear it will require a quantity of soap, sir !”

Johnson gave me a grave smile as he took the little fellow by the hand and led him off. Indeed, it was not an easy task to transform the child ; but when I next saw Tom his hair was cropped close to his head. He had been “scrubbed and scrubbed,” as Johnson said. Then Johnson had wrapped him in a light blanket and was trying to reason with the boy to make him sit or lie still till his clothes should come.

I had kept my promise. I brought the clothes, and soon Tommy capered off in

great glee, clapping his hands and dancing around in his new gray suit.

The soldiers played with him as with a little monkey. He was afraid of nobody and obeyed nobody, except Henry Johnson. He was commonly called “That little Imp,” or by the more kindly name, simply “Tomtit.”

After a week or so I noticed he often helped Johnson with the cooking and did for him many little chores such as a small child could do. I believe Johnson never struck him or was cross to him, but he soon gained a remarkable ascendancy over the lad and perseveringly taught him.

Still out of Johnson’s sight he was up to all sorts of mischief. He would pull out the tent pins, nobody could tell how, and let the tent sag over, — pull the cords when one was taking a siesta, and run off shouting. He would pick up any small thing he saw and tuck it into his pocket, as knife, spur, sleeve buttons, handkerchief, or what not. Johnson would lead him back with his plunder and oblige him to make return. He would give a sly wink, and seemed to have no possible moral sense, as he comically obeyed his old friend.

Suddenly we were obliged to march, and I lost sight of the queer little lad altogether. He strayed from us as he had strayed from his home. We went on to pass through the changing scenes of the four years of terrible war. We had marched backward and forward through Virginia and Maryland, and afterwards traversed the broader fields of Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, and the Carolinas. Then, at last, peace had come. The work for the reconstruction of freedom had occupied many weary months and years.

Afterwards, I had been despatched to the Indians of the Southwest, and had

returned to Washington. This had filled up a period of eleven years.

One day a neatly dressed young man of seventeen or eighteen accosted me on the street. "How do you do, General Howard?"

I answered politely, but could not recognize him.

He said, "You don't know me?"

"No, what is your name?"

"My name is Thomas M——. Don't you remember the little boy at the camp over the river, whom you befriended?"

Then he related some of the incidents that identified him as the same "Tomtit" grown to manhood. He had at this time a good situation and had been able to get a fair education. He was a handsome, manly youth, full of hope and promise.

I saw him but a few moments, but long enough to find that the fidelity of Henry Johnson, who in the humblest and often the most untoward of circumstances, had never failed to carry himself as a true man and a sincere follower of Christ, had borne its lawful fruit.

The wise man has said: "Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days. He that observeth the wind, shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap."

The bands were broken and the bond-child had become an intelligent freeman.

There is no evolution like that of souls, when taken soon enough and properly nurtured and trained with loving fidelity.

*Oliver O. Howard.*

## SANTA CRUZ.

WHERE ever-restless waters wash the beach,  
 Champing and fuming like a restless steed;  
 Where broken cliffs, like misers' fingers reach  
 For ocean's treasures, in their ceaseless greed;  
 Where hollowed by the waters caves of rock  
 Resound and echo to the waters' rush,  
 Like sentinels of stone that seem to mock  
 Each coming tide,—each storm that strives to crush;  
 Where seagulls float like sails upon the air,  
 Rising and falling on the salt wind's breast,  
 Like pleasant thoughts that never know a care  
 Which soothe our minds and lull our hearts to rest;—  
 There where the white-caps ever fret and toss,  
 Nestles the City of the Holy Cross.

*George E. Crump.*

YMI



## THE YOUNG MEN'S INSTITUTE.

A CALIFORNIA SOCIETY THAT HAS BECOME NATIONAL.

THE Young Men's Institute, although its years are yet few, has, because of the community of creed among its members which makes it distinctive, and because of its remarkable development, attracted more attention than is generally bestowed upon fraternal societies. The circumstance, too, that it is the only beneficial order, so far as we know, which, originating in the Pacific States, has become a national organization, has made its history familiar to Californians.

While its purpose — the betterment of its members morally, intellectually, and socially — is similar to that which characterizes other fraternal bodies, the enthusiasm and energy with which this object is pursued has been matter of comment in the world of such organizations. Unselfishly its founders and leaders have labored, endeavoring by word and example to increase the usefulness of the members of the Institute as exemplars of true Christianity, and faithful members of society. It is a school, wherein men learn by the contact of mind with mind in discussion and discourse, by association with their fellows. Like similar orders which strive to stimulate the mental and moral activity of their members, it is a social factor, which in this day of unrest acts, wherever its influences are felt, as a conservator of order and peace. Quixotic as it may seem in

this age of commercialism, there is no ambition more firmly fixed in the minds of the moving spirits of the Institute than to make the members sacrificers of self-interest on behalf of humanity. It is a difficult lesson to teach. The customs, traditions, and conduct, of the world for ages have imbued the human mind with the doctrines of another and a selfish school; but we are taught, by word of mouth, by written injunction, by object lessons of the most impressive character, to believe in the brotherhood of man, and in the supreme importance of charity as a factor in the life of the world and the individual.

We have for the fundamental of this order the principle which forms the basis of Catholicism, and has been conveyed to man by means of the martyrdom of divinity for humanity, — the greatest sacrifice creation has ever known. It is our aim to stand for intelligence, for morality, for courage. We lean one upon another. The conduct of one reflects upon the reputation of the other. If the private or public life of one member be good, in some degree the benefit will be felt by the others; if the life of one be bad, to some extent the others suffer. We are hostages to the community for each other.

It is somewhat difficult for one who has been associated with the Institute since

its birth to write dispassionately its history and the careers or character of the men who have made it. In the days of uncertainty, when the way before the organization was unopened, when its life was feeble and its leaders inexperienced, fast friendships were formed, which time has not weakened, and which are apt perhaps to make us look with partial eyes upon each other's achievements. The great advantage afforded by all earnest, sincere fraternal orders, — especially those founded upon sentiment, — the creation of good-fellowship among bright, God-fearing, home-loving, and fearless men, has been enjoyed in an extreme measure by us. Many a young man who had been alone, to whom the companionship and the sympathy of genial friends had been unknown, has found the meeting-hall a birthplace of friendships which brought courage to his soul. To live is not enough. To be rich is not enough. To be successful is not enough. Man wants to know that he has the sympathy of a strong heart. He wants to hear the voices of friends sounding about him in his hour of distress. He wants to feel that he has but to raise his hand when trouble comes, and that friends, like ministering angels, will attend him. Such is the spirit of fraternity.

Though the Young Men's Institute exists in nearly every State of the Union, and has a membership approaching twenty thousand, it was founded in San Francisco but thirteen years ago. One Sunday in March, 1883, six young men, returning from service at St. Joseph's Church, were engaged in conversation upon the need of a society for Catholic young men, which should not be a sodality, nor a mere parochial institution, but one founded upon broader lines and embodying the advantages to be had in the best fraternal orders of the time.

With that activity and energy which has ever since characterized the order, these six young men held a meeting that very day, and made arrangements for the calling together of a number of Catholic young men. No history of the Institute would be proper if begun without their names, — J. J. McDade, J. F. Smith, George R. Maxwell, W. H. Gagan, W. T. Ryan, and E. I. Sheehan. It is an in-

dications of the interest with which the order inspires its members in its welfare, that these men, after years of such labor as is generally thankless and wearisome, are still active in the society's affairs.

The first steps were carefully taken. Only young men of character and energy were asked to join. After some four months of meetings and deliberation a constitution was adopted and the officers of the society elected. James F. Smith, a man possessed of more energy than generally falls to the lot of men, — of great mental force, courage, judgment, and of extraordinary personal magnetism, became the first president. Through his efforts the young body, though numbering but one hundred members, grew in enthusiasm and members. To speak of this, the first council, now known as Pioneer, No. 1, is to recall the days of hopes and ambitions.

When the order seemed to be fairly established, the thoughts of the leaders were turned to the extension of its field of usefulness. J. J. McDade, always one of the most active spirits, took the initiative in the work of founding new councils. It is not inappropriate to speak, at this point, of him who became the first Grand President, and who is now Supreme President of the Institute. In his mind the idea of making the order something more than a local affair was present from the beginning. In all his talks and writings pertaining to the Institute, he had insisted upon an effort being made to found new branches.

At length, as the result of his endeavors, a committee on organization was appointed, of which he was the leader, the duty of which was to establish new councils wherever possible in California. This was during the administration of President M. C. Hassett, of Pioneer Council. Communication was had with some prominent Catholics of San José, which resulted in the early part of 1885, in the organization of San José Council, No. 2, a council that has ever since been one of the most successful and enterprising in the order.

So much did the success met with in San José encourage the committee, that prophecies of progress to be made in the East were frequently uttered. The hope of a supreme council governing a national





THE FIRST GRAND COUNCIL.

body was often indulged in. The star of advancement, so far as the Institute was concerned, was to change the usual order of things, and rising in the west, was to take its way eastward.

In a few months, the Institute consisted of seven councils,—four in San Francisco, one in San José, one in Stockton, and one in Oakland,—and the first grand council was convened to provide for the government of the State organization. This grand council was held in San Francisco, in July, 1885. John J. McDade was elected Grand President. From the moment he accepted the gavel the work of organizing went on with a bound. Sacramento, San Rafael, Marysville, Nevada City, Santa Cruz, Vallejo, Petaluma, Benicia, and other towns were made the birthplaces of Institutes, so that when the second grand council convened in San José, in June, 1886, thirty-two councils were represented by delegates. The membership now numbered twenty-seven hundred; the treasuries contained seven thousand, five hundred dollars; and large amounts had been expended in sick benefits and ordinary expenses. It was evident that the permanency of the society was assured. In his report to the Grand Council Grand President McDade, by the signs of success everywhere about him, was moved to say:—

If the history of the future is to be a reflex of the past, how vast, indeed, are the possibilities and how glorious may be the ends achieved by our Institute! Its organization in every State in the Union then becomes probable. The snow-clad peaks of the Rockies and the rolling waters of the Missouri will be powerless to stay its progress. It will grow until it is known from Maine to California, and that infant society created in the Golden West shall reach its maturity and exercise its influence on the surf-beaten shores of the Atlantic. No longer shall we be the Young Men's Institute of California, confined in our operations to the limits of this State, but one vast body known and recognized throughout the land.

Grand President McDade was again chosen to lead the order, and when the third grand council assembled in Sacramento in September, 1887, so great had been the progress made, that a third time he was asked to assume the headship. At the Sacramento grand council fifty-three institutes were represented, and the order had 3,600 members. The

society was still steadily increasing in numbers; its treasuries contained \$17,000; and the secretary's report showed that \$11,000 had been paid as sick and death benefits.

The next grand council, held in the city of Stockton, in September, 1888, was an epoch-making one in the history of the Institute. The society had grown beyond the borders of California. There were one hundred delegates present, and among them were representatives from Nevada, Oregon, Washington, Utah, British Columbia, and one from New York. Twenty-seven hundred new members had joined during the year; \$17,000 had been paid in sick and death benefits; and \$25,000 remained in the treasuries.

The story of succeeding grand councils is much like that which has just been told,—all were marked with success.

In the second grand council an insurance system, under which the family of a deceased member received five hundred dollars, was adopted, and for a while operated successfully; but soon the burden of assessments became too heavy, and an agitation for the repeal of the insurance feature was begun. For some time the adherents of insurance resisted all attempts to abolish the existing system, but finally, at the Fresno grand council, wiser judgment prevailed, and insurance was wiped from the constitution of the Pacific jurisdiction.

From the beginning Grand President McDade had advocated the erection of a hall in the city of San Francisco for the use of the Institute, in which should be provided meeting-rooms, reading-rooms, a gymnasium, and other advantages. By constant effort, the interest, not only of the order, but of its friends, was aroused in the enterprise. A hall association was formed and incorporated, with a capital stock of \$500,000, and in a short while \$64,000 was subscribed. The directors were Archbishop Riordan, J. J. O'Brien, F. S. Wensinger, P. F. Nolan, E. W. McCarthy, J. A. McMahan, John A. Lennon, Rev. George Montgomery, M. C. Hassett, D. Geary, J. J. McDade, A. B. Maguire, M. W. Fleming, J. R. Pescaia, A. H. Loughborough, Gustav Touchard, James R. Kelly, James M. Donahue,



*Bullen & Strong*

PAST GRAND PRESIDENTS.

1, J. J. McDade; 2, M. W. Fleming; 3, J. F. Sullivan; 4, James F. Smith; 5, C. P. Rendon; 6, Frank J. Murasky;  
7, Frank J. Kierce; 8, John Lynch.

Francis B. Kane, James D. Phelan, Robert Tobin, Rev. John E. Cottle, J. F. Sullivan, Joseph A. Donohoe, Wm. Wempe, Peter Lynch, and Daniel Sheerin.

On February 22, 1887, an entertainment for the benefit of the new project was held at the Grand Opera House, which proved to be one of the memorable events of the society's history. The crowd filled the great theater. At eight o'clock the doors were closed upon the crowded house, and several hundred people, unable to gain admission, were turned away. Archbishop Riordan delivered an address on behalf of the order which filled his hearers with the greatest enthusiasm. That night no one left the theater, who did not carry in his mind the belief that the Institute hall was almost a reality. Soon following this affair, however, Mr. McDade was forced by ill health to relinquish the efforts he had been so long and so effectively pursuing, and as a consequence, the project lapsed. But the idea had not been abandoned. When the work, now on, of perfecting the details of the national organization are completed, the movement to purchase suitable real property and erect a building will be resumed.

In the years 1889 and 1890, the Institute was given new impetus in the East by the work of the then Grand President, Hon. J. F. Sullivan, who visited all the largest cities of the Atlantic seaboard and the Middle States, and attended the first grand council of the Atlantic jurisdiction, held at Cincinnati. In this council, twelve subordinate councils, situated in five States, were represented. F. E. Macentepe of Cincinnati was selected as the first grand president of the new jurisdiction. It is undoubtedly owing to the labors of Judge Sullivan that there exists today an enthusiastic body of the Young Men's Institute east of the Rocky Mountains.

Grand President Sullivan was succeeded by James F. Smith, who devoted that energy to the duties of his office which had made his administration as president of Pioneer Council memorable in the annals of the order. He made a tour among the councils of the Pacific jurisdiction, encouraging those which

flourished, and building up those which had become weak.

In 1892, C. P. Rendon, of Stockton, succeeded Grand President Smith. During his term efforts were made to convene a supreme council, thus uniting the Atlantic and Pacific jurisdictions under one governing body, but the endeavors were not successful.

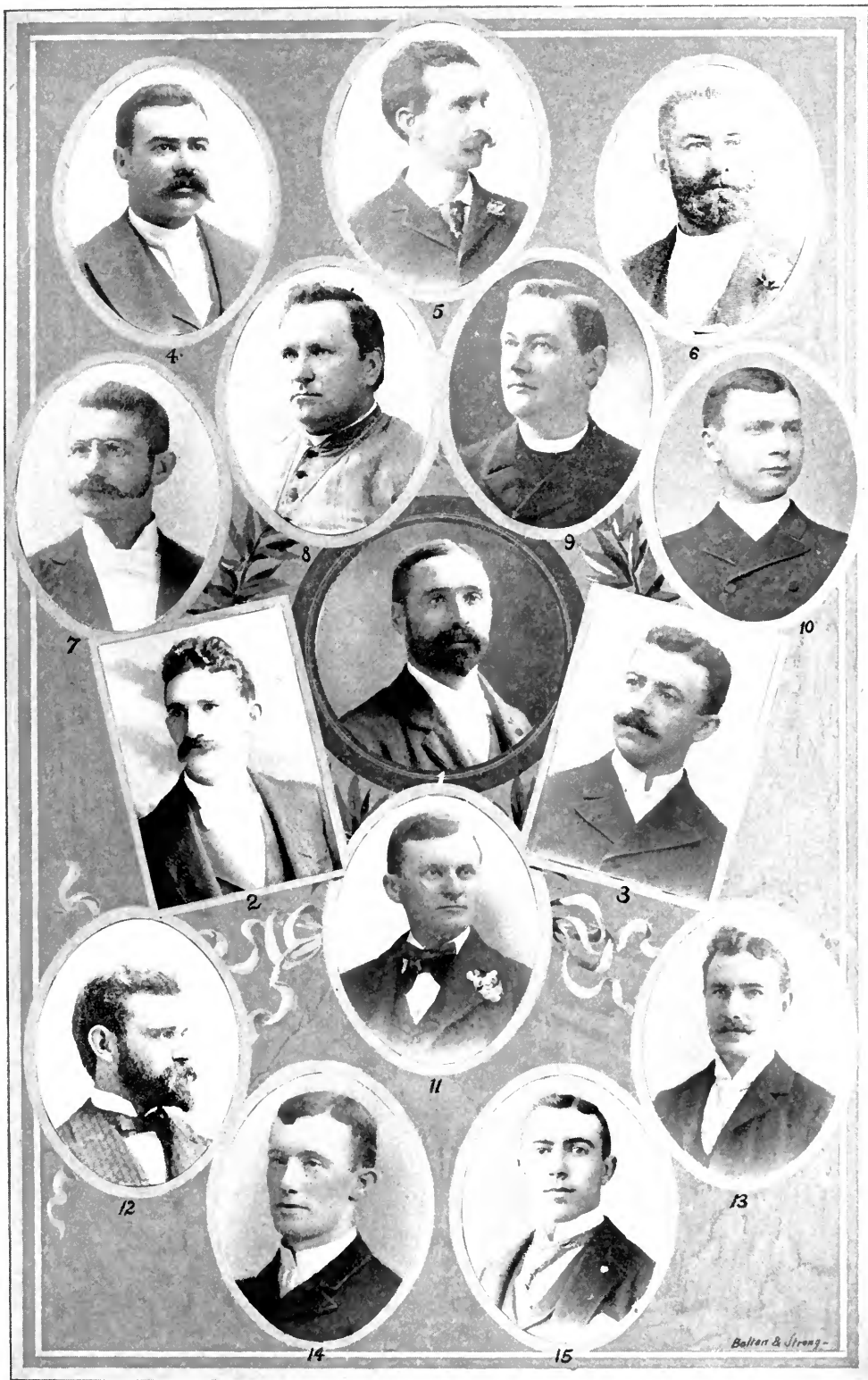
Frank J. Murasky, the next Grand President was installed at Marysville, in 1893.

He was succeeded by Frank J. Kierce, who aroused great activity in the order by visiting nearly all the subordinate councils in the Pacific jurisdiction. Possessing a great capacity for detail work, he devoted much care and time to the reformation of Institute law.

At the eleventh grand council held in Vallejo in 1895, John Lynch, one of the stalwarts of the order, was chosen Grand President. By reason of the fact that the Supreme Council ordered the assembling of all grand councils on the 10th day of May, 1896, his term was shortened to eight months; but in this time, inadequate as it was, he put into effect several important features, notably the plan of holding district meetings, which are gatherings of the members of all the councils within a specified locality.

Grand President Lynch was followed by the present incumbent, James Gallagher of Fresno, who is now energetically engaged in visiting councils, determining appeals, and attending to the other duties that crowd upon the executive officer of a great fraternal society.

In February of this year, at the city of Denver, the first supreme council of the Institute convened. From the organization of the Atlantic jurisdiction, the two great divisions of the order had been acting independently. During several administrations, the Grand Presidents had endeavored to bring the bodies under one governing power, but it was not until the eleventh grand council, held at Vallejo, that those efforts culminated in success. J. J. McDade, J. F. Sullivan, J. F. Smith, F. J. Kierce, James Gallagher, E. I. Sheehan, Frank McGlynn, and F. J. Murasky, were elected as delegates to the Supreme Council. At Denver the representatives from the Pacific slope



GRAND OFFICERS.

- 1, James Gallagher, Grand President; 2, George D. Pyne, Grand First Vice-President; 3, James C. O'Donnell, Grand Second Vice-President; 4, John J. O'Brien, Grand Director; 5, Thomas B. McGinnis, Grand Director; 6, T. H. Morris, Grand Director; 7, George A. Stanley, Grand Secretary; 8, Rt. Rev. George Montgomery, Grand Chaplain; 9, Rev. Peter C. Yorke, President Central Lecture Bureau; 10, John O'Donnell, Grand Treasurer; 11, A. F. St. Sure, President Board of Grand Directors; 12, Isidore B. Dockweiler, Grand Director; 13, L. E. Mahan, Grand Director; 14, Charles Healey, Grand Director; 15, Frank B. Hooson, Grand Director.

met twelve delegates from the Atlantic jurisdiction, and in a session lasting five days formulated the constitution under which the entire membership acts. The Eastern delegates were much interested in the cause of an insurance system prepared by them, and sought persistently to make it a part of the organic law of the society, but after much discussion, they were persuaded to operate the plan by means of an independent corporation.

The order was divided into seven grand council jurisdictions known as the Pacific, the Northwestern, the Ohio, the Kentucky, the Pennsylvania, the Illinois, and the Indiana Grand Council Jurisdictions.

Since its establishment the Institute in many ways not usual to fraternal societies, has attracted the attention of the community. In the months of January and February, 1894, extensive distress prevailed among the poorer classes of San Francisco. Thousands of men were without employment, and hundreds of families without the necessities of life. The citizens subscribed a large fund by means of which many were given employment in the park for a limited time. The school children aided in the work by providing lunches for those so employed. The Institute demonstrated its usefulness as a factor for good in the community by providing particularly for those families whose destitution could not be relieved through the park funds. A bureau for the distribution of food was established the rooms of the society on Market street, and for a period of several weeks gave food to the needy. The report of the bureau shows that "relief to the extent of one week's supply of provisions" was given to 3454 families, representing 16,696 persons, or the equivalent of 350,616 meals. The newspaper press and the friends of the order assisted its labors materially. Commenting on the work, the *Evening Report* said editorially:—

The Young Men's Institute announces that it will distribute no more food and clothing. The Institute has done noble work this winter and may well cease its labors. It has relieved thousands of poor families and distributed the relief with discrimination and good judgment.

In this work no discrimination was

made because of creed, color, or nationality.

Another event which marked the year 1894 in the history of the Institute was the donation of the sum of seven hundred dollars from the treasuries of the San Francisco councils to the Midwinter Fair. An entertainment was held at Metropolitan Hall, at which a check for the amount named was handed to General W. H. L. Barnes, chairman of the finance committee of the fair. Speeches were made by Archbishop Riordan, General Barnes, and James D. Phelan.

June 30th, 1894, was set apart as Young Men's Institute day at the Midwinter Fair. A great parade took place on that day through the streets of San Francisco to the fair grounds. Though the railroad strike, which prevented travel from the interior, was then at its height, fully six thousand persons were in line, and forty thousand gathered at the fair. Addresses were made by Archbishop Riordan, Hon. H. E. Highton, Grand President Kierce, and ex-Grand President Murasky.

A feature to the Institute added at the last grand council, will do much towards achieving the purposes of the order. A lecture bureau, by means of which the doctrines, the policy, and the position, of the Church will be enunciated. Of this bureau, the Rev. P. C. Yorke, whose ability as a controversialist is known from end to end of the country, is the president.

Briefly I have run over the history of the Young Men's Institute upon the Pacific Coast. Necessarily, the names of many who have been builders in the work have been omitted. No organization has among its numbers more faithful, earnest, and active men than those who have devoted their time and labor to the Institute in every period of its existence; nor is there an order in which sacrifices have been more generously made. That such an organization, seeking only the betterment of the moral, intellectual, and social qualities of its members is a benefit to the community, no right thinking person will deny. Any body of men banded together for the improvement of mind or morals is an advantage to society. I cannot do better, in conclusion, than quote the words of Mr. Highton in his address at the Fair:—





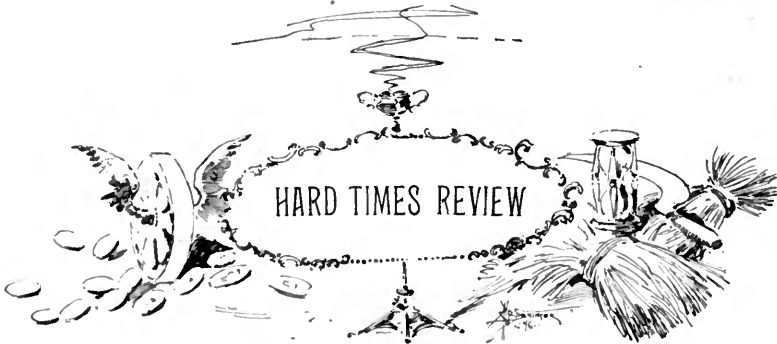
"In your fundamental law I find the condensed statement of your immediate objects in the words: 'Mutual Aid and Benevolence, and Moral, Intellectual and Social Improvement.' In one of the resolutions adopted by your Seventh Grand Council, in which there is a patriotic recognition of Decoration Day, it is authoritatively announced that 'The Young Men's Institute is distinctively an American organization.' In many addresses and papers from writers and speakers within your own ranks, I have observed the expansion and the illustration of these propositions in vestures of truth, of beauty, of eloquence. In the proceedings of your Grand Council during the past week, which have attracted public attention through the practical capacity and the systematic methods by which they have been marked, your retiring Grand President admonished his fellow-members in such expressive language as must have appealed to your minds and your feelings. 'Let us remember,' he said, 'that our membership should represent character not merely numbers. . . . Let us stand for morality, for intelligence, for courage. Let us cultivate the spirit of fellowship — fellowship among worthy, honest, God-fearing, patriotic young men.'

"Yes, four thousand eight hundred young men, standing for God, for moral law, for humanity, and for their country, and attesting their

sincerity by their personal character, would be a power for righteousness in any land and in any in any age. But in this continental Union, and emphatically in this part of that Union, and amidst the unique conditions that have been generated within the past few years, they are more than a power — they are a necessity. . . .

"However, I must not close with an optimistic dream. My eyes will fail before it is crystallized into fact. But upon you, young men, rests the burden, and to you and to your descendants will come the reward. I trust in you because you are strong. Years ago, when your organization was in its infancy, I read certain words spoken by one who has been honored as its founder, and I wrote to him that every man who had his faith was to me a friend and a brother. Here, in the streaming light of this Exhibition which has irradiated our local provincialism, I repeat the declaration. Looking to the exigencies of the present and the necessities of the future, I open my heart to every man, and especially to every young man, to whom the Personal God and the moral law are not an abstraction or a fancy, but a truth. . . . I commend your sentiments, I commend your labors, I commend your integrity and your fearlessness, and I charge you to stand by your colors, and to fulfill your duty and your obligations as men and as citizens."

*Frank J. Murasky.*



IN the columns of the *San Francisco News Letter*, a writer under the pseudonym "A Layman," has for several weeks assailed my articles on "Hard Times," published in the *OVERLAND MONTHLY*, January, February, May, and July.

Though his pretensions would indicate him a veritable Æolus, yet happily his vented volume has failed to blow down, or even shake, any of my premises, deductions, or statements. A little dust whirled upon their surface, is the only perceptible result of the Layman storm. This dust, we now propose to brush off, lest it may deceive the unwary.

Referring to my statement that, "From 1687 to 1873, embracing a period of 186

years, our country employed both the silver dollar and the gold dollar, equal one to the other, as the standard unit of value, and as redemption money," Layman says: "If there was any appreciable current use in this country, of either gold or silver in the seventeenth century, I have not found it recorded in history. Where did the gold dollars come from previous to 1785? Pounds, shillings, and pence, were our money of account up to that date."

Each of the American colonies, being independent of the others, suited its currency and money of ultimate payment to its necessities; but all the colonies by common consent employed gold and silver as redemption money. In the tem-



porary absence of these, other commodities were made local substitutes, as corn in one colony, tobacco in another, rice in another, and so on.

Referring to the use of gold and silver prior to 1784, McMaster says in his "History to the People of the United States," pages 190-191:—

They [foreign gold and silver coins] had long circulated freely among all classes of buyers and sellers. One of them, the Spanish milled dollar, had become as much a unit of value as the pound. Others were of great value, were carefully stowed away in secret drawers, or rolled in old stockings and hid in the darkest hole in the attic, or buried under the boards of the floor, whence they emerged only as quarter day came around or taxes fell due.

He then names the gold and silver pieces in use prior to 1784, and gives the respective value of each gold piece, in dollar denomination. Thus the value of the joe<sup>1</sup> was \$16; half-joe, \$8; doubloon, \$15; double Spanish pistole, \$7½; pistole, \$3¾; and the moidore, \$6. He says again:—

Among the silver coin were the Spanish milled dollar, the half, quarter, eighth, and sixteenth of a dollar, the English crown, the French crown, the English shilling, the sixpence, and the pistareen. Each of these coins again expressed five different values, for it could be translated into sterling money and the four local currencies of the States.

Thus, the value of the so-called pound sterling was \$4 4-9. The value of the nominal pound was, in New England and Virginia, \$3⅓; in New York, \$2½; in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland, \$2⅔; and in South Carolina and Georgia, \$4 2-7. Truly a medley of pounds as money of account, book money!

Bancroft, in his History of the United States, volume 2, page 83, says:—

In 1704 a uniform valuation of the several foreign coins which passed in payment on the plantations, was fixed in England according to weight and assays.

Reference to the United States Statistical Abstract, page 50, 1892, shows that the ratio of silver to gold in 1687, was 14.94 to 1. By calculation I find that from 1687 to 1785 inclusive, the main ratio of silver to gold was 14.93 to 1. Thus it is seen that during this period of

<sup>1</sup>Common term for Johannes.

ninety-nine years, the dollar circulated freely in the Colonies; was employed as a "unit of value"; that the values of the gold pieces in use were respectively measured by it; as for instance, the doubloon was of the value of fifteen dollars or units.

The colonies derived their gold and silver money largely from the West Indian trade. The foregoing seems to answer fully Layman's inquiry, "Where did the gold dollars come from previous to 1785?" Also, to prove that there was "an appreciable current use in this country of gold and silver," from 1687 to 1785.

Layman's statement that, "Pounds, shillings, and pence, were our money of account up to that date," comes not within beat of drum of my proposition with respect to the function performed by gold and silver as the standard measure of value. Indeed, his statement or would be criticism is but the sheerest pettifoggery,—

"Only this and nothing more."

Layman quotes my statement: "In 1834 on account of the greater cost attending the coinage of silver than of gold of equivalent value, Congress made the ratio of silver to gold 16 to 1"; and criticises at great length not only what I said but what I did not say.

If I mistake not, in changing the ratio from 15 to 1, to 16 to 1, Congress lessened the quantity of metal in the gold coin, instead of increasing the metal in the silver coin, as the cost of coining silver would be greater than that of coining gold of equal value. My omission to give a long dissertation on the unfavorable effects to this country of the 15½ to 1 ratio of France, and other foreign countries, the reader will doubtless regard as beyond the reach of legitimate criticism. Had the foreign countries made the ratio the same as ours, evidently none of those unfavorable effects would have occurred.

Layman quotes my statement, "To pay in gold the interest for two years on the aggregate debt of this country, would require not only the world's entire output of gold during the specified time (\$400,000,000) but the world's present stock of \$4,000,000,000."

He feigns that I put the country's debt at \$55,000,000,000 and yearly rate of in-

terest at 4 per cent. Now in my article in the OVERLAND, February, page 153, to which he also refers, I put, as he well knows, the debt at \$40,000,000,000, and the yearly interest on same at \$2,350,000,000.

In the May article, I put, to avoid hair splitting, the yearly interest at \$2,200,000,000, amounting in two years to \$4,400,000,000, just equal to the sum of the present stock of gold in the world, (\$4,000,000,000), and the gold output for two years (\$400,000,000), leaving unpaid the principal, \$40,000,000,000, and not \$55,000,000,000, as conjured up by Layman. Truth suggests that for his own good and the good of all concerned, it is highly important for him to learn and obey the Ninth Commandment, to wit: "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." If the debt is not \$40,000,000,000 and the yearly interest is not \$2,350,000,000, let him prove it. Should he do so, I shall be most happy to correct my data, and my deductions therefrom. I hold myself ever in readiness to welcome truth and discard error.

Every debtor [says Layman] has a creditor, but the real debt of a country is the sum remaining after its credits are deducted, — the clearing house balance, as it were, upon a general adjustment. For a given period the clearing house balances in London showed, of coin used, only three-fourths of one per cent and 99¼ per cent carried in bills, checks and notes.

True, "Every debtor has a creditor."

Thus A owes B \$1000, payable in gold. A is debtor and B is creditor. It so happens that A has no debtor and B no creditor. Now it is not plain how a clearing house process, "as it were," can fully cancel the debt by the use only of three fourths of one per cent of coin; or by the use of any amount less than \$1000 in gold.

Such, as illustrated in the example of A and B, is the character in an eminent degree, of the debt of the country, as reference to the items composing it clearly shows. The clearing house system is admirable, and efficient within its scope; but is unable to create gold to cancel debts payable in gold. The clearing house system to millions of men, and even boys, is no mystery, but simple as the rules of elementary arithmetic. Could Layman see himself as others see him, he would

perceive that he has no monopoly of knowledge, as to the clearing house system, and much else which in book form would make an immense library.

Layman, in his article of February 129, referred to pages 40 and 41 of the Report for 1895, of the Director of the United States Mint, as containing certain data employed by him. Now such report was not in existence at that time,—"Was not printed," "Was not made up," says the statistician of the United States Mint at San Francisco, March 25. Should those data appear on pages 40 and 41 of the Report, "when made up and printed," the occurrence would seem a marvel, proclaiming Layman a veritable seer. Should they not appear, their absence would denote him a false prophet engaged in the manufacture of statistics of future events. His predicament would be unenviable, and from it he could not well squirm out, as he sought to do in a much similar case by saying, "If he (Scott) will take the Bureau's figures for 1895 when they do appear, he will find A Layman did not exaggerate." "Better," says Josh Billings, "not to know so many things, than to know so many things that *ain't* so."

By reference to my May article it will be seen that I quoted the statement of Mr. Edward Atkinson that from "1860 to 1880," 20 years, the net average gain to all our mechanics was \$372 a year.

Now Layman with the quotation before him says in his article of July 25, referring to my February article:—

Mr. Scott likened the condition of the country to a household at the doors of which there were countless packs of ravenous wolves, yet at the conclusion of his May article, he quoted Edward Atkinson to show that since 1850, say to 1894, (chiefly from '78 to '94 under the gold standard) the condition of the mechanics of this country has been so improved that there is a net average gain in the lower cost of necessities and the higher price of wages of \$372 per year, or 54 per cent.

This has mainly resulted since 1878, under resumption and gold standard.

Now this foisting 1894 for 1880, seems to place Layman outside the pale of good morals. The act upon its face shows a deliberate intent to pervert the quotation from Mr. Atkinson, and to deceive the public. Ha, ha, Munchausen, how thou art overtopped!

With respect to the so called crime of

1873, to which Layman refers in his article of August 22, I here frankly say that by careful investigation I have found no warrant for the charge.

The Congressional *Globe* shows that the whole subject matter was openly discussed in Congress, and the Act passed by which the standard silver dollar was omitted from our silver coins. Whether the Act was wise, every one is at liberty to decide for himself. But in passing the Act, I find no evidence of wrongful intent, and I hereby recall what I may have said — based upon current report — with respect to the so called “crime of 1873”; for I would not wittingly wrong the living nor the memory of the dead.

Layman in his article of July 18, says:—

Mr. Scott in his endeavors to maintain the fallacy that government can create value, misquoted Aristotle as follows: “Money by itself has value only by law and not by nature.”

Layman attributes this rendition to Cernushi, and sets forth that it was shown to be erroneous by Mr. Louis A. Garnett of this city, in 1881. He claims the correct rendering to be, “Others again regard it (money) as a trifle, as having no value by nature, but merely by arbitrary compact,” etc. The error, he claims, consists in the omission of the words: “Others again regard it,” etc., as if it were not “Aristotle’s own theory of money.”

Edward Walford’s translation of Aristotle’s *Politics and Economics*, page 22,<sup>1</sup> says in a footnote relating to the passage in question, “The Greek text here is obscure.”

On the same page Aristotle says:—

Men invented among themselves, by way of exchange, something which they should mutually give and take, and which being really valuable in itself, might easily be passed from hand to hand for the purposes of daily life, as iron and silver, or something else of the same nature.

Now, evidently, men did not invent iron and silver, but did “invent something by way of exchange,” — *Money*.

On page 23, Aristotle, after referring to the gold of Midas, says:—

People look about for something else by way of riches and property, and rightly too; for the mere getting of money differs from natural wealth, and the latter is the true object of economy.

It would certainly seem from Aristotle’s discussion in his *Economics*, that he did not regard it of value by nature, but by law.

Had I doubt, it would be removed by the following quotation from his *Ethics*, page 130, translated by R. W. Brown, viz.:—

Now, demand is in reality the bond which keeps all commercial dealings together. For if men wanted nothing, or not so much, there would not be any or not so much commerce. But money is, as it were, the substitute for demand and hence it has the name *nomisma*, because it is not so by nature, but by law (*nomō*), and because it is in our power to change it, and render it useless.

This rendition of the Greek text is in entire accord with that of Cernushi, viz.: “Money by itself has value only by law and not by nature.”

It completely refutes Mr. Garnett’s interpretation of Aristotle’s dictum, regarding the character of money, and calls on him to do justice to Aristotle, Cernushi, and the public, by correcting his criticism founded on an *obscure Greek text*, in conflict with what Aristotle really does say.

As to Layman, it seems a constitutional infirmity of his mind to find error where none exists and not to find truth where it does exist.

With respect to the power of government to create value, Mr. Webster, “the great expounder of the Constitution of the United States,” says: “Regulate, as used in the Constitution, involves in its meaning the power to create.” (*Works of Webster*, volume 4, page 368.) Thus the Constitution by providing that “The Congress shall have power . . . to coin money, regulate the value thereof and of foreign coin,” etc., declares that Congress has the power to create value, — not the power to create the substance of coin but to create value, — purchasing power.

Mr. Webster, in his works, volume 5, page 308, says: “They have in their own States peculiar laws which create property in persons.” This is in effect saying that the laws create value in persons; for the laws would not be enacted to create property barren of real or supposed value. Mr. Webster uses the term create in its currently accepted meaning, not in that of producing something from nothing, as many construe it in the ex-

<sup>1</sup>Editions 1853, 1889, 1895.

pression "God created the heavens," etc. Using the term, or its cognate, in a restricted meaning, Professor Tyndall, however, says: "The law of conservation rigidly excludes both creation and annihilation." Man can change the form and character of things, but cannot create nor annihilate their constituent elements. I take it for granted that Layman attaches to the term *create* its currently accepted meaning; if otherwise, he is at fault for not so stating. Layman has not and cannot refute the truth of my statements, hitherto published in the OVERLAND, viz.:—

"The value of an object depends upon the uses to which the object is put. Were gold used only in the arts and manufactures, it would have a value corresponding to that condition. Every additional use of any considerable magnitude imposed upon it, would confer upon it an additional value."

Congress, by statutory enactment, imposed on gold a monetary use surpassing in magnitude its use in the arts and manufactures, and did in consequence enhance its value,—create value in it. The same may be said of statutory enactment with respect to silver,—the legal stamp placed upon gold or silver does not impart fineness nor weight to the substance,—does not change its quality or quantity. But law in this case does create use, and use creates demand upon the world's metal mass, limited in quantity, and thereby creates value by enhancing its purchasing power. It matters not whether the means binding together cause and effect is a single link or a chain. These statements are in entire accord with those of Professor Andrews and Archbishop Walsh, to whom Layman refers. Now it was regarding the proposition with respect to the power of government to create value, that I called in question Layman's profundity in statesmanship. Thus I said, "Charity suggests that Layman may be mad. If he be so, it would in view of his utterances as to the power of government to create value by statutory enactment, seem the acme of hyperbole to say 'Much learning doth make thee mad.'"

"But since he assures us that, as to unlimited free coinage and its concomitances,—to be discussed later,—he, "Is

in noble company, Oresme, Copernicus, Gresham, Locke, Newton, Liverpool, Franklin, Morris, Hamilton, Jefferson, and other illustrious names!"

Let him be assured that I most cordially congratulate him on his felicity. But could they speak, Layman's position might perchance be as unenviable as that of Boswell when he asked, "Doctor Johnson, what will the world say of us?" and received in reply, "Say? I am a big dog and you a brass kettle tied to my tail."

Indeed, of the noble men named, if I am not mistaken, nine were in favor of free coinage. Seven in favor of bimetallism, one in favor of the gold standard and one in favor of the silver standard.

In the OVERLAND MONTHLY of April, appeared an article headed "International Bimetallism, by the President of Wells, Fargo & Co." A Layman now seems to claim its authorship, as reference to his work entitled "Money," page 15, shows.

In that article, Layman says:—

Supposing that gold and silver are coined in unlimited quantities, and a fixed legal ratio is enacted between them:—

(1.) Is it the fixed legal ratio so enacted between the coins which governs the relative value of the metals in bullion?

(2.) Or is it the relative value of the metals in bullion which governs the relative value of the coins?

(3.) And if it be possible for any single country to maintain gold and silver coined in unlimited quantities in circulation together at a fixed legal ratio, is it possible for any number of countries combined to do so by an international agreement?

The preceding supposition and questions seem to have been taken from MacLeod's work entitled "Bimetallism"—taken without acknowledgment.

This [says MacLeod] is the whole gist of the controversy and all facts and arguments adduced must be directed to establish one or other of these points.

The Bimetallists maintain the first of these propositions—the Monometallists the second. To the third proposition the Bimetallists reply in the affirmative: the Monometallists reply in the negative.

He then argues at great length in favor of the second proposition; expatiates on the evil effects of debased coin—a matter foreign to his subject; gives the views of eminent men, relative to a proper monetary standard and seems to prove inadvertently that a great majority of

them were in favor of the bimetallic standard.

Now Layman follows closely upon the heels of McLeod, — so closely, as pointed out by the *California Banker's Magazine*, July edition, that in many instances he obliterates the original track with his own.

Be this as it may, it is sufficient for my purposes that Layman endorses the views of McLeod.

Now the value of gold and silver is *extrinsic* not *intrinsic*. The value conferred upon them is artificial and is susceptible of being increased, diminished, or destroyed, by the same power that constituted it — the consent of mankind.

Thus Franklin says:—

Gold and silver are not intrinsically of equal value with iron. Their value rests chiefly on the estimation they happen to be in among the generality of nations. Any other well founded credit is as much an equivalent as gold and silver.

Franklin's Works, Vol. 4, p. 85.

Aristotle says:—

Money is, as it were, the substitute for demand, and hence it has the name *nomisma*, because it is not so by nature but by law (*nomos*) and because it is in our power to change and render it useless.

Aristotle's Ethics, Book 5, Chap. 5, p. 130.

Use is the sole and supreme test of value. It is not improbable gold and silver were first used as ornaments — or generally speaking, in the arts and manufactures. Such use conferred upon them a value corresponding to the demand and supply. At length, "Men invented among themselves by way of exchange something which they should mutually give and take."

Aristotle's Economics, Book 1, Chap. 9, p. 22.

The something invented was money, and among other things gold and silver were employed to perform its functions.

This additional use conferred upon them a value far greater than that of their pre-existing commodity value, — in fact, greatly enhanced their commodity value. Indeed, so enhanced it, that it was made to depend, and does depend upon the law or "arbitrary compact," creating such additional use. The Constitution, the fundamental law of the land, provides that, "The Congress shall have power to coin money, regulate the value thereof and of foreign coin, and to fix the standards of weights and measures."

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Mr. Webster, "the great expounder of the Constitution," says,—

Regulate as used in the Constitution involves in its meaning the power to create.

Webster's Works, Vol. 4, p. 368.

The act creating the values of the gold and silver coins fixes the legal ratio between them. Our country has long maintained such a fixed legal ratio.

Now it seems a fact that the law making power of other nations — of all nations — can pass and enforce laws similar to those which the Congress of the United States has power to enact and enforce.

Were our country entirely isolated, it is obvious that the relative value of the metals in bullion would be governed by the fixed legal ratio enacted between the coins by Congress. Such would be the case of each nation were it isolated. So were the nations of the world to establish by agreement a certain monetary ratio between gold and silver, it is evident that such ratio would govern the relative value of the metals in bullion. Were gold and silver demonetized, their commodity value would be insignificant — probably not exceeding a tithe of that which it now enjoys. So that as a general principle, it is the monetary value of gold and silver that governs their commodity value. Indeed, their commodity value is chiefly a derivation from their monetary value created by law.

In view of this incontrovertible fact, Layman's structure consisting of a hodge podge of "old odd ends," and reared in mid air, falls for the lack of other than an airy base.

Legislation, however, more favorable to one metal than the other, operates to increase the legal ratio between them owing to the conflict of laws. To say that the difference between the so called intrinsic or real commodity values of the metals operates in any considerable degree to increase the legal ratio between them, is manifestly a misstatement of fact.

The preceding discussion, in answer to the first and second propositions, clearly shows that for the most part, it is the legal ratio fixed between the coins which governs the value of the metals in bullion in market; and not the market value of the metals in bullion which governs the

value of the coins. With respect to the third proposition, the discussion shows that each nation, isolated from the others, could fix a legal ratio between the coins which would govern the relative value of the metals in bullion; also, that were the nations of the world to establish by agreement a certain monetary ratio between gold and silver, such ratio would govern the relative value of the metals in bullion. This would completely solve the great monetary problem, and confer immeasurable blessings upon the world.

Were the great commercial nations, France, Germany, etc., to agree with us upon a uniform ratio between gold and silver, I should not question the wisdom of the contracting parties should they adopt, at the same time, unlimited free coinage of the metals.

The political party with which I am

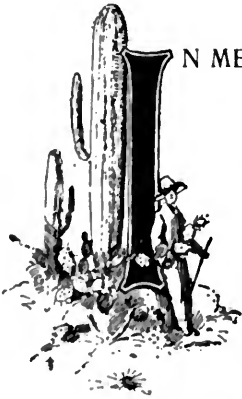
affiliated, stands pledged to promote the free coinage of the metals on the basis of international agreement. But I regard it extremely hazardous for the country alone, under existing circumstances, to make the experiment. It is certainly forbidding — especially so when free coinage is associated with free trade. For free trade when tried here, has proved the veriest upas to American industries.

We are now experiencing the effects of that upas. I would extirpate it and save the country from its blight. Layman would assiduously cultivate it and have the nation still feed upon its poison. Though its virus destroys the lives of others, he would have us believe that to him it is sweet and nutritious, acting as a healthful stimulant to his system; and that it is the elixir of life to the country.

*Irving M. Scott.*

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

## SANTA TERESA.



IN MEXICO there is a tribe of Indians known as the Yaquis. The men are fine stalwart fellows, strong-featured, strong-limbed, and bred to fighting. The women are straight as the giant cacti they call *saguaros* and lithe as pumas, while their skin glistens like the leaves of the manzanita and their teeth shine like bones that have bleached in the red sand.

Indeed, these women are fit to be mothers to a race of warriors; and the Yaquis are warriors. For thirty years they have been a thorn in the side of the Mexican government. Commander after commander has taken charge of the expeditions against them only to encounter humiliation and disaster. At times, when

least expected, they sally forth to do battle with the regular troops, or to attack the scattered communities. They swoop down with the swiftness of the tornado and the ferocity of beasts of prey, and when an army has gathered to crush them, they fly back to their mountain fastnesses, laughing the pursuing soldiers to scorn. In this warfare quarter is neither given nor asked. When a hapless Mexican falls into the hands of the hostiles he is put to torture, and such prisoners as are captured by the soldiers are summarily shot. Such are the relations between the government and the Indians today, and such they will remain until a Mexican bullet finds lodgment in the breast of the last Yaqui.

Some years ago in an isolated Mexican village there lived a girl called Teresa. Her parents had died while she was yet

a child, and having no other relatives, it had fallen upon the community to provide for her sustenance. This it had done as well as could be expected. When she was hungry she was welcome to the *torillas* and *frijoles* of anybody's table, and at night she was at liberty to curl up on a *petate* in any adobe hut. For the rest, — well, so long as the people kept the child's stomach full what more could be asked?

As she grew older Teresa gave promise of great beauty; but in many ways she was different from the other girls of the village, and for that reason she was not popular. For one thing she had a temper which, though seldom roused, was when given way to frightful in the extreme.

Once, when one of the women had struck her for some trifling offense, she had turned on her assailant with a cry like that of a maddened animal, and before the startled spectators could interfere she had administered a chastisement that was not forgotten for many a long day. Again, she had periods of religious fervor, when she would remain on her knees for hours before the picture of the *Madre Maria* in the little chapel, and afterwards she would go about for days with downcast head, speaking to no one.

When Teresa was in her sixteenth year an event happened that was the beginning of her alienation from her people. One morning, when the woman in whose house she had slept called upon her to make a fire, the girl did not respond. The woman shook her, pulled the *serape* off her shoulders, and the *reboso* from about her head, but Teresa slept on. Thereupon the neighbors were called in, and when they found that they could not waken her with their utmost endeavors, they decided that she was either possessed of the devil, or sick, and they sent word to the next town that if a

priest should come that way by all means to send him to their village.

For six days and six nights Teresa slept, taking in all that time neither a morsel of food nor a drop of water. At the end of this period she woke, and when the people crowded in to see her she told them that she had had most glorious visions of angels, and the angels had spoken to her. The people were very eager to hear what the angels had said, and Teresa told them that they had directed her to go away from her native village, for a great career awaited her, and her neighbors were ignorant and degraded and not fit to associate with her. Then the people were very indignant, but after consulting together they came to the conclusion that the girl's wits had left her, so they confined her in a palisaded pen in which they had been wont to keep *toros* for the bull fight, but where they now kept hogs. That was the only place they had that they considered suitable for a person who was *loco*.

They kept her there at night, and when they went in the morning to feed her they found that she had escaped, which was not strange, considering that the palisade was not above twelve feet in height and that the prisoner was possessed of much determination and activity.

When Teresa found herself outside her prison, her first thought was to get as far from her people as possible. To the west were a few scattered ranches and an occasional village, and she would not go that way, but she turned her face to the east where, fifty miles away, lay the Sierra Madre. All night long she walked, and in the morning she made her breakfast of *pitallas*, the cactus fruit, which does very well for both meat and drink if one has nothing better. Though no living thing was to be seen on the parched earth, save here and there a

startled lizard, and nothing in the glittering sky except the distant buzzards, yet Teresa was not alone, for some of the angels of the hosts she had seen in her vision, seemed always with her.

"Have courage, Teresa," they said, "do not fear, for we guide you."

Thus it was that the girl did not lie down on the hot sand to die. Towards evening she came to an *arroyo*, along the course of which grew some giant mesquite trees as large as oaks. In the shade of one of these she lay down to rest and soon she fell asleep.

At length she was roused by voices, and when she opened her eyes she found a dozen men about her whom she knew at a glance to be Yaqui Indians, the deadly enemies of her people. Some of the Indians spoke the Spanish tongue, and they asked her whence she had come and where she was going. When they had heard her story they told her that they were to camp that night farther up the *arroyo*, where there was water, and they said that she must go with them.

It was already dark when they reached the camp. Here they found some forty or fifty Indians who were greatly interested in the captive, and to them she was obliged to repeat her story and to answer many questions.

When they had taken food the Indians held a consultation as to what disposal should be made of the girl. After some discussion it was decided that she should be the prize of the man who had first discovered her asleep under the mesquite. This was a brawny fellow of fierce aspect and of considerable influence among his comrades because of his great strength and his heroic deeds. In the presence of the others the man went forward to take possession of his victim, but no sooner had he laid his hand upon her than he recoiled as if stung by a serpent. At the moment of contact a strange feeling

had taken possession of him which filled his superstitious soul with terror. He attempted to explain to the others the sensations he had experienced, and they pressed forward and reached out their hands to the girl, but each one as he touched her drew back with an exclamation of wonder, and gazed at her in astonishment and awe. Incredible as it may appear, the Indians had come in contact with one of those rare phenomena, the existence of which has sometimes been denied in the name of science, yet which, if human testimony counts for anything, have lived in every generation, namely, a human being capable of generating within the organism a force similar to, or identical with electricity, which when given forth produces in the recipient a very palpable shock.

Until the moment that it was called forth Teresa had no consciousness that she was possessed of this wonderful gift, but understanding what fate her captors had planned for her, intuitively she had called into activity her latent power. The end of the matter was that the savages fell down and worshiped where they had intended to destroy.

Teresa was taken by the Yaquis to the heart of their country, and everywhere the fame of her spread before her. The people came to look at her filled with fear and wonder, for many were the stories told of her supernatural powers, and all could see that when she laid her hands upon the sick, some of them were cured, and those who were not cured found their pains greatly alleviated.

When Teresa found a whole people listening to her words and bowing to her will, she thought she had found her proper place in the world. And now the angels, who from time to time still appeared to her, told her that she was the instrument by whose means it was des-



tined that the Yaquis were to shake the yoke of the Mexican government from their necks.

A frenzy for battle took possession of her, and again and again she planned and carried into execution such sorties as before had been unheard of. And in all her raids and battles she was successful, for the faith of the Indians in her was absolute, and they fought with the zeal of fanatics added to the skill of warriors.

One day a little band of Indians with Teresa at their head was surprised by a body of soldiers. The Yaquis fought with the desperate courage for which they are famous, but all to no purpose, for they were outnumbered two to one, and at last they were all slain except some half dozen, who with Teresa were taken captive.

The soldiers were encamped at a place where there had been a hundred years ago a Jesuit mission, and here there still stood a long low adobe building. At one time the priests had worked a mine on this spot out of which, it was said, a fabulous amount of gold had been taken, and a little way from the house was a caved-in shaft, the only remaining evidence of the work of the fathers.

To this place, then, Teresa and her fellow prisoners were taken. They were in no doubt as to what their fate was to be, for everybody knows that the Mexican soldiers would as soon think of showing mercy to a rattlesnake as to a Yaqui. The soldiers were in high feather at having captured Santa Teresa (as the people had come to call her), and they cracked their simple jokes with merry zest as they prepared for the execution. At length all was ready. The prisoners were ranged along the wall of the adobe house, (six of them beside Teresa,) bound hand and foot. Teresa had asked that she be allowed to remain unbound, and

through a whim of the officer her request had been granted. The Indians were turned with their backs to the soldiers, but Teresa chose to stand facing the executioners. Twenty-one soldiers were selected to fire the fatal volley and these were drawn up in line at a distance of some hundred paces from the condemned. Between the troops and the prisoners the ground was perfectly level, save in one spot, where there was a slight depression, and here the earth was seamed with tiny fissures. Back of the line of executioners the rest of the troops, some two or three hundred men, were congregated as spectators.

Word was given for the executioners to advance, and with soldierly tread they moved toward the prisoners. At this moment Teresa lifted up her voice in prayer for those about to perish and in anathema for those who were bringing destruction upon them. So weird and unearthly was her wailing and so terrible were her imprecations that the cheeks of the hardened soldiers blanched and they muttered the names of saints and crossed themselves.

When the line of men had advanced some paces, to the spot where the slight depression in the earth was, a most extraordinary thing happened. The ground suddenly opened beneath their feet and the twenty-one soldiers were sucked down into the abyss. The thing happened in an instant. One moment the men were there,—the next they were gone and where they had stood was nothing but a crumbling cavity.

For one astonished instant the remaining soldiers looked at the spot where their comrades had been, and then in sudden panic they turned and fled. Without distinction of officer and private they ran, and every man endeavored to outstrip his fellows. Among them was one gray-haired veteran who had been a

miner, and he would have explained, if he had had an opportunity, that doubtless a drift from the old mine shaft ran beneath the spot where the soldiers had stood; that a great excavation had perhaps been made there and the weight of the men coming at the same instant on a spot already on the point of breaking through had precipitated the event. This he would have explained if he had been given the opportunity, but as no one was in the mood to listen to him he fled with the others, not caring to be left alone with half a dozen Yaquis.

As for the prisoners, Teresa unbound them and they made their escape as quickly as possible, not waiting to investigate the means of their miraculous deliverance and giving Santa Teresa all the credit.

And what became of Teresa? Some say that the host of angels with whom she talked came to earth one night and carried her away to be their companion. By others it is whispered that one of those Gringos, sly as a coyote and greedy as a wolf, persuaded her with his cunning tongue to follow him to his northern home. At any rate she is gone and now the poor Yaquis are left to fight their battles alone.

*Bradford Woodbridge.*

[It will be noted by careful readers that Mr. Woodbridge's narrative of the Mexican Joan of Arc, which was written on the ground and previous to any of the recent troubles, differs in some details from the accounts published in the daily press since her personality has been brought into great prominence by the attack of her fanatical Yaqui followers on the Custom House at Nogales. Mr. Woodbridge, in transmitting his manuscript from Minas Prietas, Sonora, Mexico, under date, April 25, says of it:—

The main facts of the story are true, although I cannot vouch for all the incidents. Teresa, like Jeanne d' Arc and the girl of Lourdes, is a psychological problem, and no doubt the accounts of her remarkable powers have been somewhat exaggerated.

An extract from the *New York Times* of August 16th, shows the nature of the differences.

The Mexican custom-house at Nogales, which was attacked by the Yaquis, is the largest of any west of El Paso and is the finest of their buildings along the entire line, being the Ferro Carril de Sonora, one of the two railroads running south into Mexico. It is next in importance to the one at Juarez, opposite El Paso. A sufficient force of rurales is kept at this point by the Mexican government to protect their country from smugglers, but the recent attack by Indians was something so unusual that they deserve credit for repulsing them so promptly when their surprise must have been complete. The Mexican rurales are men of fine appearance. They are brave fighters, dead shots with their large pistols, and when mounted are dangerous enemies. Their business generally is to patrol the line and look out for smugglers, whom they frequently encourage until they accumulate sufficient goods to make their capture profitable, when they confiscate the contraband property and let the prisoner go, with the hope that he will continue in the same business.

They take especial delight in capturing miners who try to escape with their gold,—to become goldbugs in the United States,—without paying the ten per cent export duty on that coveted metal, the love of which seems now more than ever to be the root of all evil. During the present excitement, however, the smugglers will probably have what might be called a walkover while the rurales are kept busy on the lookout for the fanatical Yaquis, who it seems are now under the influence of a superstitions craze which frequently becomes so intense in the Indian mind that death loses its terrors and the severest torture has no effect.

Terese Amada de Cabora, the innocent cause of the recent trouble in Nogales, is the young Mexican woman about twenty-five years of age, quite beautiful, according to the Mexican idea. Her long, heavy, auburn hair and dreamy eyes give her a distinguished appearance. She is quite intelligent and very modest and unassuming, and laughed heartily at the idea of being called a saint. She only claims to be a Chris-

tian healer, and her sole aim in life seems to be to cure the infirmities of those who are afflicted. Her treatment is given gratuitously, as she believes that to receive pay would destroy her power to heal. She seems to want but little of this world's goods, and the young lady of divine power and her aged father, who generally remains with her, live from donations given by those who believe in her healing power and they are always well supplied. When I had the pleasure of meeting this far-famed young lady, she was living in a tule hut about eighteen miles from Nogales, on the road leading toward Tucson, and was surrounded by many admiring friends and also many suffering patients, to whom she was, as usual, giving gratuitous treatment. She chatted pleasantly in her own language, and seemed to appreciate the magnanimity of the Americanos who allow her to remain in their country since she has been banished from her native home, which is a little town called Alamo Bonito, in Sonora, from which place she was escorted across the line at Nogales on June 7, 1892, by the Mexican troops and ordered not to return to Mexico. She seems to take much pleasure in obeying this order, which has given her so much fame.

This action on the part of the Mexican government was caused by fear of a rebellion among the Yaquis, a very powerful nation of Indians, over whom Santa Terese had obtained complete control on account of her healing powers, so much so, that they regarded her as a supernatural being and fairly worshiped her. Their recent action in attacking the town of Nogales with such weak force show to what extent their fanaticism has carried them, and possibly, the end is not yet. However, the recent action of President Diaz, when he sent a deputation to invite her to return to Mexico, shows that he believes a mistake has been made. The young lady very heroically spurned his invitation to return so long as he remained President, and the situation at present, with the Mexican Indians on the warpath, coming into the United States in search of their idol is quite interesting.

The San Francisco *Examiner* of August 18th, printed a portrait of Santa Teresa de Cabora "drawn from the latest photograph," and also a striking picture, "Resultado del Asalto," drawn by George E. Lyon from the photograph taken by the Mexican authorities of the seven dead Yaquis found at Nogales, after the fight was over. These bodies were laid together against a wall of the custom house, photographed, and copies of the print posted through Nogales as a warning.

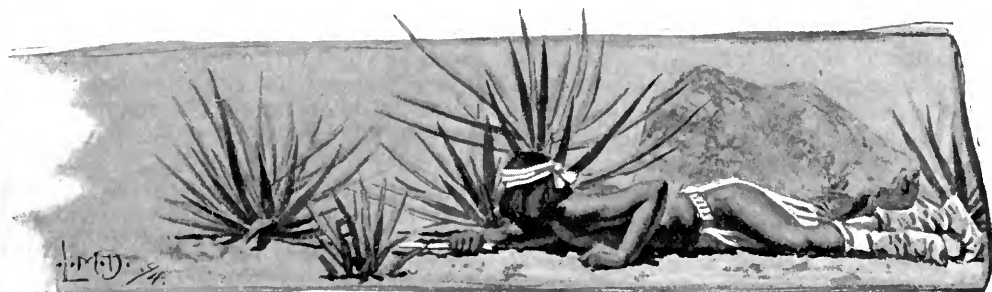
Later press dispatches show that interest in the matter is by no means waning, as for example, the following from the San Francisco *Chronicle* of September 5th:—

#### AFTER SANTA TERESA.

#### MEXICO WANTS THE ALLEGED HEALER FOR TRIAL.

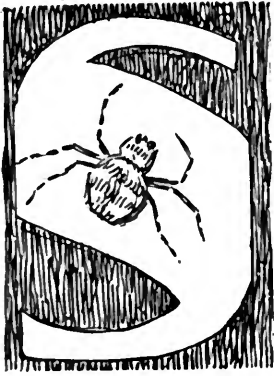
EL PASO (Tex.) September 4.—The Mexican Government is making an effort to extradite Santa Teresa, the Mexican maiden "healer," her father, and Señor Aguirre, editor of a Mexican paper, published in this city, which has recently criticised President Diaz and his administration very severely. All of the parties are citizens of Mexico.

Señor Aguirre is informed on reliable authority that such a requisition has been forwarded to Washington, charging that they incited the assault by the Yaqui Indians on the Mexican Custom-house at Nogales, A. T., August 12th last, which resulted in the killing of six Indians and three Mexicans. The Mexicans and Indians are devoted to Santa Teresa, and declare that they will resist by force any attempt to take her across the Rio Grande.



## PROGRESS.

BY THE PRESIDENT OF WELLS, FARGO & CO.



PEAKING of the quarrel between Philip of France and Richard the Lion-Hearted and the subsequent contentions and feuds which resulted in extorting the Magna Charta from King John by the barons, an able historian of this generation says that this junction of high and low produced the famous Great Charter by which the liberties of *all generations* of Englishmen were secured. This shows the confused perception of the rights of man, as man, that has existed throughout the ages, for not until this century have all British subjects been free, nor can it be said of them even now, when we still must guard against,—

Forgetting how few men escape the yoke  
From this or that man's hand, and how most  
folk  
Must needs be kings and slaves the while they  
live,  
And take from this man and to that man give  
Things hard enough.

It is not always kings who are oppressors. It is not only barons who are entitled to rights. But the barons were a privileged class, not only then, but always, not alone in monarchies, but in republics also. As one notable example out of many in history, I will cite the revolt in England in the latter part of the fourteenth century, when the peasants, led by John Ball, the mad preacher of Kent, and Watt Tyler, demanded of King Richard II. that he should enfranchise them, and that they should never again be named or held as serfs, which demand Richard granted in high sounding words, but the promise was broken to the hope. The privileged class — the owners of the lands, of which under feudal law these peasants were an appendage — interposed the objection that the King could not take their goods from them except by their

own consent, and this consent, said they, we have never given, and never will give, — nor did they ; and the subservient King executed some seven thousand of the hapless creatures engaged in the revolt to emphasize class disapproval of their contumacy. However, the world moves. As a modern example of this kind we have that of Belgium, where a few years since a demand was made by the workmen for manhood suffrage, in which they were supported by the Church and the King. The privileged classes opposed, but the workingmen, with the Church and the King at their back, prevailed.

It is generally assumed that industrial disturbances are of recent growth, which is erroneous; they have been of periodical occurrence from the dawn of civilization, though more frequently experienced of late. As examples in the distant past let me cite the constitutional struggle of one hundred and fifty years by the Roman plebeians against the patricians, the struggle of the Italian slaves under Spartacus, and later the uprising of the German peasantry known as the Peasants' War. In modern times Kingsley, more than fifty years ago, discussed similar questions in "Alton Locke," and in "Yeast"; Mrs. Craig in "John Halifax, Gentleman," fifty years ago; Charles Reade in "Put Yourself in His Place," Tourgee in "Mervale Eastman," and Howells in "A Hazard of New Fortunes," and innumerable other writers of fiction in their most popular works. The question runs through a great part of the literature of the day; the modern novel, as we are all aware, is a favorite vehicle for the discussion of social questions, and the conclusion too often reached by the employer was very well expressed by old Jacob Dryfuss in Howells's "Hazard of New Fortunes," in which, defending his action in overcoming his striking employees, willy nilly, he said it was a case of "dog eat dog."

And right here is where the ethical must enter into this question, without which it can never be solved humanely

or satisfactorily. In other words, whenever brought face to face with a condition of this kind, the tone, temper, and disposition, of the contestants should be based not alone upon what their rights are but also upon their duties; especially should this be so on the part of the employer. No contract for continued relations between bodies of men can be so drawn as to avoid friction if not interpreted and administered in a spirit of equity, fairness, and goodwill; and this applies with well nigh equal force to all legislative enactments. The position not unfrequently taken in these cases by both sides is—in a spirit of asperity—that *they* will settle the question once for all. Now, no exhibition of force not grounded in justice ever settled anything. This may be a truism, but in things affecting the human race as an entity, nothing is ever settled that is not settled right; for the suppressed remonstrance will rise like Banquo's ghost, and find a voice to declare its business and cry aloud for justice.

If in a group of average Americans, or for that matter, Englishmen, the name of Sir Thomas More should be mentioned, the chances are that the majority would remember him only in a vague way as the author of a curious and fanciful book entitled "Utopia," or "Nowhere," and yet this noble gentleman was one of the foremost in the vanguard of progressive English thinkers, and nearly all the liberties, reforms, and improvements, which he outlined, discussed, and advocated, have been realized. We have suffrage, freedom of worship, toleration of belief, benign laws in the administration of government, and an advance in the material condition of the human race throughout Christendom altogether beyond what even he was able to fancy as prevailing in Utopia. It is well for the sake of an example to quote here briefly More's conception of an ideal town:—

The streets be twenty feet broad; the houses backed by spacious gardens, and curiously builded after a gorgeous and gallant sort, with their stories one upon another. The outsides of the walls be made either of hard flint, or of plaster, or else of brick; and the inner sides be well strengthened by timber work. The roofs be plain and flat, covered over with plaster so tempered that no fire can hurt or perish it, and withstanding the violence of the weather better than any lead. They keep the wind out of their

windows with glass, for it is there much used, and sometimes also with fine linen cloth dipped in oil or amber, and that for two commodities, for by this means more light cometh in and the wind is better kept out.

Mr. Bellamy's publication a few years since, "Looking Backward," has been subjected to a variety of criticisms and ironically termed a punch-punch scheme of government. I do not suppose that he ever imagined that any one would seriously accept his delectable picture of social progress as an attempted outline of a real form of practical government, any more than we of today imagine Mr. Howells's "Letters from Altruria" to be such, but Mr. Bellamy had abundant excuse for exercising his imagination and venturing to depict the possible advance of the human race by the year of our Lord 2000, because his wildest flights of fancy are absolutely tame compared with the actual stage of progress attained in Christendom since the Declaration of Independence by the Colonies of Great Britain in America. No human brain could then have formed a conception of what has taken place. The Apostle in stimulating our hopes for the better land tells us that "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive," of the joys of the higher existence. And glorious and inspiring as were the awakened impulses, energies, and achievements,—moral, spiritual, intellectual, and material,—of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, those of the nineteenth in their application of all benign contrivances to the mass of mankind for the common good, have gone so far beyond any possible anticipation then, as to make the contrast seem analogous in some degree to that between the Apostle's vast suggestion of blessing and any possible present apprehension of its full import. That doctrine which was to the Jews a stumbling block, to the Greeks foolishness, and to the Romans sedition, will ultimately prevail. It looks to the salvation of mankind, the eradication of selfishness from the life of the race and the growth of that finer and more ennobling quality which has its satisfaction in the conviction that serving the general weal is not a baseless dream.

It is not my purpose to present elaborate statistics nor to attempt anything

more than the barest outline, or charcoal sketch, as it were, of the subject in hand. It is too vast, too splendid, too inspiring, for effective treatment under the ordinary limitations of an article like this. But it is well to glance at a few of the common everyday changes that have taken place within the century, or say since the Declaration of American Independence.

In the American colonies conditions largely corresponded with those in England, but were not nearly so extreme. The condition of the poor, while much better here than in Great Britain, was generally immeasurably worse than it is today. Their houses, cabins, or hovels, were meaner, their food coarser, their clothing of commoner stuff and scantier—scarcely ever affording adequate protection against severe cold. Their wages were lower by one half than at present. A man who performed what would now be called unskilled labor, who sawed wood, dug ditches, mended roads, mixed mortar, carried bricks to the mason or boards to the carpenter, or helped to cut hay in the harvest time, usually received as the fruit of his day's toil fifty cents. Sometimes, when the laborers were few, he was paid more; and he became the envy of his fellows if, at the end of a week, he took home to his family three and one half or four dollars, a sum of greatly increased purchasing power to-day.

On such a pittance it was only by the strictest economy that a mechanic kept his family from starvation and himself from jail. In the low and dingy rooms which he called his home were wanting every article of adornment, and many of use, which are now to be found in the dwellings of the poorest of his class. Sand, sprinkled on the floor, did duty as a carpet. There was no glass on his table, no china in his cupboard, no pictures on his walls. What a cooking stove was he did not know; coal he had never seen; matches never heard of. Over a fire of stray fragments of boxes, barrels, or other wood, which he ignited with the sparks struck from a flint or with live coals brought from a neighbor's hearth, his wife cooked up a rude meal, which she served in pewter dishes. He rarely tasted fresh meat oftener than once in a week, and paid for it a much higher price than his posterity has now to pay.

Everything, indeed, which ranked as a staple of life was costly. Corn stood at seventy-five cents per bushel, wheat at two dollars per bushel, a loaf of bread was eight cents; a pound of salt pork twenty cents. Many other commodities now seen on the tables of the poor were either quite unknown, or far beyond the reach of their scanty means. Among the fruits and vegetables of which no one had then so much as heard are cantaloupes, numerous varieties of grapes, peaches, and pears, together with tomatoes, pie plant, sweet corn, the cauliflower, the egg-plant, head lettuce, and okra, not to mention others.

If the food of an artisan then would now be thought coarse and insufficient, his clothes would be thought abominable. A pair of breeches of yellow buckskin or leather, or of coarse hand-woven jeans, a check shirt, a linsey jacket, a rusty felt hat cocked up at the corners, shoes of cow-skin set off with brass buckles, and a leathern apron, usually comprised his scanty wardrobe. The leather he smeared with grease to keep it soft and flexible. His sons, in their home and vocation, followed in his footsteps, or were apprenticed to neighboring tradesmen, generally at no wages. His daughter went out to service. She performed all the duties at present exacted from women in that capacity, but with them were coupled many others now rendered useless by the great improvements that have been made in the conveniences of life. She mended the clothes, ran on errands, milked the cows, made the butter, walked one to a half dozen blocks, according to circumstances, for a pail of water, spun flax or wool for the family cloth, and when the year was up received an amount equal to fifty dollars for her wages.

Wages between the periods of 1770 and 1800 were:—

Day Laborers, per day	.....\$	25	to	\$	50
Blacksmiths,	“	70			
Butchers,	“	35	to		50
Carpenters,	“	60			
Masons,	“	85			
Millwrights,	“	1		10	
Lathers,	“	50			
Ship-builders	“	45			
Shoemakers,	“	75			
Printers,	“	90			
Stone-Cutters,	“	90			
Average	.....				66.8

And now let us see how the situation of workingmen in this country compared in the period of fifty years from 1840 to 1890 with that just set forth. The facts for the first period are from McMaster's History, those from 1840 to 1890 from the United States Senate, Aldrich's Report:—

Occupation.	Wages per diem.			
	1840	1850	1860	1890
Plasterers . . . . .	\$1 50	\$1 75	\$1 75	\$3 50
Blacksmiths . . . . .	1 50	1 50	1 50	3 00
Blacksmiths' helpers . . . . .	83½	83½	83½	1 75
Painters . . . . .	1 25	1 25	1 25	2 50
Wheelwrights . . . . .	1 25	1 25	1 25	2 50
Carpenters . . . . .	1 29	1 41	1 52	1 94
Engineers . . . . .	2 00	2 25	3 00	4 25
Firemen . . . . .	1 25	1 37	1 44	1 65
Laborers . . . . .	81	1 04	99	1 25
Machinists . . . . .	1 54	1 55	1 76	2 19
Watchman . . . . .	1 10	1 06	1 00	1 55

Average, according to importance, for all occupations 1860 being reckoned as 100 . . . . .

1840	1850	1860	1890
87.7	92.7	100	168.6

In 1890 a day's work of labor would buy more of any staple commodity of human desire, more and better food, more and better clothing, more and better transportation, more and better tools and machinery, more and better heat and light, more comforts and luxuries of every kind, more silver and more gold, than at any time before 1870 in the history of the world.

But there is one particular change which has done more to increase the physical comforts of the extremely poor than better food, higher wages, and finer clothes. Men are no longer imprisoned for debt. No crime known to the law brought so many to the jails and prisons as the so-called crime of debt, and the class most defenseless and dependent—the great body of servants, artisans, and laborers, those in short, who depended on their daily wages for their daily bread—was the most likely to yield criminals of this kind. One hundred years ago the laborer who fell from a scaffold or lay sick of a fever was liable to be seized by the sheriff the moment he recovered, and be carried to jail for the bill of a few dollars which had run up at the huckster's or the tavern during his illness. The evil capabilities of the system of placing a debtor where he could not apply his tal-

ents or industry to work out his salvation from debt, aside from its futility as a means of enforcing liquidation, was perhaps in no instance more strikingly illustrated than in the case of Robert Morris, of Revolutionary fame, who was confined in jail for debt nearly four years. The mere thought of such humiliation having been heaped upon one of the greatest benefactors our country has ever had is enough to start a blush of shame upon the cheek of every true American. It is an historical fact that the moral reputation and financial standing of the man were such in those stormy times that his individual credit was admitted to standing with that of the thirteen colonies combined, as represented in the Continental Congress, and was used devotedly and continuously in aid and support of the struggle for liberty. In 1781 he secured for Congress the then immense sum of \$1,400,000 and thus rendered it possible for Washington to prosecute the decisive campaign of that year. The war in consequence came to an end, and Morris continuing in easy circumstances, was tempted in an evil hour into private speculations of a hazardous kind—real estate and house-building ventures, we are told—and lost his all, besides leaving himself in debt, for which he was arrested and immured in prison, in the good city of "Brotherly Love"—otherwise called Philadelphia. That this patriot who practically gave his life and fortune for liberty, should have suffered thus in a debtor's prison is one of the grimmest instances of the irony of fate.

There is scarce a scrap of information extant, bearing upon the subject, that does not go to prove that the generation which lived in the time of our Revolution was far less merciful and tender-hearted than that of the period of our Civil War. Our ancestors, it is true, put up a just cry of horror at the brutal treatment of their captive countrymen in the prisonships and hulks of Great Britain. So great and bitter was their indignation that money was stamped with representations of the atrocities of which they complained, that their descendants to the remotest date might hold in remembrance the cruelty of the British and the suffering of the patriots. Yet even then the face of our country was dotted with

prisons where deeds of cruelty were done, in comparison with which the foulest acts committed in the hulks sink into insignificance. For more than fifty years after our independence was achieved there was in Connecticut an underground prison that almost equaled in horrors the infamous cells of Carlisle Castle or the Black Hole of Calcutta. This den, known as the Newgate Prison, was an old worked-out copper mine in the hills near Granby. The only entrance to it was by means of a ladder down a shaft that led to the caverns under ground. There, in little pens of wood, from thirty to one hundred culprits were immured, their feet made fast to iron bars, and their necks chained to beams in the roof. The darkness was intense; the caves reeked with filth; water trickled from the roof and oozed from the sides, and masses of earth were continually falling off. In the dampness and filth the clothing of the prisoners grew mouldy and rotted away, and their limbs became stiff with rheumatism. The Newgate prison was perhaps the worst in the country, yet in every county were jails such as now would be thought unfit places for housing cattle. At Northampton the cells were scarce four feet high, and filled with noxious gases from the fetid vaults through which they were supposed to be ventilated. Light came in from two chinks in the wall. At the Worcester prison there were a number of like cells, four feet high by eleven long, without a window or chimney or even a hole in the wall. Not a ray of light ever penetrated them. In other jails in Massachusetts the cells were so small that the prisoners were lodged in hammocks swung one over the other. In Philadelphia the keeps were eighteen feet by twenty feet, and so crowded that at night each prisoner had a space six feet by two to lie down in.

Into such pits and dungeons all classes of offenders of both sexes were indiscriminately thrust. Here and there among the throng were culprits whose ears had just been cropped, or whose arms were fresh from the branding iron. The entire system of punishment was such as cannot be contemplated without mingled feelings of horror, pity, and disgust. Offenses to which a more merciful generation has attached no higher

penalty than brief imprisonment and fine, stood upon the statute books as capital crimes. Modes of punishment long since driven from the prisons with execration as only worthy of an African kraal were looked upon by society with profound indifference. The tread-mill was always going. The pillory and stocks were never empty. The shears, the branding iron, and the lash, were never idle for a day. In Philadelphia the wheel-barrow men went about the streets in fettered gangs or appeared with huge clogs and chains hung to their necks. In Delaware twenty crimes were capital. In Massachusetts ten crimes were so declared to be by the General Court. There the man who in a fit of anger or intoxication was heard swearing or speaking evil of his neighbors, was first set in the stocks, and then carted off to the whipping post and soundly flogged. In Rhode Island, for many offenses, a perpetual mark of shame was adjudged to be a fitting punishment. A counterfeiter was punishable there with the loss of a piece of his ear, and distinguished from other criminals by a large C deeply branded on his arm. Keepers knew no other mode of silencing the ravings of the insane than by tying them up by the thumbs and flogging them until they were too exhausted to utter a groan.

The misery of the unfortunate creatures cooped up in the cells, even of the most humanely kept prisons, was equal in horror to the most harrowing conceptions of fiction. No attendance was provided for the sick. No clothes were distributed to the naked. Such a thing as a bed was rarely seen, and being found soon became so foul that the owner dispensed with it gladly. Many of the inmates of the prisons passed years without facilities for washing themselves. Their hair grew long; their clothing rotted from their backs and exposed their bodies tormented with all manner of diseases. The death rate often stood as high as sixty to the thousand. As if such torments were not hard enough to bear, others were added by the half-crazed prisoners. No sooner did a new-comer enter the door of a cell than a rush was made for him by the inmates, who stripped him of his clothing and left him standing naked till it was redeemed by what in the peculiar jargon



of the place was known as "drink money." It sometimes happened that a prisoner was in possession of a carefully preserved blanket. In spite of prayers and entreaties the miserable wretch was bound, thrown upon his blanket, and tossed till he was ready to give his tormentors every superfluous garment he had, for them to sell. With the tolls thus exacted liquor was bought, a revel held, and when bad rum and bad tobacco had done their work the few sober individuals left witnessed such scenes as would be thought shocking in the vilest dance-houses to be found along the wharves of our seaboard cities.

I am not unconscious of the crying evils in the great cities today, of the misery and infamy of the tenement house system, of the noxious growths in our country from alien sources, but the criminal statistics of these cities show a marked improvement in the twenty years between, 1870 and 1890, and the inquiries in Boston and other Massachusetts towns, by the Massachusetts Historical Society coincide in result with investigations made in New York.

Nor am I unconscious of the merciless greed for wealth, its arrogance, its irresponsibility and intense selfishness, and the cynical spirit it fosters and disseminates; the corruption in politics and folly in legislation; the burdens, inequalities, and dishonesties, of taxation; the cunning devices for fleecing the many in the interests of the few, — from seductive shares of colossal trusts manipulated by our so-called best citizens, to the tin-horn gambling of a common street rogue; the envy, unrest, and distrust, among the masses, and the smothered resentments and manifest distress of the wronged and suffering.

A Boston critic attacked the ethics of Bellamy's "Looking Backward," decrying as exaggerated fiction the vivid features it imparts to the selfishness, follies, vices, and misery, of today. We cannot regard them as exaggerated. Let the columns of the daily press testify to the shameful record of crime and human depravity; let the scores of murders committed in San Francisco during the past few years testify to the brutality and atrocities that still prevail. All slavery in the United States was not abolished

by Lincoln's proclamation. There is slavery, still slavery, when little children with gaunt frames must toil in factories for a wretched existence; when in self-satisfied Phariseism, or, worse still, Sadduceism, we see unconcerned the souls, if not the bodies, of our fellow creatures fettered and in bondage; and there is wickedness in our supine acquiescence in the wrong, and in all the misery, infamy, and crying evils in the great cities of today. But in the vast aggregate of human affairs these deplorable conditions are the exception not the rule. Numerous as they are, bad as they are, saddening as the shocking disregard of justice, morals, and human life is, much as such a state of things needs reformation, the evils that afflict humanity are sporadic, not epidemic. The main current of human society in Christendom is wholesome, its happenings benignant, its dominant aspirations are for righteousness, peace and good will, and the general welfare.

The bad influences mentioned will ultimately be reformed or alleviated by a fraternal spirit of co-operation in life's duties and the bearing of life's burdens. I know that at every suggestion of such a reformation's being in progress, of the ultimate triumph of Truth, the final reign of Peace, Dives may sneer and sceptics mock; but I know, too, that less than fifty years ago William Lloyd Garrison was dragged through the streets of Boston, dumb with the ignominy heaped upon him for daring to raise his voice against human slavery; that Lovejoy was shot down in Illinois for a like offense; and I have myself seen Cassius M. Clay with pistols placed conveniently on the table before him for protection, as with impassioned eloquence he protested against the same abomination. Today these men are recognized as patriots and martyrs, and to such of them as have gone before is ascribed by universal faith the bliss of fellowship with the blest in the glorious Beyond; while African slavery has been abolished throughout the length and breadth of Christendom, and is doomed to be soon effaced in every part of the world.

I am not sufficiently familiar with Mr. Henry George's teachings to speak intelligently of them, but in his single tax

views I do not understand him to advocate paternalism, but the doctrine that, for revenue purposes in particular, a fairer distribution of taxes might be secured by imposing them upon the land alone than that which is had now and which brings a result admittedly unequal and unjust to the masses. If we look to Great Britain and remember that a few generations ago chimneys and windows of houses were taxed to raise revenue; that salt, for the same purpose, was taxed forty times its value; we can appreciate how crude and unwise the laws and conditions of society were. They are still crude and unwise, despite all advancement.

But since so much has already been achieved, we may reasonably believe a peaceful and orderly way will be found to mitigate all the evils spoken of. Society is morally bound, first, to provide for the poor; second, to institute honest legislation which will tend to lessen poverty and crime. To effect these objects society has the right to resort to taxation, and this taxation may be imposed upon property either uniformly or differentially; as the judgment and conscience of the people may decide; in other words, the superfluous wealth may properly be made the subject of differential taxation and thus compelled to contribute its due proportion toward the care and support of its twin brother, pauperism.

We ought to provide schools of elementary training for the development of every beneficent human faculty, moral as well as intellectual and physical,—training which will be a power in the hands of its possessors, for daily use; training which results in practical works; training which fosters the attributes of character as well as the accumulation of knowledge; and which will be a contribution to the sum of public virtue, as well as that of general intelligence, an element both of strength and dignity to the State. It should embrace ethics as well as letters, teaching exact and rigid rules of right, and inculcating temperance, purity, and patience to acquire a mastery of the true conditions of enlightened manhood, and all the distinguishing characteristics of a pure and elevated Christian civilization.

Balzac gave expression fifty years ago

to the idea that maintaining a monarchy was a necessity, saying, "The suffrage, if granted to all, will give us government by the masses—the only government that is irresponsible, and whose tyranny will be without check because exercised under the name of law." Yet today France is a prosperous republic. And fifty years ago Daniel Webster expressed the opinion that the region then known as Oregon was so far off that it could never be governed by the United States, and that its delegate to Congress could not reach Washington until a year after the expiration of his term. Yet today an Oregon or Washington member of Congress can reach the national capital in less time than many of the members from the original thirteen States could when Webster uttered his mistaken prophecy.

Leave the first eighteen hundred years of the Christian era out of consideration,—and yet, to use Lowell's words, 'T is a far cry from the cave-dwellers' A. D. 1 to A. D. 1800,—then think what a tremendous onward movement of the race has been manifested within a century throughout what we call Christendom,—in Russia and Austro-Hungary (even Mahometan Turkey) to a remarkable degree; in Italy and Germany not less so; in France yet more; and in Great Britain and the United States to an extent that if a man could have gone to sleep at the close of the eighteenth century to be held in that state until today, he would, on being awakened, witness a transformation of social conditions that he would deem a miracle—a change of scene not less astonishing than that romantically depicted by Mr. Bellamy in his "Looking Backward."

It seems not unreasonable to believe that within the next hundred years, by progressive development, the conditions of being and the social relations among mankind will be ameliorated and improved in probably as great a proportion as they have been within the hundred years past. In our own country, with fifteen millions of children at school and 160,000 churches as the votive offering of an intelligent community, the growing development of steam and electric power in rapid transit of all kinds, the public press, the telegraph and the telephone,

and other modern appliances to disseminate knowledge, along with the free discussion of individual opinions, we are not likely to retrograde, but rather to advance. I know not what possible convulsions, if any, are in store for us from socialism, but I am trustful that if such there be, the people will stop short of the line of sheer destructiveness, whatever harm they may have to endure temporarily. The safeguard of free institutions is that the people are at perfect liberty to discuss things, wise or unwise, and as firmly disposed to hold fast to that which is good.

Probably one of the most inspiring examples of faith in political liberty under adverse circumstances that we have had in modern times is that of Condorcet, who, during the French Revolution, proscribed, and finally dying, possibly by his own hand, did yet during the days of agonizing apprehension preceding his death, set forth in a remarkable literary work with clearness and cogency the blessings of liberty, showing that the excesses of the French Revolution were but incidents that would pass by, and that following them would come blessings to the many as the result of the upheaval which then convulsed France in the throes of frightful and bloody anarchy. But, as has been said by Lowell, the healing of the nations is not so much in the storm or in the whirlwind, not so much in monarchies, or aristocracies, or democracies, as in the still, small voice that speaks to the conscience and the heart.

The basis of continued progress is inherent love of liberty, conservatism jealous of advances already attained, and greatest of all, the implanting in the human race, within the last nineteen hundred

years, of a principle that lifts it upward and propels it onward. And this principle, unknown to or blindly rejected by ancient civilizations, has entered into the vital consciousness of mankind, most certainly of Christendom. Whether we term it altruism, as Comte did, the science of humanity, as Renan did, or Christianity, it is incontestably the potent and abiding force in the upward march of humanity. Moreover, no discussion, no troublous times because of vexed or burning questions, will thwart the benefits to be derived therefrom by a people so inspired and kindly disposed, so essentially industrious, so zealous for the betterment of each individual in his intellectual, moral, and spiritual nature, as those of the United States.

Man, with his gaze concentrated through the ages upon merely selfish and finite objects, naturally displayed a ferocity in the struggle for physical existence. As the poet says (referring to men), they sometimes grew to be like devils:—

And then they knew,  
At their own cost, what each man cometh to,  
When every pleasure from his life is gone,  
And hunger and desire of life alone,  
Beget dull rage and bestial fears.

But as the scales fall from man's spiritual eye his vision grows keener, his mental powers expand, and the centuries unfold, bringing into relief, like the breaking of day, diviner questions and needs which lay all hidden and unrevealed in the moral and intellectual darkness of the past, from which he is permitted ever farther to emerge, and lo,

The sunburst of a new morn come to earth,  
Not yet, alas, broad day but day's white birth,  
Which promiseth, and blesseth promising.

*John J. Valentine.*



## COMMERCE NOT AN ACCIDENT.

BY CHAS. E. NAYLOR.



PREAD out your map of the world and note the similarity between the general locations and surroundings of two groups of small islands,—one on each side of the globe; each within touch of vast continents and empires; each independent of the rest of the world; one, Great Britain, now the mistress of the seas, and the other, Japan, whose people are as ambitious as the Romans of old. Both are making history fast.

Speaking of Japan; have you noticed of late how active her people are becoming in the development of home products and home navigation? The other day, you know, she thrashed big China and established her political supremacy in the Orient. She is now attending to business. Little Japan has brainy statesmen, long-headed financiers; good businessmen with broad, practical ideas; she is manufacturing, producing, and exporting, more and more each year and already has the balance of trade in her favor. With a foresight remarkably clear, recognizing the value of commerce to a nation, knowing that commerce does not happen by accident, Japan has already decided to carry her exports and imports as well as her over-the-ocean passengers and mails in ships owned and controlled in Japan. And this even though to do so the entire people must contribute, through the public treasury, to the cost of building and sailing the ships, while we, "the pioneers of progress," are paying vessels of foreign flags \$300,000,000 or more

every year, for transporting our mails, freights, and passengers, to and from the ports of this country, and at the same time taxing our own shipping as though it were an enemy rather than our best friend.

This movement of these modern Lilliputians, although only the A-B-C of wise statesmanship and navigation, is attracting general attention and comment throughout the commercial world, because Japan is looked upon as a comparatively new member of civilized nations,—in fact is rated as only semi-civilized. And yet, unless we (highly cultured Anglo-European Americans) awaken to the seriousness of the present situation and show a more keen appreciation of our own wonderful resources and possibilities, we shall have many lessons to learn from this bright Oriental "semi-civilized" people. This race of little brown men who have so recently entered the arena as active competitors are forging ahead in every line of trade, science, and manufactures, at a speed that indicates an understanding and an eye to the future, worthy of emulation.

As an object lesson to patriotic Americans let us read the following extract from the latest report of United States Consul General McIver, located at Kanagawa, to the State Department at Washington, showing among other items that Japan exported last year nearly six times as much in value to the United States as she imported from the United States:—

The total value of exports was \$68,093,662, and of imports \$65,921,895. Of this amount the United States is credited with \$27,554,674 for exports, and \$4,730,743 for imports. The cus-

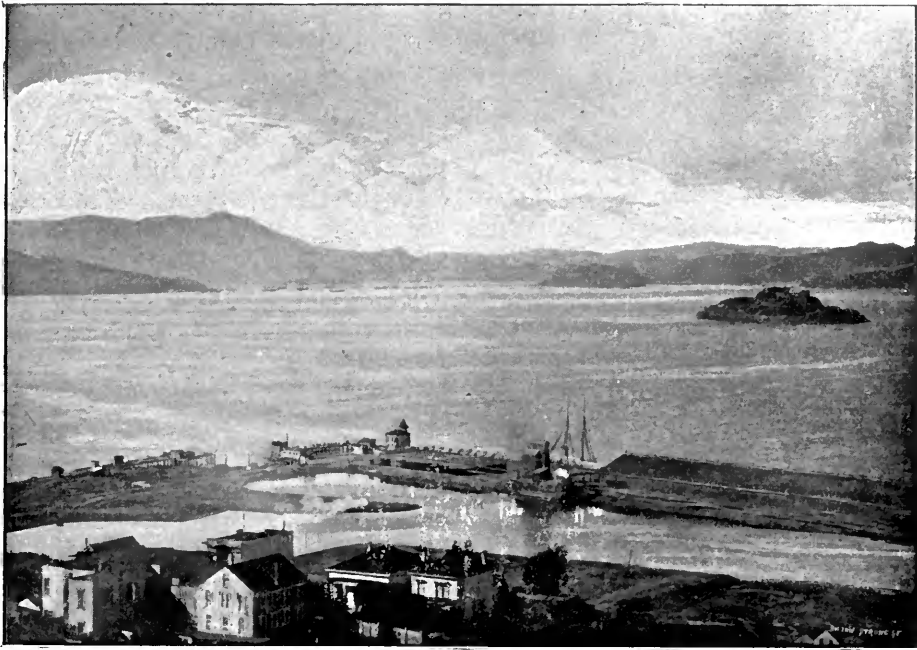


Photo by Taber

UPPER SAN FRANCISCO BAY, FROM NORTH BEACH.

tom duties collected were: For exports, \$1,159,281; imports, \$2,161,809; miscellaneous, \$88,045, making a total of \$3,409,135. During the year, 1,863 steamers and 1,000 sailing vessels entered the ports of Japan from foreign countries. Of these 96 were American, 987 British, and 371 German. Forty-nine American steamers and sailing vessels were engaged in the coastwise trade of Japan, as against 761 British, 104 French, and 181 German. Japan exported \$1,423,895 of gold and \$12,499,970 of silver bullion. She imported bullion to the value of \$525,255 in gold, \$2,470,568 in silver.

I trust that readers will dwell long enough upon the above facts to absorb all the inspiration that may be derived from this humiliating showing now made by our once proud merchant marine in comparison with lesser states. This is a single example which might be more than repeated in other parts of the world. As another recognized indication of our lost prestige on the international highways of commerce allow me to invoke still further the attention of thinking Americans by a brief quotation from a

retrospective article in a recent issue of the *London Shipping World*:—

In the days of the American packet ships, Liverpool used to celebrate Independence Day with all due honor, but now it is passed over almost without notice. We learn from an old mariner who commanded a famous clipper of the early forties that it used to be the custom of the American Consul at Liverpool to entertain at dinner on the Fourth of July a hundred or more American captains and residents in Liverpool.

This is but a floating message that tells the world of a wreck;  
 The story of where and how and when can be had from the men on deck.  
 It indicates that once there were American ships afloat,  
 As good as any, in every port where anchored a merchant boat.  
 It shows the respect commanded by, and the honor respectfully paid  
 To the nation that on land and sea, her prestige so well had made.  
 But to those who are proud of Old Glory, and the land of our daddies all,  
 The message tells but a truthful tale of our American Eagle's fall.



Photo by Taber.

FORT WINFIELD SCOTT, AT THE GOLDEN GATE.

The decay of our American merchant marine, which is represented today by barely the tonnage over which the Stars and Stripes floated in 1810, is an indication that the spirit of self-dependence which pervaded this nation in 1776 is practically an extinct or at best a dormant sentiment. It is a humiliating admission of the fact that though victorious in war, in peace we have been out-generaled, outwitted, and completely routed, in the most important occupation of international contest; that in open field, on the broad, free ocean where supremacy means prosperity, power, wealth, happiness, for the nation's people, and defeat means the loss of that for which we struggled in war, we have been ignominiously subjugated. Truly it has been said, "Peace hath her victories," but unfortunately for our present predicament in commerce these victories are not for those who lightly value them. "Selfishness defeats its own ends." Our consuming anxiety for individual wealth and vast personal accumulations, directly contrary to the basic principles of our institutions, has, it would seem, seriously clouded the vision of our boasted patriotism and checked the growth of the nation as a whole.

We have so far only considered commerce from a national standpoint, because it is the international trade that we should control through national action

largely, and while there are State lines for political purposes still the aggregation is one country, and we are all a part of one nation whose people, cosmopolitan though they be, are still one people, and who everywhere love, honor, cherish, and defend, one flag, the glorious old Star Spangled Banner, whose broad folds spread from the Gulf in the south to the Lakes in the north and from east to west kiss the shores of two oceans, and whose bright stars twinkle in an azure sky over the devoted heads of seventy million freemen, giving assurance of liberty and protection to every true son and daughter, native or adopted. At the same time it is proper and necessary that we be patriotic in our devotion to State development, for of the States the nation is composed. *We* should be proud of *our* State and make every reasonable effort to add to her prosperity and thus strengthen that Union upon which so much depends.

Let Californians cast about them; study the geography and the geology of the "land we live in"; see what "Nature and Nature's God" have given us (not by accident) for an heritage; look upon the broad, fertile, undulating valleys, with their untold wealth hidden (not by accident) in the secret womb of the productive soil; look upon the mighty mountain ranges where precious stores of gold and silver rest (not by accident), awaiting our needs and enterprise; look upon the beautiful rivers fed by the melting snows from the everlasting hills (not by accident) and flowing in bounteous irrigation and sumptuous transportation missions into our great land-locked harbors, unsurpassed for safety, capacity, and beauty, in the wide world. And realize, then, that from here we may reach the markets of all nations, carrying to them our rich products in our own

ships at the cheapest possible rates *if we will*, controlling our own destinies through the agency of commerce, *but not by accident*. And think that we have made laws by which we prefer the ships of foreign flags to our own, and that to them we pay nearly all our freight money, while our own shipping is languishing in idleness; and say whether this is the part of wisdom and patriotism or not. Our people

are in demand everywhere, and all have gone to work digging and planting and producing, unmindful of the important factor of getting the products of their toil and soil to the markets of the world at a reasonable cost. Until at last, as net returns began to wane by reason of lower prices, the result of the increased producing area of the world and consequent competition in foreign markets and inad-



Photo by G. W. Reed

THE CITY FRONT OF SAN FRANCISCO.

have not overlooked these vast resources of California, for the mines of gold and silver and the fields of cereals and fruits which betoken a wealth beyond calculation have peopled this State with treasure-seekers from almost every country and of every tongue. All have recognized the fact that here might be found and produced with slight exertion (less exertion than elsewhere) those things that

equate protection of our home products, it has dawned upon us that the cost of marketing California's annual yield is often beyond the price received, and so millions of acres remain idle, useless, and in debt. And the end is not; commerce is our hope. Shall we encourage or destroy it?

The progress downward of our merchant marine, so far as the experience

of California and the other Pacific Coast States goes, may be found in the following authentic figures taken from the last annual report of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, and showing the variation and decline in shipbuilding for the years named:—

YEAR	GROSS TONNAGE.
1889.....	8,544
1890.....	12,063
1891.....	9,703
1892.....	9,885
1893.....	2,897
1894.....	2,577
1895.....	1,580

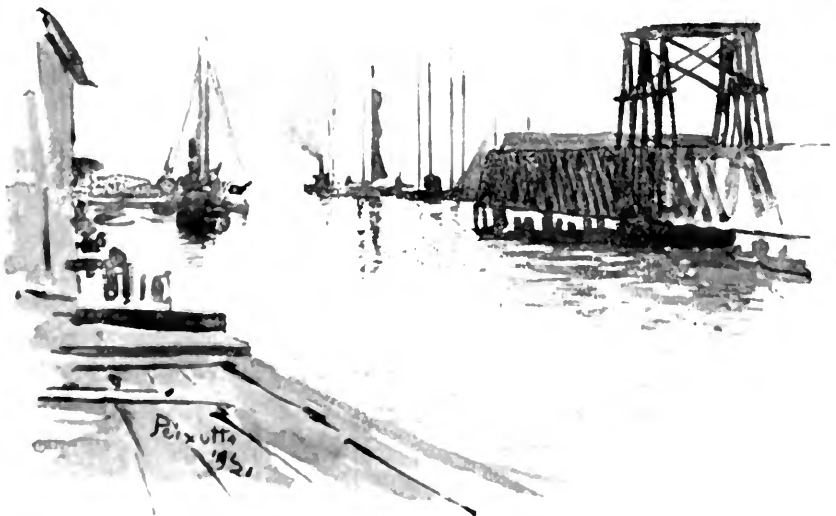
As a comparison, we find that according to Lloyd's reports at the end of June, shipbuilding was lively in Great Britain, there being among the list seven vessels of over eight thousand tons capacity each in course of construction, one of which was of the enormous capacity of eleven thousand tons. And while much of our shipping is idle for want of profitable occupation, largely due to the thoughtless burdens imposed, and the preference given in our legislation to the ships of other nations, we read in the

latest issue of the London *Mariner* the following statement:—

The Steamer *Willowdene*, on a voyage of 132 days, has earned £7,559. After paying all expenses a dividend of £20 a share has been paid the shareholders. The ship cost £9,600, so that she has paid over 13 per cent in that time. We understand that the shareholders have received in thirteen months £2,880, which is nearly 27½ per cent per annum upon their capital invested. This looks big, but it is none too large in an investment where depreciation is rapid and considerable.

I cannot close this discouraging view of the condition of our national and State navigation, without injecting a ray of hope, for I note with great satisfaction that this question is now commanding the attention of leading statesmen throughout the Union. I take pleasure in quoting the following from the letter of acceptance recently issued by the Hon. William McKinley, and have faith to believe that if elected President he will not permit this declaration to become a dead letter:—

The policy of discriminating duties in favor of our shipping which prevailed in the early years



MISSION CREEK DRAW BRIDGE.



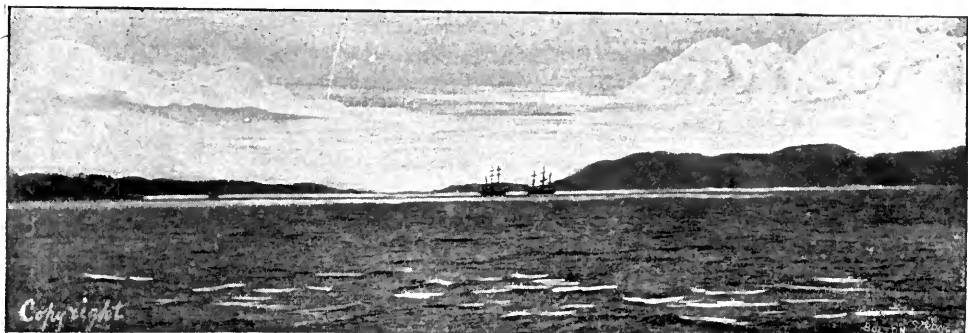


Photo by G. W. Reed.

THE GOLDEN GATE.

of our history should be again promptly adopted by Congress and vigorously supported until our prestige and supremacy on the seas is fully attained. We should no longer contribute directly or indirectly to the maintenance of the colossal marine of foreign countries, but provide an efficient and complete marine of our own now that the American navy is assuming a position commensurate with our importance as a nation, a policy I am glad to observe the Republican platform strongly endorses. We must supplement it with a merchant marine that will give us the advantages in both our coastwise and foreign trade that we ought naturally and properly to enjoy. It should at once be a matter of public policy and national pride to repossess this immense and prosperous trade.

Of all the questions affecting our material prosperity that today confront the American people this is one of the most vital. We are now paying, as mentioned above, one foreign country alone through its shipowners, upwards of \$300,000,000 annually for freight and passenger service. If this considerable sum were kept

at home and distributed among our foundries, ship-carpenters, and other artisans, and by them disbursed throughout the land, instead of being sent to other countries, who will dare to deny that great benefits would result to our people? But I must leave some thoughts for another day and can only hope that "The American Boy," who will shortly take charge of our Ship of State, may be imbued by reading these reflections with a true understanding of the loss his country has sustained by neglecting and abusing its ocean commerce, and that he may be inspired with a determination to assist in rebuilding our merchant navy, which in the near future through his efforts shall dot the broad oceans with the white-winged messengers of American commerce, announcing to the world the dawning of an era of American prestige on the high seas heretofore unknown, "for by his voice alone he may do it."

*Charles E. Naylor.*





Photo by Taber

THE MOUNT HAMILTON DRIVE.

## THE GOOD ROADS MOVEMENT AND THE CALIFORNIA BUREAU OF HIGHWAYS.

### II.



THE idea advocated by McKinley, however, was advanced in California three years earlier, by Mr. Maude, when he first began his campaign for remedial measures. As a result, California's Bureau of Highways was organized with similar objects, and the Commissioners will report to the next Legislature, in 1896-7. In securing the materials for this report, the Commissioners will have traveled over eight thousand miles by team. The law requires them to visit every county, at least once a year. As there are fifty-seven counties, this compels a trip to more than one county each week.

A complete set of blank forms is in use,

which are sent to various county officers, to be filled up with answers to the questions necessary to an understanding of county methods. Blank questions to Auditors call for financial information, amount appropriated for road funds, road poll-tax, bond issues, etc.; to Clerks, regarding titles to rights of way, method of doing work, keeping the books, etc; Assessors, valuations of property; Surveyors, mileage of roads, method of surveying, condition of records, etc.; Supervisors, similar questions; and to citizens, general questions, asking for their recommendations.

It is difficult, if not impossible, to secure absolutely correct information, in many of the counties, owing to the manner in which county records are kept. Not a county in the State can tell to a



SUPERVISOR THOMAS R. KNOX,  
A PIONEER IN THE GOOD ROADS MOVEMENT.

mile, the exact number of miles of roads in the county, nor can they tell the number of bridges, the kind of bridges, whether wood or iron, and how much they have cost. When the county of Riverside was formed out of portions of San Diego and San Bernardino, there was a general appraisalment of county property and settlement between the two old counties and the new county. There were bridges and roads in the portions of each of the old counties allotted to the new county, the cost of which had been contributed to by each of the old counties. To ascertain the proportion of the valuation to which each was entitled to an allowance for, ten commissioners were appointed, five for Riverside-San Diego and five for Riverside-San Bernardino. These commissioners were unable, however, to ascertain how many bridges there were, what expenditures had been made for them, and which counties had

paid for them. The question could not be settled and it never will be decided, owing to the lack of proper county records of bridges being kept.

The great question in road construction, is the cost of the material for macadamization, "road metal," as it is technically called. One of the unique features of California road building, is the preparation of macadam by the State, through the employment of convict labor, on the prison grounds. On the grounds of the Folsom Penitentiary, there is an unlimited supply of basalt, or trap rock, diorite, the very best material for road metal. The State also owns an enormous water power. It has a constant force at any hour of the day or night, throughout the year, of twelve hundred horse-power, with which to operate the rock-crushing plant and other machinery of the prison.

The Folsom Power Construction Company, organized for the generation and transmission of electric power, from the



J. L. MAUDE,  
COMMISSIONER CALIFORNIA BUREAU OF HIGHWAYS.

water power of the American river, was compelled to run its power canal through the State Prison grounds of the Folsom Penitentiary. It purchased the right of way from the State, and also five hundred thousand hours of convict labor, giving the State in payment the right to use power to be obtained from a four-foot drop of its canal within the prison grounds. At this point, the State power house is constructed. Besides the rock crushing done by this power, the electric lighting and ice making for the prison are executed by it. Every cell has now an incandescent electric light. There are nearly one thousand convicts at the prison. Many



THE HIGHWAY COMMISSIONERS' TRAVELING OUTFIT.

of them are employed in quarrying and crushing rock, preparing it for distribution throughout the State for use on the roads, without cost to the counties using it further than a nominal charge to cover oil and waste for the machinery, and the cost of transportation. Very low freight rates are made on this crushed rock by the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, This company follows the same liberal policy adopted by all the leading transportation companies of the United States, who transport road material either for nothing or at rates barely covering actual cost of handling.

The question of the competition of con-

vict labor with free labor in California has for a long time been a serious one. Were it not for this question, it is estimated that the State could, by turning this water power into productive manufactures, realize a net profit of five hundred thousand dollars per annum. The agitation of the labor unions, however, has resulted in closing down the prison furniture, harness, and other factories, and no producing employment is open to the convicts at Folsom Penitentiary except that of working upon the rock crusher in the preparation of road material.

The employment of convicts on this work cannot be consistently objected to. It actually creates labor on the outside, by procuring employment for free labor in the distribution and final placing of the road metal prepared by the convicts. Without the use of this cheap State-prepared rock, macadamized roads could only be constructed to a limited extent, owing to the great cost of the macadam. Without this material, therefore, the employment created for labor on the outside would be lost. Nevertheless, even this outlet for the energies of the convicts has not entirely escaped criticism.

A walking delegate, not long since, visited one of the gentlemen active in this work, for the purpose of protesting against the employment of the convicts in this manner. After announcing his mission, he was asked, "If you object to convicts being employed at any kind of producing labor, what do you think of a man who would use prison-made goods?"

"I have no use for him, whatever," replied the walking delegate.

"Oh, you have n't! Well, where did you buy that hat?"

"I bought it at ———."

"You did! Well that hat was made in the penitentiary at Frankfort, Kentucky. Where did you get those overalls?"

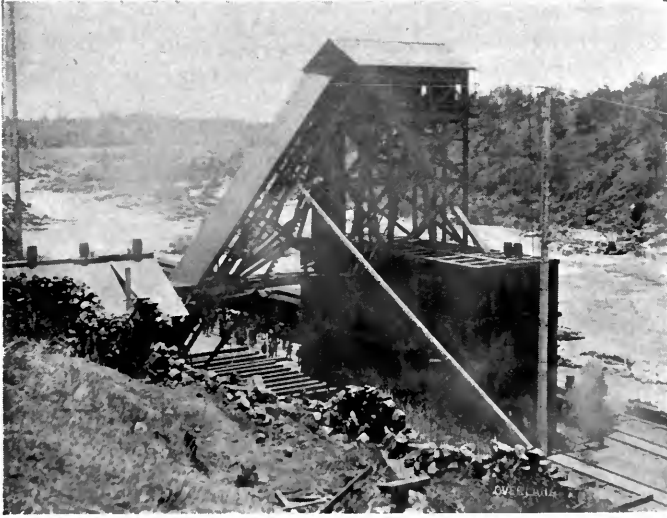


Photo by Convicts

THE FOLSOM ROCK BUNKERS.

“At ——.”

“Your overalls were made, then, at the Moyamensing Penitentiary, Philadelphia. I see that your shoes came from the Nashville Penitentiary. You have a Jackson wagon; that was made in the Jackson Penitentiary, and your harness shows that it was made in the Columbus Penitentiary.”

And the walking delegate could argue no further.

The Folsom rock crusher is the largest crusher in the United States. Its capacity at full velocity, is 110 tons per hour, almost two tons of crushed rock per minute. It weighs, with the bunkers, when full of rock, nearly five million pounds. The foundation is thirty-four feet deep, in solid rock, filled up with granite blocks eighteen inches by three feet by eight feet. The machinery for this crusher was built in San Francisco, by the same iron works that constructed the United States war ships Oregon, Monterey, and Olympia, the Union Iron Works. It cost the State thirty thousand dollars for the machinery alone, which was put together and erected by prison

labor. If done by ordinary labor, the total cost would have been about one hundred thousand dollars.

The roads of California are entirely controlled by the county supervisors. The rock is supplied to them at twenty-five cents per ton at the crusher. Transportation varies from twenty-five cents per ton to one dollar and fifty cents. Owing to the cost of transportation over long distances, the material can only be shipped to points within a radius of one hundred and fifty miles from the crusher. Within distances of fifty miles of the crusher roads can be built cheaper than in any State of the Union. The lowest cost of macadam, outside of California, is in Massachusetts, where the material costs one dollar per ton delivered at the railroad station.

Of the total mileage of 40,000 miles of roads in California, about forty per cent, or sixteen thousand miles, is in the valleys and level lands; the remainder is over mountainous country. Only a few counties have good roads, from the ordinary standpoint, principally Napa, Santa Clara, Santa Cruz, San Luis Obispo, and

Riverside. While some of these have very good ordinary roads, and Santa Clara county has an extensive system of very fine watered roads, yet, from the standpoint of a road engineer, there are not over one hundred miles of first-class road in California. From the wheelman's standpoint, and compared with such roads as the celebrated Lancaster pike in Pennsylvania, from Philadelphia to Lancaster, about eighty-five miles, or the road from the Delaware Water Gap through Bushkill, to Dingman's, twenty-six miles, in New Jersey, there is but one stretch of road suitable for comparison in the entire State of California; that is, from Oakland to San José and on to Gilroy, about eighty-five miles. Even this road, good in some places, is very bad in others. It can by no means be compared for uniformity, to the roads above mentioned, nor is any short section of it as good as those roads are throughout their entire length.

One of the prominent examples of California road-building is the road from San José to Mount Hamilton, known as the Mount Hamilton Road. When James Lick left his great bequest to this State, for an astronomical observatory on Mount Hamilton, it was upon the condition that the citizens of San José and Santa Clara county construct a proper roadway from San José to the observatory. It was a formidable undertaking at that time. The road was finally completed, twenty-eight miles long, at a cost of ninety thousand dollars. The last seven miles is a uniform grade, up Mount Hamilton. It has many turns and is full of picturesque incidents. Because of the beauty of the surrounding scenery, together with the great telescope on the top of the mountain, this road is known all over the world. Many noted sight-seers from this and foreign countries have traveled over it.

The Mount Hamilton Road, however, is a striking illustration of the desirability of a scientific State road management. It is estimated that a better road than the present one, owing to its location, could be built for fifty thousand dollars, a saving of nearly half of the total cost. It was so laid out that a small mountain has to be climbed first and descended, before the main ascent is begun. By taking a course around this hill, it could have been avoided, and a continuous ascent secured.

A specimen of road engineering of California's early mining era, is the Lake Tahoe drive, from Placerville, over the Sierra Nevada mountains, to Lake Tahoe, sixty miles. This road is a relic worthy the feats of the Incas, in Peruvian road-building. During the Washoe mining excitement, in 1860-61, a freight and passenger traffic passed over this road greater than is now carried by the Central Pacific railroad. A member of the present Bureau of Highways has counted in those days three hundred and fifty teams stopping en route at one hotel on the line of this road in one night. Many of these were teams of twenty mules each, dragging three immense wagons in train. The road has walls of masonry sixty feet high in places. From the summit of the mountains, a view is had of twenty-five miles across the valley, and seven miles to the bottom, the range of vision crossing four loops of the road in its winding descent. Each of these turns is wide enough so that the twenty-mule teams could straighten out across them, with their wagon trains.

Aside from the general condition of the roads, California has some notable drives. Considering them with the famous drives of the East, such as Riverside drive, of New York, overlooking the Hudson River, Fairmount Park drive, along the banks of the Schuylkill river, Wissahickon

drive, of Philadelphia, the old Virginia Turnpike, at Richmond, or the Boulevards of Chicago, all the products of a century of intellectual progress, the California drives lose nothing by the comparison. This State probably has more noted drives than any one Eastern State. If they lack anything in the detail of road construction or character of road surface, it is more than compensated for by the

long and about one hundred feet wide. The surface is entirely composed of beaten lava, ground into shape by the passing of many vehicles, and as smooth as any Eastern boulevard.

The traffic on the California and Hawaiian drives mentioned is chiefly pleasure vehicles of sight-seers. They come from all over the world to visit these roads on account of the famous



Photo by Watkins.

DRIVE IN GOLDEN GATE PARK.

superb scenic surroundings. The Golden Gate Park and Presidio drives of San Francisco, the Seventeen Mile Drive, at Monterey, Magnolia Avenue, Riverside, the drives of Coronado Beach and San Diego, the two latter about thirty miles, the Mount Hamilton and Lake Tahoe drives, — all these drives have splendid road-beds (some of them of macadam or asphalt) with landscape settings of unsurpassed beauty, which have made them world-famous.

One of the most interesting and curious roads near California, is the road in Hawaii, from Hilo, to the Volcano of Kilauea. In 1852, there was an eruption of this volcano, the molten lava flowing for thirty miles towards Hilo. This road is built on that lava. It is thirty miles

scenery. In this particular, no roads in the world compare with them.

Few wagon roads lead out of San Francisco. Of the few that do, there is not one which at some period of the year is not practically impassable for ordinary vehicles, either from mud or dust. The main business thoroughfare of San Francisco, Market street, is still paved with cobble stones. An organization has recently been formed there, called the Cycle Dealers' Board of Trade, whose principal avowed object is the uniting of all the bicycle and other public organizations in a movement for the repaving of Market street. The only means that bicyclists in San Francisco have of reaching the chief exit from the city, via the railroad and Oakland ferries, is by riding

at great risk, upon the iron slot of the cable railway, about four inches wide. And this through the most crowded portion of the city, where all the lines of the city concentrate upon this one street.

One of the most ambitious road projects of California is that of the proposed "San Francisco-San José boulevard," advocated by the *San Francisco Call*. If this scheme reaches fruition, it will make a drive forty-five miles long, through the "garden spot" of the State, that could be made a subject of creditable comparison with the great Eastern drives.

While the main streets of San José are

was actually left buried in the middle of the street, because the mud was so deep they could not get him out. Through the use of Folsom rock, however, they now have in Stockton some of the best roads in the State.

During the rainy season, the deep black mud in portions of Sacramento, was formerly a sight worth a special trip to witness. Many of the citizens were compelled to make long detours to reach their homes, or else, wade through seas of mud. These streets are now undergoing improvement with Folsom rock.

This condition, however, is not singular to California. The picture is a familiar one in good roads editions of papers in Eastern States. Nor should it be taken from the foregoing, that the roads of California are exceptionally bad. On the contrary, the same things have happened in populous towns of Illinois, Maryland, and even in the crack State of New Jersey. California roads will compare favorably, in the general average, in those sections where roads have been constructed, with the roads of any State in the Union, excepting, perhaps, States like New York, New Jersey, Ohio, Massachusetts, where organized road work has been prosecuted for some time. Large sections of California are undeveloped, and have no roads at all worthy of the name. In these sections the roads, if any sign of them exist, still remain in the early "trail" stage. It would hardly be a fair comparison to consider these unsettled sections with older States, which have undergone many years of development and growth.

The unsettled condition of the roads, however, in those sections where they have already been built, is not due, by any means, to the lack of money, but rather to the lack of organization in administrative methods. Thirty million dollars have been expended on California



Photo by Taber.

EIGHTH STREET, OAKLAND.

well paved, there are streets which, until recently, were at times in a frightful condition from mud. The same condition prevails in other cities of California. In February, 1893, the *Stockton Mail* contained an account of "How Poor Jones Lost his Horse." It commiserated the man, who was too poor to afford the loss. The horse and wagon mired within a mile and a half of the San Joaquin County Court House, at Stockton. Four horses hitched to the rear of the wagon succeeded in pulling out the wagon, but the horse could not be gotten out at all. He fell and died, suffocated by the mud, and





Photo by McMillen.

MAGNOLIA AVENUE, RIVERSIDE.

roads within the past ten years. The maximum annual expenditure was reached in 1892, when it was four million dollars. It has continued at this rate per annum, for the past four years. Enough money has been spent here in the past ten years to build fifteen thousand miles of the best macadam roads.

A striking illustration of the manner in which money has been wasted in improper road work in California is the road across the lava beds, in Tehama county. Upon a stretch of fifteen miles, from Susanville to Red Bluff, no less than one hundred thousand dollars have been expended, without securing any road at all. There are, at present, five distinct tracks across the lava beds. The expenditure, so far, has secured nothing more than a place to build a road, when the proper methods are finally taken there.

The present method of road management consists in each county building its own roads, under the direction of the Supervisors. The only intervention of the State is to limit the power of taxation by the counties for road purposes to forty cents per one hundred dollars of property valuation. This system of tax-

ation produces the greatest inequalities in a State of such vast area, with fifty-seven counties, of varying topographical features. In the valley counties, roads can be constructed for fifteen hundred dollars per mile, while in the mountains it may cost five to ten thousand dollars per mile. The mountain counties are usually those having the smallest population, and the lowest property valuation taxable for road purposes. In the rich and populous valley county, Santa Clara, where the construction of roads is easy and cheap, a road tax of thirty cents per one hundred dollars, raised a fund of ninety thousand dollars, while in Alpine, a county of mountains and expensive roads, a tax a forty cents per one hundred dollars raised only seven hundred dollars. County road taxes vary from thirteen cents in Kings county to the limit of forty cents, the average being about twenty cents to thirty cents per hundred dollars.

Another curious fact is no property within corporate limits, in California, pays road tax. Three fifths of the property in this State is within corporate limits. Therefore, the entire road tax falls upon the remaining two fifths of the

property valuation. The cities, which are dependent upon the rural population and its prosperity for their existence, and which most of all derive the benefit of the roads, pay nothing whatever for their maintenance. Out of the total population of 1,220,000 nearly one half is comprised within the seven principal cities, as follows:—

Los Angeles . . . . .	85,000
Oakland . . . . .	60,000
Sacramento . . . . .	32,000
San Diego . . . . .	19,000
San Francisco . . . . .	360,000
San José . . . . .	20,000
Stockton . . . . .	20,000
<hr/>	
Total . . . . .	596,000

Out of a total property valuation in the State of \$1,113,000,000, the city and county of San Francisco alone comprises over \$371,000,000. So the taxes for the roads fall upon the rural populations and mainly upon the farmers.

The remedy lies in the adoption of a general road system for the whole State. Toward this end the State Bureau of Highways is advancing. The question is, to evolve a system that will not antagonize local interests, while consolidating the management and equalizing the burdens. What applies to California, in this regard, applies with equal force to every other State in the Union that has not already solved the problem, — and few have, outside of the State of Massachusetts. Local officials who have had the disbursement of road funds and the supreme control of the roads are loath to give them up.

The two sides of the question were clearly presented in the convention of county supervisors, held at San José, May 12, 1896.

Supervisors Bean, of San Luis Obispo county, and Ayres of Santa Cruz county, opposed the Highway plan.

Supervisor Bean said, "I want every dollar raised spent in the county where it is raised. Otherwise, we will be paying for years for roads that will be built out of San Francisco, Sacramento, and Los Angeles, before those great highways will reach San Luis Obispo county."

The opposing view was voiced by the resolutions introduced by R. C. Irvine, one of the Highway Commissioners, as follows:—

WHEREAS, many of the older States are making rapid advancement in the construction of roads, under the supervision of State Superintendents and State aid, therefore, be it

*Resolved:* That we recommend to the legislature the passage of such laws as will enable the various supervisors to classify roads into three classes, to wit; State highways, county thoroughfares, and district roads: State roads to be built and maintained by the State: county thoroughfares to be built and maintained by a tax on all the property in each county, and the district roads to be built and maintained by a tax on property in said districts.

The proposed plan of the California Highway Commissioners therefore, resembling the Massachusetts plan, would make an equitable distribution of the taxes throughout the entire State, including all property within corporate limits. Under this plan, the seven cities above mentioned, which now pay nothing towards the building of the roads, would contribute their pro rata and materially reduce the burden upon the remaining counties.

The Bureau is in correspondence with road authorities outside of California, with the bureaus and road organizations of each of the States, wherever they have been organized; also with foreign countries, such as Japan, Belgium, France, Germany, England, etc.

The following is the list of the United States organizations, with their addresses, so far as known, actively engaged in promoting good roads, with which the California Highway Bureau has been in

communication. The list is given in full, as it is of interest to all engaged in good road work:—

California Bureau of Highways, Sacramento, California.

Connecticut Highway Commission, Hartford, Connecticut.

Ohio Road Commission, Cleveland, Ohio.

Massachusetts Highway Commission, Boston, Massachusetts.

Vermont Board of Highway Commissioners, Brattleboro, Vermont.

Tennessee Special Committee on Good Roads Nashville, Tennessee.

Pennsylvania, Mifflin County Good Roads Association, Milroy, Pennsylvania.

Virginia State Good Roads Association, Richmond, Virginia.

Wisconsin League for Good Roads, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Robert P. Porter, ex-Superintendent of the United States Census, who recently returned from Japan, traveled many miles over the roads of Japan, with his family, in the Japanese jinrickshas. He was investigating the conditions of industrial life in Japan. He says of the



Photo by Watkins.

A CALIFORNIA ROAD IN THE AGRICULTURAL REGION.

Connecticut Good Roads Association, Cromwell, Connecticut.

Iowa Road Improvement Association, Clinton, Iowa.

Indiana Highway Improvement Association, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Maryland, Darlington Road League, Darlington, Harford Co., Maryland.

Missouri Road Improvement Association, Kidder, Missouri.

Michigan League for Good Roads, Saginaw, Michigan.

Nebraska, Douglas County Road Improvement Association, Omaha, Nebraska.

New York State League for Good Roads, Rochester, New York.

New Jersey Road Improvement Association, Asbury Park, New Jersey.

Japanese roads, that they are superb for bicycling, or for travel, Japanese fashion. Owing, however, to the absence of the general use of horses, and traffic being mostly conducted by means of human carriers, either men or women, they have no roads in Japan, such as we understand roads to be. They are little more than foot-paths, winding across the rice fields, with the irrigating ditches following alongside, or intersecting the road at short intervals, now winding around the hills, through a stretch of woods, or beneath a bower of cherry trees covered with brilliant blossoms, whose fragrance



Courtesy "The Olympic,"

R. C. IRVINE,  
CALIFORNIA HIGHWAY COMMISSIONER.

fills the atmosphere with a sweet perfume, turning the trip over the picturesque Japanese road into a luscious and airy dream.

Mr. Porter states that, out of a population of forty million people in Japan, 1,250,000 jinricksha men and another million of men and women are performing work similar to that done by our street car and dray horses. These are the people who use the roads of Japan. It is not likely that the Japanese will develop into a nation of road builders until their human beast of burden system has been abandoned and a means of transportation requiring first-class roads has been substituted.

A most interesting document has been forwarded to the California Highway Bureau, by the English Government.

The California Commissioners wrote to the English Department of Public Works, asking for information relating to the English road system and road laws. In reply, came a copy of an extract from the report of the Official Road Inspector of England, forwarded with the following correspondence:—

The following is a copy of the letter of transmittal, from Lord Salisbury, to the American Ambassador at London, Hon. Thomas F. Bayard:—

FOREIGN OFFICE, March 24, 1896.

YOUR EXCELLENCY:

I have the honor to inform your Excellency that the Bureau of Highways of the State of California, have requested her majesty's Office of Public Works to acquaint them with the methods employed in this country, in the matter of Highway Improvement, and I venture to ask that your Excellency will be good enough to transmit to the Bureau the enclosed extract from a report prepared some time ago, by the Chief Engineering Inspector of the Local Government Board, on the subject of the maintenance, etc., of the Highways in England and Wales, together with the accompanying copies of some of the Highway Acts enumerated on the enclosed list, which the Board trusts, may be found to contain the information desired by the Bureau.

I have the honor to be, etc.,

(Signed) SALISBURY.

His Excellency,

HON. THOMAS. F. BAYARD, etc.

The following is the copy of the letter of transmittal from Mr. Bayard, to Richard Olney, Secretary of State of the United States:—

EMBASSY OF THE UNITED STATES,  
LONDON, March 30th, 1896.

DEAR SIR:

I have the honor to enclose herewith copy of note from Lord Salisbury, of the 24th inst., transmitting for the use of the Bureau of Highways of the State of California, an extract from the report prepared by the Chief Engineering Inspector of the Local Government Board, together with accompanying copies of different Highway Acts of the British Parliament.

I have also the honor of enclosing a copy of my note to his Lordship, and acknowledgment of these documents, stating that they will prove

of much interest and value undoubtedly to the California Bureau of Highways.

I transmit them herewith, with the request that they may be forwarded to their destination at your convenience.

I have the honor to remain, etc.,  
(Signed)

T. F. BAYARD.

P. S. In view of the general interest felt on this subject, I venture to suggest that it would appear very expedient if the reports now transmitted, could be printed for public information in regard to road making, and distributed.

This document contains the history of John MacAdams' work in road building in England and Wales and goes back to the sixteenth century. It will be published by the United States Department of Road Inquiry, at Washington, as one of the official bulletins of that office.

When General Roy Stone, Chief of the Department of Road Inquiry, at Washington, visited California and addressed its last Good Roads Convention, he explained the work already done by his department. His presence gave a great impetus to the movement here. The work of the national bureau is similar to that being carried on by the State bureaus, disseminating information, however, of a national importance. The bulletins already sent out by this office have given the California Commissioners valuable assistance, and its great interest to all road-builders in every State entitle it to the widest publicity.

The following is the list of the publications of the Department of Road Inquiry, to date:—

Convention proceedings National League; Hearing by the Committee on Agriculture of the House of Representatives, Washington, January, 1893.

BULLETINS.

1. State road laws of various States, 1888-93.
2. Proceedings, Minnesota Good Roads Convention, St. Paul, January, 1894.
3. Road System of Georgia.

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See " Etc. "

LEONARD GILL.

4. Road making materials in Arkansas.
- 5, 6, and 7. Relating to road materials and transportation rates in various States (reduced rates given by all railroads).
8. Hints on construction and repair on earth roads.
9. State aid to road building in New Jersey.
10. Proceedings of the National Road Conference, Ashbury Park, N. J., 1894.
11. Proceedings Virginia Road Convention, 1894.
12. Information concerning use of wide tires.
13. Kentucky Highways.
14. Messages of Governors of various States.
15. Proceedings Texas Road Convention.
16. Convict labor on Highways.
17. Historical and technical papers, road construction.
18. Compilation of State Road Laws.

CIRCULARS. .

14. Addresses of General Roy Stone, Special Agent.
15. State Aid Bill of New York.
16. Highway taxation, comparative results of labor and money system.



HENRY F. WYNNE,  
EX-CONSUL NORTH CALIFORNIA DIVISION, L. A. W.

17. History of the Darlington Road League.
18. Report of Legislative Commission, Virginia Road Improvement Association.
19. Total traffic of county roads and its cost. Extract from Year Book, 1894. Best roads for farms and farming districts.

A good bibliography of road making will be secured by adding to the foregoing publications the following:—

Colonel Albert A. Pope, originator of the bicycle industry and the father of the good road movement in the United States, published in 1892, a "Catalogue of Books, Pamphlets and Articles on the Construction and Maintenance of Roads." This catalogue is sent free, by Colonel Pope, on application, and contains a large list of all the best publications on the subject, to that date.

In 1894, General Roy Stone published a book entitled "New Roads and Road Laws in the United States." This book gives valuable information about existing

roads and laws in various States, and instructions how to make roads.

In 1891, "A Move for Better Roads" was published under the auspices of the Pennsylvania University. The "move" was conducted by a committee of prominent Philadelphians, among whom were George W. Childs and George B. Roberts, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Under this committee, Hon. William H. Rhawn, Chairman, prizes were given through the University of Pennsylvania, for the best essays on road making and maintenance. A Board of Adjudication was appointed by Doctor William Pepper, Provost of the University, to decide the contest. The prize papers, and those receiving honorable mention, were published, under the above title, with a digest of the remaining papers, prepared by Professor Lewis M. Haupt, C. E., Secretary of the University.

The papers taking prizes were:

(1st prize, \$400.) Henry Irwin, B. A., C. E., Assistant Engineer, Canadian Pacific Railway, Montreal, Canada.

(2nd prize, \$200.) David H. Bergey, B. Sc., M. D., North Wales, Pa.

(3rd prize, \$100.) James Bradford Olcott, South Manchester, Conn.

Honorable mention: Edwin Satterthwaite, Jenkintown, Penn.; Charles



Photo by Watkins.

A TYPICAL COUNTRY ROAD.



See " Etc."

WALTER N. BRUNT.

Punchard, Philadelphia; George B. Fleece, C. E., Memphis, Tenn.; Frank Cawley, B. S., Swarthmore College, Penn.; Francis Fuller Mackenzie, Germantown, Penn.

Valuable articles have also been published by the following:—

James B. Alcott, "Notes on the making of common roads," and Samuel R. Downing, "The Road Question in Pennsylvania," published in the *American*.

Professor Jenks, of Knox College, "Road Legislation for the American State," published by the American Economic Association.

Captain Francis V. Greene, "Roads and Road Making," and Joseph Pennell, "What I know about European Roads," published in *Harper's Weekly*.

Professor Shaler, of Harvard University,

"Common Roads," published in *Scribner's Magazine*.

A. J. Cassatt, "Re-surfacing," in "A Plea for Better Roads," by Wm. H. Rhawn, published in the *Franklin Institute Journal*, and

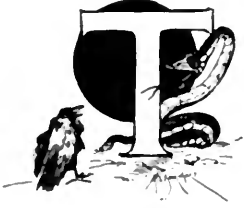
isaac B. Potter, "County Roads," in the *Century Magazine* for April, 1892.

One of the most valuable of all road documents was compiled under the direction of James G. Blaine, when he was Secretary of State. It was a report from the United States Consuls on the streets and highways of the cities and countries in their various districts, giving information on existing road methods throughout the world. The edition of this pamphlet is exhausted. It is said, as high as one hundred dollars has been offered for a single copy of this report.

*Charles Freeman Johnson.*

## IS THE WEST DISCONTENTED ?

“LOS ANGELES REFUTES A BASE SLANDER.”



THE *Arena* of August last contained an article of mine entitled "Is the West Discontented? Is a Revolution at Hand?" It was written in reply to an article by Chancellor J. H.

Canfield of the University of Nebraska, that appeared in the *Forum* for December, 1894, "Is the West Discontented? A Study of Local Facts." The term "discontent" is used in both papers to mean a state of dissatisfaction, strain, anxiety, on the part of the industrial masses, because of limited opportunity to work, and to inadequate returns from it, these conditions arising from the partiality, obstruction, injustice, and oppression, of the laws.

In his article the Chancellor focused his observations upon the university town of Lincoln, Nebraska, and narrowed his vision to a single street in that place, which he declared to be an "average street," meaning that it was inhabited mainly by the working people. By the gauge and standard of the residents of this street the Professor measured the masses of the entire West. After a rather superficial view of the lives of dwellers in successive houses, he finds them severally not discontented, sums up the entire lot as being in the same frame of mind, and makes the sweeping conclusion that "the West is not discontented."

In the *Arena* I took issue with these conclusions. I showed that he has looked upon his people from the wrong angle to gather evidence for the basis of the verdict he has reached and the judgment he has rendered; that it is not by views in perspective that you may understand the lives of the people you meet, let alone

penetrate their states of mind and feeling, but it is only by more or less intimate knowledge of their affairs and their environment, that you may have an acquaintance with the interior chambers of their existence, or draw any reasonable conclusions.

I showed that the Professor had not studied the residents of his average street in this way, that, being throned upon the dais of the seat of learning, possibly the most exalted man in the town, he was not in position to line himself sufficiently close to the people he has condescended to have the insight needful for the premises of his argument.

I then mentioned certain other facts which the Professor wholly overlooked and which are irreconcilable with any hypothesis other than that the population of Nebraska is saturated with industrial discontent; among these phenomena is the rise of the Populist vote there from 9,429 in 1888 to 83,134 in 1892, the late famine with its thousands fed from relief cars, and the sympathy notoriously extended to the Commonwealth army in towns of that State.

Further, I showed that the Professor is not in a position to write upon such a subject in these times; that, enjoying an ample income and pleasant surroundings, he is himself contented. Truly to voice a subject one must have sympathy with it. But that he dare not give the truth as it stands, if he were in condition rightly to judge, is apparent from the fact that he is the holder of a position in the gift of politics, and the further fact that anyone who, in a Western town, publishes anything reflecting the disturbed state of the masses of its population, exposes himself to attack from the property class



and its satellites, whose interests are favored by maintaining the town in the eyes of the world as existing in a steady state of "boom."

In addition to his surveys on his "average street," the Professor sent a circular letter to "a hundred gentlemen of his personal acquaintance who are fair representatives of the different sections, of the different political parties, and the different material interests of the State," and from the replies he received to these he finds there is no discontent in Nebraska, hence none in the West.

Meeting this, I said:—

If I should send out one hundred letters among the "representative" men of Los Angeles and close by, as the Professor has done at Lincoln, I should get about the same replies as did he. The discontent does not exist among the "representative element." To find it you must move among those who are not "representative." A leading and "representative" hotel man of this city, paid \$21,000 for the title to a vacant lot on Broadway. He did nothing to the lot meanwhile, and a few days ago he sold it for \$35,000, making \$14,000 in a year through the parting for that period with the use of \$21,000. My letter to him would doubtless come back fulsome with emphasis that there is no discontent; that everything is prosperous and that money is plentiful.

I sought to follow the same lines as those pursued by the Professor, and since he affected to study "an average street" in Lincoln, I attempted the same thing in Los Angeles. Los Angeles being as much of a specimen of a Western town as is Lincoln, I recited a number of qualities of the place which showed it to be much the industrial superior of Lincoln and a place where "under any arrangement or system through which the distribution of opportunities would approximate to equality, ought to be filled with the happiest people on the continent."

The inhabitants of this street, of whom I spoke, were my neighbors, and they were all discontented under the used definition of the word. Several of them

had lately failed in business, some were out of work, others were clinging to jobs under unceasing apprehension of losing them. Instead of the mass of laborers of this city being remuneratively employed, instead of the condition being one of prosperous thrift and contentment, some two thousand of them who had at one time or another come thence in search of work, had rolled Eastward as a Commonwealth army; that the town had been repeatedly cleared of tramps by order of the Chief of Police, the chain gang swelled into numbers of menace and disgrace, Associated Charities organized to grapple with the distress, and free labor bureaus started as a public charity.

I have reviewed thus at length this "now famous" article,—as the San Francisco *Examiner* calls it,—in order that there might be laid before the reader some idea of its purport and its general trend. It was not written for the purpose, or with the thought, of maligning Los Angeles, of checking "desirable" emigration to it, or of impairing its inward flow of investment-seeking capital. It was a cold dissertation upon an economic phase of society.

The article evidently did not strike the editor of the *Arena* as containing any elements of sensationalism, timely or other, for it remained in his possession unused for a year. Yet the August magazine had scarcely reached this Coast when it became apparent that the article had struck a deep and sensitive chord. I began to receive letters from working people of Los Angeles, praising the article and thanking me for having written it, urging me to continue "sounding the note of the distress of the people."

But the voice of the oppressed was not to be the only one that should find cadence. In a more forceful manner, with more vociferous clangor, with denial, invective, malice, and opprobrium, the "representa-

tive" classes of whom I spoke, who shut their ears to the wail of the commonality, nay, whose interests it is to hold them in the bands of subjection, whose properties and prospects in Los Angeles are affected by any statement of the situation of the proletariat which shall speak disparagingly of the opportunities for employment presented by the conditions of the town, — this class, I say, was to find expression in protest and refutation in the columns of the San Francisco *Examiner*.

This paper devoted nearly a page in each of its issues of August 5th, 6th, and 7th, to the publication of some twenty odd interviews and much else of citizens of Los Angeles in support of the proposition that the city had been slandered by my article, and in order that the injury threatened by this "gross and unjustifiable, unfounded, and malevolent assault" should be counteracted as far and as soon as possible.

I do not believe that the *Examiner* was anyways serious in dealing with my article, that it really thought that Los Angeles had been subjected to a base slander, or that any part of the article could be construed into an effort to do so. It did not contend that what had been specifically alleged had been false, for in its editorial of August 6th it says: "Whatever Mr. Bennett can say for his facts, his conclusions have no justification," etc. It did perceive, however, that by adroit scissoring, a portion of it, taken alone, could be made to appear like a loud complaint of general distress among the masses of Los Angeles and this condition peculiar and local to that place.

If the *Examiner* could today take a vote of the population of the South, it would find that its enterprise had been ill-advised. It is the chief, and almost the only, representative of the Bryan Democratic party in this State; and it wishes one to believe that this party is the

representative and defender, the political embodiment, of the common people. Strenuously it endeavors to cultivate the belief that it stands for the many against the tyrannies of the law-made few. What a shock it was to its readers in Los Angeles of the laboring class to find their champion and advocate heading the assault upon the most sincere and truthful presentation ever attempted of their distressed and hampered state! And that this attack should be made in a day when too loudly the cry cannot ascend that the masses are suffering through lack of opportunities to labor through the obstruction of unjust laws, and that it was made to further deceit in the interest of the well-to-do, of the Canfields and others who are in the vortex of things "coming all their way," and that it was made as a boot-heel twist upon the heads of those whose urgent need it is to have the world awake to their oppressed condition.

In two particulars my article appears to have been prophetic. I mentioned that anyone who should narrate the strained state of the masses in a Western town would be treated by the press as a public enemy. This has taken place with a vengeance. Can it be doubted that if I had been a holder of a chancellorship of a university of this State, as Professor Canfield is of Nebraska, I should have become unseated by this furor? Does it not prove that Professor Canfield dare not tell the true condition of the masses?

Again, I said that if the "representative" class of a Western town were interviewed, they would say, as Professor Canfield has said, that there is no industrial discontent in the West. The *Examiner* has tested the accuracy of this prophecy by calling out the voices of this very class. The verdict is "no discontent"; and how could it be otherwise? I believe many of these gentle-

men speak as they feel. I can understand Mayor Frank Rader when, after reciting considerations which seem to him to reflect advantage and prosperity upon the entire population of Los Angeles, he says, "These and many other features combine to contradict Mr. Bennett's unhappy assumptions."

Unquestionably "these and many other features" ought to combine to afford Mr. Bennett no unhappy assumptions; but unfortunately they do not. The general condition of the masses in Los Angeles, as in every other town in the West, as the *Examiner* knows it could have abundantly found had it sought its interviews among them, is one of the most painful stint and denial. Many of the public utilities, as is the case elsewhere, are vested in monopoly corporations who adjust their charges to the strength of the public back; in those fields where competition is possible, the struggle is so fierce as to allow labor the barest returns and capital the poorest profits; wages are forced until, in some lines, they strike the solid wall of the trades unions, where the strain comes on both sides and the structure is kept wavering. Those unfortunate laborers who are without the defense of a trades union have their wages pressed to the starvation point; nay, many of them are denied any wages at all, so that men in search of employment, pressed by hunger, will submit themselves to unspeakable hardships and tyranny to obtain it. The *Examiner* had scarcely dried the ink on the last denial that there was any industrial discontent in Los Angeles, when it prints the following letter:—

#### THE PLAINT OF LABOR.

To the Editor of the *Examiner*—Sir: A few days ago I strolled into a free intelligence office in the city of Los Angeles, to get shipped down to the desert, near Indio, to work in a steel gang at 90 cents per day, 10½ hours, in this desert where the thermometer registers 120 in the

shade: we had to drink warm water, ice is too expensive to give to labor on this desert. In the five days I stayed there I saw men drop on the work exhausted, but they could die there before any assistance would be offered. Some men have died here, I believe, through neglect, as it's only when a man is very near dead that he can get medical treatment.

The Mayor sees buildings going up and new enterprises started, and he thinks labor in general should be greatly benefited thereby. Does he reflect that wages, even with the prop of trades unions, are lower today in Los Angeles with all its buildings and its industries, and opportunities scarcer than they were thirty years ago when the town had few buildings and comparatively trifling industries? The greater the city grows the more difficult it becomes for those who have only their labor to sell to get a living. The Mayor does not understand why this should be, though he cannot fail to recognize it as a fact. If he will look to it he will find it is due to the system of land ownership. In Los Angeles, as in every other place, you see millions of dollars of land value lying idle. Why is this? There is no other value that men hold idle! If you have a horse, you must use it; if you have a stock of goods, you must sell them; a building, it must be tenanted; food, you must consume it. The worth of all other values abides in their use, only those of land are otherwise, for these take their value not from any act of the owner, but from the general growth, to which he may or may not contribute. Hence it is profitable for him to hold it idle. And yet land is the static element of production, the storehouse of all nature's bounties, without access to which labor is of no avail.

Wherever in Los Angeles a piece of the earth's surface offers an opportunity, there is some one with a law title to it demanding a prohibitive figure before labor may make it fruitful; or where

labor is permitted to bring it into use, the share of its produce forced in the form of rent, allows only the merest living for those who do the work. All buildings that arise, all industries that are started, all improvements that are made, increase the value of adjacent land, carry it farther from the reach of labor, and make labor more and more dependent upon the movement of capital for employment. Thirty years ago Los Angeles land was accessible to the poorest; a penniless man could go there and employ himself; nobody was rich, but all had enough. It is not so now.

The answer that there is plenty of cheap land about Los Angeles is not a reply. On the Colorado desert you can get land for \$1.25 per acre. But wherever land is cheap, the opportunity to earn a living is small; where a decent livelihood is possible, whether upon country acres or a city lot, it is held by the successor of some land grabber whom the law has suffered to seize the people's bounties before they reached the place.

But the Mayor cannot understand this. He is another Canfield. Comfortably rich, with a good income from rents of business blocks, with official position that makes him pleasantly distinguished, he cannot feel that nerve-wrecking anxiety and doubt concerning the source of the living of next week or month which afflicts so many of his fellow citizens.

And the Mayor's shoes also fit the feet of W. C. Patterson, President of the Chamber of Commerce, another man who can find "no basis for Mr. Bennett's assumption that there is any widespread discontent in this city." Mr. Patterson is the head of an institution whose business it is to boom land. It is sustained largely by owners of large tracts who wish to have displayed big pumpkins and mammoth melons as evidence of what

the California earth, which God made and they own, will yield, and who adjust their tolls for permission to use that earth to the amount which labor might make it produce.

Beside the Chamber of Commerce tract owner stands the Chamber of Commerce owner of the business lot, who, in addition to having the products and possibilities of the surrounding country well advertised, wishes very much of favor to be published about the town, about its activities, its output, its traffic and finance, whereby as all these rise and increase, he shall gauge the demand he makes upon applying labor for access to the little rectangular of piece the earth's surface which he holds bare. It was to be expected that the head of this organization should be among the first to denounce my article.

The dignified responses of the preceding two gentlemen differ from the rancor of Cashier H. J. Fleischman. He suggests that my "mouth is a maximum and my brains a minimum quantity." He tells us that there is a "grumbling grievance in some lines," but denies that there is any general discontent; that the bank receipts show prosperity and a general diffusion of funds and that the situation presents a "healthy condition of an ambitious people." And yet at the same hour that Banker Fleischman was writing there was, if common report be true, an agreement between his bank and the various banks of the city, to make no more loans and to press the collection of outstanding balances, and this by reason of the threatening aspect of the discontent prevailing throughout the West. Nay, at that very moment the printers were sticking type on a circular issued to the public upon the joint concurrence of the banks, urging the upholding of the gold standard and reciting disaster to follow the adoption of free silver, a demand

for which has risen from the discontent of the West.

What concerns me most, however, is that remarkable contribution from the pen of J. S. Bancroft, Ex-president (note the "Ex") of the Los Angeles Typographical Union. Why as a representative of labor he should align himself on the side of capitalistic monopoly in this discussion, is a problem which the poverty of my facts concerning him has not enabled me to work out. That Mr. Bancroft, with his interview sandwiched between those of President Patterson and Banker Fleischman, the one standing for monopoly of land the other for monopoly of money, should tell us that, "There is no question about the existence of discontent in the West today, just as there has been discontent in the human breast in every locality, in every country, and at every period of the existence of the human family," and that "Every stride in the advancement of civilization has had for its motive power a distinct and clearly defined discontent," why he should tell us that this is the character of the discontent now fermenting the masses of the West and of Los Angeles, I say again, I am unable to divine. That is exactly the ground upon which the monopolistic element and its supporters wish to place this wild unrest. It is precisely the idea in the editorial of the Los Angeles *Times*, which paper Mr. Bancroft's Typographical Union is just now advertising as an unrelenting enemy of labor. Surely there is no body of people in Los Angeles who have had more genuine cause for a fever of discontent in the past few years than the members of the Typographical Union. Not only has that union lost the *Times* chapel, but it has been bereft of from half to two thirds the cases it had on other papers through the introduction of typesetting machines. It has repeatedly been called upon to repair

distress among its members caused by scarcity of jobs, while not a few of them have been forced out of the city or squeezed into other occupations already stagnant with idle labor. I will warrant that if Mr. Bancroft cares to canvass the feelings of his constituents, who as delegate to the Council of Labor he represents, he will find their discontent resting upon other grounds than that, "Mild type of dissatisfaction with one's surroundings which is exemplified in the annual celebration of the Fourth of July."

Mr. Bancroft tells us that "of course in a community the size of this there are bound to be a great many unemployed;" those, he says, "who by their own acts or temperament are unable to keep themselves employed," — another monopolistic argument for the presence of idle labor forced out of employment by aggregations of monopoly-capital using labor saving machines and held away from the earth by the monopoly of land. He tells us, too, that the, "Various bodies represented in the Council of Labor report large accretions to membership," and he says, "This to my mind indicates only that healthy discontent without which human advancement would be impossible."

Does it? Mr. Bancroft is a rare judge of human instincts and feelings. What is a trades union for? To do for the member in relation to his job what he cannot do for himself. To keep up his wages and keep down his hours of toil. In a healthy state of industry laborers can take care of themselves; they do not need the help of a union.

I can understand very well the acrid malice which the owner of a large ranch binding upon the city, like that of J. C. Griffith, must feel toward one who threatens with a statement of fact to check the westward flow of people who are in motion to "put money into land." I do not distinctly recollect how Mr. Griffith came

to possess Los Feliz ranch, but if it was not given to him, assuredly he got it for a trifle, as he came to the United States from Europe some years ago a poor man. The marvelous growth of Los Angeles has been to this gentleman a matter of his most comfortable enrichment. A bare sweep of country, broken by steep hills with little glades and wild ravines, a pasture for sheep and a wallow for hogs, the land has little to commend it for its settlement but the presence of a growing city. But Los Angeles has been pushing toward Los Feliz these past ten years and as it approaches, value is given to the land. Every building that goes up in Los Angeles, every barrel of oil that is drawn from her wells, every drunkard therein who reforms and becomes productive, every slum that is turned into the home of an industrious artisan, goes to make up that value which, despite Mr. Griffith's inactivity, grows upon his land. The real trouble with Los Angeles and with this sick nation is that it is afflicted with J. C. Griffiths. Men who, under outrageous laws, lay hold of the earth and prevent their fellow men from occupying and producing upon its surface. The remedy is to destroy these men; not by cutting off their heads as did the masses in the French Revolution, but by raising the annual taxes to equal the annual rental value of the land, so that they will release the earth to labor and themselves become in turn productive and beneficial citizens. And this thing is exactly what the people will ultimately do.

Some of the interviews show great pains to give temperate and truthful statements. Among these was that of Colonel H. G. Otis, who strives to see things straight and who has the courage to speak as he sees. The article by my friend Colonel H. Z. Osborne also displays the care and prudence for which

he is notable, and the same may be said of that of George Lawrence, editor of the *Builder and Contractor*, who, in a succeeding issue of his paper, devotes a column to my article. But among the interviewed are those who sell themselves for the price of their names in the *Examiner*.

The politician is much in evidence, and his zeal in invective measures the intensity of his desire for office. Carlyle reckons him with, "The dog that was drowned last summer and that floats up and down the Thames with ebb and flood. You get to know him by sight, with painful oppression of nose. Daily you see him and daily the odor of him is getting more intolerable."

Certain of my brothers in salaried editorial chairs have fixed their names to criticisms of me and my article, but I can feel no sensitiveness at their remarks. They are obedient claques who watch the weather vanes and are alert to lend their whistles to help the wind.

As for the rest of the gentlemen who have fumed their indignant protests, many of them are well known in Los Angeles to be dancing among the scaffolding of their business enterprises, suspended by their financial eyebrows. They are suffering from that same depression of the masses I have described, which exists at present as intensely as it did when I wrote my article. Why, the scribe who "did" the editorial of the *Times* had scarce cooled the tip of the pencil with which he had written his refutation of "this remarkable outgiving of a bilious mind," when his journal turned the point of the whole thing by printing upon another page the following:—

#### WOFUL WANTS.

INCREASING DEMANDS UPON THE ASSOCIATED CHARITIES—FUNDS NEEDED.

The managers of the Associated Charities are struggling heroically to meet the many demands

made upon them by the needy, but there is much uneasiness felt by those in charge of the institution as to whether it will be possible to continue to supply the demands on the one side, if the assistance of the other is not increased. Mrs. Bath says that there have never before been so many calls for charity; that there is a great deal of sickness, and that many people who have heretofore been able to support themselves are in dire need, and are forced to apply for aid. Every day sees more need, and as Mrs. Bath says, "We have not yet gotten to the bottom, and the next six months will be harder yet."

I did not intend to traduce Los Angeles, I do not desire to do so now. Throughout this controversy I have felt no bitterness either toward the town in the concrete, or any publication, or any person. If I had wished to attack the city in the Eastern press I could have found ample material. I could have told the story of the county records, reciting the pathetic tale of its number of annual business failures,—of its many mortgage foreclosures, and its lists of mechanics' liens,

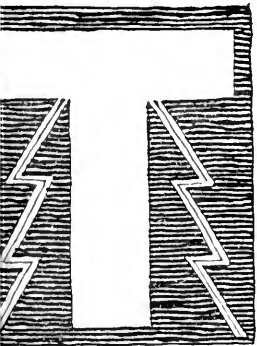
of the domestic discord which hard times bring as revealed by its suits for divorce, of that grim and tragic train which moves ever toward the penitentiaries of San Quentin and Folsom. I could have opened the dockets of the coroner and told of men, mad through lack of work, who had crashed bullets through their brains, of young girls who had bubbled out their despair through the waters of its city reservoirs. I could have told all this and argued, "If so many are pressed over the precipice, how dense must be the crowd upon the edge!" But why should I? The same dismal narrative, the same terror and dismay, the same horror and crime, are in the records of every Western town. Los Angeles is not alone; it is, as many of my friends say, a place where less discontent and less cause for it exists than in any town in the West. But this does not reach the point; I recur to the previous question: Is the West discontented?

*John E. Bennett.*

## A MULE-SKINNER'S COINCIDENCE.

"I'll tell the yarn to you-ans."

—*Pike County Ballads.*



HE small hunch-backed Nez Percé sat on the end of the rough board counter in our temporary trading shack with his hump against the log wall.

His legs were long; his body

was stunted. Over the tops of his knees, before which his fingers were hooked to-

gether, only the glitter of his black eyes in the lazy firelight and the significant, jet-tipped plumes in his war-plait could be seen.

An eagle plume meant a dead foe.

Nez Percé Jack wore two.

I was looking at his right eyebrow. I had done so often. There was no hair in one place; and a white line—like a saber cut—showed vividly on the background of tawny skin.

"A history centers in that mark." Such was the thought that at times

pressed itself upon my mind so forcibly as to leave no room for doubt.

It was just before darkness toned into gray, that night on the Dakota reservation, when, not daring to sleep, we had watched for another sun. Ta-tonka Nompa, the Stony headman, had ended his reminiscences of the old, wild days of fierce *encontre*. The essence of the past, of adventure, filled the low, murky room from the dull, comfortable fireplace to the farthest, shadowiest corner, holding us all in its spell.

"Jack," I said suddenly, breaking the stillness which had lasted for some minutes, "how did you get that scar over your eye?"

He started up, as out of a dream, letting his hands drop.

"Who 's dat? Dat 's my here?" — placing a finger on the spot — "O, damn 'Melican man shoot um!"

"So! Tell us how."

He hesitated, with his glance averted.

"Huh! Dat 's my — don' know, — dat 's my — noting!"

"Cut loose, son, — let 'er roll," seconded Turner persuasively.

"Dat 's my long time. Dat 's my fight 'Melican soljus (*dah-blo* — no good!) just now 'bout five year. Josup (dat 's my Chiep here) stop fight, dat 's my get 'way; *klatawab* with 'Sinniboine Injun."

He paused, paused for a long time. It was the regulation Indian pause; it marked a paragraph in his story.

"I see. You were in the Nez Percé war; and when Chief Joseph gave it up as a bad game, you jumped him and went with the Assiniboines. Well?"

"Dat 's my one day *klatawah* in 'Melican man's *hoo-i-hoo* place, — long way. Bimeby 'Melican man gun take quick, — shoot um *nika* (me) light dere!"

"Dat 's my *klatawab moosum* ('slip,' no?) long time. When wake up, 'Sinni-

boine Injun poul watah *nika* face here now."

He closed his eyes, threw his head back, and held his hand, with an imaginary kettle, above his brow.

There was plenty of time before he would have to cook the breakfast, and I wished to be sure I had a good grip of his story.

"You went into a Yankee trader's place with the Assiniboines, and the trader shot you, after a while, and you went to sleep; was that it?"

"Umh," he replied.

"What did he shoot you for, Jack?" I asked presently, with assumed indifference.

His answer was not given at once; and when it did come, he still rested on his elbow on the counter, with his face towards the ashy poplar roof-poles.

"O, damn 'Melican man shoot um fol noting; 'spose Nez Percé Injun fight 'Melican soljeh. Pshaw! *masatche* — no good!"

And so he lay, till the ghostly dawn crept softly in at the open doorway and through the yellow parchment window. Was he thinking of his home, of his *cloochman* (his woman), of his boy, — a thousand miles and more over a wide, wide billowy sea of unresting grass, beyond a buttress of Nature's grandest pyramids with their white, glistening points far up in the blue of heaven, where the sounding Walla Walla tumbled deep down towards the Pacific?

Or was he thinking of something else?

It must have been the last. For all the while, his fingers were stroking with a loving touch one of the two royal plumes woven in his war-plait.

That was all I was ever able to learn — directly — from the little Nez Percé of the reason for his bearing the white mark through his eyebrow. Yet there was more I knew of course.



A coincidence may be likened to a hinge, in that it consists of two parts turning on a pivot. Without these two parts there can be no coincidence.

This is the first part of mine.

JIM VUE was short, thick-set, dark, reckless, and light-hearted. Of his thirty-five years or so of this world before the time when we met at Fort McLeod,—across the sea of grass, under the shadow of the giant buttress,—twenty, perhaps, had been squandered in the land of painted savage and the setting sun. A “mule-skinner,” or driver of a string-team, by choice for profession, he had yet, like many another mariner of his kind, rounded the compass of that wild, free life. He had even in the course of his kaleidoscopic circle, for a rather extended span of months, sojourned in the lodges of the Crows, adopting the fantastic garb (and a daughter) of that nation and running buffalo with them. One might as soon watch Irving’s personation of “Becket” and think of anyone other than the crafty prelate, as imagine Jim Vue in his blanket, vermilion, and feathers, with his black shock of hair and dark eyes, projected against a background of sweeping plain and ineffable blue, smoke-browned teepee, the coy Minni-shooshay and the pinto pony, and think him out of character in the guise of the noted warrior “Tipperoo.” That was what Minni-shooshay’s dusky people called him.

I was returning with horses to the Saskatchewan—to the spot where, a year before, the exiled Nez Percé had told his adventure. I wanted a man.

“Will you come, Jim?” I asked.

Was there a new land to see? a possibility of further hazards? The question was scarcely needed. He would go anywhere on earth for such chances. And when he had exhausted the earth, he would dive, probably.

An evening or two later we sat, smoking, in the squat log billiard-hall of old Kamoose’s hostelry at McLeod. Old Kamoose, by the way, is not the infant for whose bringing up his godfathers and godmothers became responsible at his baptism. He is an Englishman (educated for the ministry, it is said), and can rejoice—when he chooses—in an orthodox Anglo-Saxon sign-manual. That is when you settle up. He was long since adopted into the Blackfoot tribe (of which his wife is one and his family—even counting two to the unit—a good many), however, and wears his tribal appellation with an easy grace. “Oxi Kamoose Aki,” the Blackfeet christened him,—“Good Steal Woman.” He stole his bride, they say. Probably that means that he gave a pint of whisky for her.

Jim was telling of the Nez Percé campaign, during which he had been engaged as a teamster with General Miles’s column.

“There are a couple of stray Nez Percés at Battleford, Jim,” I said during a pause. “They must have had a hand in that last fight.”

“Wal now!” he rejoined. “They’ve got quite a long ways from home, ’ain’t they? They was a skookum lot o’ lookin’ nitches, most of ’em Nez Percés,” he added reminiscently, “an’ showed more sand, fought spunkier, than any Injuns I ever see, I reckon.”

“Both these must have been wounded; they bear the proofs,” I remarked. “They are not large men, though,—rather the contrary. One, in fact, is nothing but a dwarf,—all legs and arms and head, with no body,—a hunch-back.”

He was sitting bolt upright now. His careless, easy attitude was gone, and he was regarding me fixedly out of his full black eyes. A peculiar look,—a look in which surprise, doubt, incredulity, mingled.

“Yes,” I replied, somewhat discon-

certed, "a regular pigmy. But as sharp and clever and cunning as a monkey. This one has a scar, a white groove, cut right through his eyebrow. I asked him one day how he got it, and he answered, curtly and expressively, 'Damn 'Melican man shoot um!'" I added with a laugh.

Jim was listening intently, his eyes still fixed upon me. His cheek seemed to grow a shade darker under the tan as I concluded, - a suggestion of a flush. He swept a quick glance round the room.

It was a motley assemblage. A mounted policeman, his scarlet tunic belted with cartridges and revolver, played pool with a cow-puncher near; a bull-whacker trolled, "Ah! I have sighed to rest me!"; a nobility sprig from "Home" talked with a swarthy half-breed about the "cawlf" crop while they clinked their glasses; Old Kamoose complained in an audible tone that business was slow, - "Nothin' like the old Blackfoot trade," - though the bar was full, - and yelled, "Git in! git in!" as he pounded the boards with a horse brush. The puncher just then gave a hitch to his fringed leather "chaps," and laying his cigarette on the cushion of the billiard-table, faced about with a jingle of cartwheel spurs.

"Bet yeh a speckled steer I make a rampse this roll, Jim?" he said in his high, slow drawl under the buckskin hat.

It was hardly a place for confidences. The cowboys's vaunted skill failed at all to engage Jim's notice. His glance came back.

"Tell yeh somethin' 'bout that little feller again," he said meaningly, with a slight smile.

Two days more and we were skirting the foothills of the Rockies on our way north. I reminded him of the promise.

He tapped his heel lightly with his quirt.

"O yes; 'Humpy' eh? That's the name he flew under over there. It's about that scoop on his foretop. Strange! - for last time I seen him he'd just got that, an' I thought sure ever since he'd climbed a tree. So when you told me the other day of his bein' alive an' at Battleford, it kind o' made me feel *cultus*. You savey Chinook?"

I nodded, and he continued.

"It was the spring of '78, jest after the Nez Percé whoop-up busted, an' what had got away when Chief Joseph throwed up his game was scattered 'round among other yaller people in Montana. They was tol'able well outfitted with horses an' hed picked up considerable clothes an' some dust comin' East from Walla-Walla after the turn-loose, - cleaned up all the settlers in their trail.

"Well, time I'm talkin' about, in the buckin', up an' down, of life as we ketch her unshod, I was one of a party of four, tradin' whisky an' other necessaries - but mostly whisky - in the Judith Basin in Montana. It was a cosy corner, our shack. The main part, all in one big room, built again' the foot of a small mountain, cut down a square an' formin' a wall on the left as you come in. The other three walls was of logs. Opposite the mud wall an' in the far right-hand corner from the door stood a bed. Clost past the buildin' on the outside run a clear mountain creek, - as necessary an annex" (with a wink of his eye) "in our high-toned line o' business as a good, long handled pump to a city milkman.

"There was a little room, dug out o' the mountain, back o' the big one, where we kept the liquor. It had a heavy oak door leadin' into it with a little hole, like the ticket-box at a circus, in it to pass the grog out when there was too many Siwashes round, an' they hed begun to get loaded an' things looked rocky. The Major - he was chief of the outfit -



"ROSE SOLDIER-STIFF FER A SECOND, THEN DROPPED."

would lay on to get hostile when they'd hed a few drinks an' got pretty full an' come back for more. He'd take a new pint tin cup, fust place, to hand out the liquor in; an' then he'd whirl it around an' stamp on it like a buffalo-bull till it was flatter'n a smoothin'-iron an' would n't hold no more'n a half a sasser-full. An' meanwhile we'd dilute the stuff from that pure mountain crick till it was as flat as the cup an' more harmless than a dead mule. An' the Si-washes! — down on their knees, tears in their eyes, a beggin' an' prayin' the Major not to git mad an' take on so! An' the way the robes would pour in! The place was woolly with 'em!"

And Jim rolled about in his saddle and

laughed, at the mere recollection of it, till there were tears in his own eyes.

Memories of things past brought associate memories of things nearer at hand presumably. He slid a flat flask from the breast of his leather shirt and held it towards me exclaiming, —

"But right here we take a snap of Old Kamoose's contraband."

We snapped. Then he went on:—

"One afternoon half-a-dozen Assiniboines came to our post with two or three Nez Perces, an' among 'em was the hump-back. They blowed some *maçaska* an' swopped a hoss or two — for grog mostly, of course; but though they got through tradin', still squatted, smokin' an' chawin' the rag, round the floor.

“ ‘Humpy’ set on the bed, beside him on the right a tall, slashin’ feller named Jack Simons. I set straight across the shack opposite ‘em with the back o’ my chair again’ the dirt wall. Sunk in this, an’ plumb over my head, was a flat rock about a foot su’face. None o’ the Siwashes talked any English an’ let on not to savey.

“ Now you must know that it is — or was, anyway — about all the religion a Western man hed, — to settle with the slayer of a dead chum. We was talkin’ ‘bout the Nez Percé war, an’ by an’ by Simons he fetched up his hand an’ brung her down on his thigh with a thump.

“ ‘By God!’ says he, low an’ mad, with an ugly scowl, ‘I ‘low this is the infernal hump-back that rustled sech a derved sight o’ hosses in ldayho, an’ consequently the identical coppah-hided coyote that killed my pawtnah, Joe Jandis! Ef I was dead *suah* ‘bout it I’d —’

“ But what he would ‘a’ done can’t only be su’mised. He never told. The hump-back had set — his right hand in his breast under his blanket — perfec’ly peaceful durin’ all the chin, apparently not knowing that it anyways concerned him, till the last words left Simon’s teeth. Then that right hand jumped out, — click! — *bang!* — a thud on the rock over my head.

“ Bang! again, an’ Simons, with a long lynx screech, his eyes rolled to the roof, the blood spoutin’ from his side, rose soldier-stiff fer a second to his feet, then dropped — like a blasted duck — back on to the bed. An’ through the smoke, twistin’ out over the room I see the Injuns break fer fresher air.

“ A needle-gun stood handy in the corner on my left. Reachin’ out, I grabs this up like a stampede an’ pinte it at the head of the last of the tarantlers — who was just crossin’ the sill — an’ yanked!

“ It was the hump-back, who had been furthest from the door.

“ As this last shot rang out sharp an’ fit to bust your ears inside the closed walls, he went down forrard without sayin’ anything — not even ‘Thanks’ — without a pip, and the door clapped to agin’ his heels. I guess before he hit the ground.

“ We turned to Simons. The lead had passed clean through his heart an’ there wa’n’t no question ‘bout his bein’ dead. Then we had a drink all around an’ Ad Smith says:—

“ ‘Well Jim, I reckon as how you’ve squared all obligations; so as soon as we’ve paid our last respects to Jack, let’s shake the dirty red mud of this cursed hole off ‘n our feet. What ‘ll we do with the dead Injun?’

“ ‘Throw him in the crick,’ says Beavertooth. An’ we opened the door.

“ No Injun! Paint though, — lashin’ of it, — liquid vermilion. Not the sort they put on their faces, — the kind they wear under their yaller skin. Reckon he ‘d cut a art’ry.

“ So we concluded his remains hed been packed away as a Siwash funeral parade. An’ that’s all I heard of Humpy till you told me the other day of his bein’ alive an’ at Battleford. I just ornerly counted I ‘d killed him.”

He took a fresh bite of black strap and as he replaced the plug in his pocket, thoughtfully concluded:—

“ When I come to think the thing out, I allers believed the Nez Percé’s only mark was Simons, who threatened him, an’ not me, an’ that the little cuss, bein’ kind o’ rattled, let the fust shot off unintentional in swingin’ his gun around. Fer I allowed all along he *kumtuxed* English, notwithstanding he let on not to.”

Jim Vue left me at Edmonton; he never saw again the little redskin who came so near “putting his light out.” I

hailed the little fellow on the street at Battleford one summer day after I got back:—

“Hallo! Jack! I met the *dab-blo* 'Melican man who made that mark on your forehead.”

Then I briefly recounted to him Jim Vue's side of the story.

“So? So! Pshaw! 'Melican man no good shoot,—damn *masatche* shot! *Hub!*”

He laughed, from the heart — with a merry, wicked gleam in his eye — a moment, while he drew his bright, many-hued *pesissy* closer about his low shoulders. And as he walked away down the

dusty trail in the distance, I stood watching the two plumes still glancing in the sun through the drowsy shimmer of the light, warm air.

Who was the man represented by the other plume?

I never knew Joe Jandis, — but I own to a little native weakness of curiosity. Was there a “wheel within a wheel”? Did Nez Percé Jack also have his coincidence — with Joe Jandis and Jack Simons as the two wings of the hinge — as he and Jim were the two wings of mine — connected through myself?

I shall never know.

*William Bleasdel Cameron.*

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## THE CLOSED TEMPLE.

And Ahaz gathered together the vessels of the house of God . . . . and shut up the doors of the house of the Lord and made him altars in every corner of Jerusalem.—*2 Chron. 28: 24.*

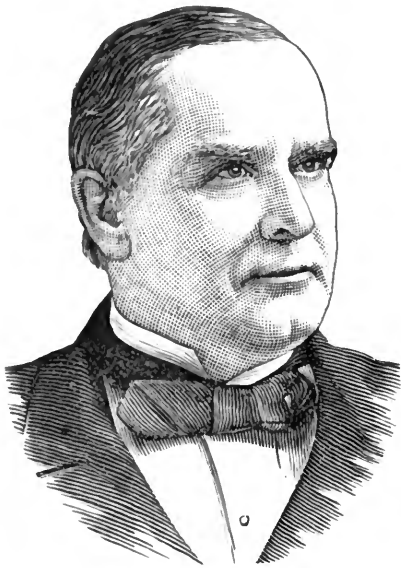
THE temple gates were shut; the courts lay dead  
The silent porches all day long  
Waited the Levites' customary tread,  
The Hebrew psalmists' song.

Each stately pillar marked the changing day  
With shadow changing slow. At night  
The Orient stars turned lamps, since lampless lay  
The temple in their light.

Without the gates arose the mighty din  
Of vice, for Baalim's priests now trod  
With haughty steps King David's streets: within —  
The silence worshiped God.

*Alberta Bancroft.*





## THE LAMP OF EXPERIENCE.

ITS LIGHT ON THE POLITICAL SITUATION.



**I**N A government such as ours, where the people make and enforce their own laws and where every citizen has a voice in governmental affairs, the ballot box must ever be the peaceful arbiter of conflicting opinions respecting public measures and policies. Once only has the arbitrament of war been necessary to the determination of any question relating to the internal affairs of the nation, — a method not likely to be again employed until the lesson of the Rebellion shall have been forgotten and reason shall have yielded to the uncontrolled passions of prejudiced men. To say that political differences have existed, do exist, and will continue

to exist, among our people, is but to say that our government is the work of human hands. That these differences have for a hundred years, with a single exception, been peacefully adjusted by lawful and intelligent methods, is the highest ecomium that could be pronounced upon the wisdom and patriotism of a liberty-loving and self-governing people.

For the better presentation of the many grave and complicated questions that continually arise in our public affairs, political parties are organized, each composed of those citizens who are in general accord with the principles and policies of the party to which they have given their political adherence. Among the parties thus organized and now contending for political supremacy is one that for nearly a third of a century guided the destinies of our nation and wrote the brightest pages of her marvelous history.

The Republican party first assumed control of the national government on the 4th day of March, 1861, succeeding the



Photo by Taber.

SAMUEL M. SHORTRIDGE,  
PROMINENTLY MENTIONED FOR THE UNITED STATES SENATE.

Democratic administration of President Buchanan. It found a depleted treasury, a growing public debt, an insufficient revenue, and the doleful wail of a Democratic President still ringing in the ears of the nation.

“With unsurpassed plenty in all the productions and all the elements of material wealth,” wrote President Buchanan, “we find our manufactures suspended,

our public works retarded, our private enterprises abandoned, and thousands of useful laborers thrown out of employment and reduced to want. . . . Under these conditions a loan may be required.”

Added to this appalling condition of affairs, so graphically, though reluctantly, portrayed by a Democratic President, the ominous mutterings of an organized

rebellion furnished proof of yet graver dangers that must soon confront the young, though vigorous, party that was just entering upon its initial administration. Never was any political party confronted with conditions so grave or with problems so mighty and serious, and never did any political party rise with such supreme majesty to the complete fulfillment of its promises and the unfaltering execution of its principles.

By a system of revenue and finance that has challenged the admiration of the world, the Republican party redeemed our country from the wretched condition into which it had fallen, restored the integrity of the Union, brought prosperity to the nation, and finally, after thirty-two years of unexampled progress, redelivered the country to the mistaken policies of a misguided Democracy. The lessons of history had been forgotten, years of prosperous peace had lulled the people into a sense of false security, and with that ever present desire for a "change" that seems to typify the American people, the party of protection was retired from command and the party of free trade given the reins of government. In marked contrast to the piteous and appealing notes of Buchanan were the joyous and ringing tones of Harrison as he heralded to the world the proud position to which our nation had advanced and the manifold blessings enjoyed by the American people. Speaking of the latter he said, in his last annual message to Congress in December, 1892 :—

A comparison of the existing conditions with those of the most favored period in the history of the country will, I believe, show that so high a degree of prosperity and so general a diffusion of the comforts of life were never before enjoyed by our people.

Such were the happy conditions that surrounded the once distrusted but now

forgiven Democracy when it again assumed control of the executive and legislative branches of our government. Here it were charity to draw the veil, for no American citizen can view with pride the scenes that follow. The sad and cheerless words with which the Democratic party took leave of governmental control, may be fittingly employed to characterize its unfortunate return to power. In truth, we may exclaim as did Buchanan :—

With unsurpassed plenty in all the productions and all the elements of material wealth, we find our manufactures suspended, our public works retarded, our private enterprises abandoned, and thousands of useful laborers thrown out of employment and reduced to want. . . . Under these conditions a loan may be required.

Nor are we wanting in material to complete the picture. A loan has been required. Nor has one loan sufficed to meet the growing deficiency that has followed the partial adoption of a free trade system. As under Buchanan, so under Cleveland, the receipts have fallen far short of the disbursements and the public debt has rapidly increased. During the four years of his administration Buchanan managed just to double the public debt of that day, while Cleveland has experienced no apparent difficulty in adding something over \$262,000,000, to the interest bearing bonds with which the present generation is burdened.

It is a far cry from Cleveland to Buchanan, yet how like have been the fruits of their administrations, how dolefully similar the sad strains of their official tales of woe. Thirteen months after his election to the Presidency, Cleveland said, in his annual message to Congress :—

With plenteous crops, with abundant promise of remunerative production and manufacture, with unusual invitation to safe investment, and with





ZENAS U. DODGE,  
STATE SECRETARY OF THE AMERICAN PROTECTIVE TARIFF LEAGUE; CHAIRMAN CAMPAIGN COMMITTEE,  
MCKINLEY LEAGUE OF REPUBLICAN CLUBS.

satisfactory assurance to business enterprise, suddenly financial fear and distrust have sprung up on every side.

How singular it is that business confidence, which walked hand in hand with Republican administrations, should have so suddenly and so completely shrunk from view upon the reapproach of a Democratic administration.

There is no desire upon the part of Republicans to reflect upon the sincerity of Democratic leaders. Buchanan was doubtless honest in his hostility to a protective tariff, and it is not believed that Cleveland was lacking in sincerity in his advocacy of a free trade system. The failure of the Democratic revenue policy

is not chargeable to any lack of Democratic confidence in its results or of honest effort upon the part of those who urged its adoption, but lies wholly in its utter inapplicability to a progressive age and to the industrial development of a great country.

A protective tariff, the fundamental principle of Republican faith, is distinctively an American policy, the wisdom of which has attracted the favorable attention of the leading statesmen of France and Germany and other progressive nations. Germany, under the broad leadership of Prince Bismarck, was among the first of European nations to adopt a protective tariff system. In urging its

adoption upon the German Reichstag, in 1882, Bismarck said:—

The success of the United States in material development is the most illustrious of modern times. The American Nation has not only successfully borne and suppressed the most gigantic and expensive war of all history, but immediately after disbanded its army, found work for all its soldiers and marines, paid off most of its debt, gave labor and homes to all the unemployed of Europe as fast as they could arrive within the territory, and still by a system of taxation so indirect as not to be perceived, much less felt. Because it is my deliberate judgment that the prosperity of America is mainly due to its system of protective laws, I urge that Germany has now reached that point where it is necessary to imitate the tariff system of the United States.

The results which followed the adoption of the policy thus urged and advocated have fully vindicated the statesmanship of Germany's greatest Chancellor. Its beneficial effects in America can scarcely be over-estimated. The student of American history will search in vain for a parallel to the thirty-two years from 1860 to 1892. At the farther end of this period he will see a nation, already reduced to want, battling for its very existence. The eyes of the world are centered upon the strange and terrible contest—a contest destined to determine the ability of an enlightened people to govern themselves. Gradually the conflict passes away, peace settles over the land, and the magical effect of a protective tariff is felt in every branch of industrial progress. Capital, freed from the menace of visionary and experimental policies in revenue and finance, emerges from its hiding place and seeks investment in legitimate fields of profitable pursuits; an increasing demand for labor sets in, and uncertain employment and still less certain wages are succeeded by steady employment and gradually increasing wages. Capital and labor shares alike the advantages flowing from a wise and beneficent tariff sys-

tem, while the nation at large moves on to that proud eminence from which it caught the admiring gaze of an astonished world. Thus, from 1860 to 1892 the tide of prosperity rolled unceasingly on, impelled by the vital principle of a protective tariff, until in the latter year, a forgetful people, led away by the false, but alluring promises of the leaders of Democracy, adopted a policy which, in three short years has produced more poverty and distress among our people than were ever before known during the history of our country in a time of peace.

The policy of free trade is doomed in America. History has embalmed it among the pernicious doctrines that have from time to time found favor with the American people, to be as often condemned by them. It is little wonder, therefore, that Mr. Bryan seeks to avoid a discussion of the tariff and of his own advocacy of free trade during his recent service in the National Congress. Let not the term "free trade," be misunderstood. It is not meant by that term to include the abolition of all customs duties and thus compel a resort to direct taxation, though it is understood that Mr. Bryan is willing to go even to that extreme and radical length. By "free trade," as the term is employed in political discussions, is meant the English system of raising revenue, which has been taken as a model by the Democratic party in this country. England raises about one fourth of her entire revenue by means of customs duties, but those duties are laid, not upon competing articles of home production, as under a protective tariff, but upon such articles, including the necessaries of life, as are not made or produced in England. This may be a good policy for England, but is scarcely applicable to the wholly different conditions existing in America. England consumes but thirty-seven per cent

of her productions and exports sixty-three per cent, while the United States finds a home market for ninety-three per cent of the productions of this country and exports but seven per cent. In England labor receives a comparatively small part of the cost of production, while in the United States a greater percentage of the cost of production goes to labor than in any other country in the world.

Another fact that might be briefly noted before leaving this branch of the subject, is that during all the years when the Republican policy of protection was applied to the revenue system of the country the price of food and clothing gradually but steadily decreased while wages increased with equal regularity; so that in 1892, the last year of the last Republican administration, a day's wages would purchase more of food or of clothing than at any period before or since in the history of our country.

The disfavor into which their free trade policy has fallen has driven the Democracy into seeking other issues upon which to base their appeal for renewed confidence. One wing of the Democratic party, led by Mr. Bryan, while not abating in any degree its adherence to free trade, has attracted the attention of the country with a vociferous demand that the United States shall join with Mexico and the Central and South American States, together with a few of the less progressive nations of the old world, in the unlimited coinage of silver at a fixed ratio, the ratio urged for the United States being sixteen ounces of silver to one ounce of gold. It is proposed by Mr. Bryan and his followers to disregard entirely the financial policies of the more advanced and prosperous nations, with whom we have our largest commercial dealings, and to attempt, by throwing open our mints to unlimited silver coinage, to establish bimetallism

for the entire world. The Republican party, while favorable to the use of both gold and silver in our monetary affairs, and further favoring, as it has always favored, the universal use of both metals by all nations, hesitates to lead our country into a financial experiment where success cannot with certainty be predicted, and where even a partial failure, in our present deplorable condition, would plunge the country into universal bankruptcy. It is conceded, even by Mr. Bryan, that it would be much better and safer to obtain the co-operation of the leading commercial nations, and thus insure that success which cannot be otherwise predicted with any degree of certainty. With this admitted element of uncertainty in the proposed Bryan experiment, with the stern logic of history against the probabilities of success, and with the certainty of national disaster in the event of even a partial failure, the Republicans decline to leave the broad highway of honor, wisdom, and experience, to wander off into the realm of untried theories amid the dangers of experimental politics.

It must not be forgotten, in this connection, that the experiment suggested by Mr. Bryan cannot succeed (and this he will himself admit) unless it have the effect of making sixteen ounces of silver bullion equal in value to one ounce of gold bullion in all the markets of the world. In other words, for Mr. Bryan's experiment to succeed, the silver bullion in twenty silver dollars must have the same value in any part of the world as the gold bullion in a twenty dollar gold piece. In short, the stamp of the United States mint must perform no other office than officially to declare the amount of bullion contained in the coin bearing such stamp. At present the bullion in twenty silver dollars is but little more than half the value of the bullion in a twenty dol-



Elite Photo.  
COLONEL H. I. KOWALSKY,  
AN ACTIVE LOCAL LEADER.

lar gold piece, and in order, therefore, for Mr. Bryan's experiment to succeed, the present price of silver bullion must be increased nearly two-fold. Can this be done by adding one more to the list of nations whose mints are open to the unlimited coinage of silver bullion? Upon the answer to this question must depend the wisdom or lack of wisdom of the policy suggested by the Bryan wing of the Democratic party.

The Republican party in this, as in all other matters, has demonstrated its honesty of purpose and has given evidence of a sincere desire to secure the full recognition of both gold and silver throughout the world by the only means that seems to promise final and complete success. The Democratic party can only prophesy and promise; and as their prophecies for the past thirty-six years have generally failed of fulfillment, and their promises "like Dead Sea fruits have turned to ashes on the lips," there is not that hopeful feeling of sublime confidence in Democracy's boastful claim that comes from deeds accomplished and faithful serv-

ices performed. The Republican party, on the other hand, very properly calls attention to the fact that when it turned the government over to the Democratic party in March, 1893, there was more silver in circulation in the United States than gold; moreover, that silver coinage steadily increased under successive Republican administrations, amounting to the enormous sum of \$115,000,000, during the four years of Harrison's administration, while only \$105,000,000 of gold were coined during the same period; that the per capita circulation of silver alone in the United States is nearly twice as much as the per capita circulation of all kinds of money in Mexico, three times that of the Central American States, and four times that of China; that the United States has a larger circulation of silver per capita than has any country whose mints are open to the unlimited coinage of silver; that the United States has a larger circulation of silver per capita than any other country on earth save France and the Netherlands; that, with a single exception, the United States has a larger per capita circulation of all kinds of money than any first class nation in the world; and that an international conference convened at Brussels upon the invitation of a Republican administration in 1892, was frowned upon by a Democratic administration in 1893.

These facts clearly demonstrate two propositions:—

First. The Republican party has ever been friendly to silver and has maintained its equal circulation in the United States side by side with gold, each having precisely the same purchasing and debt paying power.

Second. As compared with other nations the United States has far more than her proportionate share both of silver and of gold.

The Republicans, therefore, claim, and

with much show of reason, it must be admitted, that it is not lack of money but lack of confidence, together with a false system of revenue, that has caused the withdrawal of money from business enterprises and brought ruin and poverty to the people.

There is one claim set forth by the Bryan Democracy that it is particularly difficult for the laboring man to understand. He fails to see just how a continuation of the present Democratic revenue system which has wrought such havoc throughout the country, coupled with the adoption, as proposed, of the financial system prevailing in Mexico, Central and South America, China, Russia, and Japan, is going to give him more steady employment or an increase in wages. It is not claimed that the money to be received by the laborer under the Bryan system of finance will have any greater purchasing power than the money he now receives; on the contrary, it is frankly admitted that its purchasing power will be less. Nor can he hope to reverse all history and increase the amount of his wages under the free trade system to which Mr. Bryan is so irrevocably pledged, and which has been utterly and finally condemned by the American people as wholly unsuited to the needs of American labor and American industry.

Rather will he turn again to that party whose promises have ever been redeemed and whose policies have ever led to a broader development of industrial forces and a more sacred regard for the rights of those who toil; a party that has never failed, however grave the emergency with which it was confronted; a party that not only saved the nation from im-



Photo by Taber.

TIREY L. FORD,  
PRESIDENT MCKINLEY LEAGUE OF REPUBLICAN CLUBS.

pending dissolution, but found remunerative employment for all her people, paid off two thousand millions of her public debt, and breathed into the country a progressive spirit elsewhere unknown; and all by a system of revenue that rested so lightly upon the people that its presence, to quote the language of Bismarck, "was not perceived, much less felt." The Republican party comes not with new and cunningly devised promises with which to conceal the disasters of former false and mistaken efforts, but with a supreme confidence in the righteousness of its cause, it points to the history of its splendid achievements and asks to be judged by the record of its patriotic deeds.

*Tirey L. Ford.*



## IS THE MONEY QUESTION A CLASS QUESTION ?

HE assertion has been made so positively in the present campaign that the fight is between the "masses and the classes," that it is a patriotic duty to do anything that can be done to refute such an assertion. For, the moment that any large number of American citizens begins to think that whatever the rich people advocate or whatever the poor people wish is for that very reason to be opposed, then popular government will soon become impossible. A broad, deep, and permanent separation into upper and lower classes, so that political division is necessarily on those lines, is compatible only with an oligarchy sustained by force or a mobocracy of confiscation and terror. Only the broad-mindedness that considers and acts for what is best for the whole country can keep a republic sweet.

"The bankers favor gold, therefore the poor man should vote for silver." But the bankers also favor law and order, trial by jury, civil service reform, and the Australian ballot, — shall the workingman therefore oppose them? And the workingmen favor the mechanics' lien law, the restriction of Chinese immigration, the homestead law, and a hundred other salutary measures, and yet no sensible man of means for that reason opposes these.

Nor is it true that the lines are strictly drawn between the present parties on the question of having much or having little. Those highest in the national councils of the Democratic and Silver parties are not noted for their poverty, and it is one of the chief arguments they use against McKinley that he is in debt.

In California politics the same thing obtains, Mr. Charles D. Lane, the chairman of the California delegation to the St. Louis Silver Convention, is a wealthy gold mine owner, and nobody has seen W. W. Foote, J. J. Dwyer, Stephen M. White, or Judge Maguire in rags. On the other hand, I am able to present the opinions, some of them new, some having been printed before, of a number of leaders among those that labor with their hands, favoring the gold standard side of the controversy.

John Petty, blacksmith, says:—

I cannot see that the silver proposition will help the workingmen at all. What we want is protection. That is my creed in a nut shell. Let me and my fellow workmen make more money and there will be more money in circulation for all. The storekeeper will benefit, the farmer will benefit, the mining man and whole-



JOHN PETTY.

sale dealers will all benefit, by my getting better wages and more money. This silver talk is not the real issue of the day. What we really want is protection; that is, a fair field for our own work. McKinley wants to give us workingmen a fair show, and I mean to vote for him, as many more who think about the matter deeply intend to do.

T. J. McCoy, an iron-molder:—

I have been a Democrat since I was old enough to cast my first vote and have never in my life voted for any other than a Democratic nominee. My occupation is that of an iron-molder, and I am employed by the firm of O'Connell & Lewis. This year, I am going to cast my first vote for a Republican nominee for President.



T. J. MCCOY.

As regards the money question, I am for a bi-metallic standard, but I do not believe it can ever be had except by international agreement. We are not ready for it yet, anyhow, and the financial policy adopted by the Democratic party can result in nothing but chaos.

F. J. Bastian:—

I am employed as a machinist at the Joshua Hendy Machine Works. When the free silver agitation began, I was at first inclined to become a proselyte to that policy, but after due study and deliberation, I have arrived at the conclusion that it would mean financial disaster. In my line of business, the effects of Clevelandism have begun to make themselves felt. I believe in pro-



F. J. BASTIAN.

tection and my faith in its good results has never wavered for an instant.

I am for McKinley because he is the workingman's friend, and my vote will be cast for him. From what I hear, he will have a walkover, so far as the laboring classes are concerned.

Martin Fuchs, a pattern maker at the Vulcan Iron Works:—

I only voice the sentiment of the large majority of men employed here when I say that I am an out and McKinley man. I am that simply because I believe the welfare of our Nation lies in adhering to a protective tariff and not a de-based currency.



MARTIN FUCHS.



FRANK ROBINSON.

Frank Robinson, foreman in the Bellingham Bay Improvement Company:—

Every day men come to me who were howling for Cleveland and free trade four years ago, and admit that I was right for laughing at them then. They have no come to the conclusion the the only safe policy is the high protective tariff.

As for the financial question, I regard it as entirely nonsensical to advocate free silver. Look at the countries where silver prevails,—what is their condition? Democrats are now endeavoring to bring us to pass where a laborer will get only



NEIL C. WHYTE.

twenty cents a day, as they do in Mexico. Some people are going to be pretty badly surprised when this coming election is over, I can tell you.

Neil C. Whyte, brass founder:—

I was born a Republican, I guess, and shall always be one. McKinley's election will help my business, therefore, I will vote for McKinley. His election will cause a general prosperity. The principles of the Republican platform if carried out will bring better times. As a standard to work on I consider it the foundation of financial soundness and business confidence.

The stopping or rather restricting of foreign immigration I consider is one of its main features; also the protection of our industries. In protecting the manufacturer the farmer should not be forgotten. I believe that the tariff should be a



H. WILLIAMS.

little more than for revenue only. It should be used to erect new institutions, help new industries, and build warships. Yet I do not believe in putting the tariff too high.

The restoration of confidence on the election of McKinley will do much to help the restoration of prosperity.

H. Williams, a printer:—

You ask me, as a workingman, my opinion of the currency agitation. The reason I am not in favor of the free coinage of silver and the fixing of a definite ratio between gold and silver by the United States alone is that it would upset all our commercial relations with other countries. It is quite common to hear some free-silver advocate say that the United States should take the initiative in this matter, and that other nations



would soon fall into line. Men who talk like this are usually ignorant of the laws of trade or the very rudiments of political economy. This is a kind of "spredaeagleisn" that would soon defeat itself if it should ever be put into practice. It would result in disastrous panic at home, and all our international trade relations would be thrown out of gear.

If by international agreement, a certain fixed ratio between gold and silver were adopted, it would greatly facilitate international trade; indeed, as has been suggested by the Hon. Charles W. Stone, the dollar might well be taken as the unitary basis for a universal world's coinage. Just imagine what a saving of time this would be in a year in converting many billions of dollars from one monetary system into another! Interference by any government in the hope of influencing the price of silver has always a bad effect, as steadiness is the vital quality in currency.

This agitation about the currency has created a lack of confidence and worked injury to the

business interests of the country. When things are in a more settled state, we are assured that large sums of money will be put into productive enterprises in this country by small investors in Europe if they can be sure of getting three and one half or four per cent. Therefore, I am in favor of the *statu quo* until a ratio between gold and silver can be fixed by international agreement.

Now, these workingmen may be right in their reasoning, or they may be entirely wrong,— that cuts no figure,— but so long as they and the class they represent reason as they do, with a view to the benefit of the country as a whole, and with the honest endeavor to free their minds from prejudice, the appeals of the demagogue and the passions of the campaign will hurt nobody. They will see that the republic receives no harm.

A. H. Transom.



### The New Warships.

IT HAS been a source of gratulation to Californians that the Union Iron Works has been awarded the construction of one of the new line of battle ships, and a thirty-knot torpedo cruiser. It means that over a million dollars will be put in circulation on the Coast, by far the greater part of it in the shape of wages to the workers at the Potrero. It means too, another chance of the kind that the Scotts have never been slow to improve, to gain credit for the whole Coast by building something noteworthy in naval construction. The Charleston, the Oregon, the San Francisco, the Monterey, the Olympia, have all been staunch, swift, and powerful, able to cope with anything of their tonnage and weight

of metal afloat. The new ships are to be, one the most powerful, the other the swiftest, fighting machines in the White Navy, and that means the world. It is wonderful that this industry can be carried on in California. Wages are higher, coal and iron are more distant, than is the case in any great shipbuilding port in the world. The points of vantage that enable us to overcome these great handicaps,— to within the four per cent allowed by the government as the expense of sending a ship to this Coast around the Horn,—are the facts that California mechanics are more versatile and intelligent than those of almost any other city, and that our climate permits the work to go on with but the slightest protection from the rain, and practically in the open air, every day in the year. No sting-

ing frost keeps the men from handling the heavy steel bars in winter, no scorching heat prostrates them by hundreds in the dog days. It is an old story in California, it is an old story perhaps in the East, too, but it is never believed till it is seen.

Besides their general interest for the State and City, OVERLAND readers will be glad to know of the continued success of so good a friend to the magazine as Irving M. Scott.

**For  
Sound  
Money.**

IT IS an encouraging sign of the times when our leading business men organize to circulate literature on so vital a subject as money.

As has before been said in these pages, this campaign, if nothing else, is an educational one. Opinions differ as to the proper pabulum for the inquirer, but such literature as will undoubtedly be sent out by the newly organized "Sound Money League of California," having the endorsement of so large a proportion of our citizens, cannot but be of benefit to all.

On September 16th, at the instance of Mr. Henry J. Crocker and others, a meeting was called at the Chamber of Commerce to discuss the advisability of organizing for strictly non-partisan educational purposes, in other words, to see that the cause of gold have an equal hearing with silver.

In his opening speech Mr. Henry J. Crocker clearly outlined the object of the meeting:

"Our object will be to disseminate the doctrine of sound money and to educate the voters of California to the end that the State will join with the great majority in sending an electoral vote that will assure us of sound-money legislation for at least the next four years."

There is always more or less hue and cry when wealth and respectability organize for any object whatever, The "poor but honest workingman's" wail is at once heard when in fact the "poor but honest workingman" is as scarce at our primaries as is the "rich but honest merchant." Waiving all politics, the bare publication of the names of the Executive Committee of the League is a guarantee that the best interest of the honest voter is not in danger.

President, Horace Davis; Vice-Presidents, Henry J. Crocker and George A. Marshall. Executive Committee: Frank L. Brown, wholesale wire manufacturer; C. S. Holton, manufacturer; Albert Castle, wholesale grocer; Louis Gerstle, Alaska Commercial Company; Harry

A. Williams, fruit packer; John Dolbeer, lumber; Julian Sontag, powder manufacturer; Albert Dernham, wholesale boots and shoes; William C. Johnson, laborer; W. Baker, manufacturer agricultural implements; C. A. Hooper, wholesale furniture manufacturer; Oscar Lewis, president Builders' Exchange; Hugh Craig, president Chamber of Commerce; C. B. Salfeld, Associated Improvement Clubs; Percy T. Morgan, California Wine Growers' Association; C. R. Allen, coal and shipping; E. B. Cutler, produce merchant; M. L. Requa, mining; John J. Valentine, president Wells, Fargo & Co.; H. P. Sontag, real estate; A. Sbarboro, Italian-Swiss Colony; Levi Strauss, wholesale clothing; Joseph Brandenstein, tobacco and cigars; Albert Gerberding, grain dealer.

It is to be hoped that the work of the League will go merrily on until the day of election.

**Irving M.  
Scott  
on Silver.**

PROBABLY no article or series of articles that have been written during this campaign, save possibly "Coin's Financial School," has attracted so much attention and discussion on this Coast as Irving M. Scott's articles on "Hard Times" in the February, May, and July, 1896, numbers of the OVERLAND, notably the article on "Bimetallism" in the July issue. The last named has been copied and recopied, sometimes with credit, oftener without, all over the nation.

It has stimulated the writing of scores of letters, personal to the editor and open to the public. It has called forth the publication of a book by a well known authority. It has been run in full by the *Examiner* as a campaign document for the Democrats, and by a prominent Eastern journal as a campaign document for the Republicans. It been run in parallel column with Mr. Scott's late speeches in an effort to prove that its author, who is a Elector-at-Large on the National Republican ticket for California, has gone back on his ante-convention utterances. Congressman James E. Maguire in his great speech at Metropolitan Hall on Sept. 5th, said regarding it:—

Irving M. Scott is holding up the bugaboo. I really think he is in the worst position of all of them, because all of the others that talked before the St. Louis Convention changed their minds. I think it was wicked on the part of Mr. Wildman — and he must be a wild man — the editor of the OVERLAND MONTHLY, to publish Mr. Scott's article in July after the national convention of the Republican party had changed the situation in June. He told us in his several articles and in his educational works and lectures, — *for Mr. Scott is no novice, he has ranked as a politi-*

cal economist in the community for a great many years. I remember once that I undertook to reply to Mr. Scott, and the criticism on me was that it was audacious for a man who did not rank as a political economist to answer a political economist like Mr. Scott. He had made up his mind thoroughly. He had studied political economy as completely then as he has now. I do not believe that he has looked at a work on political economy since the St. Louis Convention. I think he has a sort of aversion to such books now, because they might convince him he ought to get away from that St. Louis platform.

But as a political economist, ripe in experience and in study, he pooh-poohed all the arguments of the gold standard against the silver standard; declared that the demonetization of silver was a crime against the people, and that its remonetization would be a great and glorious thing for all of us. *His literature upon that subject is the freshest of all that we have taken from the Republican side.*

In their great Silver Edition (Aug. 30th), the *Examiner* said:—

Irving M. Scott, Manager of the Union Iron Works, is a leader of the Republican party councils. No man better understands the industrial needs of the Pacific Coast than he. California has no employer of labor who is in a better position to study the causes of hard times. It is gratifying that Mr. Scott took occasion to write on the silver issue just before the St. Louis convention nailed down the gold plank upon which Republicans must stand.

Mr. Scott in presenting his opinions to the OVERLAND MONTHLY, May and July editions, refuted some assertions that had been made by John P. Irish and showed "hard times" to be largely the result of the demonetization of silver in 1873. His vigorous language and clear arguments are here presented, by courtesy of Editor Wildman of the OVERLAND MONTHLY.

**\$4,000,000  
for  
California.**

THE OVERLAND never champions or fights men,— it is a magazine and has no ambition to be thought a partisan political power. It champions measures, not men, regardless of politics, and therein lies its strength politically. Often it becomes necessary to praise or condemn men in connection with measures and often it brings down upon its head the ill will of one party or the other. So it is impossible to champion even non-partisan measures of the greatest public good without running counter to the selfish interests of some one.

Today the United States government owes the State of California four million dollars for money advanced in fitting out troops to put down the Rebellion. Its debts to the Eastern States have been paid, willingly and cheerfully, but California and Nevada have waited twenty years

for a return of money loaned for the benefit of the general government. No congressman from California, save Mr. Grove L. Johnson, has thought it worth while to take up a matter of such vast benefit to the State, and insist on the floor of the House and before committee that the just debt be paid. Without going into details, he has placed the matter today so before Congress that there is every hope that the State will be awarded this patriotic claim. He alone of all our representatives thoroughly understands the situation, and his re-election will insure to the State the early return of this vast sum. Four million dollars paid at this time into our treasury means much,— good roads, harbors, irrigation works, reclamation of arid lands, funds for the State University, public buildings, and decreased taxation. It is to be hoped that the voters in Mr. Johnson's district will not stand in the way of the general good of the State. Measures should come before men, but the right men make good measures possible. A new member of Congress, however worthy, is to a great extent useless during the first year of his first term. It requires time to set the machinery in motion on any great measure, and a new man cannot take up the work where his predecessor dropped it. It is of course a mistake that the shortness of the Congressional term should so interfere with a member's projects, and such being the case a representative like Mr. Johnson should be re-elected with the least amount of friction possible.

**A Rift  
Within the  
Lute.**

STUMP orators need not draw parallels between the present strained condition of the East and the West, and the somewhat similar irritation that existed before the war, nor summon up pictures of a vast civil conflict over local issues.

Inflammatory statements and "bloody-shirt" prophecies frighten no one, for other than certain natural similarities, there is no comparison possible. Between the North and the South it was a constitutional question — one that the makers of our Constitution must have foreseen and did not have the courage to forestall. The people of the North and the South were little related either by marriage, education, or commerce. They had grown apart and become almost distinct nations. The railroad and the telegraph had not made itself fully felt, and the institution of slavery kept Congress in a broil and filled the newspapers with bitter editorials.

The East resents the rapidly growing influence of the West in politics and commerce, and

is not ready to award it its proper place in the great body politic. It rightly looks upon the West as its son, and like a proud father it finds it hard to believe that the boy has become a man.

Probably not until the Chicago Exposition did the West fully realize that it had outgrown its swaddling clothes, and then the truth burst upon it so suddenly that it may have been a little too arrogant in its boasting. Still the West is sealed to the East by lasting ties of kinship and trade relationship, and only the "barnstormer" and "spellbinder" will talk of "bloody bridles." Still there are differences of opinion on topics that are vital to both sections, and living in the West one feels that there is a condescension on the part of the East that is not conducive to full brotherly love.

Through a series of years we have become used to this condescension and it irritates us no more, but the seeming lack of sympathy we can not reconcile. We need harbors, lighthouses, and government buildings; we want a canal across the Isthmus of Nicaragua; our land requires irrigation, and it is only right that we should have the building of the war-ships that protect the Pacific Coast and that our cities have proper military defenses. These are all legitimate demands that are for the good of the general government, and in regard to which there should be no politics. They are rights that we cannot obtain without the consent of the East, and it should be given willingly. As to the wish of probably a large majority of the Western voters that the government adopt the free coinage of silver, we have nothing to say and nothing to expect. Such a wish touches the pocket one way or the other, of both sections and must be fought out at the polls.

However, the West is growing too rapidly to be ignored, and will in course of a few years obtain all rightly that belongs to it—even a member of Cabinet. Until that time let us frown down all demagogic fire-eaters. This is one country with no East and no West.

THE dual Bordentown,  
New Jersey, Literosity at the  
editorial helm of the New  
York *Critic* is to the fore with  
the following:—

**The  
Presuming  
West.**

I regret to see that many newspapers have tried to put Mr. Lang in the wrong, for objecting to the seizure and exploitation, without consent asked or given, of his translation of "Aucassin." The OVERLAND MONTHLY is the latest to take this stand. Incidentally, it characterizes *The*

*Critic* as a journal published "for the benefit of the mutual admiration society of hypercritical and ultra-sensitive Eastern literary exotics, that revolve around the Constellation Gilder." This is a rather dizzy sentence—and a rather dizzy charge. I have never before heard of the constellation in question. Perhaps it is a discovery of the New Astronomy. The same paper is attacked for printing a picture of Mr. Joaquin Miller with a credit to the *Tribune* but not to the OVERLAND, its real source. "Presumably the literary mouthpiece of the elect thinks it is no prig to prig from a prigger." Indeed, I cannot see that to reproduce an illustration with the consent of the journal in which you find it is a "prig," if you do not happen to know that it appeared originally in another periodical. *The Critic* is always scrupulous in the matter of credits, and regrets that it has unwittingly slighted its California contemporary.

As to the contemptuous expressions used by the OVERLAND in speaking of *The Critic*, I can only deplore them. This is a time, if ever there was one, when the representatives of literature and cultivation in the press should be particularly careful to abstain from employing phrases calculated to stir up ill-will between the East and West. *The Critic* itself is notably free from offence in this respect; and it is so on principle. Nothing is gained by generalizations directed by the people of one section of the country against those of another section. The more enlightened among us recognize the importance of cultivating friendly relations between rival lands. It is not less important, but more so, that friendly feelings should exist between the people of all parts of our own country.

In the preceding editorial we have tried to dispose of any insinuation that there is any real question at issue between the East and West. Not so, however, the Literose Duality whose twoness talked business in August, 1895, in a letter to the OVERLAND in which the presumptuous West and its only magazine received the following rebuke:—

When the OVERLAND covers the whole world as well as the leading Eastern magazines do, and as well as it covers its own special Western field, it will be possible for us to devote as much space to it as we do to its contemporaries in the East, but not before. Trusting that you will take this explanation in good part, we remain,

Very truly yours,

Eds. *The Critic*.

The *Critic's* Dimorphism is talking politics in October. We are on the verge of a Presidential election.

The Boston *Pilot* in a recent issue has this to say:—

The OVERLAND'S worst offence has been the printing of a small picture of an English poster, an act inflicting injury or possible loss upon nobody, and probably committed in entire innocence; on the other hand an Eastern Republican newspaper reprinted the OVERLAND'S unique portrait of Joaquin Miller without credit, and an

Eastern literary weekly reprinted it and credited it to the newspaper, thus depriving the magazine of a well-deserved notice. The newspaper, an honorably conducted sheet, is probably innocent of intentional neglect, but as the weekly has been superciliously inclined in the past, the OVERLAND is justified in preserving mild incredulity as to its just intentions until they manifest themselves in apology.

The spirit that belittles Western ideas and Western literature is born of the lack of Americanism so well illustrated by the Gilder coterie, for in no section of our country is Americanism so strongly developed as in the West. In the land of the setting sun there is no fawning sycophancy and there is a notable absence of that graduate of the Gilder school who sneers down in lofty toryism any open avowal of love of country and flag.

**The Japanese Steamship Subsidy.**

EDITOR OVERLAND:—Since writing my article on Japanese competition I have been able to obtain a verified translation of the exact terms of the remarkable Japanese Steamship subsidy Law of 1896, as follows:—

Foreign Built, Minimum Tonnage 700 Register. Tonnage subsidy 25 sen (quarter dollar) per ton per 1000 miles run at minimum 10 knot speed. Extra 10 per cent for each 500 tons increased tonnage over 1000 tons up to 6000 tons register.

Speed subsidy: Increase of 20 per cent for each knot over 10 knots additional speed up to 17 knots.

Japan Built, Minimum 700 tons, 20 yen (20 half dollars) per ton register for every steamer over 1000 tons Japan built.

Extra allowance 5 yen (5 half dollars) for each indicated horse power of engines. No foreign material can be used in construction except by permit of government.

SUBSIDY ESTIMATE.

5000 tons register Steamer, foreign built, round trip Yokohama to San Francisco, 9072 miles both ways (15 knots speed).

Tonnage Payment \$1250 for 1000 miles, voyage 9000 miles ..... \$11,250 00  
 Extra Premium 10 per cent on each 500 tons over 1000 tons, ship being 5000 tons, allows 80 per cent extra on above. .... 9,000 00

Speed Payment 20 per cent additional for each knot over 10 knots, 5 knots extra, 100 per cent ..... 11,250 00

Subsidy for Round Voyage ..... \$31,250 00

The language of bill allowing 20 per cent for each knot over 10 knots *may be construed as applicable to the two first amounts, \$20,250, in which case the round trip subsidy would be \$42,500.* The law says, "a still further increase of 20 per cent in the allowance for every additional knot over 17 knots."

George C. Perkins.



**The Princess Sonia.<sup>1</sup>**

WE DO not think that *The Princess Sonia* will be very much missed if it never goes into a second edition. It is to be hoped, however, that its first edition will sell, as it is not a bad story, and its publishers have taken so much pains with its cover, paper, and illustrations. It is another story of the everlasting Latin Quarter of Paris. It is also another story of an estrangement and

<sup>1</sup>The Princess Sonia. By Julia Magruder. New York: The Century Co.

reunion of a young husband and wife. The Princess Sonia is a young lady who is subject to fits and is sorry she cannot be married and single at the same time. Harold, the sometime husband, is a dead level young man who does not seem to realize that this neurotic wife needs a good old fashioned clubbing. The illustrations are Gibson's usual sightless clothes-horses. But after all, the book is interesting and will do for an hour on the beach.

### Balzac's *Seraphita*<sup>1</sup>

*Seraphita*, like "Louis Lambert," is a novel or a study that it is useless to try to review in the space allotted, or even to endeavor to convey to the reader an idea of its contents. George Frederic Parsons has contributed an introduction to the book that fills eighty pages. It is a review, a criticism, and a commentary. It says a great deal, but it says in the eighty pages what it would take the average writer twice as many to make clear. "Nowhere," says Parsons, "have Balzac's artistic delicacy and spiritual subtlety been so victoriously employed as in the conception and execution of *Seraphita*. There is no change in it from lower to higher regions. The author launches himself like an eagle from a cliff, high upon the bosom of the loftier atmosphere, and his powerful wings sustain him to the end at an elevation which enables the reader to separate himself with facility from the existence of vulgar commonplace, if it does not help him to respire easily in air so rarefied as to be scarcely adequate to the expansion of gross and fleshly lungs."

To hazard an individual opinion as to whether the public generally understand *Seraphita* would be presumptuous. In any case it is well thoroughly to master the painstaking introduction before beginning the book. And whether the work ever be popular or not, it will always be read. It is enough to say here that the translator has made it possible for English readers to peruse the book that Balzac said cost him more intense labor than any other. "The toil," he asserts, upon this work has been crushing and terrible."

### Dumas's *Memoirs of a Physician*.<sup>2</sup>

LITTLE, BROWN & CO. have brought out in uniform binding with the previous volumes of their handsome new edition of Dumas, the *Memoirs of a Physician* in three volumes. No complete set of Dumas that has been published in this country equals this in any respect. Its binding, paper, illustrations, and above all, translation, are above criticism. The *Memoirs of a Physician* takes up the life of Louis XV. (1770-1774) at the point where "Olympe de Cleves" drops him. In the novel under review the work of debasing and debauching his young mind goes on under the accomplished tutelage of the Duke de Richelieu. De Pompadour and Du Barry play their disgraceful but intensely inter-

<sup>1</sup>*Seraphita*. By Honoré de Balzac. Translated by Miss Wormeley. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

<sup>2</sup>*Memoirs of a Physician*. By Alexandre Dumas. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.: Three vols.

esting parts in French history. The Count Cagliostro, the most wonderful character of his day, is the mysterious personage of the novel, and one that Dumas takes delight in sketching. Rousseau lives in the pages and Marat is seen in all his repulsive fanaticism. The book is one of the great novelist's strongest.

### The Last of the Mohicans.<sup>3</sup>

PROBABLY no American novel has been more widely read by the English speaking race than Cooper's *Last of the Mohicans*. Every commendable new edition of it has been as eagerly welcomed as though it were a new novel. G. P. Putnam's Sons are publishing under the general title "Mohawk Edition" an edition that will bring about a renaissance of interest in Cooper. It is handsome and modern and well illustrated. It looks like an edition de luxe, and yet sells for \$1.25 a volume. It is useless to undertake to review the *Mohicans*. Hawkeye, Uncas, Chingachgook, the Effinghams, and Heyward, are characters in universal fiction that are too well known by all generations to need any introduction. One can only unreservedly recommend the edition to our homes and libraries.

### Some Educational Books.

IF ONE would understand the purpose of education at Rome, its moral and intellectual trend, the scope of class work and of individual instruction, subjects of study in the several grades of school, the estimate placed upon natural endowments and educational attainments, and the efficiency and character of the teaching force, he will find it in Clarke's *Children of Rome*.<sup>4</sup>

WHITE'S new *Algebra*<sup>5</sup> combines in one book a complete course in the study, — sufficiently elementary for beginners, and advanced and comprehensive enough fully to meet the entrance requirements of the best colleges and universities.

The author's aim has been to prepare a school algebra which should be pedagogically sound, as well as mathematically accurate, and thoroughly adequate for its place and purpose.

Some of the leading and distinctive features which will commend this book to teachers of mathematics are the following: (1) The early introduction and practical use of the equation;

<sup>3</sup>The Last of the Mohicans. By James Fenimore Cooper. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons: 1896.

<sup>4</sup>The Children of Rome. By George Clarke. New York: Macmillan and Company. Emporium Book Department, San Francisco. \$.75.

<sup>5</sup>A School Algebra. By E. E. White. American Book Company. New York.

(2) the application of arithmetical approaches to algebraic processes and principles; (3) the intelligent use of the inductive method; (4) the immediate application of facts and principles in simple exercises for practice; (5) the number, variety, and character, of the exercises and problems designed to secure facility and accuracy in algebraic processes.

The book commends itself to progressive teachers, containing as it does the most advanced thought upon this subject.

STARTING from the tiny world of childhood whose extreme limits are the home and school, the author of *The Oswego Normal Method of Teaching Geography*<sup>1</sup> directs the teacher how to lead the child out face to face with nature "while the air, the water, the sky, the clouds, the temperature, the animals, the plants, the rocks, the soil, the hills, the valleys, the streams, the habitations, the occupations,—in short, all that pertains to that part of the earth which he knows and its environments," are so interwoven in their relation, the one with the other as to enlarge the capacity, increase the horizon, and multiply the pleasures, of one in that study which is life-long in its duration.

MR. C. W. BARDEEN has compiled and published a brief resume of the most essential features of the school law<sup>2</sup> of New York and other States, the coincident and different requirements, the relation of trustee and teacher and of teacher and scholar, the authority by which one may teach, and many other questions of much interest to the school man.

*Character as a Product of Education*<sup>3</sup> is a pamphlet of much interest and value to those who would know in brief the thoughts of other men on this all-important subject.

#### Books on Finance and Politics.

IT IS an open secret that "A Layman," the author of the book on *Money*<sup>4</sup> is Mr. John J. Valentine, President of Wells, Fargo, & Co. OVERLAND readers would discover it for themselves by looking over the book; for part of it is made up of articles that Mr. Valentine published in this magazine over his own signature. A great part of the book is made up of discussion of Mr. Irving M. Scott's "Hard Times."

<sup>1</sup>The Oswego Normal Method of Teaching Geography. By Amos W. Farnham. C. W. Bardeen. Syracuse. \$ .50.

<sup>2</sup>A Manual of Common School Law. By C. W. Bardeen. Syracuse. C. W. Bardeen.

<sup>3</sup>Character as a Product of Education in Schools. By W. H. V. Raymond. OVERLAND Publishing Co. 25c.

<sup>4</sup>Money. By A Layman. San Francisco. 1896. Press of H. S. Crocker & Co.

It does not become this magazine editorially to give judgment upon a controversy between two of its contributors, conducted in part in its pages.

Mr. Valentine's position is Republican in the main, the position that claims to be the conservative, "sound money," standpoint. It is a good sign in American politics, when the leading business men of the community take the time to make deep and scholarly researches into the foundations of political science.

AMONG the topics considered in Weldon's *Handbook on Currency and Wealth*,<sup>5</sup> are the Money System of the United States, including gold, silver, and minor coins, notes, etc.; Currency and Finances of the world; the Relations of Gold and Silver, dealing with productive and commercial ratios, relation to prices and wages; Wealth and its Ownership, showing the production, distribution, and consumption of wealth, growth and extent of trusts, debts, public and private, and business failures. A miscellaneous section on railroads, telegraphs, and telephones, strikes and lockouts, land and population, immigration and foreign-born, the liquor traffic, and the presidential vote in 1892.

BYRON ANDREWS' life of McKinley<sup>6</sup> is probably the most popular biography of the Republican candidate that has appeared. In the Preface the author says "Major McKinley's chief characteristic is earnestness. In all he does he is profoundly convinced of the justice of the cause he favors. In politics, in religion, in his domestic life, the same honesty of purpose has been conspicuous." The book is well illustrated, embraces a complete report of the proceedings of the St. Louis Convention, and to it is added a brief sketch of Garret A. Hobart.

IN CONNECTION with the above should be mentioned *Bryan and Sewall*<sup>7</sup> by C. M. Stevans, issued by the same publishers to furnish ammunition to the friends of the Democratic and Silver candidates. Of course these books do not pretend to be literature. It is enough if they tell the people and the stump speakers throughout the country the things they can use in their arguments with their "friends, the enemy." The present book does this in a fairly satisfactory manner. Biographies of the candidates,

<sup>5</sup>A Handbook on Currency and Wealth. By G. B. Weldon. New York. Funk & Wagnalls Co.: 1896. 50c.

<sup>6</sup>McKinley and Hobart. By Byron Andrews. New York, F. Tennyson Neely, 1896. \$1.00.

<sup>7</sup>Bryan and Sewall. By C. M. Stevans. F. Tennyson Neely: New York: 1896.



accounts of the convention, Bryan's famous speech, estimates of his character and ability by various silver leaders, a description of Mrs. Bryan, short silver arguments, violent editorials against Bryan, especially British, of the boomerang sort, and other available campaign material make up the book.

The same firm has endeavored also in currency books<sup>1</sup> to meet the needs of everybody. They have compiled these from the works of all the authorities that have been found expressing strong opinions on the Silver and Gold controversy. One is in favor of gold, one of silver, and the third contains "the strongest arguments on both sides." The work is done in the *ad captandum*, handy book for the campaign style, that answers their purpose possibly, but there is no solid value to them, or judicious selection of extracts that gives them merit in the eyes of the student.

#### Briefer Notice.

*Rhymes of the Rockies*<sup>2</sup> is a book published and distributed by the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad to attract tourists. In that view as an advertisement it could claim no space for notice in a magazine. But aside from all that it is a book of literary and artistic merit. There are four-page descriptions of each of the scenes chosen, followed by a full page engraving, generally a wood-cut, and a poem. The poems are by Helen Hunt Jackson, H. L. Wasson, W. E. Pabor,

<sup>1</sup>Sound and Solid Money. F. Tennyson Neely, New York: 1896.

Free Silver. *Ibid.*

The Nation's Greatest Problem, Silver—Gold. *Ibid.*

<sup>2</sup>Rhymes of the Rockies. Chlcago: Poole Bros.: 1896.

William Allen Butler, Edgar P. Vangassen, Stanley Wood, Edgar Parsons, Patience Stapleton, G. G. Ferguson, Will L. Vischer, J. D. Dillenback, Alice S. Mitchell, and Fannie Isabel Sherrick. They are not all of equal merit, and are sometimes quite inadequate to the impression left on the mind of one that has seen the natural wonders described. Most of them, however, will be read with pleasure, and the reader of the OVERLAND who is led by this notice to get this book, which may be had without money and without price, will thank us for calling his attention to it. If he should be further led by his reading of the little volume to journey to the scenes therein pictured, he will then have occasion to thank us still more.

*By Oak and Thorn*,<sup>3</sup> by Alice Brown, is a collection of eleven short essays on a variety of subjects. The descriptive essays are the most interesting, although there is nothing of particular value in any of them. The essays "In Praise of Gypsying," "The Food of Fancy," and "A Still Hunt," contain nothing of striking originality. "The Haunt of the Doones," "The Land of Arthur," and "The Bronte Country," are worth reading. The book, however, is full of good clear English and will find admirers.

*The Romance of Guardamonte*<sup>4</sup> is a silly, descriptive tale of Italy. It is badly written and belongs to the namby-pamby class of literature that has no excuse for existing.

<sup>3</sup>By Oak and Thorn. By Alice Brown. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1896. \$1.25.

<sup>4</sup>The Romance of Guardamonte. By A. E. Davls. New York, J. Selwin Tait & Sons.



IT may be of interest to our readers to know why we have chosen the persons pictured in Mr. Ford's article, "The Lamp of Experience," for that honor. Mr. Ford's own record was given in the September number, and Mr. Shortridge's

career has been touched on before. Two of the others are here appended. The likeness of Senator Perkins, a frontispiece, should be counted as that of a prominent Republican leader, as well as in connection with his article. Other Republican



chieftains, Irving M. Scott, Claus Spreckels and his sons, Horace Davis, and many more, have been pictured in other articles in this magazine.

THIS campaign is notable for the number of young men engaged in the interest of the Republican party, who are lending their assistance to the principles of gold and protection. If Major McKinley is the next President, much can be attributed to the active, brainy young men of this country, who have inaugurated clubs and are contributing their energies to the success of the party. We know of no man who merits the prominence that he has attained more than Zenas U. Dodge. He is taking an active part in both State and National politics, and is one of the leading members of the Executive Committee of the McKinley League of Republican Clubs and Chairman of its campaign committee. Mr. Dodge was born in the State of Washington, and came to California when very young and received his education in this State. He was a member of the class of '82, University of California, and sustained himself while attending this institution by teaching night school. His tenacity and energy during this adverse period showed the spirit and character of the man. Subsequently Mr. Dodge entered the stationery business and became a member of the firm of Dodge Brothers. While so occupied he utilized his evenings and spare time in reading law, and after some years was admitted to practice, withdrew from mercantile life, and is now following his profession. On the Fourth of July last, Mr. Dodge was the orator of the day, upon which occasion he made an address, which was characterized by many as the most able, patriotic oration that has been delivered in this city for many years. He is at present, in addition to his old duties, State Secretary for California of the American Protective Tariff League.

COLONEL HENRY I. KOWALSKI, another prominent local leader among the Republicans, was born in Buffalo, New York, August 16, 1859, but came to California when about seven years of age and has resided continuously in California for about thirty years, having been educated at the public schools in the city of San Francisco. His father, L. Kowalsky, one of the pioneer merchants of Sonoma county, has been a resident of California for nearly forty years.

The Colonel was admitted to the practice of the law in 1883. In 1886, he served as Judge-Advocate-General, with the rank of Colonel, on the staff of the late Governor Waterman. He has been a life-long Republican, having served

as County Committeeman and on the State Central Committee of the Republican Party, and recently was one of the delegates to St. Louis that nominated McKinley and Hobart; and since the nomination, has been rendering service to the party, making speeches through the East as well as at home. He has always represented his district in the County and State Conventions. His services to the party have been unselfish, as he has never sought any public position for himself. During a recent trip East he visited Major William McKinley at his home in Canton. When a boy the Colonel attended school with young William McKinley (now deceased), nephew of the Major, and a son of the late Hon. David McKinley. At that time the Colonel's family and the late David's family resided in the same house for three years, so his acquaintance and friendship for the McKinleys dates back to 1869.

MESSRS. LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY, Boston, have in press for the autumn of 1896: Prosper Mérimée's Masterpiece, *Carmen*, translated and illustrated by Edmund H. Garrett, with an Introduction by Louise Imogen Guiney, and including twelve etchings and a photogravure portrait of Calvé as Carmen, and a new holiday edition of Grimm's notable *Life of Michael Angelo*, in two volumes, 8vo, with forty photogravure plates from famous paintings and sculptures, including twenty-three reproductions from Michael Angelo.

THE *Irish Daily Independent* of Dublin on August 26th, reviews editorially at some length Mr. James D. Phelan's admirable defense of the new charter in the now famous July number of the OVERLAND. While it takes no decided position in the matter the editorial favors the new charter on the ground that inasmuch as American politics is controlled to a large extent by the "unemployed," any move toward the bettering that condition of affairs is a move in the right direction.

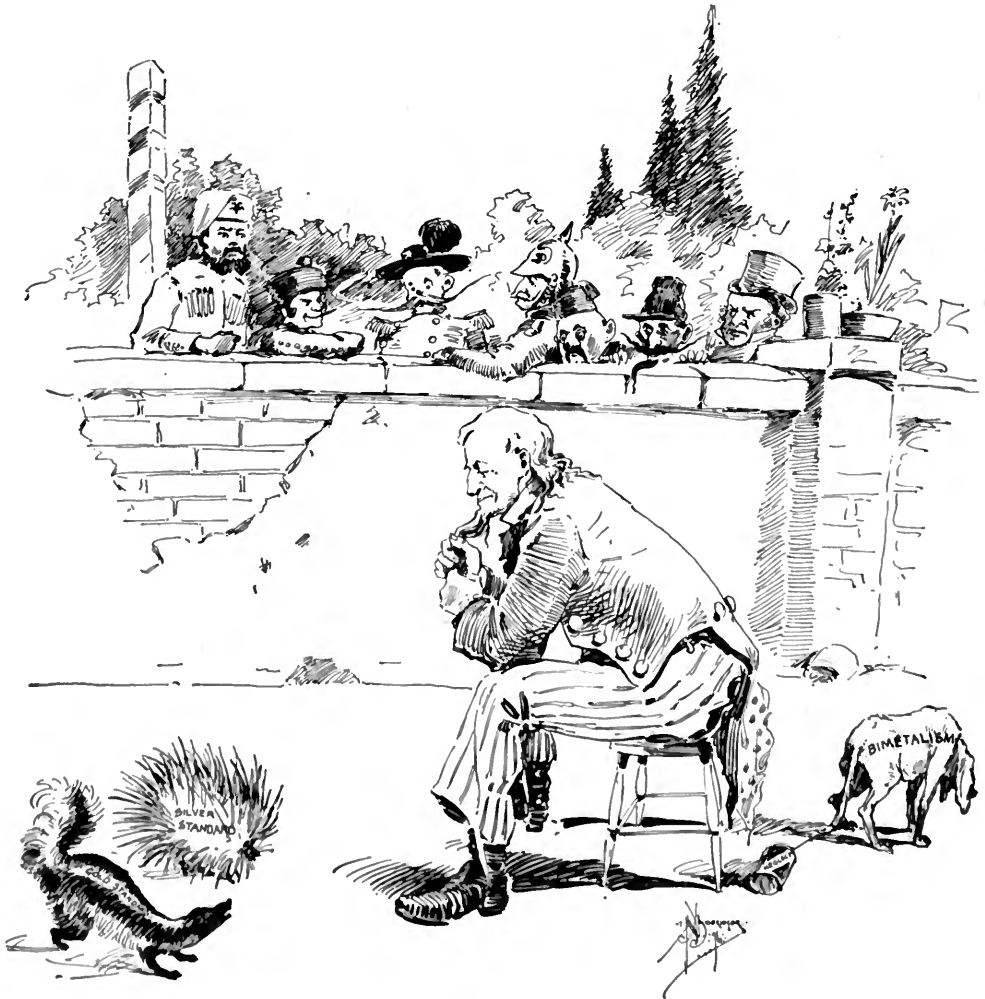
HON. JAMES D. PHELAN, a stockholder in and for many years a director of the OVERLAND MONTHLY Publishing Company, was nominated by the Democratic party on September 17th, for Mayor of San Francisco.

The DODGE BOOK AND STATIONERY COMPANY of San Francisco, have in press for immediate publication, an *édition de luxe* of the famous Persian poem of Omar Khayyám, the Rubáiyát, as translated into English by Edward Fitzgerald. Copious notes have been appended to the work together with a brief life of the author.

AMONG the leading wheelmen of California is Walter N. Brunt. Mr. Brunt has always been interested in cycling, and the wheel has no stronger advocate than he. Formerly Captain and President of the California Cycling Club, and now first Lieutenant of the Camera Club Cyclists, he has had a varied experience in cycling, having toured over many of the leading routes in the State.

Mr. Brunt is the proprietor of one of the largest printing and publishing houses on the Coast, and is interested in a number of cycling publications. He has contributed a number of articles to the wheeling journals, and his humorous verses on the adventures of the weary wheelmen have been copied all over the Union.

LEONARD GILL, — see page 453 for his likeness, — is the President and Manager of the Olympic Publishing Company, publishers of *The Olympic* of San Francisco, — a paper, now in its third year, published in the interests of cycling and the cycling trade. It is a bright, newsy sheet, thoroughly up to date, and its general appearance make it one of the most attractive cycling publications in the country. Lately an Australian and Hawaiian Island department has been added to its columns; for San Francisco is the gateway for the trade of these countries, and the publication is well circulated in the Colonies and the Islands. Mr. Gill is also an enthusiastic athlete, having a record ten and one fifth seconds for the hundred yard dash.



A CHOICE OF STRANGE PETS.

Uncle Sam: — "These are queer beasts, I wonder where my dog is."

# FUNDING OF THE PACIFIC RAILROADS' INDEBTEDNESS.

A LETTER BY HON. GROVE L. JOHNSON.



ACRAMENTO, August 10, 1896. — Hon. Grove L. Johnson — Dear Sir: Much has been said, written, and published, regarding the funding of the debts due the Government from the Pacific railroads and the action of Congress in refer-

ence thereto, but no clear presentation of the facts connected with the question has yet been made. Inasmuch as you are a member of the Committee on Pacific Railroads of the House of Representatives and are familiar with the question, I wish you would give me your views regarding the matter, that the public and myself may get a proper understanding of the subject. Very truly yours,

JOSEPH STEFFENS.

## MR. JOHNSON'S LETTER.

JOSEPH STEFFENS, ESQ., Sacramento—My Dear Sir: So much misrepresentation has been had concerning the railroad funding bill that I take pleasure in answering your request to give the facts about the matter.

I may well premise by saying that an elaborate attempt has been made to thrust this funding bill into the political campaign to the exclusion of the legitimate issues to be decided by the voter.

This matter is, in no sense, anything but a business question to be decided upon business principles.

It requires no aid from politics or politicians, but the people are injured whenever this question is sought to be made a political issue.

Men may reasonably differ as to the true course to be pursued in settling the monetary affairs of the United States and the Pacific railroads, because the sum involved is large and the interests affected many and diverse.

But it does not in any manner concern any man's politics. The efforts of partisan newspapers to advance party candidates by an unfair presentation of the matters involved should be discountenanced.

The attempt to make this whole election turn in California on the funding bill, now being made by certain interested parties, should and will fail.

All citizens should discuss the question

with calmness and not be blinded by imtemperate assaults on individuals or unfair statements.

Let us then understand the situation, for sometimes the statement of facts becomes almost determinative of the case itself.

There is a first mortgage upon the railroad, which is prior and superior to the mortgage held by the Government, and must be first paid or secured and will soon all be due.

The Government has only a second mortgage and cannot expect one dollar in case of foreclosure until the first mortgage is fully paid.

In these, as in ordinary mortgages, the law authorizes a foreclosure and a sale of the mortgaged premises. But unlike ordinary mortgages the holders must look solely to the mortgaged property for the payment of their debt. Usually when mortgaged property is sold and fails to realize sufficient to pay the debt, a judgment for the deficiency is entered against the mortgagor and any other property, real or personal, belonging to him can be levied upon and sold to pay such deficiency. This cannot be done in the case of the Pacific railroad mortgages.

The Supreme Court of the United States has decided that the holders of mortgages on these Pacific railroads can get their money only from the property covered by the mortgages, and cannot have any deficiency judgment against any of the stockholders of the company.

That settles the law of the case. We must deal with these mortgages, then, as they are, not as we would wish them to be. We must deal with facts, not with presumptions. Therefore, in discussing this funding bill it must be remembered always that the two factors that decide the question as to the course to be pursued by Congress are:

1. The United States has a second mortgage.

2. The United States can only get its money from the property.

I believe the United States can collect every dollar of its debt, principal and interest, and shall endeavor to show that this can only be done by the passage of the funding bill now pending in Congress. This is a business question, and should be decided in a business manner.

During the political campaign of 1894 the so-called Reilly funding bill was before the people and was discussed by all.

I opposed the passage of that bill in public speeches and private debate.

I had the privilege in Congressional Committee of voting against that bill, although bearing the name of another author.

I opposed the Reilly bill, not because I antagonized the principle of funding, but because that bill would have been disastrous in its workings to my State.

The Central Pacific Railroad Company could not have carried into effect the provisions of that bill.

If the company had accepted the bill, and sought to do business under it, the inevitable result would have been the raising of the rates of fares and freights over the Central Pacific railroad. That meant ruin for California.

The managers of the Central Pacific repeatedly so announced to Congress. They declared that they could not work under the bill. An examination of the earning capacity of the road, as presented by the sworn reports of the officers, and the testimony furnished Congress in connection with the payments required by the Reilly bill will convince any fair-minded person that those statements were and are correct.

The Reilly funding bill required, as a condition precedent to its acceptance by the company, that the first mortgage debt on the road should be paid, or arranged in some manner by the company, and the Government mortgage made a first lien. This could not have been done. No financier would loan them enough cash with which to pay a twenty-eight million dollar first mortgage, and take as security for his cash a second mortgage on the same property, encumbered with another first mortgage of \$57,000,000.

Even if by some miracle this could have been done, the annual payments required of the company were far in excess of its earnings, and could not have been made (as before stated) except by a material increase in the rates of fare and freight. This was demonstrated very clearly in the speeches made and tables and figures published during the campaign of 1894.

Therefore, we all opposed the Reilly bill, not because of opposition to funding and extending the debt, but because the provisions of the bill were too onerous upon the railroad company and California alike.

The present bill differs very materially from the Reilly bill, in that it provides for the payment in full of the debt due the United States from the railroad company upon terms equitable to both parties to the contract and that will not raise the rates of railroad fares or freights in California, but permit of their reduction.

I believe that the proper method in which to treat these railroad corporations is to act toward them as though they and the United States were individuals.

If so treated no one could complain.

Let us suppose a case:—

A bank holds a second mortgage on a farm and finds that the debtor cannot pay his debt as it becomes due.

The duty of the Board of Directors is plain, viz.: to send for that debtor and ascertain why he does not pay, and what he proposes to do. No bank forecloses its mortgage without giving its debtor such a chance.

The bank does not want the farm, neither does the Government want the Pacific railroads.

Both want their money.

When the debtor appears he says: "I cannot pay now. My property will not sell for more than enough to pay the first mortgage. Give me time and I will give you additional security of great value and will pay you in full, pay my first mortgage, and save my farm; but if you foreclose now you will make me lose my farm, you will lose your debt, and you cannot have any deficiency judgment against me."

What would any individual do?

He would not foreclose. He would immediately institute a careful investigation into the assets and revenues and expenditures of his debtor, into the value and productiveness of his farm and the nature and value of the additional security offered, and would be guided in his decision by the result of such investigations.

That is exactly what the Committees on Pacific Railroads of Congress did regarding the mortgage debt due the United States by the Central Pacific Railroad Company.

No sensible individual or solvent bank would order foreclosure until such investigation was had, even if much clamor was heard from uninterested persons.

No good citizen would wish the Government mortgage foreclosed until such investigation was had.

The committees made the investigation and they all, except two members (one in

the Senate and one in the House), agreed that the only way to secure the Government and obtain payment in full was to give the company such reasonable time in which to pay their debts due the United States as will at once secure the Government against loss, the company from ruin, and the people from increased rates. We must remember that the stockholders of this company have rights and are entitled to protection.

These objects will be accomplished by the passage of the proposed funding bill.

Hence I say the committees have treated the railroad companies exactly as one individual would treat another under the circumstances.

The testimony taken by the committees was voluminous, and covered every phase of the question from the commencement of the agitation for a Pacific railroad down to the present date.

I will not take up time now in discussing the early history of this greatest achievement of the nineteenth century, although it is at once very interesting and instructive.

Neither will I, at present, speak of the land grants given to the roads which have been so magnified by some speakers and writers, and show, as the facts do, their insignificance as compared with donations to other roads.

It may be my privilege on some other occasion to explain these, as well as many other of the transactions of the United States and its people with these Pacific railroads, but now I have not the time.

I wish, however, to impress upon you these facts, that impartial history shows, first, that all the Pacific railroad legislation of Congress was taken, not at the request of the railroad companies, nor of their promoters, but at the demand of the people; and second, that the lands granted were not worth one dollar without the building of the railroad.

I will in this letter speak only of the bonds granted the company.

These bonds were all granted by the terms of the Acts of Congress of July 1, 1862, and July 2, 1864.

From the testimony taken by the committees it appears that according to the treasury reports the total amount of subsidy bonds given the Central Pacific and the Western Pacific is \$27,855,680. Not as much as the Mormon war cost the United States prior to the construction of the Pacific railroads.

The total amount due the United States from the Central Pacific amounts as follows, on January 1, 1897 :

Principal.....\$27,855,680.00  
Interest..... 48,011,293.24

Total.....\$75,866,973.24

The contract made by the Acts of 1862 and 1864 did not call for the payment of interest until the maturity of bonds, hence the large amount of interest due.

This contract was made by the Government itself. It is unilateral, in that one party to the bargain, the United States, dictated its terms, and has claimed and exercised the right ever since to alter, amend, and change it, regardless of the wishes of the other party to the contract.

If it was bad for the United States, no one is to blame but the United States.

It is not claimed by any one that the companies did any more than accept the contract that the Government made.

The Central Pacific has fully complied with every requirement of its contract from the day that it accepted the same.

When every other Pacific railroad company and many other railroad companies defaulted in their interest payments, the Central Pacific met all its obligations at the day appointed. When every other Pacific railroad company and many other railroad companies went into the hands of receivers upon the application to court of their creditors, the Central Pacific attended to its own business, paid all its debts when due and kept one railroad out of court and in the hands of its owners.

As a Californian, I am proud of this fact, and proud that it was owing to the keen business sagacity, honest purpose, and untiring efforts, of Californians that the Central Pacific was enabled to make this glorious record. As a Sacramentan, also, I am particularly proud of it, for these men were all residents of our city.

The Central Pacific did not realize the full amount of the bonds issued to it by the Government.

They were made payable in "lawful money," meaning greenbacks, were known in commercial circles as "currency sixes," and were sold by the company at an average rate of 70 cents on the dollar, thus netting the company but \$19,498,976.

This amount was much reduced, as the company was forced to buy gold at fearful premiums for use in California and Europe.

This does not change the generous pur-

pose or statesman-like idea that prompted the subsidy, but should be remembered when talk is had about the immense sums donated to the Pacific railroads.

The debt must be settled. The question is how? We are called upon to decide it as the representatives of the United States and the dictators of the situation. We must act upon business principles. Cries of "fraud," malevolent abuse of all who favor a funding bill, demagogical shrieks against particular men, must not swerve us from our duty to settle a business-like matter on business lines. What, then, is our situation?

The United States has a second mortgage for security.

There is a first mortgage on all the Central Pacific, constituting a lien prior to that of the United States, amounting to \$27,853,000. Add this to the sum due to the United States, and the amount of \$103,719,973.24 is due its creditors by this company.

The holders of these first mortgage bonds are asking for their pay and threatening foreclosure.

The Central Pacific cannot pay the principal of the bonds due the United States or the first mortgage holders as they become due.

What shall be done?

As I have said before, the duty of every creditor holding a second mortgage when his debtor says, "I cannot pay my debts as they fall due," is to examine carefully the assets and liabilities of that debtor and see what settlement can be made so as to save the creditor if possible from loss. Law suits are to be avoided by nations as well as individuals.

Applying this common sense rule to the present case, we find that the Government mortgage covers a line of railroad from a point five miles west of Ogden, Utah, to Sacramento, Cal., a distance of 737.50 miles, and from Sacramento to San José, Cal., a distance of 123.16 miles, in all a distance of 860.66 miles. It is a road without terminals or terminal facilities. It does not enter San Francisco, the queen city of the Pacific Coast, but stops at San José, fifty miles away.

The value of any large railroad is that it may reach some large city, some great distributing point, some center of business and population, some hub of the wheel of commercial relations, into which the spokes of trade, of manufacture, of progress, of development, lead from every point the money

and people of the land. This is not the case with the Central Pacific as mortgaged. It is like the heroine of Gunter's novel, "Miss Nobody from Nowhere," in that it begins in a desert and ends many miles from its true terminus. It is a disjointed vertebra unable to do business of itself. Whoever purchases must make terms with other companies, else he can do no business.

In addition, the road from Ogden to the Sierra Nevada, a distance of about 589 miles, passes over a country as barren of way business as a hen is of teeth, and acts merely as a conduit over which the people and products of the East and West can pass, as the citizens of New York and Brooklyn cross the great East River bridge.

The total receipts from this part of the railroad from way traffic will not pay for the oil consumed in lubricating the wheels of the locomotives that pull the trains.

All the paying business comes from California and the far East, known as through travel.

We find a mortgage ahead of the United States that must be paid or in some manner cared for, or the United States will lose every dollar of its debt.

We find that the business of the road has been increased and made valuable by the construction of numerous other railroads in California, not covered by the Government mortgage, that serve as feeders to the main line, and are absolutely necessary to be obtained by the creditor, in case he decided to take possession of the road, for without them he can do but little traffic.

We find a valuable road leading from the subsidized line to San Francisco, and very valuable terminals at Oakland and San Francisco, neither of which is covered by the Government mortgage, and all of which are absolutely necessary to be obtained by any creditor who takes possession of the main line.

We know that the only method by which the Central Pacific can pay its debts is from its earnings. In this respect the railroads are like banks and nations.

There is no railroad or bank or nation on the globe, no matter how prosperous or wealthy, that could pay its debts in cash today. They can only pay from their earnings or revenues, as they accumulate year by year, from business or taxes or customs.

Their debts must be defaulted, extended, or repudiated. They cannot be paid on demand. If the creditors of the bank of which my colleague, Mr. Barham, is a

director, should all today request their money, Santa Rosa would see the doors of its largest bank closed, and its officers, including Mr. Barham, pleading for time to get money, begging for the extension he refuses to these railroad companies. The Central Pacific is no worse off than any other road or banker or nation, and is better off than a majority of them, because it has never defaulted, and is today without a blot on its financial escutcheon.

We find that since the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the Stanford case, and the opinion of Attorney-General Harmon, filed with the Pacific Railroad Committee, there is nothing left for the United States, except to get its money from the property covered by its mortgage according to its exact terms, and that the property is, as shown, disjointed, incomplete, and incapable alone of carrying on any successful business.

In examining this matter further, we find the United States practically bankrupt today, in that its revenues do not equal its expenditures, and it is borrowing money to pay its bills, although its credit is so good that it can carry on business indefinitely. Like Barham's bank, it is running on credit. It is in no condition, however, to borrow money to pay off first mortgages on railroads. We find the owners of these roads desirous of paying every dollar they owe the Government, and their other creditors, and having faith in their ability so to do if given time.

We find the net earnings of each road to be about \$4,000,000 per annum and that it is very unsafe to rate them any higher.

We find that it would be impolitic for us to claim all of the net earnings as applicable to the payment of the debts, as some amount must be left for repairs and emergencies.

We find that the intrinsic value of these roads does not equal their debts, and that at forced sale they would not probably pay any but the first mortgage. We learn that they can be duplicated at about half their original cost.

What shall be done in view of these facts? Do we want Government ownership of railroads? If so, that is one way out of the difficulty.

We can foreclose the Government lien, pay the \$27,853,000 of the first mortgage bonds on the Central Pacific and \$33,532,000 on the Union Pacific; total, \$61,-

385,000, and go into active competition in the railroad business with our citizens who are struggling to maintain other Pacific railroads.

Is this advisable? Is this good business sagacity? Is it a proper plan for the United States to pursue? Is it wise for the nation to purchase the railroads that traverse it in every direction or even those across the continent?

As illustrating one result of Government ownership of the Central Pacific railroad, I call attention to the fact that this corporation has since its organization paid the large sum of \$6,038,554.95 for State, county, and municipal taxes in California alone.

In 1895, the company paid in California for State and county taxes \$363,263.57, and for municipal taxes \$26,646.52, making a total of \$389,910.09. These amounts were of great benefit to the people of California and assisted materially in paying the expense of their government, and will be lost to the State if the United States owns the railroad, for United States property cannot be taxed for any purpose. Let me here state that the Southern Pacific Company paid last year for taxes in California the enormous sum of \$962,151.14, enough to run many State governments.

In our neighboring State of Nevada the company has since its organization paid out a total amount of \$3,661,586.21 in taxes, and last year paid \$154,345.21 out of a total collected in the State of \$578,887.86, being a little over one fourth of the entire amount. Nevada would be forced to close its schools and asylums and turn its sick, insane, and children, loose upon the highways if the Government owned the railroad and thus deprived the Silver State of the large amount of taxes paid by the Central Pacific Railroad Company.

On the northeast corner of K and Seventh streets, Sacramento, is a very beautiful building, which with its lot forms a very valuable property. It is the United States Postoffice Building.

It would undoubtedly be assessed at the amount of \$100,000 if owned by an individual, and would thus contribute largely to the revenues of our city and county.

Being United States property it escapes taxation.

Consequently the balance of our property must pay an increased rate to make up for this loss.

There is an object lesson for all. Such would be the action of the Assessors regard-

ing the railroad if owned by the United States. They would mark it Government property and it would escape taxation. The rest of us would be compelled to pay an increased tax because of this large amount being stricken from the assessment roll. These figures and illustrations are instructive to all who love their country and desire its prosperity.

To those who seek position or power, or blackmail by abuse of railroads and their owners, and vituperative assaults upon all who favor a business settlement of a business question, these figures amount to nothing.

We of California, and particularly of Sacramento, ought to feel kindly towards this company.

From the day when the first shovelful of earth was dug by President Stanford in 1863 to the beginning of the year 1896, the Central Pacific had expended in Sacramento alone, for labor, \$31,000,000, and for material used in its workshops \$50,500,000 making the enormous total of \$81,600,000 expended in this one city of California by this company.

This sum has given employment to many thousands of men, supported many more thousands of dependent women of business, created new avenues of business, and stimulated the growth of California in a marvelous manner.

The yearly payroll of the company in Sacramento is upwards of \$2,500,000. It is that large sum disbursed regularly to our citizens that enables us to truthfully boast of good times in Sacramento, to see new buildings arising on every street, and to note that the banks of the Capitol City are refusing, not seeking deposits.

The only suggestion as to the settlement of the question of these debts due the United States by these railroad companies made by any Californian, whether in Congress or not, whether drawing resolutions for a political convention, writing editorials for a newspaper or delivering a speech to Congress or its committees, outside of the abuse of Huntington and the railroad company, interspersed with some denunciation of all who favor a funding bill, has been Government ownership.

This fact is very suggestive. It illustrates more strongly than language can the fact that there is no solution except, first, funding or extending the debt, or, second, Government ownership of these roads.

I hope the Congress will vote squarely on

this Government ownership scheme, so that all can see how few votes will be given in favor of investing sixty millions and losing eighty millions more of Government money in buying a Pacific railroad.

The business men and politicians east of the Rocky mountains know, as we do, that Government ownership of these railroads means no taxation upon the property represented thereby. I have already given facts and figures showing the great loss to our city and county and State in taxes if the Government owned the railroad.

The Hon. Hoke Smith, Secretary of the Interior, is frequently quoted as being against refunding. He is also on record as against Government ownership. Before our Pacific Railroad Committee he said: "I think the last thing for the Government to do would be to own a railroad. I think they had better give away their interest. It am utterly opposed to that." Secretary Smith ought to be good authority for these anti-funding people. Congressman Maguire shows that it is worse than folly to talk of Government ownership of railroads, for in his speech at the Metropolitan Temple, June 29, 1896, he said, "There is in Congress an overwhelming opposition to Government ownership and operation of railroads." What folly, then, for any one to tell the people that we must foreclose the lien and let the United States run the railroads.

There would not be to exceed twenty votes in Congress in favor of Government ownership of the railroads.

The Eastern people do not believe in it. They say it might help California, but it would hurt them.

We of California, if united, carry but little weight in the councils of the nation, and on this question we carry none.

The American people east of the Rocky mountains control the business affairs of the United States, and they are solid against Government ownership of railroads. They are not willing to buy and run a Pacific railroad at the expense of the whole nation, simply to please or benefit California. Hence, even if we all worked harmoniously for it we could not secure it.

The purchase of these roads will lead to the purchase of others, for every railroad company unable to pay its debts (and none of them can if pressed) will demand that it be purchased as an act of equality, and soon our reverend Uncle Sam will have his hands so full with running railroads that



he cannot attend to the affairs of the nation.

It does not appear to me good policy to experiment with Government ownership of railroads; nor do I believe that the American people endorse the proposition. From the statements of Secretary Smith and Congressman Maguire you can see that the idea of Government ownership must be dismissed in considering how to settle this question.

Shall the United States foreclose its lien and settle its equity of redemption to the highest bidder and forever close the account with these companies?

This would be the easiest and quickest way out of the difficulty. It would end the matter in less than a year.

But at what a loss.

Who could bid at such a sale? Manifestly only three parties.

First, the Government.

Second, a syndicate of rich men owning other railroads and anxious to extend their system.

Third, the present owners of these railroads.

Considering these proposed purchases in order, we find:—

First, it is impracticable for the Government to bid, because, as we have seen, the United States does not want to buy or run railroads.

Second, it would be very bad for the nation if any organization of capital should be able to buy and control a line of railroad from ocean to ocean.

The power of corporations is already too great in the United States. Such an aggregation of wealth as would be represented by such a company would dominate the business, the politics, and policy of the nation. It would be a constant menace to the rights and liberties of the people.

The form of its manager would cast a shadow over the White House itself, while his veto over legislation would be more absolute than that exercised by the President, because it would be interposed before, during, and after action by Congress.

Third, the present owners would have no incentive to bid any large amount, because they would naturally desire to pay as small a sum as possible in order to obtain their roads free from a large debt. I do not think that \$5,000,000 could be obtained by such sale for both roads. If the owners of the Central Pacific, if C. P. Huntington were the bad man his detractors would have

us believe, he would refuse to do anything, to offer anything, to promise any payment or arrange or urge any settlement of the railroad debt to the United States. He would stand upon his contract, upon the law. He would say, "Foreclose your second mortgage. Sell your equity of redemption. I will buy it in at a small price, and thus wipe out the \$75,000,000 due the Government by an expenditure at the utmost of not more than 10 per cent thereof."

But he does not say so. On the contrary, with an honest pride in his life, he says that he, himself and his company, have always paid a hundred cents on the dollar, and he always wants to. Hence, he is willing to assume the burden of the funding bill for his company. Put the case to any attorney for a bank or individual, truthfully epitomized as follows, viz:—

"I have a second mortgage on property covered to nearly if not quite its full value by a first mortgage. My debtor cannot pay either the first or second mortgage. The first mortgage is due and its holder threatens foreclosure. His property is only valuable for, and can only pay its debts from its earnings. I do not want to go into the business carried on by my debtor, his property is not complete, but is dependent upon other properties for its successful use. I am bankrupt myself and am only carrying on my trade because of the credit I have. My debtor has faith in his property and believes he can pay dollar for dollar if given time. He offers to pay some cash down and a regular amount of principal and interest each year, and to give additional security. If I give him time the first mortgage holders will give him time. What shall be done?"

And his answer to the query will be quickly given:—

"Make a settlement immediately. Extend your debt. Sign the papers as soon as possible ere your debtor changes his mind."

In the settlement proposed by this bill the rights of the United States are fully protected.

The Central Pacific gives the United States a second mortgage on all its property, including its feeders and terminals, and will pay \$365,000 per year of principal and two per cent interest on deferred payments for the first ten years, \$500,000 per year of principal for the next ten years with the same interest, and \$750,000 per year of principal and like interest each year thereafter until the debt is fully paid. It is true that there

are at present mortgages on these terminals and feeders, but the company is to take care of them as it must also of the first mortgage on the original road. They can all be refunded at a lower rate of interest than is now paid if the bill passes, and that increases the security given the United States.

The amount of the debt due the United States is reduced at once by the payment of a large sum, made up as follows :

Treasurer's estimate of value of sinking fund as of March 30, 1896.....	\$ 6,692,471.94
Treasurer's statement of bond and interest account, Central Pacific, as of March 1, 1896.....	8,239,434.31
Treasurer's statement of bond and interest account Western Pacific, as of March 1, 1896.....	9,367.00
Total.....	\$14,941,273.25
Credits and judgments in favor of Central and Southern Pacific to be applied.....	2,409,818.20
Accounts in process of settlement, not yet credited, about.....	100,000.00
Transportation services, ten months, at \$600,000 per annum.....	500,000.00
Interest accruing on bonds in sinking fund from March 30, 1896, to January 1, 1897.....	234,367.50
Grand total.....	\$18,185,458.95

This reduces the amount due the United States from the Central Pacific Railroad Company to \$57,681,514.29, and for that amount the second mortgage is given, not only upon the main line but upon the feeders, the terminals, and all other property of the company.

The company is to extend the first mortgage bonds (including those on the terminals and feeders) at a reduced rate of interest, and to see that they do not interfere with the operation of the settlement or business of the road.

The Southern Pacific Company is required to guarantee the payments to be made by the Central Pacific Railroad Company, so long as the two companies maintain business relations, which absolutely secures them.

To obviate the objection made that the

charter of the Central Pacific would expire in 1911, the committee inserted a provision in the bill providing that the corporate character of the Central Pacific Railroad Company should continue until its debt to the United States has been fully paid.

An objection has been made to the rate of interest fixed in the bill at two per cent.

Why any Californian who loves his State and desires to see it prosper can raise such an objection passes comprehension.

Californians, as I have before stated, must pay the bulk of this debt, because the local business is a trifle and the through business is all that pays. Hence, California is vitally interested in keeping the rates of freight and fare as low as possible: That is why a large number of persons in California favor Government ownership, because they believe it would give them lower rates. A mistaken notion, but one encouraged by anti-railroad speakers and papers, and very captivating to all on the Pacific Coast.

It is as plain as the sun at noon-day in a cloudless sky, that the lower the rate of interest the mortgage carries the less will be the annual payment, and consequently the lower the rates needed to earn that interest. The benefit of a low rate of interest will all come to California.

Yet these California Congressmen and newspapers and speakers with a mental obliquity of vision painful to contemplate, vehemently object to the low rate of interest fixed by this bill.

The man who cut off his own nose to spite his enemy's face was a Socrates in wisdom compared to these Californians.

I can understand how some Eastern people, interested only in getting the money due the Government, could object to the low rate of interest, but for any Californian to object stamps him at once as unacquainted with the laws of business or the effect of the provisions of the bill, as would be commended by an open and wilful enemy of the State of California.

A cry has been raised by some newspapers and persons that the Government is borrowing money at 3½ per cent to loan the company at 2 per cent, and some good people following their lead have made the same cry.

The amount to be thus borrowed and loaned has been variously stated, some putting it as high as \$131,000,000.

Mark how the facts prove the falsity of this claim and how the truth again shows

the utter hollowness of this opposition to this business settlement.

The amount of interest due the United States by the Central Pacific has already been paid, and hence no money is to be borrowed for that.

The amount of principal due is.....\$27,855,680.00  
 The amount of cash available and to be paid the United States as soon as this bill passes, is..... 18,185,458.05

Leaving due only the small sum of..... 9,670,221.95

These bonds do not mature finally until 1899, so that there will have been three years' payments made by the company under this bill before the United States is called upon to pay the balance.

These three years' payments amount in round numbers to \$4,545,000, which deducted from the said balance, leaves only the insignificant amount of \$5,125,221.05 to be paid by the United States in 1899.

This is a mere bagatelle.

What becomes of the talk about the Government borrowing such vast sums at 3½ per cent to loan the company at 2 per cent?

It exists only in the fevered brain of these anti-railroad people who are hunting straws.

In the language of another. "They are indebted to their imagination for their facts."

It is said that this bill is not the best that could be obtained from the Pacific Railroad Companies, but that better terms were offered by them.

This is incorrect. No definite propositions were made by either company except the one embodied in this bill.

All the representatives of both companies said that \$4,000,000 per annum was the very highest estimate of the net earnings of either road that could be made, while the Central Pacific people said that its net earnings could not reach these figures. For this reason the committee required the guaranty of the Southern Pacific Company.

As additional security for the performance by the companies of their obligations under this bill, it is provided that the charges due the companies from the United States for transportation performed for the Government shall be withheld if default is made in any payment for one year. These charges alone will, to a large extent, meet

the annual interest payments, and thus the United States is further protected against loss.

But, say these objectors, suppose the companies do not pay according to this bill either to the first mortgage or to the United States, then the government will be as badly situated as now, hence the bill is of no value, except to give the companies time?

The committee has provided for just such contingency.

The bill provides that in case it becomes, in the judgment of the President, necessary, in order to protect the interests of the United States, to pay off any of the first mortgage bonds, he may do so, and then demand the payment thereof from the company, and if default be made in repayment for one year, then the whole debt due the United States shall become due and payable, and all rights of the United States shall thereupon be enforced.

As further security the bill provides that if either company shall make default for six months in any payment, then the whole debt shall, at the option of the President, immediately mature, and the United States shall thereupon be entitled to enter upon and take possession of all the properties covered by the mortgage, without applying to the courts or Congress for authority so to do, or may commence suit to foreclose.

This is a very valuable addition to the security of the Government. It saves the proverbial delay of lawsuits. It authorizes the prompt action needed in time of emergencies. It fully protects the United States against careless or fraudulent debtors. The first mortgages will be no larger then than now. The necessity for their payment no greater then than now.

If the United States is compelled to take possession under the mortgages contemplated by this bill (which will never be necessary in my judgment), it will not find, as it would now, if it took possession, a road without beginning or ending at any established basis, without terminals or terminal facilities, a mere trunk, destitute of arms or legs, fifty miles from the Pacific Ocean; but will at once enter into complete possession of a road in fine condition, fully equipped with rolling stock, with one arm extending 296 miles to the Oregon line on the north, gathering business and revenue from the States of Oregon and Washington and the people of Northern and Central California as it traverses the fruitful Sacramento valley; with another arm extending

146 miles south through the fertile San Joaquin valley, bringing business from the farms and towns that adorn Southern California, each one serving as feeders to the main line, and all working in harmonious accord for the common good. It will be given possession of the line from Niles, through the far-famed Livermore valley or rich Alameda county, to Oakland, the Brooklyn of California, and there will find magnificent terminals, sufficient for any amount of business. It will there find and be given possession of ferryboats and ferry accommodations of immense and rapidly growing value, and crossing the world-admired bay of San Francisco, will land its trains and freight and passengers in that grand metropolis of the Pacific Coast upon its own terminals. It will thus be ready, with its own equipment, to compete successfully with any railroad for the great and increasing business of the Golden State of the Union, and the whole of the magnificent domain bordering the Pacific Ocean.

If, for no other reason than this last, it is the duty of Congress to pass this bill, so as to give the United States a complete, not a disjointed, railroad, in case it is compelled to go into the railroad business.

Poor tools spoil good workmen. Railroads without proper facilities for working bankrupt owners, whether individuals, corporations, or nations.

If Uncle Sam must run a railroad it is our duty to give him a good one. Hence, pass this bill so that if he is forced at any time to take into his possession these Pacific railroads he will be able to do a successful business with them.

The measure proposed by the committee is a fair, just, equitable, proper and legal settlement of the relations between the Pacific Railroad companies and the United States, a question that has troubled Congress for the past twenty years. My remarks have been in detail addressed to the Central Pacific because I am familiar with that road and its abilities and properties, but they apply with equal force to the Union Pacific. Let us settle this question and on business lines. Do not be influ-

enced by the senseless iteration and reiteration of the charges of fraud in the building of the roads. All such talk is foreign to the issue.

It is the sheerest demagogy, the worst nonsense, and would be ridiculous were it not wicked.

All these transactions are of the dead past. They cannot be legally considered. They are outlawed, morally and legally, even if as badly tainted as these people claim. They do not enter into the question now to be decided, viz.: What is the best course for the United States to pursue regarding the settlement of this large debt due it?

The only answer is, pass this bill.

Under it the United States will receive each day \$1000 for the first ten years; then each day \$1500 for the next ten years, and thereafter \$2000 each day until the debt is fully paid.

The interests of all are protected. No one is injured. The rates of fare and freight are not increased, and this vexatious question is forever removed from politics.

Whoever opposes this business settlement of a business question is either ignorant of the facts or either intentionally or unintentionally an enemy of California.

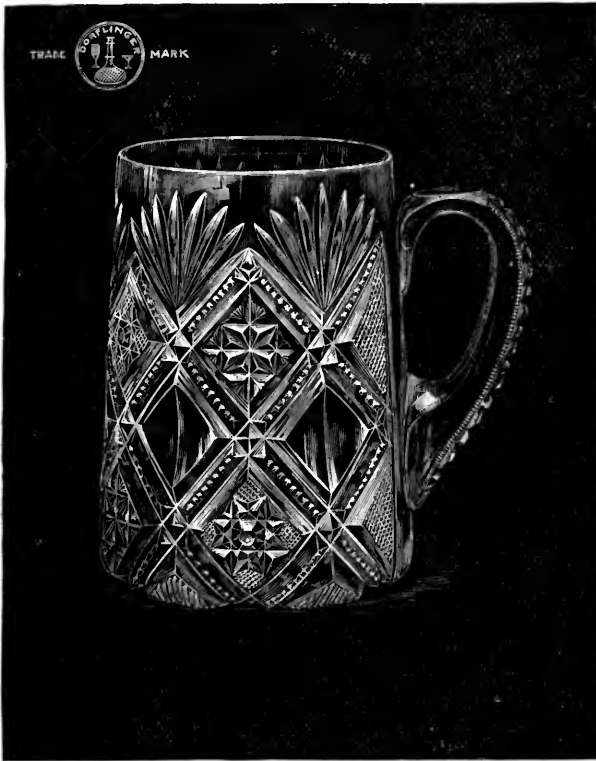
I expect that my motives will be malign, my language distorted, my statements misquoted, and myself personally abused and caricatured, for these sentiments thus squarely expressed, because, I am sorry to say, that has been the course followed too much by some opponents of this bill.

Hence, I call attention in conclusion to the fact that I have assailed no one, have questioned no man's motive or course, but have discussed this question as it ought to be discussed, viz.: on its merits.

Therefore, when I am assaulted, remember, my fellow-citizens, that abuse is no argument, vituperation is not reason, and that mere slanderous attacks upon myself do not answer my truthful presentation of this matter.

GROVE L. JOHNSON.

Sacramento, August 15, 1896.



PINT MUG.

## Dorflinger's American Cut Glass

A lot of cut glass is now polished by chemicals. Our ware is all cut and finished **by hand**, and will keep its brilliancy.

*C. Dorflinger & Sons,*

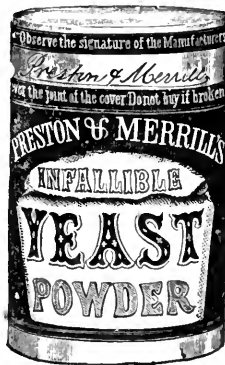
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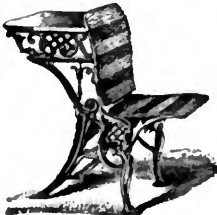
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**The Crown Lavender Pocket Salts**



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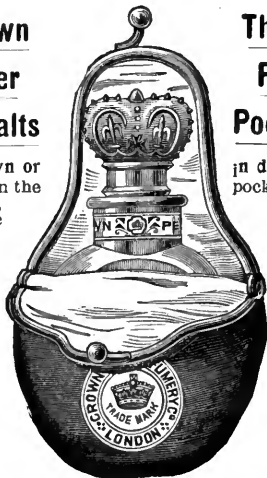
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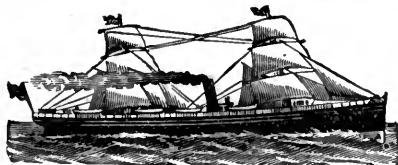
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"My mother, Mrs. Eliza Keeler, aged 64, after a four months' siege of typhoid fever, was unable to retain even 'lime-water.' I was told that Pabst Malt Extract, *The 'Best' Tonic*, would be good; accordingly got some for her and she was able to retain it. She improved so rapidly that to-day, after using from three to four bottles per week, she is strong and well—a thing at her age and after such a sickness bordering on the marvelous. I claim it was 'The Tonic,' and have thoroughly advertised this among our acquaintances. Even her physician was astounded at the result. I shall always feel that Pabst Malt Extract saved her life, and think you should know what a powerful strengthener it is after fever and kindred complaints."

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# "No Colds, No Cough, No Asthma."

"I must truly say that your treatment has made my health quite perfect, and I am very thankful to you. I did not have any depression after the Hay-Fever season. I have no colds, no cough, no Asthma."

MISS EMMA SCHNEIDER, 666 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.

## The Asthma Season Is Here.

The cool nights cause much suffering. If you dread them because of Asthma or Bronchitis, write to **DR. HAYES, Buffalo, N. Y.** Never mind if you have "tried everything" and failed. Never mind if you feel discouraged and hopeless. Never mind if your case has seemed incurable. **Try once more,** and you will never regret it. We will tell you frankly if we can't help you.

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"When Dr. Hayes began treating me in 1889 I was in bed two-thirds of the time with inherited Asthma of twenty years' standing. I suffered intensely and the relief I obtained from inhaling smoke and taking emetics, etc., had greatly injured my stomach and throat. Judging from my size I had entered on the last stage of dropsy. After taking the first dose I had no more Asthma for three years, and in three weeks I was seven inches less in size. I continued to improve and for the first time found life to be a blessing. My general health is excellent—better than it ever was in my life before."

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*Government School  
Owland Monthly, Volume 12, No. 5, 1896  
San Francisco, Cal.*

The Owland Monthly "Sierra Number" for August lies on our table a most welcome visitor. It imparts a wish to revisit scenes familiar so faithfully portrayed.

The "Hawaii Number June 1895" decided a party of which I was an unit to visit the Sandwich Islands, we had discussed the advisability of it, fearing it might prove an expensive disappointment. Our faith in the Owland Monthly settled all doubts and proved the worth of reliable authority. It is indeed the "Paradise of the Pacific" Beauty is hidden everywhere, and everywhere revealed. Volcano and precipice; mountain and valley; sphynx sea and sky; tree and flower are marvels of beauty. We owe you hearty thanks for one of the most delightful outings ever experienced. Please accept them as evidence of our appreciation of your excellent magazine. Lila W. Quincy

THE notable movement in the Bicycle trade is the rapid disappearance of the musroom concerns everywhere. People learn that it pays best to get the best wheel of a thoroughly responsible firm. That is why the COLUMBIA wheels, the MONARCHS, and a very few more are shutting out the field.

THE PACIFIC MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY offers a man in the easiest and most efficient way to rid himself of the haunting fear as to what will become of his loved ones should anything happen to him.

—o—  
Weary Husband (Sunday morning): How long has that confounded bell been ringing?

Wife: Since six.

Husband: Well, I guess I'll go to church this morning and see if I can't get a little sleep.

Echoes (Elmira, N. Y.)

—o—  
BUFFALO LITHIA WATER has been so long and favorably known to American physicians, that they turn to it as a matter of course, when they have a case of gravel, gout, or kindred ailment.

—o—  
"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," but the "uncrowned kings" of America sleep well on ADAMS & WESTLAKE brass beds.

—o—  
THE mackintoshes shown this year by the old reliable GOODYEAR RUBBER Co. are not only meant for health and comfort in wet weather, but for beauty and style as well.

—o—  
THE OVERLAND, while preserving a distinct flavor of its own, is fast becoming a strong rival of the best of the magazines.

Evening News (Ogden, Utah.)

54TH SEMI-ANNUAL STATEMENT OF

**THE UNION SAVINGS BANK**

OF OAKLAND, CAL.

(SAVINGS AND COMMERCIAL BANK)

AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS JUNE 30, 1896.

Capital Fully Paid	-	\$300,000	Surplus	-	-	\$90,000
Deposits to June 30, 1896	.	.	.	.	.	\$2,930,787.10

J. WEST MARTIN, President                      W. M. G. HENSHAW, Vice-President                      A. E. H. CRAMER, Cashier

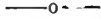
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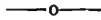
Rates Paid on all Savings Deposits,  $4\frac{1}{10}$  per cent. per Annum.

This Bank has added a Commercial Department to its former business and is now transacting a general Banking business as a Savings and Commercial Bank.

The Indians are picking hops in the beautiful Ukiah Valley this month, the foliage along the Russian River has on its autumn tints. Go up and see them. Good shooting there too.



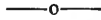
Twenty-three million packages of Stove Polish in a single year is a large record, but such is the yearly output of the RISING SUN STOVE POLISH Factory. The SUN PASTE STOVE POLISH has already become an important part of the business at this factory. Eight carloads of fifteen tons each is the record of sales for a single day in August, and it is not alone judicious advertising that has won the confidence of the public, but the superior quality of these goods.



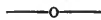
She: Men never do brave deeds nowadays to show their love for women.

He; Don't they? They marry them.

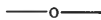
*Echoes* (Elmira, N. Y.)



THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME.—This is the name that now, in all parts of the world, especially in fashionable circles, is applied to the famous MURRAY & LANMAN FLORIDA WATER. This delicate extract from the enchanted gardens of the tropics increases in popularity day by day; nor is this to be wondered at when we remember that whether used at the toilet, or in the bath or on the handkerchief, it is alike refreshing, agreeable and refined.

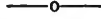


The "sterling" mark in cut glass ware is the name DORFLINGER.

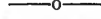


BOUND copies of the 27th volume of the OVERLAND MONTHLY are now ready. A file of these books is the best cyclopedia of Pacific Coast history and resources extant.

KOHLER & CHASE have the new JANKO PIANO KEYBOARD. If you have not seen it go in and be astonished that so useful and simple an invention was not made before.

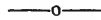


VARIETY is the spice of life. Some people like variety even in spices, but good cooks are best pleased with a uniform high grade in such things. That is why DURKEE'S Spices and Salad Dressing are so much used.

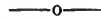


The OVERLAND MONTHLY has been selected by the California State Board of Education as the official educational journal. Professor Coffey, the newly chosen editor of the educational department, one of the best known educators in California, is able, intense, and popular. Institute work is one of his strong points.

*Monitor*, Monmouth, Or.

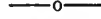


California is a State of amazing resources. There is a tradition extant among a tribe of Indians in the West that, when the gods that watch over gold and jewels got tired of caring for their charge, they flung them broadcast into the earth, stirred up the ground about them, and abandoned them. This spot of ground is known as California.



The OVERLAND for September came to us fraught with a thousand Californian interests. The magazine is intensely local, a home product and one filled with the history and legends of the State. It is a book of progress that should be in every family of the great commonwealth.

*Colusa* (Cal.) *Sun*.



BOUND copies of OVERLAND MONTHLY, \$2.25; including one copy of "The Panglima Muda," a novel of Malayan life, by Rounsavelle Wildman, \$3.00.

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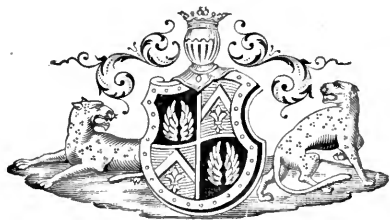
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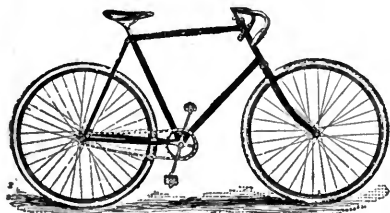
**TERMS: \$12 to \$14 per Week.**

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OF FIFTY CARBON STEEL

Because a Tube like this of



Is just as strong as  
a Tube like this of



It is now recognized to be just as essential for bicycle riders as it is for horsemen to know the "possibilities" of their "mounts." In these days of cheap wheels many of them have already discovered by actual experience that it is only by systematic methods and thorough inspection of the best manufacturers that a surplus of safety is to be obtained in a bicycle, but no system, no inspection, no guarantee can result in more than a good guess without the use of the most reliable material.

The most serious bicycle accidents result from breaking of tube. These accidents are reduced to a minimum by using ours. Send for catalogue.

**THE POPE TUBE CO.**  
HARTFORD, CONN.

While weight for weight in a Bicycle FIFTY CARBON Steel will last so long



and TWENTY-FIVE CARBON Steel will last only so long





# A LIVING VOLCANO

The Wilder's Steamship Company have perfected arrangements by which the Volcano can be reached with trifling inconvenience.



## THE SCENIC LINE OF THE WORLD

Fine iron steamboats fitted with electric lights and bells, convey the passengers from Honolulu to Hilo. A greater part of the voyage is made in smooth water. The steamers pass close to the coast so that the shore can be readily seen. Natives engaged in their simple occupations, planters raising sugar-cane, and cattle men in the midst of their herds give life to an ever varying scene. The scenery is the finest in the world. Leaving Honolulu the rugged coast of Oahu and Molokai is passed, thence the beautiful and fertile island of Maui. After crossing the Hawaii Channel a continuous view of sixty miles of the coast can be had. First high cliffs, against which the ever restless waves dash. Just above, the black rocks and further up, the cliffs are decorated with a most magnificent tropical growth. Every few hundred feet cataracts and waterfalls lend an ever changing beauty to the scene. From the brow of these cliffs fields of sugar-cane stretch back for miles; beyond, the heavy dark green of the coffee plantations and the tropical forest form a sharp contrast to the lighter shade of the fields of cane.

The sea voyage terminates at Hilo Bay, pronounced by all who have seen it, by far more beautiful than any of the far famed ports of the Mediterranean.

The sailing time of the steamers has been changed and the speed increased so that only one night is spent on the water. Tourists are conveyed from Hilo to the Volcano over a fine macadamised road wending its way through a dense tropical forest of great trees and huge ferns, beautiful climbing and flowering vines.

The Volcano House is modern in all its appointments. The table is supplied, not only with all that the market affords, but also with game, fruit and berries from the surrounding country.

Steam sulphur baths have been entirely renewed and refitted. Wonderful cures from consumption, rheumatism, gout, paralysis, scrofula and other blood ailments have been effected. Those suffering from nervous prostration regain complete health in a few weeks, the pure air of the mountains and the steam sulphur baths being the necessary remedies. Beautiful walks in all directions give ample employment for those to whom brain work is prohibited.

Parties contemplating a long stay can arrange to visit the Puna Hot Springs. Elderly people find these springs particularly efficacious in building up and toning the system. The sea bathing is one of the great attractions. Accommodations are good and prices moderate.

The Puna District contains the finest coffee lands in Hawaii. Coffee plantations located there are paying from forty per cent. to seventy per cent. on the capital invested.

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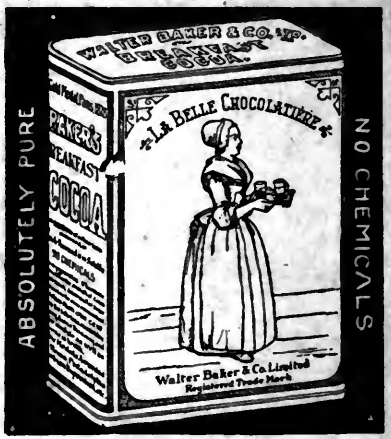
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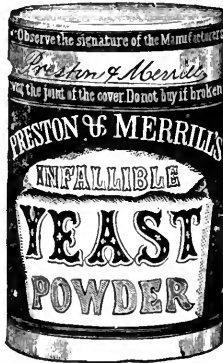
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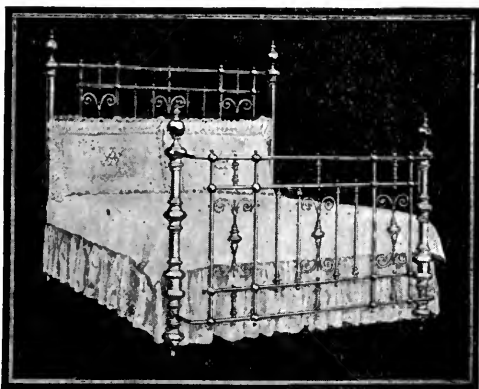
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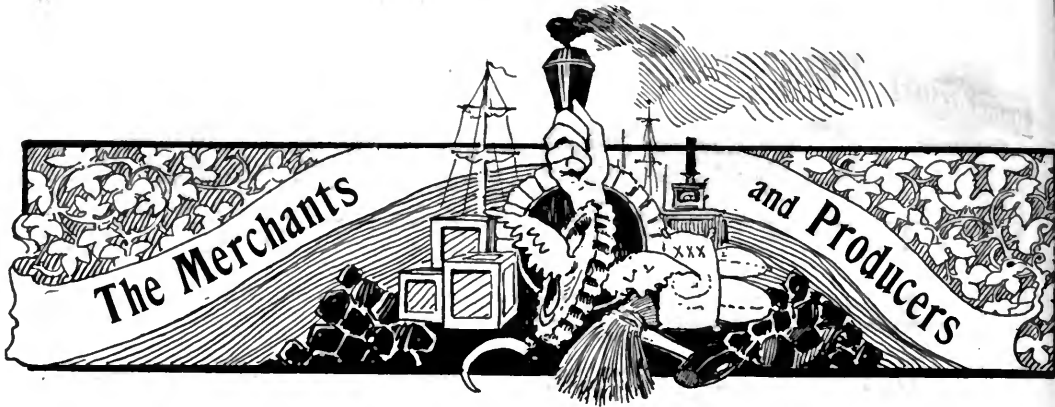
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Jos. Schreiber, Jr., 952 Market.

**Cigars and Tobacco.**

M. A. Gunst & Co., 203 Kearny.  
Haley & Thornton, 1000 Market.

**Codfish.**

Union Fish Co., 24 California.

**Commission Merchants.**

D. E. Allison Co., 501 Front.  
Johnson-Locke Co., 204 Front.

**Custom House Brokers.**

Mattoon & Danglada, 508 Battery.

**Druggists.**

Langley & Michaels Co., 34-36-38-40 First.  
Redington & Co., 23-25-27 Second.  
The Owl Drug Co., 1128 Market.

**Dry Goods—(Wholesale).**

Neuberger, Reiss & Co., 516 Market.  
Levi Strauss & Co., 10-16 Battery.

**Dry Goods and Cloaks.**

Doane & Henshelwood, 132 Kearny.  
The Hamburger Co., The Maze, Market & Taylor.  
J. J. O'Brien & Co., Market, Jones & McAllister.  
O'Connor, Moffatt & Co., 111-121 Post.  
Paragon Cloak & Suit Co., 1230 Market.  
D. Samuels, 123-129 Post.  
G. Verdier & Co., City of Paris, S. E. cor Geary & Grant ave.  
Raphael Weill & Co., The White House, 101 Kearny.

**Fancy Goods, Trimmings, Laces.**

Greenberg & Greenberg, 31 Grant Ave.  
Kohlberg, Strauss & Frohman, 107-109 Post, 1220 Market.  
Newman & Levinson, 129 Kearny.

**Furniture.**

Cal. Furniture Mfg. Co., 117-121 Geary.

**Gas Fixtures.**

Cal. Gas Fixture Co., 123 Geary.

**Gloves, Umbrellas.**

Geo. A. Moss, 101 Post, 800 Market, 932 Market.

**Grocers.**

Bibo, Newman & Ikenberg, S. W. cor Polk & California.  
Irvine Bros., 1421 Stockton, 1302 Polk, 308 4th, 570 Howard.

**Hardware and Metals.**

Dunham, Carrigan & Hayden Co., 17-19 Beale.



**Hats and Caps.**

Chas. Colman, 130 Kearny.  
 Fisher & Co., 9 Montgomery.  
 C. Herrmann & Co., 328 Kearny.  
 Kahn Bros, 1108 Market.  
 Eugene Korn, 726 Market.

**Hotels.**

Lick House, K. B. Soule, Prop., Montgomery St.  
 Occidental, Wm. B. Hooper, Lessee; Montgomery,  
 from Sutter to Bush.

**Insurance.**

Cal. Title Ins. & Trust Co., 210 Montgomery.  
 Pacific Surety Co., 308 Sansome.  
 Palatine Ins. Co., Ltd., 439 California.  
 Royal & Queen Ins. Co., 502-504 Montgomery.  
 Scottish Union Ins. Co., W. J. Callingham, Mgr.;  
 420 California.

**Jewelers.**

Nordman Bros., Agts. Ansonia Clock Co., 126  
 Sutter.  
 Shreve & Co., Market & Post.

**Ladies' Furnishing Goods.**

Davis, Schonwasser & Co., 132-134 Post.

**Laundries.**

San Francisco Laundry, 33 Geary.  
 U. S. Laundry Assn., 1004 Market.

**Lithographers.**

Schmidt Label & Litho. Co., 21 Main.

**Mantels and Grates.**

Bush & Mallett Co., 328-330 Post.

**Men's Shirts and Furnishing Goods.**

John W. Carmany, 25 Kearny.  
 Eagleson & Co., 748-750 Market, 242 Montgomery.  
 Neustadter Bros., S. W. cor. Pine & Sansome.  
 Sachs Bros. & Co., 29-33 Sansome.

**Millinery.**

James Coughlan, 917 Market.  
 The Wonder, J. C. Spencer, 1026 Market.

**Musical Goods and Pianos.**

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 The F. W. Spencer Co, 933 Market.

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Office Specialty Mfg. Co., 29 New Montgomery.

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California Optical Co., 317 & 319 Kearny.

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 Bonestell & Co., 401-403 Sansome.

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M. Stein, 759 Market.

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 Kummer & Alpen, 419 Front.

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 Taber Photographic Co, 121 Post.  
 Louis Thors, 14 Grant Ave.

**Real Estate.**

Baldwin & Hammond, 10 Montgomery.  
 W. H. Crim & Co., 118 Montgomery  
 McAfee Bros., 108 Montgomery.

**Restaurants.**

Café Zinkand, 923-929 Market.  
 Poodle Dog Restaurant, 445 Bush.  
 Popular Dining Room, 35-37 Geary.  
 Swain's Bakery and Restaurant, 213 Sutter.  
 The Wilson Dining Parlors, 114-120 Post.

**Ropes and Cordage.**

Tubbs Cordage Co., 611-613 Front.

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N. Y. Belting and Packing Co., (Ltd.), 509 Market.

**Savings Banks.**

The German Savings and Loan Society, 526 Cal-  
 ifornia.  
 Savings and Loan Society, 101 Montgomery.

**Saw Manufacturers.**

Simonds Saw Co., 31 Main.

**Sewing Machines.**

Wilcox & Gibbs Sewing Machine Co., 342 Post.

**Sheet Metal Manufacturers.**

Wm. Cronan, Eagle Sheet Metal Works, 1213  
 Market.

**Smelters and Refiners.**

Selby Smelting and Lead Co., 416 Montgomery.

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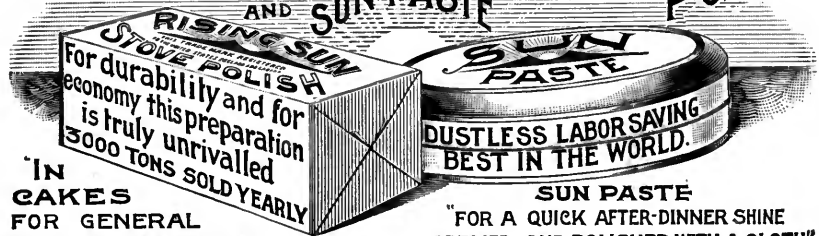
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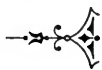
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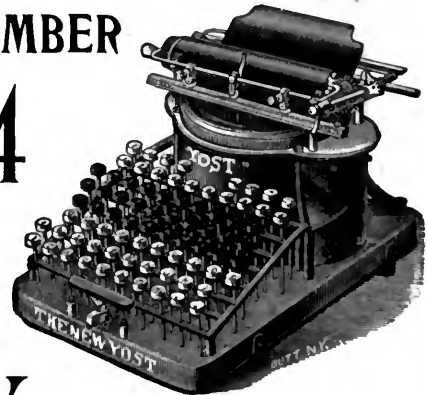
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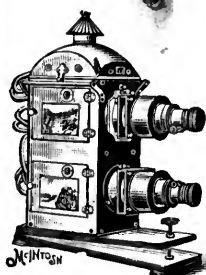
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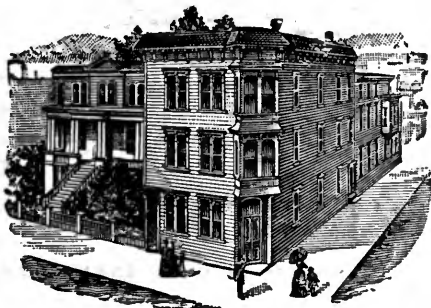
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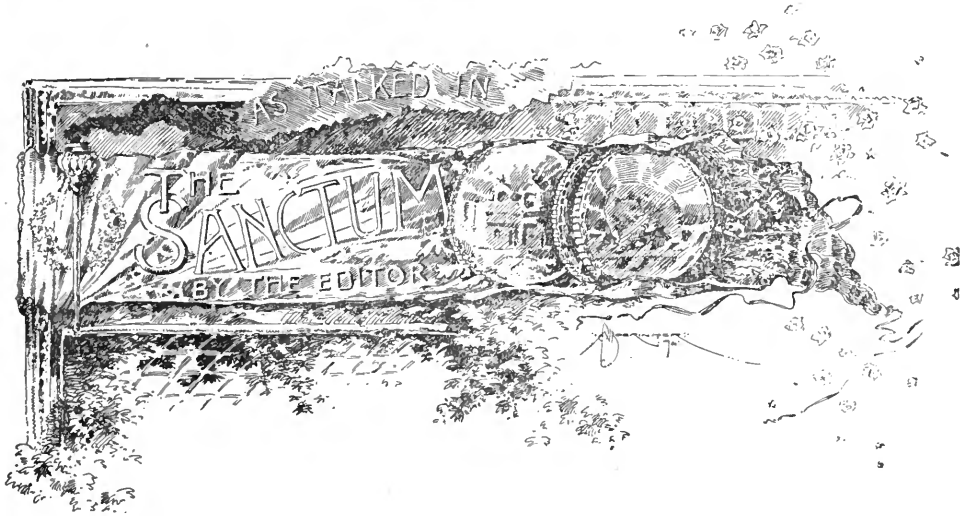


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# Overland Monthly

VOL. XXVIII. (Second Series.)—November, 1896.—No. 167.



THERE was an imposing stack of mail on the Manager's desk as he came hurriedly into the Sanctum late Monday morning. It was a two days' collection. It is an understood thing that we are permitted to rescue an ox or an ass from a pit on the Sabbath, and even if this departure from the Blue Laws is accepted figuratively, we have not as yet made it an excuse for rescuing a day by answering Sunday's accumulation of mail on our return from the Parson's church. This liberality of the Bible must have been a most galling thorn in the dear old Puritan pillow. It is a wonder that it was not expurgated,—

When these free States were colonies  
Unto the mother nation,  
And in Connecticut the good  
Old Blue Laws were in fashion.

"No one shall run on the Sabbath-day, or walk in his garden, or elsewhere, except reverently to and from meeting."

"No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair, or shave, on the Sabbath-day."

"No woman shall kiss her child on the Sabbath or fasting-day."

It should not be so, if familiarity breeds contempt, but a pile of mail, no matter whose, is a fascinating temptation. The desire to invade letter after letter is almost irresistible. It is like a voyage of discovery or a glimpse into the Eleusinian mysteries, and yet a glance at the superscription, style of envelope, printed heads, and general character of the missives more than half reveals their contents.

CERTAIN envelopes always suggest something unpleasant. You open them hurriedly as you pick them out, unerringly, from two dozen others. They are addressed generally in a full, flowing, easy hand, as if by one who feels his own importance and knows that he commands respect while he inspires fear. The envelope is as a rule plain white of best quality, with no printed instructions on its face. You feel that the nature of the contents, out of stern justice, is thereby in a certain measure concealed from the prying eyes of an unkind world. Nine times out of ten it is from your bank, requesting you kindly to call before 3 o'clock P. M., and make good an overdraft or meet a note. I have often wondered if all the bank clerks write this same freehand. All that I know do. The glazed buff envelope, with the simple street and number in the upper right-hand corner is from a "Collection Agency." It is enough to receive these calls without having your neighbor gloat over it. While the knife is running rapidly underneath its flap you are instinctively guessing which unsettled claim is demanding attention. With a sigh of relief you glance with a certain feverish haste over it — it is not so bad after all — and turn to the letters that you at once segregate as business ones. Something tells you that a certain one contains a check. It is from a firm that possibly writes ten times a month, one of whose letters always contains a check. There is something peculiar on the superscription of the one that brings the money — something self-satisfied, conceited, triumphant. One soon learns the style. It becomes as familiar as does the apologetic, hesitating, faint scrawl of the writer who curries a favor. The only letters that ever deceive me are from the successful author who acquires the same commanding sweep of letters and words. There is no trouble in settling on those of a personal nature to the Editor. They may be letters of criticism, commendation, inquiry, or information, but they carry upon their face an unmistakable stamp. They seem to say, "We do not wish to intrude on your busy day, we have nothing to do with your business, and are consequently above it. We enclose a postage stamp for reply, and meet you on equal terms." They are in writing, style of envelopes, and paper, the aristocrats of the mail. I leave them until the business letters are all finished, and read them just before the dozen nondescript communications in cheap envelopes and cramped writing that pour in daily from the country would-be contributors and the beggars for sample copies.

The manuscripts are always left until the last. If I am in a hurry they are not even opened until later. Their plump sides, lack of sufficient postage, and abundance of mucilage, reveal their identity. I can even guess with some accuracy which contains poetry and which prose, and the address seldom fails to betray the literary merit of the contents. Of course there are solitary letters that refuse classification just as there are men that stand out alone, but one who opens a hundred letters a day becomes as well acquainted with the character of the writers through their handwriting as you are able to judge the characters of the men you pass in the street by their faces.

Every mail brings its unconscious humor, oft-times pathetic, always unstudied, and only worth noticing because nothing that interests is wholly without value. The Manager shot a poor, cheap, wood-pulp envelope, covered with blots and erasures, across to the Reader. He had given its contents a contemptuous glance that we were thankful the sender did not see. It was a letter to "Mr. Editor or Manager of OVERLAND MONTHLY," written in the weak, hesitating character

that testified eloquently to the caliber of its author. The signer was a poet, the creator of yards of verse that had come to the Office Boy by a small half blind child—the puny offspring of so illustrious a sire.

Dear Sir I went over to city today in hopes to see you as I had a manuscript entitled *Loves Dream* & as you must be somewhat of a Doctor between the dream and the reality you can cut off Earth & Heaven should you see fit to use it. I did not insist to see you as I supposed that you was bored by correspondenc to your utmost capacity of patience, one of the cardinal virtues, but would like to have met you & say my vanity would like to see it nicely illustrated if so I have another entitled *Nature repeats itself*, which is an Epic.

I left *Loves Dream* with your boy & suppose that you have seen it & I hope to benefit by your criticism if returned not wanted which has cost me considerable thought & want to find a market for my produce.

With the greatest respect I am your humble servant, —

**I**T WOULD have been cruel as well as useless to have sent this poet the “criticism” he so humbly asked. He showed in himself the same marvelous faith that Divine Healer Schraeder inspires in the thousands that block Kearney street before the New Western Hotel to receive a touch of his hands. A man should attain success in life who has such unswerving faith in his own genius. The author of “*Love’s Dream*” and “*Nature Repeats Itself*,” may go down in history as a crank, but he will never be catalogued a humbug. It was the Artist who whispered as we stood almost reverently watching the long file of people march silently from the street into the unused pawn-shop to be blessed and cured by the strange man who had come among them, — “Which is to be most admired, the man who has unbounded faith in himself or the man who inspires unquestioning faith in the multitude?”

The Divine Healer stood at the end of the barren room, dressed in a flowing black robe. His dark chestnut hair was long, and where it reached his shoulders it was curly. Outside the crowd was big and noisy, but the moment they came into his presence old and young took off their hats and spoke in whispers. There was no jostling or talking. The “*To-Let*” pawn shop became holy ground. The curious spell took possession of us. We joined the throng and within the hour stood face to face with the Healer. One hand he placed on the patient’s forehead, the other rested on the back of the neck. The light blue eyes were turned upward, the heavily bearded lips moved as though in prayer, and a slight prickling electrical sensation pervaded the sufferer. “Your handkerchief,” the Healer said softly to the old lady who stood in front. “Give me your handkerchief,” he repeated, but there was no response, no indication that he had been heard. The Healer raised his hands and placed them over the woman’s ears, — once more he turned his eyes upward, then he said gently “Your handkerchief.” Instantly a ray of gratification and surprise shot from out the woman’s eyes, and her hand went down into her pocket. He blessed the bit of cambric. “Put it on your ears morning and evening and you will hear.” The Healer is not attractive. He comes from the lower classes. His face is coarse. His skin, tanned. His hands, large, soft, and moist. He does not look intelligent and yet one while in his presence more than half believes. Possibly it is because he dresses and looks like the old paintings of Christ, possibly because he cures by the Biblical manner of laying on of hands without money and without price. We are all religious animals,—but withal the scene is a remarkable one and the exhibitions of childlike faith make one fully understand the power of the false prophets of old. Strong in the belief that their sufferings are about to end, all manner and conditions



of people visit him and go away if not cured at least happy. Murmuring, sighing, confiding, one after another, men, women, and children, whisper in tremulous tones their ailments. Some are pale with emotion, some leave with tears streaming down their cheeks, some claim to be cured, one threw away her crutches, but none scoff or revile. One hundred and seven people he blessed, and I trust cured, as we stood by and watched. Then we went out, not to scoff but to wonder. We did not for one moment believe in the power of this Shraeder. Not because of his agent who sold his photographs at the door for whatever the health-seekers cared to give, — for even a "Divine Healer" must eat, — but because our reason, which is also divine, told us that the Power from whom he claimed to have drawn this most divine attribute would never trust it in the hands of one so ignorant. He does not claim however to be a Messiah or to have any other mission on earth than to relieve pain, and in a few years he like the two hundred thousand false prophets enumerated in the Koran will sink into oblivion. Yet there are people who will call him blessed until their last hour, for they will testify that he cured them of an incurable complaint.

The Parson dilated at some length on the wonders worked during all time by faith and the Doctor said that without faith his science went for nothing in thousands of cases, and yet the mystery of it all was how this long-haired, black-robed German could so impress himself on five hundred people in a day as to command their admiration if not relieve or absolutely cure them when our 19th century doctors had failed.

As we talked the Manager finished the mail. The last letter he read aloud. It contained a question which will go sounding down the ages or for as long as there are writers and editors. It will never be frankly answered, so no comment was made when he concluded.

EDITOR OVERLAND. — *Dear Sir:*— Joaquin Miller, Bret Harte, and Charles Warren Stoddard, are well known writers, and I should like to follow in their footsteps, but how am I to do it if no one will publish what I write?

Can you not find space in the magazine of the West for "The Orphans of Road-Runner Claim?"  
As paper is cheaper than stamps you need not return it. Respectfully

(Miss) Mary Ledy.

The Book-Keeper. "Do you wish the *War Cry* today?"

The Manager instantly produced the daily contribution to the Salvation Army.

The Office Boy. "Proof."







HEAD OF MONO CREEK CAÑON. LOOKING WEST FROM AN ALTITUDE OF 10,500 FEET.

## UNEXPLORED REGIONS OF THE HIGH SIERRAS.

### IV. GORGES AND CANONS OF THE HEAD STREAMS.



ON THE 14th day of August, 1892, I bade farewell to my companion in the Tuolumne meadows, and with a single pack mule wound a devious course eastward and southward. Two days later I photographed the glaciers of the Lyell Group, and two days later still, paid similar homage to the sovereign heights of Mount Ritter and Banner Peak. From the narrow southern spine of Ritter, late in the afternoon, I scanned the horizon to the north and east. I could see many large lakes draining in those directions, but the course of their collected waters was a mystery. That they did not escape through hidden defiles cut through the

low crest and thus make their way to the desert, — to Mono, or to Owen's lake, — I felt quite confident. This was the belief of a former climber of the mountain and also the assertion of the government maps; yet I remembered seeing the modest topographic plat of United States Topographer Willard D. Johnson, on which these lakes were shown as the sources of the most northern branch of the San Joaquin; and on a former ascent of the peak, Mr. J. N. Le Conte and myself had agreed that Johnson must be right, — but where his river was we could not quite make out.

The long, low eastern crest was lit by the sinking sun, its monotonous level stretch of red tinged redder still by the weird glow; and as I looked and looked



THE UPPER CAÑON OF THE MERCED. MERCED GROUP IN BACKGROUND, WITH MOUNT CLARK ON EXTREME RIGHT. DARK FOREGROUND IS LAKE WASHBURN.

I noticed a horizontal line of shade widening along its middle. This was shadow, I surmised, and the shadow of a nearer ridge;—it could be nothing else. Between must lie the San Joaquin.

At noon next day Whitney and I (Whitney was my pack-mule—fair, thin, and forty) reached the end of Thousand Island Lake and heard the roar of its outlet stream, as it plunged between the ridges. Making a detour, I managed to lead the animal down into the head of the first slate gorge I had ever seen. Turning him out to graze in a tiny grass flat, I ate a bit of lunch and went reconnoitering down the strange defile. In five minutes I was picking my way between the base of one gorge wall and the brink of another. Mighty floods of a bygone age had cut the layer,—which before had been hidden from our view by the peculiarity of its position and the homogeneity of the rock; the modern stream had eroded the smaller, a gorge in miniature. The similar clearance-angle had resulted in the same angle of acclivity, the pitches and waterfalls of the smaller were of the same character and relative proportions as certain pitches and precipices stretching across the larger gorge; and the sculpture, finally, was the same. Here was a modern nature, of the stature and power of a weakened geologic epoch, cradled in the coffin of an Herculean age, and weakly repeating with diminished forces the ancient lessons that lay all about.

Between brink and base I found an old, old trail, ingeniously wedged in narrow, vexing places, down which I sped as fast as my ravished senses would permit. A mile from the Lake, the gorge was a thousand feet deep, and here was begun a masterful work. Given a sufficient mass of snow above to compact, and at its back to urge it forward, and



CAÑON OF A SMALL TRIBUTARY OF THE MIDDLE FORK OF KING'S RIVER. ALTITUDE ABOUT 7,500 FEET.

the stoutest mountain ribs in the grip of the ice were as putty under the painter's knife. The scoring and polishing I had seen before, but never before — nor since — the coloring of that burnished cliff. The metamorphic slate is as various of hue as the sediments that might have been carried from far and wide to the bed of the ancient ocean. A rare rainbow of them was collected on the western wall of the gorge in its upper part. Frivolously to compare it, I can think of nothing that it resembled so much as a Scotch plaid, or a band of many colored ribbons laid side by side and occasionally plaited, but always horizontally, or nearly so. But the softness and harmony of the tints were such as to falsify all such similes. These palettes of Nature must be seen, they cannot be described, save perhaps by a rarely skillful pen.

This was a typical head stream gorge of the metamorphosed slate country. The granite gorges are different. In its length of perhaps nine miles, it held such wonders and curiosities as I have mentioned here, and also those briefly ad-

verted to in previous article, — the dividing dyke, the backed lake, the pumice banks, the lily ponds, and the mysterious hermitage. So much, then, by way of whetting the curiosity of a few who, I hope, may some day visit the gorge of the upper San Joaquin.

Leaving the slate, the river rides out upon broad billows of pumice that are hemmed in by headlands of granite, turning south and finally southwest. At the lower margin of the pumice flats, at an altitude of between seven and eight thousand feet, the stream, which is now something of a river, plunges into a gigantic cañon of the V-shaped kind — just such a cañon as any of the Sierra streams might have eroded, except that in several places it is cut in a peculiarly zig-zag fashion, and occasionally the river divides, forming islands of most fantastic appearance. After some miles, Fish creek and the North fork enter. The former, I hope to describe in a chapter on some new Yosemite; the latter I have not seen except from a distance, but it, too, is said by Professor Brewer to have its Yosemite.



THE ROTUNDA OF ENCHANTED GORGE.  
ALTITUDE 11,000 FEET.

CC—Scylla and Charybdis on right. Pool in foreground marks reappearance of Disappearing Creek.

One of the choicest bits of granite scenery in the Sierra may be found in the vicinity of the junction of the Main and South forks of the San Joaquin. Leaving the Balloon dome to be considered under a separate head, the remaining attractions of the locality are found in the remarkable glaciation of the walls and the slopes above them, and the narrowness of the gorges through which the

streams flow. The Notches were remarked upon by the old survey in 1864; but I have never since read or heard of them. I recognized the locality from the sketch which is to be found in the volume on Geology and which was also reproduced. I believe, in one of the editions of the Yosemite Guide Book, long since out of print. It is just above the point of confluence of the South fork that the main stream narrows to the gorge which is designated on the map heretofore published as the Notches. I should judge the gorge is not over half a mile across at the top; the southern wall is nearly perpendicular and about a thousand feet high, and the northern nearly as steep for a thousand feet, and less steep for about twenty-five hundred feet more. The walls of the Notches proper are distinctly the handiwork of the ice. Their smooth, bare, unfractured surfaces are ornamented by an occasional stumpy tree. There is nothing else to catch the eye. The edge or rim of the southern wall is rounded back as symmetrically as a piece of moulding.



UPPER MIDDLE FORK CANYON OF KING'S RIVER, LOOKING SOUTHWEST. ALTITUDE 6,000 FEET.

A—Buck's Peak. D—Tehpite Valley. E—Tu-ne-mah Mountain.

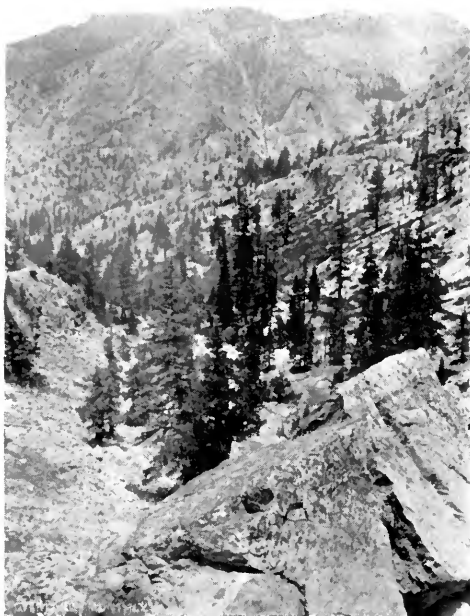


MIDDLE FORK CAÑON OF KING'S RIVER. WOODWORTH MOUNTAIN, NEARLY 6,000 FEET ABOVE THE VALLEY.

For twenty miles above the Notches the South fork flows in a comparatively shallow but very steep and forbidding gorge only less interesting than the Notches themselves. It was about the first of September that Whitney and I walked down through the fine forest and were brought to a halt on the brink of the gorge. I took off his boxes, tied him, and scrambled down the wall; but could find no possible crossing. The big South fork brawled and boomed among great boulders with never the sign of a ford for a mile up and down.

Returning and camping in the dark, next noon, without waiting to cook dinner, I left Whitney tied to a sapling and made for the gorge again at a point about six miles further up, intending merely to reconnoiter the ground. First some gooseberry bushes, on which grew bushels of large red luscious berries, detained me. I was almost out of food and dared not, in caution, neglect this possible replenishment of the larder, so I tightened my waist strap and filled my shirt bosom with the prickly berries.

Ten minutes later I saw a bear in a black raspberry patch in a gully of the gorge, so steep that when the bear,—a little innocent fellow,—startled by my ap-



LOOKING DOWN THE CAÑON OF THE SOUTH FORK, SAN JOAQUIN RIVER, TOWARD THE MOUTH OF THE NORTH BRANCH. ALTITUDE 8,700 FEET.



ON THE TRAIL OUT OF THE CAÑON OF THE MAIN SAN JOAQUIN. ALTITUDE 7,000 FEET.

proach, had nimbly tumbled down toward the river, I had to lower myself by creepers and briers to swing twice across it by pendent branches before I succeeded in reaching the most refreshing meal I ever ate at nature's table. The cañon was hot and I was tired, and — well, I believe I can feel those berries in my mouth at this writing!

So the minutes flew by. I got astride a promontory and saw a few hundred yards above a likely place of descent and reascent and near the same point a little widening of the river, which promised a fording place. I toiled toward it, working with hands more than with feet, and was delighted to find there a possible passage. Starting from a point on the stream where I thought the mule could swim across and I might ferry by boxes on logs secured to my two stake ropes, I monumented a route to the place

of possible descent and then up it to the forest, which I reached at half past five o'clock!

I looked in vain for Whitney until dark, ate ravenously a few raw gooseberries which I washed down with water, built a fire and slept soundly in spite of sore anxiety. If that sagacious and most persistent mule had not found means of breaking away from that sapling,— and I could hardly blame him for trying,— he was clearly not the same quadruped that had reduced me to a state of abject humility in three short weeks.

In the gray of the dawn I started off, intending to devote two hours to the search for mule or sapling, and then to make directly west over cañons and ridges. I had but started from my bed when I saw him looking at me from near the base of a big yellow pine. He had found me,— or was it an accident of his

wandering? As I met and greeted him — which I did rather effusively, if I remember — he turned sidewise and rubbed me with the box I usually took off first. Poor fellow, he had carried his load for twenty hours. Three hundred yards away I found a twisted and bent and very much wilted and disheveled sapling, naked of limbs and bark, and standing in the center of a kind of circus ring stamped deep in the soil. Some visiting botanist or anthropologist will be vastly entertained.

I was not obliged to cross the south fork, for I met a shepherd who told me of a bridge on the main river; but I may have to cross it some day, in which case I think I could find my monuments.

The upper cañon of the South fork of the San Joaquin is of slate, but though deeper and of more inspiring proportions, it is nowhere so beautiful nor so interesting — to my taste — as the upper gorge of the main fork. In fact it is a nondescript cañon, here steep, here sloping,

here wide, and here narrow, with many entering streams that destroy its continuity as a cañon. But its waterfalls are beautiful, and — this is not scenery perhaps — there is an excellent trail leading up it from the Blaney meadows (Lost valley).

I reluctantly omit even mention of other cañons of the San Joaquin, so that I may have space in which to speak of the Enchanted gorge and other King's River gorges. In a short article I can do no more than touch upon a few of these localities; full justice could not be done them within the limits of a volume.

One July day last summer my companion and myself were walking in a snow storm along the Goddard divide toward the Palisades. At an altitude of thirteen thousand feet, with no vegetation to cheer, a dull sullen storm is a most depressing thing. At noon we ate a cold lunch under a rubber blanket spread over our knapsacks, and at one, on resuming our journey, found the fall-



CASTELLATED WALL OF MIDDLE FORK CAÑON ABOVE WOODWORTH MOUNTAIN. ALTITUDE 7,000 FEET.  
CLIFFS 4,000 TO 5,000 FEET HIGH.



ing snow too thick for intelligent traveling, so we turned at right angles and climbed downward toward the King's river. There were two black peaks (Scylla and Charybdis we called them), with a deep V-shaped notch between, filled with storm clouds, but not quite to the bottom. Down we scurried, over ice and snow and granite, to the portal of the gorge, which we found moated by a dull treacherous lake that floated on its surface motionless bergs of hard snow. Getting by at some peril, we stood at the head of the Enchanted gorge. Walls shot upward and merged into clouds. The notch between wound this way and that, but always down, and we walked on a snow turnpike, a smooth hard snake of a road that filled the gorge bottom, though averaging scarcely twenty feet in width and the stream was beneath. One mile, two miles, with marvelous changes of wall, though the latter was still black and greenish black and the summits in the sky, and then suddenly the snow turnpike ended, the walls had expanded and we were in the Rotunda, a chamber of half a square mile, its floor a chaos of tumbled fragments piled in heaps and hillocks, with still no stream or stream channel; the dark wet walls glistening now with a metallic luster and sparkling with cataracts that fell into pools having no visible outlet.

The rain was falling, falling, constantly, but we hardly noticed it. Indeed, it rather exhilarated us. With the Rotunda under foot, its walls encompassing us completely, and for sky a rumbling thundering leaden mass of vapor, through which at fitful intervals the lightning flashed, — is there a being with a soul that would not have envied us?

The wonders of the gorge only multiplied as we continued the descent. First there was the welling up of the stream from great chasms beneath, and then its

mad career through a narrow channel; for below the Rotunda the walls again approach almost to touching. In these narrow places the snow often filled the gorge to a depth of fifty feet, but the stream, not to be stayed, had burrowed through, forming tunnels and snow bridges over which we crept with much trepidation. The colors of those wet walls I shall never forget. On the left especially a long line of bronze cliffs held our fascinated gaze for nearly an hour, though we knew the night was almost upon us. There is but one way to describe the effect. It was what might have been produced if there had been brought tons of bronze paint of every tone of gold and silver, and of the darker shades of orange, green, blue, and purple, and some master hand had worked at the adornment of that cliff all the years of his life. The wet condition of the gorge walls must have had much to do with this vividness and beauty of coloring. I cannot tell till I have seen them in dry weather.

Lower, the cliffs grew higher, and more varied both in coloring and sculpture. The intense metamorphism of the slate was lost and an occasional tree could be seen growing on fantastic terraces and cornices built high in the walls. The lower half of the gorge is from seven thousand five hundred to ten thousand feet high, an altitude at which in all other parts of the Sierra that I have seen, the vegetation in similarly sheltered spots is almost luxuriant.

I have not the space to say much more about the Enchanted gorge. That the locality is destined to world wide fame I firmly believe. Just a word, however, as to its formation. The direction of the gorge is north and south, and the rock is a slate, with nearly vertical clearance planes. The stream eroded a ravine which was a narrow one because of the



vertical cleavage plane, and the narrowness together with the north and south direction prevented the sun's shining into the gorge more than a few hours each day. Hence the rock, kept damp, decomposed rapidly, — thus deepening the gorge, — and when the earthquakes came, immense masses fell, forming a talus that stretched from one wall base to the other and filled the bottom as well ; but, from the size of the fragments, leaving underground passageways for the stream to run subterraneously until such time as the immense interstices should become filled with sediment. That time has not yet arrived, as owing to the absence of sufficient sun, vegetation, the great accumulating agent of soil, could gain no footing in the gorge.

Disappearing creek flows out of the Enchanted gorge into Goddard creek, the cañon gulch will be described in the chapter on Some New Yosemite. Goddard creek empties into the middle fork of the Kings river, the course of which from its sources at the Palisades down to its junction with the main river includes practically every form of gorge, cañon, and river valley, to be found in the Sierra. The Upper Middle Fork cañon, so called, is a valley of fine dimensions and setting, occupying some eight miles of the middle part of the river. It is visited each year by a few venturesome campers, either from the Kings River cañon, or from the

west, by means of the Tu-ne-Mah trail. I have indicated the latter route on the photograph. It will be seen that a steep mountain of immense size must be descended and ascended in visiting the cañon by means of this trail. The name is, as the ingenuous reader is presumed *not* to know, a Chinese "cuss word" of very vivacious connotation. It was given to the trail and to the mountain over which it passes to commemorate the experiences of the first Mongolian herders that were taken over it to tend sheep during the summer, — and the last one also, for no valley Chinaman is ever known to go down that 4,900 feet of continuous declivity without uttering the name of the trail at least once for every hundred feet of descent.

The cliffs of the Middle fork above the valley are as fine as those of any high cañon in the range, and the scenery of Cartridge creek is also particularly inspiring. This brings us to the lower confines of the Palisade territory, where we must pause. The awful grandeur of those gorges is utterly beyond my descriptive skill, and it would be preposterous to undertake to do them justice even in a separate article. These scenes are the heritage alone of those who are willing for many weary days to renounce the pampering protection of the cities and towns and to yield themselves without fear into the stern embrace of Nature.

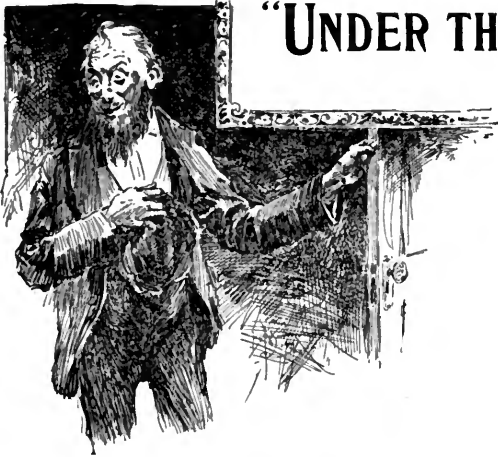
*Theodore S. Solomons.*

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## IS LOVE SO BLIND?

THE records of ancient times declare  
That hapless Love is blind,  
Yet many's the virtue, sweet and rare,  
That only Love can find.

*Henry W. Allport.*



## “UNDER THE HEADIN’ OF THRUTH.”

### III.—THE DIAMOND HUNTERS OF BOISE.

over in Idaho? Purty rock it is, an’ we used to pick it up on the riffles just for the curiosity av it. Wan day a man came along and said it was tin.

“‘If you can find the place where that comes from, byes,’ he said, ‘you’ll not nade do anny more prospicthin’.”

“Lord! but there was a sthampade. But nobody niver found it. It is there to this day, waitin’ for some lucky divil. An’ there’s di’monds, there, too, bushels av ’em, waitin’, waitin’, till their time comes. I more than half believe thim Thayosophists is right; ’t is just a see-saw back an’ forth from wan hemisphere to the other, an’ there’s more forgotten than anny av us iver knew.”

“Did you ever find any diamonds, Cusack?” inquired the Judge.

“I niver did,” returned Cornelius. “But I knew a man that did; an’ saw thim an’ held thim in me hand. He was a queer, cranky crayture, that niver ran wid a pardner, an’ always wint off by a way av his own whin he prospicthed; an’ as he niver had annything to show for it whin he came back, nobody iver tuk the throuble to follow him. Did you know old Caleb Lyon, that Prisdint Grant, I think it wor, sint out to be Territorial Gov’nor av Idaho?”

“Caleb Lyon of Lyondale?” said the Colonel. “Yes, I knew him well. He was a literary chap, and always used to give readings for all the benefits and church fairs. The first time I ever heard Poe’s ‘Bells’, he read it.” And the Colonel lay back in his chair and laughed at the recollection.

“The same,” resumed Mr. Cusack. “Well, he was a great frind av mine,

“I’M NOT disthurbin’ ye, Colonel?” inquired Mr. Con Cusack as he entered. “I just tho’t I wud sthep up as I was goin’ by an’ tell ye about that Kitsap dale; I’ve been over. I met your boy in the elevator comin’ up. A fine young man he is growin’ to be, Colonel. He resimbles you greatly. I suppose you will be makin’ a lawyer av him, like yoursilf. What did I find out over in Kitsap? They have a tin mine there, sure enough, Colonel; ’t is not two mile from the boundaries av your property. You will be makin’ a good thing out av that yet.”

“I don’t wonder your mind is worrying you about that, Con,” retorted the Colonel. “How you could reconcile it with your conscience to pick me up when I came here a tenderfoot, and shove that racket off on me, goes beyond me.”

“Now, Colonel,” remonstrated Mr. Cusack, “you should n’t be talkin’ that way. How cud ayther av us foresee that things wud go as they have? ’T is the financial depression is to blame for it all; I did not misripresent to you. Is not the Dhry Dock an accomplished fact this very day? And now they have found tin; that county will boom yet. You will see it. Did you iver see the sthream tin, they call it, that they find

for I was the manes av doin’ him a service wan time, an’ he niver forgot it. We chanct to be on the same steamer goin’ back to New York in ’70 or ’71. Clem Trueworthy, United States Surveyor, he was on boord too. An’ old Blewett, the prospictor I was tellin’ you av, he was on boord, down in the steerage. On the way down to Panama he was tuk very sick; an’ the Gov’nor, who was interested in him in some way, or perhaps only out av the kindness av his heart, he paid for havin’ him to be tuk out av the steerage an’ bro’t up into the second cabin. Av coorse, he was very grateful to the Gov’nor, an’ whin he got around he came to him wan day an’ sez:—

“I’ve got some specimens here; they ’re no value, but I know you like thim things, an’ some av thim is very purty.’ An’ he insisted on the Gov’nor takin’ the whole collection.

“We all stood lookin’ ’em over an’ admirin’ thim, an’ the Gov’nor he had his hand full av the pebbles, some av that same sthream tin, an’ rubies, an’ garnets, an’ I don’t know what all, an’ he sorted out a half dozen av ’em over to one side on his hand.

“‘Do you know what thim are?’ he said to Blewett.

“‘No,’ sez Blewett. ‘They ’re not so purty as some av the others, but still I tho’t ’em rather curious.’

“‘They ’re di’monds,’ sez the Gov’nor.

“‘O, get out!’ we all said.

“‘It’s a fact,’ sez he. ‘An’ good ones, too. Do you know where you got ’em?’

“‘Yes, I can go to the place,’ sez Blewett. ‘I cud have got a bushel av thim if I had tho’t it worth while.’

“Well, we formed a stock company thim and there to mine thim di’monds, an’ naythur wan av us wud have called the Prident his cousin. When we got into New York the Gov’nor tuk Blewett

to Tiffany’s, an’ he sold two av his pebbles to Tiffany for a thousand dollars apiece. We niver let him out av our sight; day or night, wan av us stayed wid him. The Gov’nor was only on a flyin’ thrip, an’ had to go back in two weeks, an’ he an’ I wint back to Boise overland,—stage it was thin, no Pullman cars, if you plaze,—an’ Trueworthy stayed with Blewett, with sthricht injunctions niver to take his eyes off av him till he landed him back in Boise.

“We wint to work an’ got ivereverything ready to make a beginning at diggin’ our di’monds as soon as they arrived. An’ whin at lenth Blewett was ready to come back, he an’ Trueworthy tuk the steamer. It was the Golden City they got on, an’ whin she wint down off Cape St. Lucas they both wint to the bottom wid her, and tuk the saycret wid thim. It was a blow to the Gov’nor an’ me that had been livin’ in the clouds for weeks wid visions av wealth untold flittin’ before our eyes.

“But I was not downcast intirely. I knew ivery inch av the counthry that old Blewett was in the habit av ha’ntin’ on his prospictin’ tours, an’ I felt certain sure I cud go an’ put my hand on his bushel av di’monds. So we tuk in two or three others into our little schame, a man by the name av Sterling was wan; and got ready wid all the sacresy in life to go out on a thrip. Aich wan av us left Boise in a different direction, in the still hours av the night, an’ we came together later on out on the road to Silver City. We had not been an hour on the way, before Sterling reined up, an’,—

“‘Hush! byes,—what’s that?’ sez he.

“We all listened, an’ sure enough, we cud hear ’em comin’ behind us.

“‘It’s no use thryin’ to conceal the matther,’ sez he. ‘They ’re onto us.’

“Whin daylight came on, we sthopped

on the brow av a ridge an' looked back, an' undher the headin' av thruth, Judge, we could see thim sthringin' along for tin miles behind us, afoot an' on horse-back an' in wagons. Not a mother's son av 'em knew what they wor afther, but whativver it wor, they wor breakin' their necks to get there first.

"Well, we wint on an' tuk off into the rough counthry back the other side av War Eagle Mountain, where old Blewett always did his prospictin'. Afther pokin' around awhile widout knowin' what they wor afther, the most av the gang got tired an' quit, but for two months, till the snow came and kivered iverything up, we searched that counthry over fut by fut, pryin' into ivery crivice an' cranny an' old prospict hole in the whole region. But we niver found Blewett's bushel of di'monds, an'

they are there somewhere to this day. An' if iver I shud come acrost some fellow from Kimberly, that knows what sort av a hole it is you look for di'monds in, I give you my word, I 'll have him out there an' find thim stones yet before I die."

"Well, Cornaylius," said the Colonel, "when the time comes, I look to you to give me a chance to get even on that Kitsap trade."

"I'll do it, Colonel, I'll do it,—niver you fear," replied Mr. Cusack, rising and working his stiff knee back and forth, by way of limbering it up for action. "Thot 's a fine 'bye you 're raisin'. He resimbles you. Good afthernoon, Judge; good afthernoon, Colonel." And so by degrees, Mr. Cusack withdrew himself and his stick for that occasion.

*Batterman Lindsay.*

## ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

BY AN IRISH MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.



IRELAND was wont in an earlier day to turn in her distress, with eager eyes and outstretched arms, appealingly to her warm-hearted Celtic kinsmen under the sunny skies and amid the fertile plains of that land whose motto is "Liberty! Equality! Fraternity!"

There were many reasons that led her to hope for help in her extremity from the chivalrous French nation. Reduced by ages of tyranny, oppression, and savage coercion, to a state of unutterable wretchedness, the Irish have long lived

on the border line of despair; want shadowing them in their poor comfortless homes, fear of evils, from which there was no possibility of escape, deep-rooted in their hearts, and famine never far away. Regarded, moreover, by "the dominant partner," their hereditary enemy and persecutor, as "Aliens in blood, in language, and in religion," they had to seek for sympathy and assistance wherever they were most likely to be found, and what more natural than that they should turn, in their oft-recurring agonies, to that land in which so many of Ireland's bravest soldiers and most distinguished men found a home and a welcome when driven by cruel laws and by the sword of persecution, from their

native country? Sympathy the French freely gave; sometimes material help, but not enough of that, or a different set of events would surely have to be chronicled.

Even as it was, better results would have been attained but for the difficulties arising from difference of language, which made complete organization and a thorough understanding impossible. Be that as it may, it is evident the time had not then come for the liberation of Ireland from the despotism of her implacable foe; who, it seems, now yearns for "a union of hearts" and proposes to "kill with kindness" Ireland's national aspirations.<sup>1</sup>

Circumstances have greatly changed, however, since St. Ruth failed, and fell, at Aughrim on 12th July, 1691; and since General Humbert about a hundred years later, was forced by superior numbers to lay down his arms near Longford, 8th September, 1798.

The circumstances are these: Ireland has no longer to look for sympathy or help to any foreign power, however well disposed to aid her that power may be. There is now a greater Ireland beyond the Atlantic, looking with earnest eyes and loving heart to the old land, thinking of the kinsfolk at home, still in the toils of the oppressor, and waiting and watching for the day of deliverance.

From official returns, published annually, nearly four millions of people left Ireland for America between the years 1851 and 1895. Four millions of people! Nearly the whole number of Ireland's present population "gone to America" within the brief space of forty-four years. Think of it England! In what frame of mind did the Irish emigrant go to America? Mr. Gladstone, speaking in the House of Commons twenty-six years ago, said: "He bears with him on the one hand a passionate

attachment to the home he quits, and on the other hand a bitter and burning hatred to the laws and government he leaves behind."

In the stress and tumultuousness of political warfare, party squabbles and personal ambitions take up the time of public men and engross their thoughts to the exclusion of most else. The exigencies of the moment call for the exercise of all their energies so that the consideration of the past and future is lost sight of in present affairs.

Some people deprecate recalling the past on the ground that nothing is to be gained by it. "Let bygones be bygones," is a favorite saying with them; but it is the experience of the past which enables mankind to forecast the future and to shape human action accordingly. Leave out the past, and what becomes of religion, science, literature, art, and all worldly knowledge? Scientists are at present busily engaged under a tropical sun disinterring the relics of remote ages, others in endeavors to explore the unknown in the regions of eternal snow and ice. It is then in the hope of letting a ray of light shine into a dark place that these pages are written. If the past is buried away out of sight, the social system with all its environments and all its mechanism perishes, the world lapses into its original state, and the process of making history and reconstructing national life has to be begun all over again.

A writer of some celebrity has just given to the world a work on Irish pre-Christian antiquities.<sup>2</sup> If an author of his learning, capacity, and analytic power, should devote himself instead to the study of what may be described as the archaeology of recent Irish history, now obscured by ignorance, falsehood, and misrepresentation, what a flood of light would be let in upon the dark pages

<sup>1</sup>Speech of Right Hon. G. W. Balfour, Chief Secretary for Ireland, at Leeds.

<sup>2</sup>Pagan Ireland, an Archaeological Sketch. By W. G. Wood-Martin, M. R. I. A.

of Ireland's agony. It is well that an attempt, however imperfect, should be made by some one.

"History repeats itself!" It has been repeating itself in Ireland for seven centuries with tidal regularity. Yet how few take note of it or show any real interest in the matter.

I have long felt the inconvenience resulting from the ignorance of the English people generally of the history of Ireland. Why should they not be ignorant of that history? The story itself is full of no other interest than a painful one, disgusting from its details of barbarous infliction on the one hand, and partial and therefore driftless resistance on the other. To the English it seemed enough to know that one way or the other Ireland had become subject to England.<sup>1</sup>

So wrote Daniel O'Connell more than half a century ago, and so it may be written with equal truth today.

Many writers of high authority, both Irish and English, have since tried, without success, to dispel that ignorance. Whether from a vague apprehension of what confronts them or a dread of the shame and humiliation consequent on learning the truth and realizing fully all the horrors and abominations they have been guilty of, the English people cannot be roused to take an interest in the study of Irish history. They shut their eyes to that which is visible to the whole world, except themselves, preferring to live in a fool's paradise, in the happy self-consciousness that England is the greatest, best, wisest, and most Christian nation upon which the sun shines. As Mr. Gladstone, a veritable and high authority, puts it: "They have been comfortably ensconced in a belief of their own habitual moderation and humanity, past as well as present."<sup>2</sup> No! Irish history, they profess to think, does not concern them. Ireland, they say, is a poor country, not of much account in

imperial affairs, limited in population (owing to wholesale massacres, confiscations, and fire raisings, in former generations, and to evictions, the procuration of famine and of pestilence, and to forced emigration, in more recent times). The inhabitants, they see from statistical reports, are withering away so rapidly that, in a few more generations, the Celt will be cleared out, and thenceforth England will be able to hold the land of the Gael in peace, quietness, and comfort.

The English people must be disillusioned. They *must* learn Irish history and be enlightened, whether they like or no. They must also apply themselves to the study of ethics, the science of human duty, the elementary principles of which they seem to disregard. The changes must be rung, and loudly rung, in season and out of season, upon England's relations with Ireland, until she is awakened to a full knowledge of her guilt. Having arrived at this, it may be she will atone for the unutterable wrongs she has inflicted; will make due reparation to the nation she has, misusing her giant strength, so long held in enforced subjection, and will in short disgorge her plunder to the last shekel. Does righteous and Christian England believe she was justified in committing national murder and wholesale robbery because she had the power on her side? If not, how does she hope to escape the consequences of her crimes, or to evade the eternal justice which inevitably, sooner or later, overtakes the evil doer? The daughter of Necessitas has dogged the footsteps of iniquity from the beginning; however slow her movements, Nemesis is sure to overtake the criminal at last. Is England sorry? Sorrow for crime committed is mere foolishness unless repentance is followed by restitution when it is in the criminal's power to make it. From an ethical standpoint this position is impregnable. The laws

<sup>1</sup>O'Connell's *Memoirs of Ireland*, 2d Ed. p. 43.  
<sup>2</sup>*19th Century Review*, July, 1889.

which govern man's actions as a moral agent are immutable, and these laws apply to all nations and to all mankind individually and collectively. A living English writer of some mark, an intensely English Englishman, and one far from friendly to Irishmen, but in some respects an honest chronicler withal, says, "The conquest of Ireland was completed with circumstances of cruelty sufficient to plant undying hatred in the breast of the people"; and the same writer lays down the following axiom, "That the stronger nation is entitled by the law of force to conquer its weaker neighbor, and to govern the conquered in its own interest, is a doctrine which civilized morality abhors."<sup>1</sup>

But Mr. Gladstone, a much higher authority on the subject, even than Professor Goldwin Smith, has borne ample testimony in the impressive words already quoted to the righteousness of the Irishman's hatred for British tyranny. Subsequently he wrote:—

The parts of the pander, the jobber, and the swindler, were the parts habitually played by this great and strong country towards the smaller and weaker one. It is an odious task to record these abominations, but recorded they must be until they have been confessed, repented, and repaired.<sup>2</sup>

At the recent Convention held in the city of Chicago there was a good deal of strong speaking about the existing relations between England and Ireland and how they are to be put upon a proper footing. It is doubtful, however, whether anything was said stronger or plainer than the above citations.

Most of the English papers, and notably the London *Times*, turned the proceedings of the Convention into ridicule, forgetting that not so very long ago, when the Irish were rushing away across the Atlantic, driven from their native land by

English tyranny at the rate of a hundred thousand persons annually, England was frightened out of its wits at the prospect of what might consequently happen in the future. We read in the *Times* of May 4th, 1860, as follows:—

Ireland will become altogether English and the United States Republic altogether Irish. There will be again an Ireland, but a colossal Ireland, and an Ireland placed in the New World. We shall have only pushed the Celt westward; ceasing for the future to be imprisoned between the Liffey and the Shannon, he will spread from New York to San Francisco. We must gird our loins to encounter the nemesis of seven centuries of misgovernment. To the end of time a hundred millions of people, spread over the largest habitable area in the world, and confronting us everywhere by sea and by land, will remember that their forefathers paid tithes to the Protestant clergy, rent to absentee landlords, and forced obedience to the laws which these had made.

Ponder on this passage, O ye who have the destinies of England in your charge. Study it, think well and deeply upon it, bearing in mind it is not the language of some "blustering agitator," as Englishmen are pleased to designate those who are laboring might and main to bring about a just and satisfactory settlement of the Irish question. This is no mere "sunburstery," as the speeches and writings of Irishmen are so often sneeringly called. It is the deliberate language of a leader writer in the great organ of English opinion. Is another important press opinion wanted upon the same theme? Here it is.

The London *Graphic*, 9th October, 1886, under the heading, "Celts Getting Uppermost," has the following:—

To borrow the language of the share market Celts are buoyant while Anglo-Saxons have a downward tendency. . . . A glance at statistical tables seems at first sight to falsify this idea of Celtic flood and Anglo-Saxon ebb. In 1841, without counting Scotland, there were half as many people in Ireland as in England, whereas now the population of England is five times as numerous. Why then, is Ireland more powerful now than she was forty-five years ago? The

<sup>1</sup> Professor Goldwin Smith in *Contemporary Review*, December 1878.

<sup>2</sup> *Nineteenth Century*, No. 149, July, 1889.

answer is that there are enormous colonies of her sons and daughters in every English speaking country in the world, Great Britain included.

The writer of the article in the *Times* expressed himself fairly well, and with a good grasp of the situation. Had his knowledge however of Irish history been fuller he would have added something more. The payment of tithes to the parson, rent to the absentee landlords, and forced obedience to English made laws, would not justify the intensity of Ireland's righteous hatred for her oppressor. It is the blood of the murdered Irish that cries to heaven for vengeance. It is the memory of the merciless acts of sanguinary wretches like Mountjoy, Carew, Chichester, Malby, Strafford, St. Leger, Coote, Cosby, Grey de Wilton, Cromwell, Ireton, and a crowd of smaller butchers, that maddens. It is the memory of Robert Emmet, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Wolfe Tone, the brothers Sheares, and a holocaust of murdered patriots and heroes, that fires the Irish heart and sets Irish men thinking, "When will the day indicated in the quotation from the *Times* come?"

Now the question arises, "What evidence is there to show that Ireland has been inhumanly treated and was, and continues to be, governed in English interests? The evidence is overwhelming, it is damning. As I have said elsewhere, if England could be tried upon it before a jury of the nations she would be condemned to everlasting infamy. To quote Goldwin Smith again upon the method adopted to obtain possession of the land. He says,—

Instead of the form of conquest it took that of confiscation and was waged by the intruder with the arms of legal chicane.<sup>1</sup>

"Intruder," be it noted, is an Englishman's euphemism, when applied to Ireland, for robber, murderer, and exterminator. Mr. Gladstone, in an article

already cited, refers to the authority of Mr. Lecky, the great historian, "an unsuspected witness," who says, "Such is the past of English government of Ireland: a tissue of brutality and hypocrisy scarcely surpassed in history," a quotation which he supports with another from Benjamin Franklin, who called British performances of the eighteenth century in Ireland, "Such a combination of rapine, treachery, and violence, as would have disgraced the name of government in the most arbitrary country in the world."<sup>2</sup>

Robbed of their patrimony and proprietary rights, the Irish people next found their industrial interests assailed on all sides. English manufacturers sent frequent petitions to Parliament complaining of the injury done to the trade of England by Irish made goods. The Lords and Commons addressed the throne upon the subject, and needless to say, the King lent a willing ear to their remonstrances, promising "to do all that in him lay to carry out their wishes." And he did so most effectually.

Lord Deputy Strafford, who was sent over to govern Ireland, in English interests, about two hundred years ago, wrote to the Lord Treasurer of England as follows, only six months after his arrival in the country:—

I am of opinion that all wisdom advises to keep this kingdom as much subordinate and dependent upon England as possible, and holding them from the manufacture of wool (which unless otherwise directed, I shall by all means discourage) and then enforcing them to fetch their clothing from thence [England] and to take their salt from the King (being that which preserves and gives value to all their native staple commodities). How then can they depart from us without nakedness and beggary? Which in itself is so weighty a consideration as a small profit should not bear it down.

The policy here shown was carried out to the letter, and every branch of indus-

<sup>1</sup>Contemporary Review, December, 1878.

<sup>2</sup>Nineteenth Century, July, 1889.



try, with the one exception of the Belfast linen trade, was stamped out in the interests of England. All the while, with characteristic cowardice and hypocrisy, the English never ceased to reproach "the lazy Irish" for their poverty and want of enterprise. The question is constantly asked, "Why is it the Irish are unsuccessful at home in their own country, while in other lands they are as a rule so prosperous?" The above facts supply the answer. When a great forest tree whose roots and branches have spread far and wide, is cut down by the ax of the woodman, the stump, however deep its roots may have penetrated the earth, and however rich the soil that nourished them, soon decays. It may produce a few weak and sickly suckers that struggle to live for awhile, stunted offshoots of the stately tree that has been cut down; but if the tree is to be replaced by such another, you must not only plant a new and healthy sapling, but wait long years for it to reach maturity.

The malignant spirit shown by Stratford was far from the worst feature of English animosity, inasmuch as it proposed only to strike at Irish industries with a view to reducing the nation to penury in order that it might be all the more easily held in subjection. There is something however blacker and more diabolical to be noticed. Just prior to this period the English leaders had resolved to exterminate the Irish people, root and branch. The cry "to hell or Connaught" that so long resounded through the other three provinces of Ireland gave at least an alternative. But the Mountjoys, Malbys, Carews, Cootes, Chichesters, and others, had no alternative to offer. They thought extermination by fire, sword, pestilence, and famine, a safer and "speedier" plan. I have elsewhere on more than one occasion re-

lated the infamies perpetrated by the stronger nation upon the weaker; the wholesale massacres of men, women, and children, committed by these monsters in human form; but it is well to repeat the tale.

Daniel O'Connell's mode of carrying on agitation was always characterized by reiteration, and his example may be accepted as a good one:—

There are many men [he said] who shrink from repeating themselves, and who actually feel a repugnance to deliver a good sentiment or a good argument just because they have delivered that sentiment or that argument before. This is very foolish. It is not by advancing a political truth once, twice, or even ten times, that the public take it up and finally adopt it. No! Incessant repetition is required to impress political truths on the public mind. . . . You must repeat the same lesson over and over again if you hope to make a permanent impression.<sup>1</sup>

I adopt the suggestion, and propose again to bring before the public mind a few of the iniquities of English rule in Ireland, relying almost entirely for my facts and citations upon English and Protestant authorities, such evidence being more likely to carry conviction and overcome prejudice than the testimony of any Irish writer. Lord Deputy Chichester, the then English Viceroy, writing in 1607, (the letter is quoted in Godkin's "Land War,") indicated the most approved method of governing Ireland from an English point of view:—

I have often said and written it is famine must consume the Irish as our swords and other endeavors worked not that speedy effect which is expected; hunger would be better, because a speedier weapon to employ against them than the sword.

And then this demon in human shape thus calmly informs the English government of his own brutalities.

I burned all along Lough Neagh within four miles of Dungannon, . . . sparing none of what quality, age, or sex soever, besides many

<sup>1</sup>Life and Times of Daniel O'Connell, by C. M. O'Keefe, Vol. 1, p. 126.

burned to death. We killed man, woman, and child, horse, beast, or whatever we could find.<sup>1</sup>

This, as will presently appear, is no exceptional tale of unusual atrocity; it represents nothing more than the average action of the English viceroys, and of the commanders under them, all through. Another of these worthies, Sir George Carew, President of Munster, has also left, under his own hand, an account of his sanguinary proceedings in that rich and populous province, an account that rivals in atrocity the acts of his colleague just mentioned, and proves beyond dispute they were acting in concert on a deliberate plan to exterminate the Irish; the design of which, it is evident, was previously agreed upon between them.

The President [Carew] having received certain information that the Mounster fugitives were harboured in those parts, having before burned all the Houses and Corne and taket great preyes in Owny O'Mulrian, and Kilquig, a strong and fast country, not farre from Limerick, diverted his Forces into East Clanwilliam, and Muskry-quirke, where Pierce Lacy had lately been succoured, and killed all mankind that were found therein. . . . Thence we came into Arloghe Woods (the glen of Aherlow) where we did the like, not leaving behind us man or beast, corne or cattle.<sup>2</sup>

Reference was made just now to the evident concert between the leaders to carry out a policy of extermination. Let us see how it fared in Connaught, the reservation assigned, in their own land, to the Irish people by the English "intruder" as an alternative location to the bottomless abyss. It is given on the authority of Froude, an Englishman in no way prejudiced in favor of Ireland. He tells us how savage Malby, the President of Connaught, became when he entered upon his duties in that province. The chiefs hoped to save their people from slaughter and to conciliate the Eng-

lish by a policy of submission; but Malby had come as an exterminator and was not to be diverted from his sanguinary purpose. He says in his report to the Government, quoted by Froude:—

I thought good to take another course, and so, with determination to consume them with fire and sword, sparing neither old nor young, I entered their mountains. I burned all their corn and houses and committed to the sword all that could be found. . . . In like manner I assaulted a castle where the garrison surrendered. I put them to the misericordia of my soldiers,—they were all slain,—thence I went on, sparing none that came in my way, which cruelty did so amaze their followers they could not tell where to bestow themselves. . . . It was all done in rain and frost and storm, journeys in such weather bringing them the sooner to submission.

It is inconceivable to think that the poet Edmund Spenser, who came to Ireland as Secretary to Lord Grey de Wilton, acquiesced in and approved of this inhuman method of getting rid of the inhabitants, but such is the fact. O'Connell in his Memoir tells us that Spenser:—

Had his plan for the pacification of Ireland. It was no other than that of creating famine and ensuring pestilence! And he encouraged the repetition of these diabolical means by his own evidence of their efficacy. He recommended, indeed, that twenty days should be given to the Irish to come in and submit, after the expiration of which time they were to be shown no mercy.<sup>3</sup>

O'Connell then gives Spenser's own words in the quaint language of the time:—

The end will (I assure mee) bee very short, and much sooner than it can bee in so great a trouble, as it seemeth, hoped for; although there should none of them fall by the sword, nor bee slain by the souldier; yet thus being kept from manurance, and their cattle from running abroad, by this hard restraint they would quietly consume themselves and devour one another. (Spenser's Ireland, p. 165.)

The success of this treatment is re-

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. Malcolm MacColl has referred to this, *Contemporary Review*, Feb., 1880, p. 304.

<sup>2</sup> *Pacata Hibernia*, vol. 1, pp 189-190. Published in London. 1633.

<sup>3</sup> O'Connell's *Memoir of Ireland*, p. 93.

corded by Fynes Moryson, Secretary to Lord Deputy Mountjoy and an eye witness of most of the events he chronicles. He appears, from the following extract, to have been moved by a feeling of compassion for the miseries he saw around him, for he says:—

No spectacle was more frequent in the ditches of the Towns, and especially in the wasted countries, than to see multitudes of these poor people, the Irish, dead with their mouths all coloured green by eating nettles, docks, and all things they could rend above the ground.<sup>1</sup>

The proceedings of the English leaders in the three provinces already mentioned, namely, Ulster, Connaught, and Munster, black and bloody as they were, were, however, surpassed in Leinster, where Coote and Cosby were the presiding spirits for the "pacification" of that province. Coote, as we read in Warner's History, "was a stranger to mercy." Lord Castlehaven gives a terrible account of the massacres committed by the troops under his command who, he says, killed men, women, and children, promiscuously. A favorite saying of his when directing the slaughter of Irish children was, "Nits will be lice." Seeing a soldier, who had run his bayonet through a child, dangling the lifeless and bleeding body upon the weapon over his shoulder, he is reported to have said, "He liked such frolics." Carte records, "His inhuman executions and promiscuous murders of the people of Wicklow"; and the concurrent testimony of English historians goes to show that he was a fiend incarnate who reveled in cruelty and wickedness.

The story of the massacre of Mullaghmast has been often told, but as it is illustrative of English methods, it will bear repetition. The massacre is related in detail by the late A. M. Sullivan in his "Story of Ireland," pp. 230-231, of which the following is an extract:—

Sir Francis Cosby, commanding the Queen's troops in Leix and Offaly, formed a diabolical plot for the permanent conquest of that district. Peace at the moment prevailed between the Government and the inhabitants, but Cosby seemed to think that in extirpation lay the only effectual security for the Crown. Feigning, however, great friendship, . . . he invited to a grand feast (in the Fort, or Rath, of Mullaghmast) all the chief families of the territory, attendance thereat being a sort of test of amity. To this summons responded the flower of the Irish nobility in Leix and Offaly with their kinsmen and friends. The O'Mores, O'Kellys, Lalors, O'Nolans, etc. . . . Into the great Rath rode many a pleasant cavalcade that day, but none ever came forth that entered in.

The invited guests were butchered to a man; one hundred and eighty of the O'Mores alone being amongst the slain. The author of this deed of cold-blooded treachery and savage atrocity met his doom, some years after, at the battle of Glenmalure, when the English forces under Lord Grey de Wilton were utterly routed by the Irish led by Feagh McHugh O'Byrne, the brave Wicklow chieftain, called by the English, "The Firebrand of the Mountains," who was killed afterwards in a skirmish with the forces of the Lord Deputy and had his head impaled over the gateway of Dublin Castle.

Lord Grey de Wilton had not long to wait for his revenge. Having invested the Fort of Smerwick, on 31st October following his defeat at Glenmalure, he obliged the defenders to capitulate and when they had laid down their arms, he slaughtered them to a man; not in the wrath of the moment but on the following day.

The officers were reserved for ransom, and next day the garrison, about six hundred men, were slaughtered in cold blood; and a few women and a priest among them were hung. The bodies, six hundred in all, were stripped and laid out on the sands as gallant and goodly personages, says Grey, as ever were beheld.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> O'Connell's *Memoir of Ireland*, pp. 1-2.

<sup>2</sup> Webb's *Compendium of Irish Biography*, p. 237.

How does Froude attempt to palliate this outrage upon all law human and divine? He says:—

To him (Lord Grey de Wilton) it was but the natural and obvious way of disposing of an enemy who had deserved no quarter. . . . He probably could not, if he had wished, have conveyed so large a body of prisoners in safety across Ireland to Dublin.<sup>1</sup>

And therefore, according to Froude, he was right in cutting the throats of six hundred "as gallant and goodly personages" as eye ever beheld, who had surrendered to superior force. It does not appear why Froude said they deserved no quarter, but as non-combatants, including some women, were massacred at the same time, it is evident the inhuman

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*

butchery was contrary to the laws of war, to every sentiment of justice and morality, and quite of a piece with the massacres perpetrated by other English commanders under similar circumstances. Good people shudder as they read of Turkish atrocity in Armenia and Bulgaria at the present time, overlooking the fact that it has been exceeded a hundred fold by English atrocity in Ireland. Quotations can be given, enough to fill a hundred volumes, on the unimpeachable testimony of the actors themselves in the bloody drama of Ireland's "pacification," who with their own hands have written the record of England's blood-guiltiness and of their own infamy.

*W. J. Corbett, M. P., M. R. I. A.*

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

## A WAR CHIEF OF THE TONTOS.

### A STORY OF ARIZONA.



33 THEM was purty lively times we had out in Arizony 'long about '73, keepin' the sixteen hundred Apaches in check at the Rio Verde reservation," said Jim Duffy, the well known scout, as he thoughtfully stroked his grizzled beard and settled back comfortably in his easy chair. Jim spent fourteen years of his life among the Indians and is as familiar with their language, manners, and custons, as though he was one of them. He followed the fortunes of the Fifth cavalry in Arizona, New Mexico, Wyoming, Montana, Nebraska, Dakota, Kansas, and the Indian Territory, and the hairbreadth escapes and thrilling adventures he has had would fill a book and make mighty interesting reading, too. Finding him in

a reminiscent mood, I prevailed upon him to spin a yarn for me about "them days in Arizony."

I WAS jest thinkin' of that red devil, old "Delshay," a war chief down at Rio Verde, who gave K troop so much trouble. "Old Del," as we called him, had a following of about three hundred young men, and every so often they would make a break from the reservation and go off on a raid, murdering, burning, and plundering.

You see, the Indians were divided into different bands, each under its own leader. There were Mojaves, Tontos, and Yumas, on the reservation, but the Tontos were the worst of the outfit. There were only sixteen of us in K troop under Lieutenant Walter S. Schuyler, on

the reservation to keep peace in the family of sixteen hundred Indians and maybe we were not in close quarters on several occasions! At the time of which I am speaking, the depredations of Delshay's band of young Tontos had become so frequent and so serious in character that Lieutenant Schuyler decided to arrest Delshay and put him in irons. The treachery of a Tonto interpreter, Antone, not only prevented the execution of this plan, but came very near causing the death of every mother's son of us.

Lieutenant Schuyler, having determined on the arrest of Delshay, concluded that the best way to get the old rascal in his clutches was to summon the entire lot of Indians to the parade ground to be counted. As this was a frequent occurrence, he thought the Indians would come unarmed, not suspecting the scheme. He confided his plans to his interpreter and gave orders to eight of the enlisted men of the command to assist him in arresting Delshay and seven of his principal warriors. Before going out to make the arrest, Schuyler cleaned and loaded his Winchester, after which he stood it up in the corner of the tent.

The Indians were finally seated in a great semi-circle, waiting to be counted. Schuyler walked into his tent, got his sixteen shooter and walked directly up to Delshay, the eight soldiers following in the rear. Then the party halted and there was a moment of intense silence. Then the Lieutenant, through the interpreter, Antone, told the old war chief, in language more forcible than elegant, that he was a prisoner.

"Antone," says he, "you tell this old vagabond that I'm going to load him down with irons and hustle him into Camp Verde."

At the same time, Schuyler's men took their positions in front of the men they were going to arrest. Old Del merely

grunted when Antone interpreted to him what the Lieutenant was saying. He glared defiantly at the officer, and told Antone to say to Lieutenant Schuyler for him that he was not a prisoner and was not going to Camp Verde.

This made Schuyler fighting mad, and leveling his gun at the old rascal, he hissed, "You d—d thief, you'd better make your little prayer, and be quick about it, too!"

The old sinner only laughed at this, and Schuyler, driven to desperation, pulled the trigger of his gun when the muzzle was only about two inches from the Indian's nose. The gun missed fire. All at once Delshay's band jumped to their feet, and from every blanket out came a gun or a pistol.

Schuyler saw that there was going to be trouble and he began to pump the Winchester for all it was worth, only to discover that it had been tampered with. Antone, the Tonto interpreter, had stolen into Schuyler's tent after learning his intentions, and taken out every shell.

Then we were in a predicament. Before you could count three, every soldier was surrounded by at least a dozen of the worst cut-throats that ever drew breath, and for a little time things looked mighty juberous for us Yankees. The soldiers were as brave men as ever straddled horses, but when they were so suddenly surrounded by them wild Tontos, every last one of 'em felt his heart jumpin' up in his neck. I am not a coward, but I'm free to say that when I felt the cold muzzles of them guns back of my ears, I tried to think of all the prayers my poor old mother learned me when I was a kid. The sweat was an inch thick on my face and a-runnin' down into my boot legs!

AFTER this somewhat extravagant statement, Duffy paused for a moment

in his narrative, the memory of that thrilling scene seeming to carry him far and away from the prosaic present. Mechanically he lit his pipe, took three or four meditative whiffs, and then resumed his story.

AT THIS juncture, Mojave Charley, the big chief of the Mojaves, came to the rescue of the Lieutenant and his little squad of soldiers. He jumped to his feet and ordered his six hundred warriors to help the Lieutenant. But for him God knows what would have happened to us. Mojave Charley was a man who stood about six feet one in his moccasins, and he was built like a quarter horse. He measured forty-two inches around his bare breast, had fine broad shoulders, and muscular arms and legs. He weighed about a hundred and eighty pounds and there was not a pound of superfluous flesh on his carcass. His long black hair reached almost to his waist, and as he stood there addressing them Indians, his black eyes flashing fire, he was jest as purty as a picture.

"Young men of the Mojave tribe," he said, "listen to one who has been the friend, and also the enemy of the white man. Lieutenant Schuyler and his men are here for the purpose of preserving the peace and protecting us from the bad white men who would steal all we possess. He is here simply to help us in every way that lies in his power. You all know Delshay and the Tontos. They are thieves, they are murderers, and it would be better if they were all dead. Delshay runs away from the agency whenever he feels like it. He takes his young men and goes down into the valleys where the white men live, robs them of their cattle, robs them of their horses, robs them of their mules, burns their houses, and not satisfied with that, butchers their women and children.

He comes back to the agency to draw the rations that the government gives him.

"When these are eaten up he goes out again. He has kept this thing up for years and he has got to thinking that the government is afraid of him. Lieutenant Schuyler was ordered by the big chief in Washington, to arrest Delshay and bring him before a soldier council to be tried for his bad deeds. He arms his young men with rifles bought from bad white men and threatens to kill Lieutenant Schuyler and his little band of soldiers. If we allow Delshay to carry out his threat, the blame will rest on us, as well as on him. Shall we permit it? I say, No! Not while I and my young men are here! Chetlepan, and you, Hauvayuma of the Yumas, stand by me, and do not let this man add another to his bloody deeds!"

After this, there were other speeches upholding the Mojave chieftain, and it was finally decided that Delshay should go to his own camp as a prisoner and remain there until called for by Lieutenant Schuyler.

The old rascal stayed there just one week and then stole off on another foraging expedition.

One month after the above fracas, Lieutenant Schuyler went out on a scout after Delshay and his band, who had been giving the settlers more than usual trouble, I being one of the men left in camp. Schuyler was thoroughly aroused and had offered a reward of fifty dollars, to any Indian who would bring in Old Del's scalp. Shortly after the command had gone, Mr. Chapman, the agent's chief clerk, came to me and told me that the agent had a very important package for Lieutenant Schuyler and wanted me to find Schuyler and give it to him. The contents of the package was entirely unknown to me, else I would not have set out on my errand so cheerfully. As I



"I NEVER TURNED TO SEE WHERE THE SHOT CAME FROM."

learned afterwards, a young Mojave Indian, wishing to corral that fifty dollars reward, had quietly started out on Delshay's trail, and found him, and sent him on a long voyage of discovery. The package entrusted to me contained nothing more or less than Delshay's scalp. Had I known this, I'd have taken half of Camp Verde with me as an escort, for Delshay's warriors would have made short work of me had they found me with their big chief's scalp in my possession!

Well, I saddled up my bronco and went to Camp Verde, eighteen miles distant, expecting to find the Lieutenant there. Upon reaching the post, I learned from the commanding officer that Lieutenant Schuyler and party had left for the south the night before. I got a fresh horse and pushed on to Clear creek, ex-

pecting to find the Lieutenant and his command encamped there. They were not there. I confess I was afraid to go any farther alone, as the country 'round, in them days, was full of Indians and wild varmints of every description, but my orders were to find Lieutenant Schuyler, so I struck out.

After crossing Clear creek, I struck the trail and followed it up into the hills. I knew then, from the course of the trail, that Schuyler was camped on Fossil creek, a good half day's ride away. I had not gone three miles farther before I saw something white drop behind a big rock. I kept on the trail for the simple reason that I could not turn back. When I reached the rock, I discovered a sick Indian lying on his back behind it. He made signs to me that the soldiers were encamped down on the creek and that

he was going back to the agency. I had not left him more than half an hour before I ran against a black bear. I dared not shoot, as that would lead to my being surrounded by Indians. His bearship finally switched off the track, havin' some business with his neighbors up in the mountains. Four or five miles farther, in going around a sharp turn, I almost ran into three Indians. I slid off the bronco and found a hiding place behind a rock where I could watch the trail. The Indians must have seen me, for they dropped out of sight about as quick as I did. I lay there for about an hour, and not seeing or hearing anything, I decided to go on. After gettin' on the critter again, I shoved the gaffs into him and he struck a pretty fair lope. When I got by the place where I saw the Indians, I thought I was all right, but I had only passed it a short distance when I heard a shot, and a bullet struck the pommel of the saddle and glanced off, just grazing my horse's neck.

Where the shot came from I did not stop to investigate, but made tracks for Fossil creek as fast as the bronco would carry me. When I reached there I found the Lieutenant and his command in

camp preparing to strike out on Delshay's trail.

I gave the package to the Lieutenant, and when he opened it in my presence, a cold chill, the very coldest kind of a chill, went all through my carcass, for as you already know, the package contained a bunch of hair that formerly grew on the top of Old Delshay's head.

Lieutenant Schuyler immediately gave orders to his command to return to Camp Verde.

The death of Delshay broke up that particular band. While it was only a small band, it managed to give the citizens of Arizona all the trouble they needed at that time and there was general rejoicing when it became known that the red devil, Delshay, was no more.

HERE Jim Duffy awoke to the consciousness that his pipe had gone out, and knocking the ashes from it he sat for a long time gazing into vacancy. The spell was broken. Like most frontiersmen, his story-telling inspiration is found in his pipe, and departs when the last curling wreath of smoke vanishes into air.

*Carl P. Johnson.*

## THE BLUSH ROSE.



H THOU art fair, my sweet blush rose!  
As fair as my hungering heart's desire!  
Not with the rich, red, opulent grace  
That sets yon wind-tossed bush on fire;—

Not like the dazzling sun! But thou  
Art warm with the tides that Love bids flow  
In the mystic light on a mother's face,  
Or the splendor of the afterglow!

*Mary Bell.*

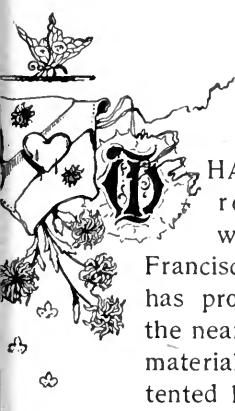




ON THE ROAD NEAR PALO ALTO.

## A TRIANGULAR TRIP.

### AROUND SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

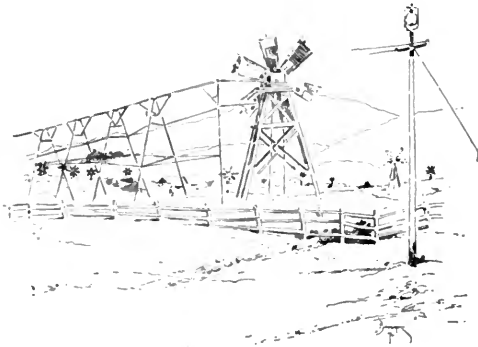


HAT public servant is responsible for the wretched roads in San Francisco county? Nature has provided abundantly in the nearness and quantity of materials and man has contented himself by hewing out

of the sandstone and conglomerate miserable apologies for roads. This is the story that may be told of the Bay drive from the Mission district in San Francisco until it reaches southward far beyond Baden. You climb the hog back of the San Bruno hills in a wind that always blows either in one direction or the other, and reach Blanken's Six Mile House, the last of San Francisco and its

queer methods of street paving and road making. After you have passed the city limits there is a perceptible, although only a slight improvement, and the enjoyment of that long stretch of road circling within a few feet of the bay is marred by the tortuousness and roughness of what might be made with but little work an ideal road. There is the hillside; there the materials; no hauling for any distance; everything at hand; and one of the worst roads imaginable under such favorable circumstances.

The view is grand. Through the purple mists are discerned the distant hills of Alameda county, softly beautiful in their varied pattern of farm cultivation, and beyond, the Coast range. Every



A CHANCE FOR DON QUIXOTE.  
CITY LIMITS OF SAN FRANCISCO.

now and then the time of day is passed with fishermen busy with their nets, and oyster boats dot the water on the outside of the stake lines of the plantations. There is the promise of pleasant roads and leafy shadows as off in the distance one catches sight of clumps of verdure that are a relief after a surfeit of the brown lands.

Just beyond Baden the road is bad again, but not for long, and soon are reached those long avenues of eucalyptus and cork maple, with an occasional pepper tree, which continue almost uninterruptedly to San José. Resting from the midday heat in the cool shadows of

the hedgerows an occasional tramp is seen. I remember the remark of one of the hyper-esthethical of "Blingum."

"It is annoying to feel in no way better off than your neighbor, and here the veriest tramp that carries his pack from crossroad to crossroad is as rich as I am. Existence itself in such an air is happiness."

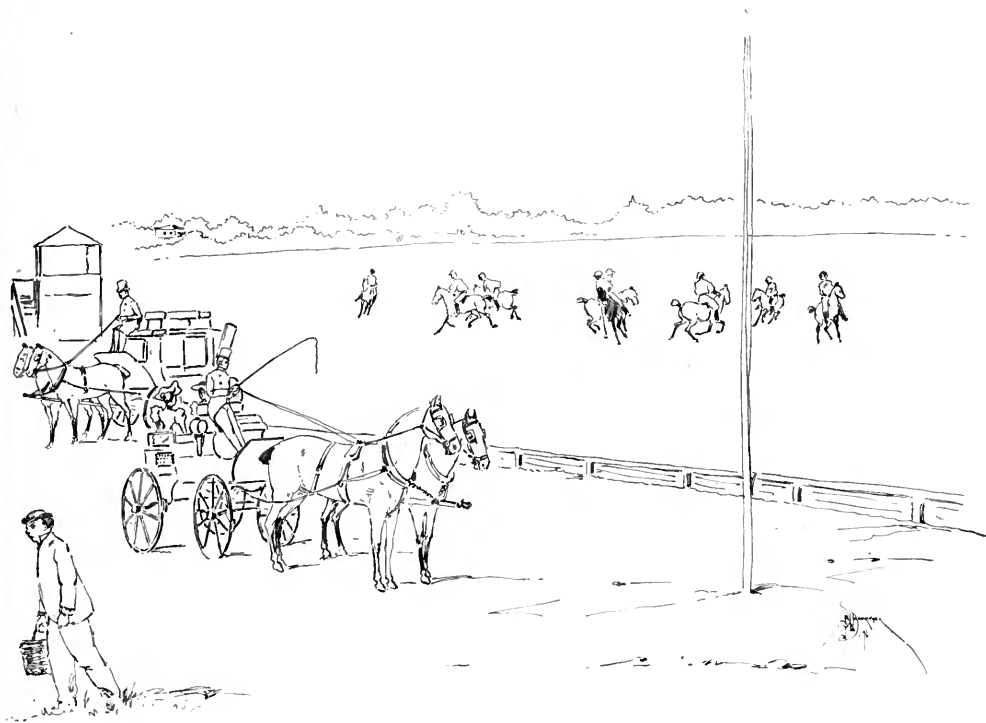
Under the trees at long distances from the road are artistic houses, and to the left of the road the practice ground of the Burlingame polo club. The residences along the road are more pretentious, the gardens are trimmed with all the care wealth can bestow, and the road itself from Millbrae to San Mateo is in tiptop condition.

At Millbrae a road to the right winds up into the hills to San Andreas and the property of the Spring Valley Water Works. This is an enjoyable side trip, but one which entails a great deal of work, especially for the bicycle rider, in the first part of the journey, for it is an almost continual climb.

"*Vedi Napoli e morir.*" Substitute San Mateo for Naples, and you have a sentiment expressive of your feelings after a thorough exploration of that fair



TYPICAL VIEW BELOW MENLO PARK.



PRACTICE POLO AT BURLINGAME.

town and its surroundings, its beautiful homes and its homelike hotels, its magnificent drives and its wealth of foliage, its flowers and its air. There is the smell of the sweet things of earth and bountiful Nature's hum of content in the drowsy buzz of the bee.

Within a mile of the railroad depot there is a fine bathing beach with large dressing rooms and a wharf leading out to deep water. The bay is enlivened by two or three yachts that spread their great wings to the breeze and sail away into the blue and purple mists of distance. In the opposite direction from San Mateo there are wooded roads leading in all directions across the peninsula, — one of the most interesting of which is the road up San Mateo cañon, where there is a branch to Pescadero beach and Half Moon bay. Another leads to the great dam of the Spring Valley Water Works and beyond to Lake Pilarcitos.

The roads between San Mateo and San

José are in an excellent condition, and the journey may be made in the constant shade of trees and free from the winds that blow fiercely on the roads nearer San Francisco. From Millbrae south the roads are sprinkled regularly, and this has a tendency to create a natural cement by a mixture with the soft stone used in some portions of the road and the cinder like stone used in others. In conversation one of the county engineers made the remark that there was a general lack of drainage which in winter was a preventive of good roads. However that may be, this road in September and October is in splendid condition.

From San José in any direction the roads are good. Santa Clara county can lay claim to the best kept roads of the bay counties.

Tired and dusty we reach San José, but after a good bath at the St. James and a dinner with mine host Tyler Beach, reminiscences of the fine scenery we



THE VENDOME HOTEL GROUNDS.

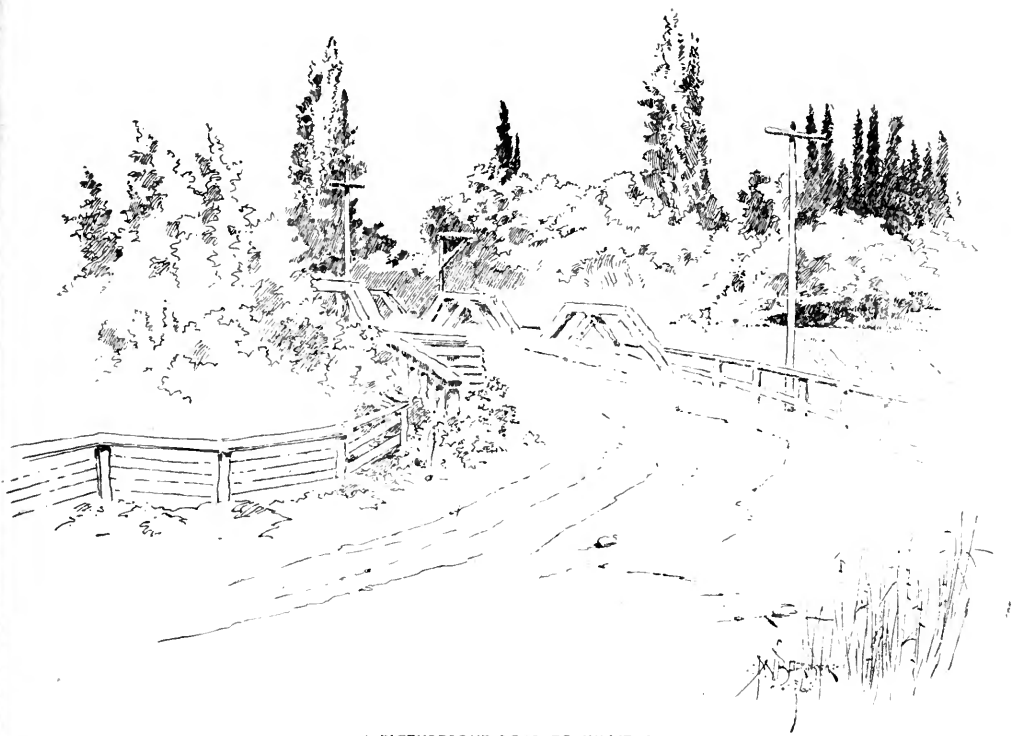
have just passed through are brought to mind, — the long Alameda, Santa Clara Mission, the fine buildings and the clean streets of San José.

From San José, past the Vendome and through its splendid grounds, — an attraction in this pretty city of homes that

is second to none, — through long avenues of trees, the road is almost a straight line to Milpitas. Beyond, road and scenery change and the purple tints and the regular designs on the hills, so agreeable to the eye from the other side of the bay, have changed to fields of grain and to



THE VENDOME.



A PICTURESQUE ROAD TO MILPITAS.

orchards and cultivated lands. The thrifty Portuguese have transformed the entire valley from San José to Oakland into a beautiful garden, and the husbandman may be seen early and late in his fields as he directs the gathering of the ripening crops or gazes anxiously over the harvests that are to be. Over plain and hill is the purple and the pink mist of California's glorious atmosphere and the cool scent of the fresh earth comes on every breeze. The road (Twelfth street) is for the most part in splendid condition, except as to that section in and around Alvarado. Who is it that is responsible for the miserable condition of the people's highway? This is a good time to ask the question, when men who aspire to govern are again to be chosen by the people. This road, miserable in summer, must be well nigh impassable in winter. To be sure there are long stretches of trestle over which there is good driving or wheeling, but the intervening dirt

roads are for the most part loose sand, in many places washed away by previous rains. They are raised but little in grade above the general level of the surrounding salt marsh, and where the road is hard it is full of chuck holes.

Centerville is a pretty little town and one of the largest garden truck and agricultural shipping points in California, it is connected with the Southern Pacific railway by a unique street car freight and passenger line, the hauling being done by horses driven tandem. The roads around Centerville are good, and the most influential citizens, including Mr. Gregory, the proprietor of the very fine hotel at this place, are all enthusiasts for good roads. The short distance from San Francisco, Oakland, and San José, makes it imperative that the citizens, in order to maintain the supremacy of Centerville as a shipping point, see to it that the roads in all directions be made as good as possible.



Courtesy "The Olympic."

AN OBSTRUCTION IN THE ROAD.

San Leandro, San Lorenzo, and Hayward, are connected with Oakland by very good roads, and Oakland and Alameda put to shame San Francisco's miserable cobbled streets and more than miserable county roads.

While the stretch of road on the triangular trip around San Francisco Bay may be criticised as to its condition in the San Bruno hills and as it skirts the bay toward Baden and Millbrae, and also as to the roads around Alvarado, the general condition of the highway is excellent.

From Millbrae to San José and from San José to Centerville, and again beyond Alvarado, the road is sprinkled regularly, and there is a general system of water supply for this purpose. The continued sprinkling has saved the counties interested thousands of dollars that would have gone to paying for labor in surfacing and repairs, and has given the residents of four of the largest cities in California one of the longest and most enjoyable driveways in the world, whether utilized on horseback, on the wheel, or by carriage.

*Pierre N. Boeringer.*


## THE HEIGHTS AND THE DEPTHS.

I WOULD not live upon one changeless plain,  
With joy or sorrow evermore to reign;  
As blood is darker on the spotless snow,  
So joy is sweeter in the cup of woe.

*Clarence Hawkes.*

## RACING AND RACING MEN.

### THE WHEEL IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.



LOS ANGELES and Riverside seem to be as great hot beds for racing as San José and down below the Tehachapi they call Riverside "the San José of the South." It is also nicknamed "the Springfield of the Southwest," as San José is to the racing men of the world "the Springfield of the West Coast." Springfield, Massachusetts, has been the Mecca of cycle racing in America since bicycle contests began.

Riverside was the first of the Southern cities to build a bicycle track, and its quarter mile oval was for years the only bicycle track in the Southwest and the track best known and most used. In time it got out of date, and last year the third of a mile track at Wheelmen's Park on Frémont Heights, Riverside, became its successor. The old track site is now occupied by an orange winery.

All the early racing men in Southern California outside of the few at Los Angeles were Riversides and wore the orange and black. The most famous of these were Louis W. Fox, now in Alaska, and Herbert E. McCrea, now the best man in the Southwest. Other famous Riversiders were the Cowan brothers, Shoemaker, Robey, Garrison, Scott, Cox, and those now racing under the Riverside colors. Fox attracted the most attention and was the first to get a trainer from the East.

Today the Riverside Wheelmen as a club leads in all things and holds the championship both in the annual relay and the annual team race for the famous East Side trophy. Next to the Riversides, rank the East Side Cycling Club of Los Angeles, the Crown City Cycling Club of Pasadena, and the newly formed

Los Angeles Road Club. Last year most of the club honors went to the Roamers Road Club of Los Angeles. This year the Roamers have taken no interest in racing matters.

Los Angeles, being the metropolis of Southern California, has, of course, led in most cycling matters, on account of



Courtesy of "The Olympic."  
WALTER FOSTER.



Photo by C. F. Gates  
THE LOS ANGELES QUARTER MILE TRACK.

its large population, which equals that of Riverside, Pasadena, San Diego, Santa Barbara, and several other cities combined. The early racing men in Los Angeles were P. L. Abel, D. G. Burke, Ed. Russell, Harry Cromwell, W. M. Jenkins, Phil. Percival, and Wing. Of these Burke was the best and held the championship honors for several years. He even went to Sacramento and defeated all comers there. Cromwell is the only one of the veterans now racing, except



Photo by C. F. Gates.  
SHAFFER AND HIS RECORD BREAKERS

“Pinto” Jenkins, who occasionally rides in a race.

The present stars of the Southwest have developed in the last year, with the exception of Fritz Lacy, who has ridden three seasons. As to who is the best amateur in Southern California, it is hard to say. Last year W. E. Delay of the Roamers showed up the fastest, but did not do very much racing, as he could not spare the time. At present he is considered the fastest amateur although he has not ridden at every meet. He is the only racing man of whom it can be said



Photo by C. F. Gates.  
ARTHUR BELL,  
LOS ANGELES ROAD CLUB.

that he broke a world's record the first time he rode in a race. This was on June 25, 1895, when he won his novice in 2:11, taking several seconds off the previous record. This record has only been lowered since by the use of a four man pacing machine and a specially trained rider. And this race at once made Delay famous. When he came on the track with his old road machine and a borrowed racing suit that did not fit him, all kinds of fun was made of him. But when he finished seconds and seconds ahead of the rest, the spectators thought different.



Emil Ulbricht, who came from Chicago in 1893, loaded down with road racing glory, has been the star performer in road races since, and on the track he has established his reputation as a great handicap rider. He is now a newly fledged professional, and as he rode as a Class B amateur last year, he cannot be classed with the simon pure amateurs like Delay and Lacy. Ulbricht is a remarkable man and last year really ranked as best known of the Southern California men, as he has ridden consid-



Photo by C. F. Gates.

EMIL ULBRICHT—THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.



Photo by C. F. Gates.

BALD IN A CHARACTERISTIC ATTITUDE.

ably the equal of any men in America, unless it might be Cooper or Bald, although Will Burke has a finishing spurt that has never been equaled by anyone in this country outside of Zimmerman, Cooper, Bald, Zeigler, and Gardner.

Among the amateurs, the stars are Cromwell, Lacy, Delay, Arthur Bell, who began racing last May; Charles Stimson, Morris Cook, Carson Shoemaker of Riverside; Coty, Wilson, and

erably in and about San Francisco, where at one time last season he was beating all the best men. Last August he was the best man in the State, then he got careless in his training and McCrea and Hatton were both beating him part of the time. Slater of Arizona also showed up in the front ranks at that time, for he was a pupil of Ulbricht's.

Among the professionals of the Southwest there are five who rank about even. They are McCrea, Hatton, Ulbricht, W. A. Burke and W. A. Taylor. The last two men with proper training are prob-



Photo by C. F. Gates.

THE HOME STRETCH AT SANTA MONICA.



Photo by C. F. Gates.  
W. E. DELAY, OF THE LOS ANGELES ROAMERS.

Hill, of Pasadena; Glen of Santa Ana; and Frazer of San Diego. The other promising amateurs are Russell brothers, Cox, Scott, Newcomb, and Roach, of Riverside; Grace and Kitchen of Redlands; King of San Bernardino; Williams of Ontario; Clark of Pomona; Flint and Wade of Ventura; Weight, Langstaff, Rowan, and Clark, of Pasadena; Johnson, Rose, Loomis, and Jones, of Santa Monica; and the Los Angeles men, who have the best training. These last may be divided into several classes, thus,—subsidized amateurs, school athletes, messenger boys, and scorchers. Among these, the first rank the best, as they have racing wheels furnished them and receive regular training. There are probably fifty amateurs in Los Angeles doing little racing who can ride the mile under 2:30 easily.

There are few professionals in Southern California outside of Los Angeles. Burt Edwards and Canby Hewitt of Pasadena; Vaughn of San Diego, and Robbins of Santa Paula, are the only ones

of note. There are several professionals at San Diego, who became such by acting as professional pacemakers for the record teams last winter. Hewitt of Pasadena is probably the fastest professional in the South outside of Los Angeles.

The professionals in Los Angeles compose the cream of the Southwestern racing talent, and many of them rank well with the very best men in the far West. Probably Ulbricht, Hatton, McCrea, and Burke, are the best known. The others are Fred Holbrook, Chas. W. Miller, Godfrey Schmidt, J. L. Standefer, W. J. Hutton, Arthur Griffin, and Joe Long. W. A. Taylor and Clyde Washburn of Duarte are remarkable riders, and they are generally classed as part of the Los Angeles talent, although they live beyond Pasadena, and train on the Duarte track.

Race meets were frequent last year, but as few have been run this year and



See "Etc."

H. F. AND W. A. TERRILL.

the professionals are out of a job by a sort of boycott on the part of the race meet promoters, a remarkable experiment is being tried. The professionals have organized themselves into a racing league and engaged the Santa Monica track for the rest of the year, and will run Sunday meets on their own hook.

The first meet of this "Wheelmen's Racing League" was held on the afternoon of August 16th and was a grand success. All of the six races were fast and full of excitement with close finishes. The mile open was done in 2:08½ and the tandem mile in 2:11. Flying starts were used in all the races but the handicaps. The track was kept perfectly clear.

The attendance was not as large as it should have been on account of a boycott by the amateurs and their adherents, but those who did attend will go regularly hereafter and take all their friends.



See "Etc."

Courtesy of "The Olympic."

C. L. DAVIS,

WINNER OF SCRATCH AT SAN JOSE.

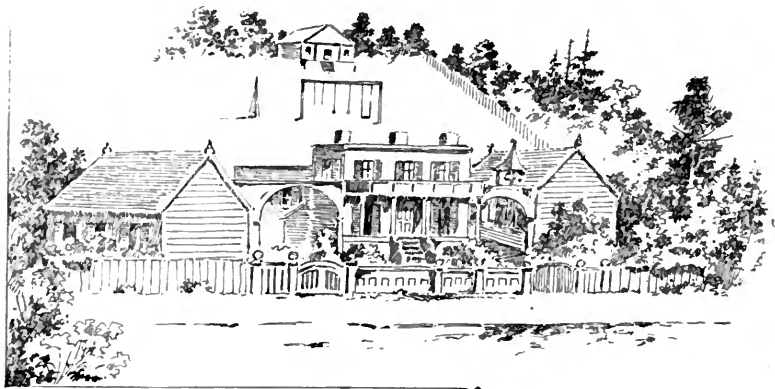


See "Etc."

GEO. M. HAMLIN

While the League of American Wheelmen controls all cycle racing in this country and similar organizations in other countries co-operate, these races at Santa Monica are an exception and are run as a business venture with original rules. Naturally, as the League of American Wheelmen does not allow Sunday racing, those who ride at Santa Monica will be suspended from all other meets, but the professionals, who are both performers and promoters, understood that before, and while being independent of the League are still friends of the parent organization and have no idea of fighting it. The baseball plan is being experimented with and prizes are done away with as they should have been years ago. The racers go on the principle that the public should be pleased and that good racing will draw good crowds. In the past the amateurs themselves have been so anxious to win the prizes that all sorts of jockeying was done, which made time slow and disgusted the spectators.

*Charles Fuller Gates.*



## A PIONEER SCHOOL.

### SAN FRANCISCO COLLEGE.<sup>1</sup>



EARLY in October, 1854, I was staying at the Columbia Hotel on Pine street, nearly opposite to the original Trinity church, which stood on the site of the California market of today. I had just returned to San Francisco after eighteen months of mining in Eldorado County. On a Sunday evening I was meditating whether I should return to the mines or go back to England. Suddenly I was aroused from my reflections by some familiar strains from the organ. Not having had any opportunity of attending the service of the Church of England since I left Oxford some two years previously, I determined to cross the street and enter the church. I was wearing my miner's costume,—blue shirt, slouch hat, trousers stuck into my boots,—and not having used a razor since my arrival in California, had a silken beard almost down to my waist. Putting a light overcoat over my colored shirt, I went in and modestly took a back seat.

Soon I was astonished and delighted at hearing the psalms sung to a favorite

chant which I had last heard in the chapel at Oxford. I was surprised to hear in those early days a fine choir of professional singers: Mrs. Wells, soprano; Mrs. Voorhees, contralto; W. Faxon, tenor; J. Stadfeldt, basso. The organist was Charles D. Judah, a well known lawyer, and brother of Theodore Judah, the civil engineer, and of Captain Judah of the United States army. Mrs. Wells was wife of the Clerk to the Mayor and Aldermen; Mrs. Voorhees was sister of Mrs. Sinclair, ex-wife of Forrest the tragedian. Mr. Voorhees had been C. L. Garrison's right-hand man in New York, and was then in the employ of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company.

I waited until the service was over, and then introduced myself to the Rector, the Rev. C. B. Wyatt, telling him that I had left Oxford about two years previously, had a fair baritone voice, and was well up in cathedral music. Mr. Wyatt became much interested in the account I gave him of the music at the various colleges of Oxford, and asked me to come over to the church on the following morning, that we might renew our conversation.

In the course of our talk the next morning, he suggested that I should start a school for boys, saying that many members of his congregation had sons, and were at a loss to know how to continue their education.

<sup>1</sup>This article has been compiled from the notes and conversations of Mr. A. S. Lowndes, one of the founders of the San Francisco College. The narrative has been told in the first person, Mr. Lowndes being the speaker.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.



JUDGE JOHN M. HUNT.

The idea of becoming a schoolmaster had never entered my head, and I hesitated. After my rough life *sub diu aperto* of the previous eighteen months, I did not relish being shut up within four walls all day. Further, my intention was to go to Mariposa county to work a gravel claim by the hydraulic system, which was just at that time coming into use. But it was necessary to wait for the rainy season before engaging in mining of this kind.

Despite my youth, — I was then only twenty-three, — inexperience, and unwillingness to give up my free, open-air life, Mr. Wyatt continued to urge me to open a school, saying that he would send me enough pupils to enable me to make a fair living, and promising to give me the first vacancy, either for a tenor or a basso, occurring in the choir.

Accordingly, early in November I secured a room on Dupont street, on the block between California and Pine streets, — then an eminently respectable quarter. On the opening morning about a dozen boys presented themselves, and afterwards others dropped in from week to week, so that at the end of the year I had about twenty pupils, and was already beginning to feel the effects of an indoor

life, and to fear that I should not be able to go on with schoolwork.

Just then a middle-aged gentleman called to see me, having been sent by Mr. Wyatt. This was Mr. Chittenden, who had recently come from London with an only daughter, who was engaged to Mr. Ernest Seyd, a well known merchant. Mr. Seyd had been in the London house of Hoffman and Company, and had come to California to look after that firm's interest in the house of Frederick Franck and Company. In later days Mr. Seyd achieved a reputation as an authority on bimetallism. Mr. Chittenden was a graduate of St. John's College, Cambridge, and a man of very wide information and varied accomplishments. He wrote a hand like copper-plate engraving, was an excellent mathematician, and being married to a French woman, knew French well. He was a good writer, painted well in water-colors and oils, and possessed great mechanical ingenuity. He had for many years conducted a large school in Finsbury square, London, and finding time hang rather heavily after his daughter's marriage, began to take pupils. He already had about a dozen when he called on Mr. Wyatt to ask his aid and influence in obtaining more. We consulted together, and having decided to join forces, we started Trinity Grammar School.

The Grammar School occupied the lot



JOSEPH KING. Photo by Morse.



Photo by Dames.

JEROME B. STANFORD.

in Union square where the Red Men's building now is. Next to it was the private house of Doctor Calef, a physician from Boston. On the corner, where the Pacific-Union club-house stands, were the Adams Express Company's stables; on the other side of the square there were no buildings. The lawns and flower beds of the present day did not exist. In their place was a mountain of sand. Geary street was cut through to Powell street and ended there; where Powell street now runs there was a deep ravine, and down it coursed a considerable stream. The lot occupied by the Savoy hotel, and previously by the second Trinity church, was then owned by Schiffel, an artist on the French horn. His *frau* and he dwelt in a shanty about twelve feet square in the middle of the lot, and she supplemented the family income by taking in washing.

In 1855 Schiffel offered to sell us the lot for a very moderate price. But even if I had had any conception of its future value, my case was like that of the man who said that fifty years ago he could have bought all the ground upon which Chicago is built for a pair of boots. When asked why he did not buy it, he replied that he had no boots. I think the price asked for the Union square lot was a thousand dollars; as things looked then, I would not have given that sum for the whole square.

Mr. Chittenden, Mr. Seyd, and I, then lived in a house belonging to the Metcalfe family near the corner of Geary and Powell streets. It still stands, but at that time there was nothing beyond it. On Sundays we used to amuse ourselves by shooting rabbits from the front of the veranda. The Yerba Buena cemetery was where the City Hall now is, and round about there on one of our holiday excursions we discovered the California cocoon. The caterpillar fed upon ceanothus and the butterfly was simply superb in appearance. The silk was very fine, but instead of spinning it as the European bombyx does, the caterpillar worked more like a spider than a silkworm, first in this direction and then in that. After the cocoon was formed, the caterpillar exuded a quantity of gummy matter over it all before lying down inside to die. Mr. Seyd, who was a Prussian, and had received a fine scientific as well as practical education, and Doctor Behr, who is now one of the Vice-Presidents of the Academy of Sciences, worked very hard with us at this silkworm business, and our discovery created a considerable stir. We succeeded in dissolving the glutinous exudation and in winding some of the silk, but on account of the zigzag manner in which the cocoon was spun, we could get only short lengths, useless for manufacturing purposes. We erected a glass house on the school grounds and at-



Photo by Taber.

WILLIAM E. MIGHELL.



HENRY WANGENHEIM.

tempted to educate the caterpillar to better habits. But, handsome specimen of its genus though it was, it refused to abandon its provoking methods, and at last we gave up experimenting. I have often wondered what became of the caterpillars. We used to find them on a pretty green bush that grew all over the sandhills. But since my return to California from an extended residence in Europe, I have often, in my rambles round the suburbs, tried to find the bush, but it has apparently been exterminated by the general leveling of the dunes.



T. E. SMITH

Photo by Lainer.

Trinity Grammar School was a day-school only, and continued in existence for about a year. Then the building was sold and moved to Stockton street, just below where Colonel Inge resided up to the time of his death. After furnishing food for the mind, it supplied food for the body, being occupied for some years as a butcher's shop. It then became, and has since remained, a private residence.

Many parents who had made money, desiring to have their sons educated in choicer surroundings than those of the public schools, requested us to open a boarding school, that we might take entire charge of the boys. Accordingly we took Mr. Wyatt's house on the north side



HENRY A. COBB, JR.

of Bush street, between Mason and Taylor streets, and erected on each side of it the buildings shown in the engraving. We named the institution the San Francisco College, and all the boys in attendance at Trinity Grammar School followed us to the new place. The lot on which the college stood was a hundred vara one, and gave room for an ample play ground, in which were parallel bars, rings, ladders, a horizontal bar, a giant stride, and other gymnastic appliances. I tried to teach the boys to play cricket, but they did not take kindly to it, preferring baseball.

There were then, and for some years afterwards, very few private houses on



Photo by Lainer.

ADOLPH D. GRIMWOOD.

Bush street to the west of Powell street, the only building west of the college being the old French hospital. Stockton street was then about the western limit of the city: there were a few houses on Taylor street, but it was not graded. The only residence on the wide stretch of ground between Bush street and the Mission was *Sans Souci*, the property of an Englishman named Fell. It had a well-kept garden round it, and was a veritable oasis in the sandy waste.

The routine of a summer day at the College was as follows: Bell at 6 a. m., school from 7 to 8; then breakfast; school from 9 to 11:30, followed by a recess of half an hour. From noon till 1 p. m., school, then dinner; school from 2 to 4, tea at 6, and preparation from 7 to 9. The public school boys used to get out of school earlier than the college boys, and feeling them to be in some indefinable way their superiors, vented their disapproval by throwing things over the fence, on just the same principle as the Irish hodman heaves "arf bricks" at the "toff" with the immaculate top-hat.

On one occasion a college boy who had been caught fighting with another was told to write a hundred lines after school every day for a week. Boys being generally permitted to choose their own lines,

he selected the words, "Avoid fighting with your schoolmates." When he turned the imposition in to Mr. Chittenden, that gentleman handed it back with the following sentence: "The habit of quarrelling and resorting to blows to settle a dispute is prejudicial to discipline, and detrimental, not only to the offender, but to his schoolmates." The luckless boy had to write out this elongated sentence six hundred times.

Among the boys of the San Francisco College were many who have since attained great prominence in the community. The well known lawyer and graduate of Yale, J. Naphtaly, was generally considered one of the brightest boys in the school, and his subsequent career has justified the high estimate of his abilities formed by his teachers and schoolmates. Sydney V. Smith, the attorney, was also a boy of much promise. He was exceedingly neat in his appearance, his collars being always spotless, his hair smooth, and his jacket well brushed. "Johnnie" Hunt, as he was called by his school-fellows, was a diligent and intelligent boy, and has since become an able judge of the Superior Court. "Genie" Deuprey, now the criminal lawyer, was a somewhat weakly, retiring boy, who did not care much for games, and suffered a good deal from sickness. A. D. Grimwood, for many years a Commissioner



Photo by Bushnell

FRED. W. EATON.



in United States Judge Hoffman's court, is now engaged in general legal practice. James Crittenden was a particularly studious boy, who is now a well known practitioner. Henry Bowie, a son of Doctor Bowie, the physician, became an attorney, but resigned the active work of his profession after his marriage to Mrs. Howard, of San Mateo. His brother Augustus became a successful mining engineer. Barclay Henley, an old college boy, is now a lawyer in good practice.

Archibald Clavering Gunter was more remarkable for his dress than anything else. He wore a blouse with a leather belt, and a large collar. But he manifested no special ability as a boy, in spite of his later fame. Alec Grogan also dressed somewhat peculiarly, wearing a little tight-fitting cutaway coat. He was a son of the millionaire A. B. Grogan, who was at one time a partner of Faxon D. Atner-ton, and owned a considerable part of the block on which the Palace hotel now stands. Clay Greene, a son of Mrs. William A. Greene, has earned a high reputation as a playwright.

Several college boys have attained great success in mercantile pursuits. Chief among them is William E. Mighell, the shipowner, whose fleet of vessels has been running for some years from the port of San Francisco to Puget Sound and British Columbia. He has lately been appointed a director of the Tallant Banking Company and a trustee of the Chamber of Commerce. Jerome B. Stanford, nephew of the late Senator Leland Stanford, is a member of the firm of G. W. Clark and Company. Charles King, eldest son of James King of William, was engaged for many years in the canning industry. His brother, Joseph King, is a member of the firm of Zadig and Company, the well known stock-brokers. Henry J. Wangenheim is cashier of the Produce Exchange.

Flavel Mines was a son of the first Rector of Trinity church. W. I. Kip, the son of the first Bishop of California, is the permanent Government Statistician. Doctor J. C. Whitney is the well known physician. Henry A. Cobb, only son of the late General Cobb, was formerly a well known real estate agent. Fred. W. Eaton, Secretary and Treasurer

of the Pacific and Sunset Telephone and Telegraph Company, and President of the Olympic Club, is a prominent and popular citizen of San Francisco.

William M. Gwin, son of Senator Gwin, turned his attention to political life, and has been a regular office-holder; he is at present one of the Shipping Commissioners. Max Popper and J. Steppacher are also professional politicians of some note.

Sandy, Ollie, and Joseph G. Baldwin, Jr., sons of Joseph G. Baldwin, a Justice of the Supreme Court, were strong, manly fellows, full of life and fun, yet all three died from consumption.

Dallas Bowie, son of the Hamilton Bowie who was a member of General Walker's filibustering expedition to Nicaragua, was a hot-headed fellow, who got into more fights and quarrels than any boy in the school.

Four Crittenden boys attended the College; they were sons of the wealthy A. P. Crittenden, who was killed by Laura D. Fair some twenty-three years ago. Churchill, the eldest of the four, was killed fighting on the Confederate side in the war. Howard, a fine looking fellow, went to Virginia City in the early days of the Comstock excitement, and was one of Gardener's seconds in his duel with Smedberg. Jimmie was an exclusive boy, who used to play chess and keep a good deal to himself; it is supposed that he fought on the Confederate side in the war. Parker Crittenden married money.

Johnnie Middleton, now a prosperous coal dealer, was an excellent boy at first base, and could beat any one in the school at pegtop or marbles. He was also a clever constructor of kites of all shapes and sizes, and fitted with many curious devices and attachments.

In 1857, the year after the opening of the College, we formed a musical society under the name of the San Francisco Choral Society. We met every Saturday evening to practise operatic choruses, oratorios, and English glees and madrigals. Among the members were Mr. Chittenden, Principal of the College, and his son Arthur, a skilled violinist; Theo. E. Smith, M. A. Sarles, Charles D. Judah, Henry Schmiedell, Robert George,

F. Karston, Henry Rasche, J. Stadfeldt, and myself. After the College was closed the Society went on under the name of the San Francisco Philharmonic, and later became the Handel and Haydn society. Annually at Christmas the College pupils performed a play or an operetta with libretto by Mr. Chittenden and music by H. Rasche. The boys sustained the characters and the teachers furnished the orchestra. On December 22, 1857, "Frederick the Great" was played with the following cast:—

Frederick.....	Sam W. Inge
Colonel.....	Fred Eaton
Lieutenant.....	Alexander Kostrometinoff
Sentry.....	John Baldwin
Soldiers.....	A. van Pelt and L. Ransome

H. Rasche played the piano; A. Chittenden, first violin; J. Dupouey, second violin; H. Dupouey, violoncello; while I played the double bass. These performances were looked forward to with great eagerness by the pupils, and were always largely attended by the relatives and friends of the boys.

The College continued its career prosperously up to the year 1860, when our two French assistants, the brothers Dupouey, seceded from us in consequence of an unfortunate misunderstanding with Mr. Chittenden. They were Bachelors of Letters of the University of France, popular with the boys, and very competent. In opposition to us they started the Union College, on the corner of Pine and Mason streets, taking with them about half of the hundred and fifty pupils attending the San Francisco College. I tried hard to keep the institution on its feet, but it was an almost impossible task. Mr. Chittenden and his son were both failing in health, and no competent teachers could be found to supply the place of the Dupoueys.

Our friends used, half jestingly and half in earnest, to say that the school came to grief through Mr. Chittenden and myself falling in love—one with the Church and the other with a young lady. While the College was still at the height of its prosperity, Mr. Chittenden became desirous of becoming a minister of the Episcopal Church. He was well up in

theology, but that he might be ordained, it was necessary for him first to serve as a lay reader. We found that there were no services in the Mission district except those held in the old Roman Catholic church. There was a building that had been erected by the Methodists; we rented it and named it St. John's after Mr. Chittenden's college at Cambridge. On Sundays Mr. Chittenden read the prayers and for a sermon one of the homilies. Mr. Theo. E. Smith acted as organist, and we got together a very good choir. The congregation outgrew the building and a fair was got up by the ladies, particularly those of the Hoff family, to provide funds for a new building. With the proceeds a lot on the corner of Fifteenth and Valencia streets was purchased, and further contributions supplied the building. The St. John's church of the present day is on the opposite side of the street. Mr. Chittenden was ordained a deacon by Bishop Kip, and in September, 1860,—the month in which I was married to the youngest daughter of Mr. W. C. Hoff,—he went to British Columbia, and there received priest's orders from Bishop Hills.

About this time Doctor Burrows came to San Francisco to found a school in the interest of the Presbyterians, whose minister was Doctor Scott. I tried to get Doctor Burrows to take over the College from us, but he, divining that our dissolution could not be far off, opened the City College on the southeast corner of Geary and Stockton streets. My efforts to keep the institution alive proving fruitless, I was at last compelled to ask old Jim Wainwright to come up and sell everything out at auction. Most of the remaining pupils went to Doctor Burrows's school.

Many people regarded the closing of the College with regret; it had been well conducted, and had rendered much service to the city and the cause of education. It is, however, difficult to carry on a high-class school without an endowment; the revenue of the San Francisco College was large, but the heavy expenses absorbed nearly all of it.

Of the teaching staff,—Mr. Chittenden, myself, F. Herrera, H. Dupouey, J. Dupouey, F. Lafond, W. Harvey, P.

## MAKING A PRESIDENT.

Dempsey, and H. Rasche,—all, I believe, except Mr. Herrera and myself, have joined the majority. Mr. Chittenden, after receiving priest's orders from Bishop Hills of British Columbia, returned to California, and lived at Grass Valley for about a year, when the death of his wife made it necessary for him to return to England. Then he was British Chaplain at Rotterdam for two or three years; but on the death at the Grand hotel in Paris of Mr. Ernest Seyd, his son-in-law, he went back to England to live with his widowed daughter. He died in London in or about the year 1880 at the age of 84. Mr. Chittenden's son Arthur died at 35; and the two Dupouys died in Paris. Mr. Herrera was the instructor in Spanish, and has for some years past been Consul for the United States of Columbia in San Francisco.

During the six years, from 1854 to 1860, that the College was in existence, there must have been from three hundred to four hundred students. Many of these attended for a few months only. In those early days everything was in a state of flux, and the schools, like the churches and other institutions, reflected the transitory character of the population. The list given in the foot-note contains the names of most of the boys who were for

any considerable time in attendance at the San Francisco College<sup>1</sup>.

*Arthur Inkersley.*

<sup>1</sup> BOYS AT SAN FRANCISCO COLLEGE.—A. Baker, E. Baker, John Baldwin, Oliver Baldwin and Joseph G. Baldwin Jr., sons of Judge J. G. Baldwin, Eugene B. Beck, John Bell, Edward Bevans, Isidor Blum, Lamén Blum, Augustus Bowie and Henry Bowie, sons of the well-known physician, Dallas Bowie, son of the Hamilton Bowie of bowie-knife fame, Ramon Branch, Luis Branch, E. Brand, Benj. H. Brooks, J. C. Bull, John Burbank, son of Judge Caleb Burbank, Clarence C. Burr, G. Butler, Colin Campbell, son of Alexander Campbell, formerly Judge of 12th District Court, Thomson Campbell, son of Judge Thomson Campbell, Henry A. Cobb, H. N. Cook, Sydney Cook, Churchill Crittenden, Howard Crittenden, James L. Crittenden, and Parker Crittenden, Charles Crowell, A. de la Vega, F. de la Vega, Charles de Ro, Eugene Deuprey, Charles Durbrow, Elbridge Durbrow, Fred W. Eaton, Sec. and Treas. Pacific Telephone Co., Noble Eaton, Joseph Fuller, A. J. Gladding, E. Godchaux, Sec. of Board of Health, George Green, Clay Greene, Harry Greene, A. Grimwood, stepson of Charles Pace, Alex. E. Grogan, C. H. Gruenhagen, Charles Gummer, A. C. Gunter, Robert Haight, Barclay Henley, Solomon Heydenfeldt, son of Judge Heydenfeldt, J. Hug, John Hunt, Jr., Sam W. Inge, Jr., and Richard J. Inge, sons of Colonel Inge, Henry Judah, J. Kentfield, W. I. Kip, Jr., son of Bishop W. I. Kip, Charles King and Joseph King, sons of James King of Wm., Max Koster, Alex. Kostrometoff, C. Lancaster, Leon Levy, Sylvian Levy, Sam Lichtenstein, Benj. Lichtenstein, Fred Macondray, Alfred Mayers, G. Metcalfe, Herman Michels, F. Michels, John Middleton, Jr., W. E. Mighell, Flavel Mines, Barrow Mish, George Nagle, Joseph Naphtaly, T. C. Nye, Alfred Pardow, C. Poindexter, Max Popper, Louis Poly, T. J. Poulterer, Walter Rand, Lee Ransome, William Reynolds, James Ross of Ross's landing, Morris Sachs, Jesus Saetz, Ernest A. Schoyer, Ralph Schoyer, A. Scott, Charles Scott, J. Seale, Joseph Sedgley, F. Seger, A. Seger, Adolphus Servatius, Payne J. Shafter and James Shafter, sons of Judge J. McM. Shafter, Edward Slade, Charles Slade, Sydney V. Smith, Jr., W. Southwick, Jerome B. Stanford of the firm of G. W. Clark & Co., decorators, Market Street, Jacob Stepacher, David Stern, Jacob Stern, Sherman P. Stow, R. Throckmorton, Napoleon, Vladislao, and Platon Vallejo, sons of General Vallejo, C. van Pelt, Mahlon ver Mehr and Alfred ver Mehr, sons of Dr. J. L. ver Mehr, founder of Grace Church, Theodore Voorhees, Fred A. Walton, Frank Walton, Henry Wangerheim, John B. Weller, Jr., Jonas Weyl, Abbott Whitney, Henry Wilkins, Hepburn Wilkins, William Wozencraft, Oliver Wozencraft.

Since the article was written George Nagle and S. Lichtenstein have died, both being just under fifty years of age.

## MAKING A PRESIDENT

### IN THE ELECTORAL COLLEGE.



WE HAD just passed through the exciting Presidential contest of 1880, in which Garfield and Arthur were the standard bearers of the Republican party and Hancock and English were the nominees of the Democratic party. California had cast her vote for Hancock and English. All of the Democratic electors had been elected except Judge David S. Terry, a warm personal friend of mine,

who was defeated by the old friends of Senator Broderick, many of whom were living and still bore their old time hatred towards Judge Terry. Henry Edgerton of Sacramento was chosen in his place, having received the highest number of votes on the Republican ticket and Judge Terry the lowest number on the Democratic ticket. The Democratic electors chosen were Judge William T. Wallace, Barclay Henley, W. B. C. Brown, R. F. Del Valle, and Doctor J. C. Shorb.

I had been chosen at the general election as a representative in the Legislature from Stanislaus county, defeating, after an exciting contest, Hon. T. D. Harp, who afterwards became Senator from the same District, and I was on a visit to the Capitol at Sacramento for the purpose of selecting a desk in the Assembly Chamber for the coming session. This was on Tuesday, November 31st, 1880. The Electoral College was to meet on the next day, the first Wednesday in December next after the election, the day fixed by law. Many prominent men, senators and representatives elect, were in the city. All of the Electors had arrived except Doctor J. C. Shorb of San Francisco, who was unavoidably detained on account of sickness or the pressure of business.

I had met all of the Electors during the campaign and knew some of them personally very well. I was somewhat surprised, however, on the evening of the 31st, when Mr. Del Valle informed me that Doctor Shorb had sent a telegram to Judge Wallace saying he would not be able to attend the meeting of the Electoral College, and that they intended to elect me a member of that body to fill the vacancy. I was much younger than the other Electors, except Mr. Del Valle, who was but a few years my senior, and I suggested that they select some older citizen from among the prominent men who were visiting the city.

"No," said he, "we want you."

Our method of electing a President and Vice-President through the Electoral College is a mystery to many of our own people and something that is not comprehended at all by the people of other countries. I shall not here discuss the merits or demerits of the system, but shall enter at once into the details of making a President in the Electoral College, giving the proceedings and incidents as I remember them and also copies of

papers which I have received from Washington and now have in my possession. At two o'clock in the afternoon on Wednesday, December 1st, 1880, the Electors met in the office of Governor Perkins at the Capitol, sitting as an Electoral College. There were present Judge William T. Wallace, Barclay Henley, W. B. C. Brown, R. F. Del Valle, and Henry Edgerton. Absent, Doctor J. C. Shorb. Governor Perkins, Secretary of State D. M. Burns, State Controller D. M. Kenfield, and other State officers, besides a number of citizens, were attentive spectators. The College thereupon proceeded to organize.

On motion of W. B. C. Brown, seconded by Henry Edgerton, W. T. Wallace was elected chairman, Barclay Henley was chosen secretary. The Electors present then presented their credentials, which were issued in triplicate to each Elector and each read as follows:—

{ STATE OF CALIFORNIA,  
} EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

Pursuant to laws of the United States passed on the first day of March, one thousand, seven hundred and ninety-two, and on the twenty-third day of January, one thousand, eight hundred and forty-five, I, George C. Perkins, Governor of California, do hereby certify that

W. T. Wallace,	W. B. C. Brown,
J. C. Shorb,	Barclay Henley,
R. F. Del Valle,	Henry Edgerton.

Have been chosen Electors of President and Vice-President of the United States on the part of the State, agreeably to the provisions of the laws of the said State, and in conformity to the Constitution of the United States of America for the purpose of giving in their votes for President and Vice-President of the United States for the term prescribed by the Constitution of the United States, to begin on the fourth day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand, eight hundred and eighty-one. Given under my hand and the seal of the State of California, at Sacramento, this twenty-ninth day of November, A. D. eighteen hundred and eighty.

[SEAL] (Signed) Geo. C. Perkins, Governor.

By the Governor,

(Signed) D. M. Burns, Secretary of State.

The roll was called by the Chairman and J. C. Shorb was announced as absent. The Chairman thereupon read the law which requires the Electors assembled to *elect* another person to fill the vacancy. The law is not explicit as to how the election shall be held, whether by ballot or *viva voce*, so W. B. C. Brown moved to proceed to elect by ballot. The motion was carried. R. F. Del Valle nominated L. C. Branch of Stanislaus. The nomination was seconded by W. B. C. Brown in a short speech. Henry Edgerton nominated General John F. Miller, of San Francisco. There was no other member of his political faith to second the motion, it was therefore seconded by Mr. Edgerton himself. There being no other nominations, the nominations were closed and the Secretary prepared the ballots. When the votes of all the members present had been cast and counted, the Secretary announced that L. C. Branch had received four votes, and John F. Miller one vote. Having received a majority of all the votes cast, I was declared Elector and took my seat in the College.

A certificate in regard to my election was then prepared and signed as follows:  
STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

We whose names are mentioned in the annexed certificate of appointment, to wit; R. F. Del Valle, W. B. C. Brown, Barclay Henley, Henry Edgerton, and Wm. T. Wallace, having, pursuant to the Constitution and laws of the United States of America, and in the manner directed by the laws of the State of California, been appointed Electors of President and Vice-President of the United States of America, and having assembled at Sacramento City, the seat of government, on the first Wednesday in the month of December of the year 1880, being the first Wednesday in the month of December next after our election, and it thereupon appearing that J. C. Shorb, one of the Electors duly appointed, has failed to attend and is absent, did therefore proceed to elect from the citizens of the State of California one person to supply the deficiency caused by the absence of the said Shorb, and

thereupon L. C. Branch, a citizen of the State of California, was duly elected by us to supply the deficiency aforesaid. (Signed)

Wm. T. Wallace,  
W. B. C. Brown,  
R. F. Del Valle,  
L. C. Branch,  
Henry Edgerton,  
Barclay Henley.

The Chair then announced that the next order of business before the College would be voting for President and Vice-President of the United States. Ballots were prepared by the Secretary and distributed among the members. A vote was taken with the following result:—

For President of the United States.

Winfield S. Hancock of Pennsylvania, five votes.

James A. Garfield of Ohio, one vote.

For Vice-President of the United States.

William H. English of Indiana, five votes.

Chester A. Arthur of New York, one vote.

The Chairman announced the vote and stated that it would be necessary to prepare three certificates, each one to contain two distinct lists of the votes cast for President and Vice-President. The Secretary of State had prepared printed certificates for the College, but Mr. Edgerton criticised the wording. This caused some discussion in which all members of the College joined. It was agreed that instead of separate certificates of the vote for President and Vice-President that one certificate in triplicate be used, each containing two lists, one to contain the list of the votes cast for President, and one, a list of the votes cast for Vice-President. The two forms prepared by the Secretary of State were finally used, one certifying as to the votes cast for President and the other as to the votes for Vice-President. The two were attached and made one certificate, and at the suggestion of Mr. Edgerton an inter-

lineation was ordered inserted, to express the fact that Sacramento is the seat of government of the State of California, which had been omitted. The corrected certificates were then ordered engrossed, and while the State Department was preparing them, the College proceeded to business. The Chair announced that the next order of business would be the nomination and election of a messenger to bear its returns to Washington. He stated that the law allowed the messenger twenty-five cents per mile one way of travel. W. T. Wallace nominated Stephen Cooper of Colusa, W. B. C. Brown nominated Ed. E. Leake of Solano, L. C. Branch nominated W. P. Frost of San Francisco. A ballot was taken. Mr. Cooper received three votes; Mr. Frost, two votes; and Mr. Leake, one vote. There being no choice, another ballot was taken, with the same result. The third, fourth, and fifth ballots were taken, and there was still no choice. Mr. Henley then made a speech in favor of Mr. Cooper, stating that he was an old pioneer, eighty-four years old, had crossed the Rocky Mountains fifty years before, and marched into California with Frémont before it was a State, and that in his old age he asked this small acknowledgment for his services. He had imperiled his life for his country, and it would be best to give the aged veteran the preference and thus gratify his desire to visit the National Capital in his old age. Mr. Edgerton concurred in the remarks of Mr. Henley and some pleasantries passed between him and Judge Wallace in regard to this being a good opportunity for the latter to repeat his campaign speech, to which Judge Wallace replied that if General Clunie were present to reply to Mr. Edgerton he would move to have the two war horses give a specimen of their mettle. I urged the election of Mr. Frost on the grounds

of his services to the party. The fight was now becoming warm, and a recess of fifteen minutes was declared.

After a brief consultation Mr. Brown withdrew the name of Mr. Leake, and another ballot was taken in which Mr. Cooper received four votes and Mr. Frost received two votes. Mr. Cooper was declared elected and the election was made unanimous on my motion. Mr. Cooper, who was present, arose and returned his thanks to the College.

The State Department, through the Secretary of State, now delivered to each Elector a certificate entitling him to eight dollars per diem for his services as member of the Electoral College and ten cents per mile for travel from his place of residence to Sacramento.

A copy of the one issued to me is here given:—

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,  
DEPARTMENT OF STATE.  
SACRAMENTO, Dec. 1st, 1880.

I, D. M. Burns, Secretary of State of the State of California, do hereby certify that L. C. Branch was appointed an Elector of President and Vice-President of the United States of America (*vice* J. C. Shorb who was elected) and as such Elector is entitled to mileage \$15.40 and one day's per diem \$8.00. Total 23.40.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the Great Seal of State at my office in Sacramento, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

(Signed) D. M. BURNS,  
Secretary of State.

A certificate was delivered to the Messenger, certifying to his election and that he was authorized to bear a copy of the returns of the College to Washington. It read as follows:—

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.  
STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

We, the undersigned, having been duly appointed by the State of California Electors to vote for President and Vice-President of the

United States of America, do hereby certify that we have appointed Stephen Cooper of the State of California, to take charge of and deliver to the President of the Senate of the United States at the seat of government our doings in the said trust before the first Wednesday of January, next.

Witness our hands the first Wednesday of December, A. D., one thousand, eight hundred and eighty.

(Signed) Wm. T. Wallace,  
W. B. C. Brown,  
Henry Edgerton,  
L. C. Branch,  
Barclay Henley,  
R. F. Del Valle.

The engrossed copies of the Electors' certificates were now presented for signature and signed by each of the Electors. The certificate was signed by Electors in triplicate, and a like certificate signed for Vice-President, the two making up the one certificate required by law.

The certificate read as follows:—

CERTIFICATE OF ELECTORS' VOTE FOR  
PRESIDENT.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

We, whose names are mentioned in the annexed certificate of appointment, having, pursuant to the Constitution and Laws of the United States of America, and in the manner directed by the Laws of the State of California, been appointed Electors of President and Vice-President of the United States of America, and having assembled at Sacramento, the same being the seat of government of the State aforesaid, being the place designated by law for that purpose, on the first Wednesday in December A. D., one thousand, eight hundred and eighty, being the first day of said month, have voted by ballot for President and Vice-President, having named in our ballots the person voted for as President, and in distinct ballots the person voted for as Vice-President, and in the same ballots there were six (6) votes for President of the United States of America, of which five (5) votes were cast for Winfield S. Hancock, of Pennsylvania, and one (1) vote was cast for James A. Garfield, of Ohio.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, we have hereunto set our hands on the first Wednesday of Decem-

ber in the year of our Lord, one thousand, eight hundred and eighty.

(Signed) Wm. T. Wallace,  
R. F. Del Valle,  
Henry Edgerton,  
W. B. C. Brown,  
Barclay Henley,  
L. C. Branch.

ELECTORS' VOTE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

We, whose names are mentioned in the annexed certificate of appointment, having, pursuant to the Constitution and Laws of the United States of America, and in the manner directed by the Laws of the State of California, been appointed Electors of President and Vice-President of the United States of America, and having assembled at Sacramento, the same being the seat of government of the said State, being the place designated by law for that purpose, on the first Wednesday in December, A. D., 1880, being the first day of said month, have voted by ballot for President and Vice-President, having named in our ballots the person voted for as President, and in distinct ballots the person voted for as Vice-President, and in the same ballots there were six (6) votes for Vice-President of the United States of America, of which five (5) votes were cast for William H. English, of Indiana, and one (1) vote was cast for Chester A. Arthur, of New York.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, we have hereunto set our hands on the first Wednesday of December in the year of our Lord, one thousand, eight hundred and eighty.

(Signed) Wm. T. Wallace,  
W. B. C. Brown,  
Henry Edgerton,  
L. C. Branch,  
Barclay Henley,  
R. F. Del Valle.

Three packages were then made up, which constituted the returns of the Electoral College of California.

Each package contained:—

1. One of the certificates of the votes cast for President and Vice-President.
2. The certificate relative to the election of Mr. Branch.

3. The credentials of the Electors.
4. The certificate of the appointment of the messenger.

The Chairman then sealed up each package and directed that one be addressed to the President of the United States Senate that this one be delivered to the messenger, and that one be addressed in like manner and deposited in the post office, postpaid, and one addressed to the United States District Judge for the District of California, Ogden Hoffman, San Francisco.

Each package was endorsed on the envelope :—

We, the undersigned Electors of President and Vice-President for the State of California, do certify, in pursuance of law that the lists of the votes of the said State for President and Vice-President are herein contained. Witness our hands at Sacramento City this first day of December, A. D., 1880.

Wm. T. Wallace,  
W. B. C. Brown,  
Henry Edgerton,  
Barclay Henley,  
R. F. Del Valle,  
L. C. Branch.

Mr. Cooper was then notified by the Chairman that he must deliver the package given to him to the President of the United States Senate before the first Monday in January, 1881, under penalty of a fine of one thousand dollars in case of failure.

In case he should not find the President of the Senate in Washington, he was instructed that he must deliver the package to the State Department of the United States at the National Capital. On motion the College then adjourned *sine die*.

The Messenger had in a few moments been transformed into the most important officer of the College and assumed his trust and responsibility with great dignity, taking into his possession the returns entrusted to him, and assuring the Electors that he would be sure and get to Washington on time with them, which he did, and the vote of California was counted in the United States Senate as it had been cast in the Electoral College, five for Hancock and English and one for Garfield and Arthur.

This one vote might have changed the whole result in a close Presidential contest and defeated the popular will of the people even though that popular will had been expressed by one million majority. In fact, several Presidents have been elected by the vote of the Electoral College, who did not receive a majority vote of the people. It would be more in accord with republican ideas to elect our Presidents, as well as our United States Senators, by a direct vote of the people, and I find a strong sentiment growing in that direction in all of the States.

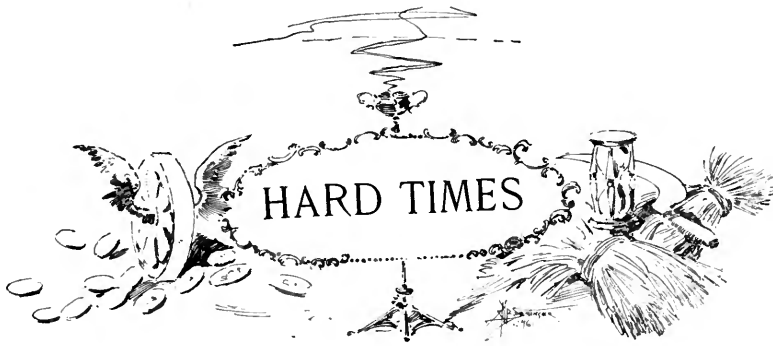
*L. C. Branch.*

## IF I WERE GRIEF,

I 'D SPARE the trembling, hopeless heart of age,  
And strike at youth, whose pain time will assuage.

*Carrie Blake Morgan.*





VI. REVIEW CONTINUED.

“A LAYMAN” in his *News Letter* article of June 27th, says, “Layman, being a gold standard Democrat of the straightest sect of Jefferson, Jackson, Tilden, and Cleveland, offers,” etc. Again John J. Valentine, *alias* Layman, in his *News Letter* article of September 5th, says: “I am a Democrat of the straightest sect of Jefferson, Jackson, Benton, Tilden, and Cleveland.” Now facts show the declaration of Layman to be self-stultifying. Jefferson and Jackson held protection of American labor and industry by means of tariff duties on imports to be Constitutional.

Cleveland was elected President in 1892, subscribing to a platform which declared that, “The Federal Government has no Constitutional power to impose and collect tariff duties except for purposes of revenue only.”

President Jefferson in a message to Congress, 1806, says:—

The establishments [manufacturing] formed and forming will, under the auspices of cheaper materials and subsistences, the freedom of labor from taxation with us, and of protecting duties and prohibition, become permanent. The great inquiry now is, Shall we make our own comforts or go without them at the will of a foreign nation? He, therefore, who is now against manufactures, must be for reducing us either to dependence upon that nation, or be clothed in skins and live like beasts in dens and caverns. I am proud to say that I am not one of these. Experience has taught me that manufactures are now as necessary to our independence as to our comforts.

No one else better understood, than did Thomas Jefferson, the Constitution, in a large measure a work of his own brain and hands.

President Jackson says:—

The power to impose duties on imports . . . for the purpose of protection . . . must be within the scope of the authority on the subject, expressly delegated to Congress. In this conclusion I am confirmed, as well by the opinions of Presidents Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe, who have each repeatedly recommended the exercise of this right under the Constitution, as by the uniform practice of Congress, the continued acquiescence of the States, and the general understanding of the people.

Andrew Jackson in Congress, 1824, said:—

We have been too long subject to the policy of British merchants. It is time we should become a little more Americanized and instead of feeding paupers and laborers of England, feed our own, or else in a short time, by continuing our present policy, we shall be paupers ourselves. It is therefore my opinion, that a careful and judicious tariff is much wanted to pay our national debt, and to afford us the means of that defense within ourselves on which the safety of our country and liberties depends,—and last though not least, give a proper distribution to our labor which must prove beneficial to the happiness, wealth, and independence, of the community.

Webster, the “Great Expounder of the Constitution,” says,—in entire accord with the views of Jackson:—

The protection of American labor against the injurious competition of foreign labor, so far at least, as respects general handicraft productions, is known historically to have been one end, de-

signed to be obtained by establishing the Constitution. . . . I defy the man in any degree conversant with the history, in any degree acquainted with the annals of this country, from 1787 to 1789 when the Constitution was adopted, to say that *protection of American labor and industry* was not a leading, I might almost say *the leading motive*, South as well as North, for the formation of the new government. Without that provision in the Constitution, it never could have been adopted.

Omitting the act with respect to the formal oath to be taken by government officials, it is worthy of note that the first Act of Congress, legislating under the Constitution, was the Act establishing a protective tariff. The preamble of this Act read,—

Whereas, it is necessary for the support of the Government, for the discharge of the debt of the United States, and for the *encouragement and protection of manufactures*, that duties be laid on imported goods; therefore be it enacted,—

Madison, Lee, Carroll, King, Ellsworth, Ames, Sherman, Trumbull,—all patriots, all able statesmen, all thoroughly conversant with the Constitution, with the ends and aims of its structure, were among the supporters of the Act. This was signed by George Washington, July 4th, 1789.

With these facts before him, President Cleveland in his message of December 1st, 1887, referring to the Revenue Act of March 2d, 1861, and its amendments, declared them “inequitable, illegal sources of unnecessary taxation,” declared that they “raise the price to consumers of all articles imported and subjected to duty by precisely the sum paid for such duties. Thus the amount of duty measures the tax paid by those who purchase for us these imported articles.” These laws, it will be borne in mind, were passed by Congress under Article 1, Section 8, 1 of the Constitution, which provides that, “The Congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes, duties, imports, etc.”

In the exercise of this power Congress is not restricted “to lay and collect taxes, duties and imports,” for purposes “of revenue only”: but is left free to exercise its own discretion, to do that which in its own judgment shall most promote the “general welfare.”

No plea is advanced that the revenue law of March 2d, 1861, and its amendments were enacted in violation of the fully sanctioned mode of Congressional legislation. Hence the inference that to all intents and purposes, they were as valid as the fundamental law under which they were enacted. How then, with the least show of reason and honesty, can President Cleveland denounce them as inequitable, illegal, vicious, and illogical? Jefferson Davis when their operation was materially aiding to crush out the Rebellion of which he was the head might have been excused for so railing at them. The fact is President Cleveland seems to have drawn his doctrines not from the Constitution of the United States but from the school of Nullification—the greatest bane to Andrew Jackson and to every true patriot.

And with respect to protection of American labor and industry, that which has just been said of President Cleveland applies with equal force to Mr. Bryan,—in fine to both wings of the Democratic party, holding that, “The Federal Government has no Constitutional power to impose and collect tariff duties except for purposes of revenue only.” This pernicious doctrine I nowhere find advocated by Mr. Benton and Mr. Tilden. Benton was a supporter of Jackson, when “Old Hickory” swore by the “Eternal” that he would “hang Calhoun high as Haman” for resisting the execution of the revenue laws of the time. Tilden was not so tainted with modern Democracy as to espouse the odious heresy. But whether the views of Benton and Tilden were in

accord with those of Jefferson and Jackson, or with those of Cleveland, matters little in the present investigation. At most they seem but supernumerary, lugged in by Layman probably for rhetorical effect. Jefferson and Jackson, the so-called founders of the Democratic party, were on one hand, as hereinbefore shown, strongly in favor of protecting American labor and industry by means of tariff duties and imports. On the other hand Cleveland denounces such tariff duties as "inequitable, illegal, vicious, illogical," etc., and holds that the "Federal Government has no Constitutional power to impose tariff duties except for purposes of revenue only." Layman with a flourish of trumpets announces;—"I am a Democrat of the straightest sect of Jefferson, Jackson, and Cleveland." As well might he say—"I am a Christian and an Atheist at the same time."

Indeed Christianity and Atheism are not more at antipodes one to the other than are the tariff doctrine of Jefferson and Jackson and the tariff doctrine of Cleveland. In advertising his Cleveland Democracy it seems not in the power of speech for Layman to say anything more self-stultifying—anything more derogatory to Jefferson and Jackson.

My article in the *OVERLAND MONTHLY* of January says:—

The record of facts shows that in this country from 1620 to the present time, each and every period of non-protection of home industries has been fraught with adversity, and each and every period of protection of home industries has been fraught with prosperity.

Layman in the *News Letter* of August 1st, says:—

I frankly confess that I do not understand what relation the status of the American Colonies from 1620 to 1776 (over a century and a half) bears to the Republican policy of high protection; and it is certain there has been no period of non-protection in the last half century. Moreover, the workings of the Walker tariff from 1846 onward were so satisfactory, that ten years

later in the National contest of 1856 there was no agitation of the subject and particularly there was no interruption of the status from 1846 to 1862.

First.—I would respectfully inform Layman that the status of the Colonies from 1620 to 1776, in fact to 1783, was that of non-protection to home industries; that this status bears the same relation to the Republican policy of high protection, that darkness bears to light; and that there has been no period of absolute non-protection in the last fifty years, for the reason that the anti-American, pro-English free trade party have not been able to foist fully their baneful policy upon the country.

Second.—I would further inform Layman that he grossly misstates facts in saying, "The working of the Walker tariff of 1846 onward was so satisfactory that ten years later in the National contest of 1856, there was no agitation of the subject." The subject of protection to American industries was agitated and greatly agitated in the National contest of 1856. Nor did agitation of the subject cease until the policy of protection, triumphing in the National contest of 1860, became the law of the land, March 2d, 1861. The Walker tariff was the offspring of gross fraud, as is clearly shown by Salmon P. Chase, Daniel Webster, and Reverdy Johnson.

Now what were the workings of the Walker tariff of 1846 onward,—so often referred to by Democrats as an oasis in their policy? Facts show it a mirage instead of an oasis.

To these incontrovertible facts of history, I once more call Layman's attention. May they wake his reason.

The free trade Act (of 1846) passed, foreign importations soon deluged our markets. But owing to a series of adventitious circumstances most fortunate to the country, its seeming prosperity for a while was not thereby wholly destroyed.

Thus, the Mexican War, requiring men, arms, and munitions of war, furnished employment for the people to the value of not less than \$1,000,000.

The famine in Ireland brought us large sums of money for our surplus agricultural and other products. The California gold mines, averaging from 1848, for ten years, an annual yield of \$50,000,000 and upward, gave employment to shipping, agriculture, manufacturing, great numbers of gold hunters and other men engaged in various pursuits. The European revolutions of 1848-1857, paralyzing by their violence the industries of the nations engaged in them, caused a great demand for our products, especially agricultural. It increased prices and brought us in payment large sums of money. The Crimean War, fierce and gigantic in its proportions, immediately succeeding these revolutions, and overtaxing Europe to meet its requirements, also brought us large sums of money for our productions. Nowhere in the world's history is recorded a parallel series of events so propitious to a nation as was this series of events to our country.

Yet with all these conspiring advantages, so great was the influx of foreign manufactures, that the outflow of our gold and silver largely exceeded their production and inflow from all sources.

The New York *Tribune*, December 18, 1854, shows that the chief industries necessary to the life of the nation, were partially or wholly collapsed through the influence and effects of British free trade doctrines put into operation here by the tariff of 1846.

Again the New York *Tribune*, January 15, 1855, said:—

The cry of hard times reaches us from every part of the country. The making of roads is stopped, factories are closed, and houses and ships are no longer being built. Factory hands and road makers, carpenters, brick-layers, and laborers, are idle and paralysis is rapidly embracing every pursuit in the country.

The cause of all this stoppage of circulation is to be found in the steady outflow of gold to pay foreign laborers for the cloth, the shoes, and the other things, that could be produced by American labor, but which cannot be so produced under our present revenue system.

President Buchanan in his annual message said:—

With unsurpassed plenty in all productions and all the elements of natural wealth our manufactures have suspended, our public roads are retarded, our private enterprises of different kinds are abandoned, and thousands of useful laborers are thrown out of employment and reduced to want. We have possessed all the elements of material wealth in rich abundance, and yet notwithstanding all these advantages, our country in its monetary interests is in a deplorable condition.

So low were our national credit and resources reduced by the Walker tariff for revenue only, that loans to meet the current expenses of government could not be had, except at exorbitant rates of interest—8 to 12 per cent per annum. At the end of Buchanan's term government bonds offered were quoted at eighty-five per cent.

In fact the Walker tariff operated most disastrously to our country.

Had the country made its own comforts, paid the hundreds of millions of gold yielded by our mines to American labor instead of to European labor for its imports, it would have been no suppliant borrower of money at twelve per cent per year to pay the running expenses of government; it would have stocked not only the output of its rich mines, but the large sums of gold and silver received in payment for its exports. Daniel Webster, speaking in the United States Senate with respect to the inevitable effects of the Walker Tariff Bill, said:—

You indulge in the luxury of taxing the poor man and the laborer. That is the whole tendency, the whole character, the whole effect, of the bill.

One may see everywhere in it the desire to revel in the delight of taking away men's em-

ployment. It is not a bill for the people or the masses.

It is not a bill to add to the comforts of those in middle life, or of the poor. It is not a bill for employment. It is a bill for the relief of the highest and most luxurious classes of the country, and a bill imposing onerous duties on the great industrious masses, and for taking away the means of living from labor everywhere throughout the land.

The operation of the bill verified to the letter the forecast of Mr. Webster.

Seen in its true light, it is difficult to understand how Layman, *alias* J. J. Valentine, can find ought to admire in the workings of the Walker tariff; for it certainly furnishes no exception to the rule, that each and every period of free trade here has been fraught with adversity to the country, while each and every period of protection to home industry has been fraught with prosperity.

Investigation shows that these results are respectively due, not to accident but to the policy pursued.

Thus: First. The free trade tariff is a tariff for revenue only, to meet the expenses of government. The duty is levied on foreign imports, omitting luxuries, in great and certain demand,—on articles not produced in the country; while foreign products competing with those of home industry are admitted duty free. This system is obviously vicious; in that the consumers of the imports have to pay the duties; in that it establishes and fosters no industry, induces no competition, and cheapens none of the necessities and comforts of life; in that it furnishes the rich with comparatively untaxed luxuries and works a hardship upon the poor, by taking the bread from their mouths; in that it tends to degrade labor, and to reduce its wages to a level with those of abject slavery.

The free trade policy advocated here by both Democratic parties is substantially the same as that practised in Eng-

land. An able writer estimates from English statistics for 1890, that in England, "about six hundred times as much of that money (tariff duty money) was collected from the working people as came from the rich people of that country." In presence of these facts Democratic leaders never tire in telling us that free trade is the greatest blessing ever vouchsafed by heaven to man.

Free trade is doubtless a blessing to the opulent, if supplying them with luxuries at minimum cost be such, but it is invariably a curse to the toiling millions, for it causes them to bear the extra burden of its own weight, without affording them the least compensation for so doing.

The practical working of the free trade policy is well exemplified by the following facts:—

In 1873 British importers advanced the price of tin plate to \$12 a box in American markets; and at once American tin plate manufactories commenced operations. British importers within three years reduced the price to \$4.50 per box, and our mills had to shut down. When this was done, British importers advanced prices to \$9.00 and \$10.00 per box, and under this stimulus, in 1879 American mills again started up. As soon as they were well at work, British importers again reduced the price to \$4.00 per box, and then made a standing offer, or more properly a threat, to sell their tin plate twenty-five cents a box cheaper than the American product, no matter what the price of the latter might be.

Of course this action completely finished the American industry, and prices were at once advanced from \$4.00 to \$7.00 per box. This case, though special, illustrates in general, how completely the policy of free trade here places us at the mercy of foreign manufactures, and how unmerciful they are when they have-

the opportunity to bleed us. The policy of England in her dealings with other nations was long since clearly set forth by her leading statesmen and is "as inflexible as were the laws of the Medes and Persians."

Thus:—Lord Goodrich declared in the English Parliament:—

Other nations know that what we English mean by free trade is nothing more or less than by means of the great advantages we enjoy, to get the monopoly of all the markets of other nations for our manufactures; and to prevent them [the foreign nations] one and all from ever becoming manufacturing nations.

David Syme said in the English Parliament:—

In any quarter of the globe, where competition shows itself as likely to interfere with English monopoly, immediately the capital of her manufacturers is massed in that particular quarter, and goods are exported there in large quantities and sold at such prices that outside competition is effectually counted out. English manufacturers have been known to export goods to a distant market and sell them under cost for years with a view of getting the market into their own hands again, and keeping that foreign market, and stepping in for the whole when prices revive.

Second. The protective tariff provides revenue to meet the expenses of government; and further provides by means of duties on imports safeguards to American labor and industry. Thus it levies its duties chiefly upon imported articles that come in competition with those of home production, and upon luxuries, such as diamonds, velvet carpets, high priced China ware, rich laces, expensive silks, and costly liquors, which are enjoyed by the rich only. The imports used by the laboring classes are admitted for the most part duty free, such as tea, coffee, sugar, molasses, etc. by so discriminating its duties, the protective tariff renders the cost of living cheap to the masses and at the same time maintains higher wages for labor in

our various industries than obtain in any other country. Under the regime of protection to home industry, competition is stimulated, and thereby the prices to the consumers of our productions are reduced to the lowest plane consistent with fair profits and high wages; while foreigners, to enjoy our markets, have to pay into the treasury for the support of our government and internal improvements an amount of money sufficient to cancel fully the difference between the cost of our products made by well paid labor, and the cost of similar imported products made by cheap foreign labor.

In proof of the truth of the foregoing propositions and in disproof of the statement of President Cleveland—the exponent of the Democratic parties on the tariff subject—that protective tariff laws, "raise the price to consumers of all articles imported and subjected to duty by precisely the sum paid for such duties. Thus the amount of duty measures the tax paid by those who purchase for use these imported articles,"—Daniel Webster said in the Senate 1846:—

The tariff of 1842 placed on coal was \$1.75 per ton. The price of the coal at the time was \$5.50 per ton.

In consequence of this tariff the price of labor was greatly advanced and the price of coal fell from \$5.50 per ton to \$3.37. A pretty good proof this that prices may fall in consequence of protection.—*Webster's Works* Vol. 5 pp. 209-210.

According to President Cleveland's arithmetic, the price of coal should have been \$5.50 plus \$1.75 or \$7.25 per ton, instead of \$3.37 per ton, as occurred by the arithmetic of actual experience.

From 1846 to 1860, under the Walker free trade tariff, the increase in the number of sheep in the country was only three and one-half per cent. From 1860 to 1884 under the high protective tariff of 1861 and its amendment of 1867, the increase in the number of sheep was

143 per cent and the increase in wool clip 400 per cent and upward. That is our wool clip in 1860 was 60,264,918 pounds and in 1884 was 308,000,000 pounds. Under the stimulus of the high tariff, farmers so improved their sheep that the average yield per fleece in 1884 was 100 per cent and upward greater than that of 1860. The wool industry, in its various departments, employing about one twelfth of the male population, was a profitable and rapidly increasing business, and had it not been interfered with by free trade tariff tinkers, would have enriched the country hundreds of millions of dollars. The value of the wool yield in 1884 at twenty-eight cents per pound was \$86,240,000. Now it will be borne in mind that this annual wool clip amounting to \$86,240,000 was created wealth; and that when sold to an American manufacturer, both the wool and the money, aggregating \$172,480,000, remain in the country as national wealth.

But if the money were paid by the American manufacturer for foreign raised wool, there would be in the country the wool bought and valued at \$86,240,000 as national wealth. Besides it is not at all probable, that we could buy wool at twenty-eight cents a pound were our wool market entirely in the hands of foreigners.

Congress in 1870 laid a duty of \$28 a ton on steel rails and steel ingots. By means of this high tariff an impetus was given to the steel industry in this country, such that while in 1870 we manufactured but 30,000 tons of steel rails, in 1888 we manufactured 1,386,277 tons. From 1877 to 1890 inclusive we made 16,763,116 tons of steel rails and 20,000,000 tons of steel ingots for other industrial purposes.

It is estimated that from 1870 to 1891 this industry yielded our manufactures

\$340,000,000 of profits and our workmen \$1,500,000,000 in wages. But for the high tariff the sum of these items \$1,840,000,000 would have inured to the benefit of English manufacturers and workmen instead of to American,—ay more; for it is not likely that English manufacturers would have voluntarily reduced the price of steel rails, below that of 1870. Thus at that date, the price of steel rails was \$106.75 per ton. Thence on, owing to competition and improved machinery, the price gradually fell to twenty-eight dollars and less per ton in 1891. In 1870 we manufactured 30,000 tons of steel rails, in 1888 we made 1,386,277 tons and imported 63,000 tons for home consumption; in 1890 we made 1,867,837 tons and imported only 204 tons steel rails for home use. It is further worthy of note, that though the price of steel rails fell nearly seventy-three per cent, the average wages of the workmen rose ten per cent.

In presence of these facts, how absurd and void of truth is the averment of President Cleveland, William J. Bryan, — in fine the whole Democratic horde of free trade advocates, — that “home products are increased in price by the amount of duty”! Or that a “tariff is a tax added to imported goods.”

In 1882 our duty on steel wire nails was one cent a pound; our manufacture of them was insignificant, and their price was eight and one-third cents a pound. In 1883 a duty of four cents a pound was laid on steel wire nails. In 1885 we produced 200,000 kegs of steel wire nails, in 1890, 3,900,000 kegs, and in 1891 their price was less than two cents (0.0195) a pound.

Thus, instead of increasing the price “by the amount of the duty,” their price has declined 6.38 cents a pound, or seventy-five per cent and upward.

In 1884 we made no soda ash, but imported for use 175,000 tons at forty-eight dollars per ton, amounting to \$8,800,000 a year. In 1883 Congress laid a duty of five dollars a ton on soda ash. This tariff so stimulated home manufacture of the article, that its price soon fell from forty-eight dollars a ton to twenty-eight dollars, forty-one and two thirds per cent, and thereby saved American consumers \$3,500,000 a year. Besides thus benefiting consumers, its manufacture has helped various other industries, as those of coal, limestone, coke, and salt, and paid American labor annually \$800,000. Thus, instead of the consumer having to pay the tariff five dollars, in addition to forty-eight dollars, the ton price of the imported article, making fifty-three dollars per ton, he has to pay twenty dollars a ton less than formerly, in consequence of the tariff. Has that duty been a tax to the consumer or to the country?

Let Layman, *alias* Valentine, Cleveland, Bryan, Palmer, answer.

In 1892 there was a duty of 100 per cent on imported calico. The English price was from five to seven cents a yard and the price of American calico of the same quality was from five to seven cents a yard.

According to free trade arithmetic the price of American made calico should have been from ten to fourteen cents a yard. So much for theory versus fact.

Prior to October 6, 1890, when the McKinley tariff increased the duty from twenty-five to thirty-two cents per gallon, or seven cents, on linseed oil, the price per gallon had been sixty-two cents.

According to the free trade theory the price should have been sixty-nine cents per gallon.

But nine months after the law went into effect, the price of linseed oil per gallon was forty-seven cents — a decrease in price of fifteen cents per gallon. Thus

protection facts kick free trade theory to death.

The preceding examples seem sufficient to prove conclusively that high tariff has been most beneficent to American labor and industry; and to disprove the averment of free trade exponents, that "Protective tariff laws raise the price to consumers of all articles imported and subjected to duty by precisely the sum paid for such duties," etc.

Should, however, the investigation require further examples to determine the general law, that in the economy of American labor and industry, the protective tariff principle has conducted to prosperity and the principle of tariff for revenue only has conducted to adversity, reference need but be had to the history of American tariffs from the foundation of our government to the present time. Indeed the investigation will find that in every case a protective tariff has given our people control of our markets, fostered and built up our industries, and secured good wages to labor; while tariff for revenue only has had a contrary effect.

D. N. Mason, an able writer, says:—

All the prosperity enjoyed by the American people — absolutely all the prosperity — without any reservation whatever — from the foundation of the United States government down to the present time has been under the reign of protective principles; and all the hard times suffered by the American people, in the same period have been preceded, either by a heavy reduction of duties on imports or by insufficient protection, thus refuting all free trade theories on the subject.

Of the American tariff acts, it seems certain that no one more nearly attained perfection than that enacted in 1890 and known as the McKinley tariff.

Thus: — It equally protected American capital and American labor; it strictly prohibited the importation of all foreign goods made by convict labor; it reanimated the wool industry by restoring the



protective features of the law of 1867 on wool and its manufactures ; it protected our farmers against the cheap labor of Canada and other countries by laying a duty on agricultural products ; it stimulated the linen industry — the raising of flax and its manufacture — by placing a duty on imported linen ; it increased the cost of no necessity of life, and reduced the cost of many ; it increased our free imports (mostly non-competing articles) \$112,013,081 ; it increased our foreign commerce (in eleven months) \$74,768,639.

Further the McKinley tariff established the tin plate manufacture here by levying a high duty upon the imported article. One year after the passage of the Act, twenty tin plate manufactories were established in the country. Several of them were in operation and the others in process of construction, were near completion. The capacity of the twenty establishments, when running, is estimated at 32,800 boxes of tin plate per week. The value of our tin plate consumption amounts to \$30,000,000 a year.

Under the regime of the McKinley tariff, an equal amount, instead of going to foreign manufactures, foreign labor, and middlemen, would be annually treasured in the country. Of which amount by estimate \$23,000,000 would be paid to American labor.

The policy pursued in framing the McKinley tariff measure was to levy ample protective duties on imported articles coming in competition with like kind of our own production, and to admit duty free imports such as we could not advantageously produce ourselves. Thus, the Act increased the duties on about 115 articles and reduced the duties on about 190 articles, and by so doing reduced the total revenue (tariff taxes to consumers) in twelve months \$41,396,425.00 — re-

duced the duties per capita from \$3.80 to \$3.07.

This desideratum was effected, to no little extent, by the restricted reciprocity provision of the Act. In ten years, ending June 30th, 1889, we imported from Mexico, Central American States, South American States, West Indies, etc., merchandise to the value of \$1,529,791,797, and during the same period we exported to them goods to the value of only \$527,282,776, leaving a balance against us of \$1,002,509,021 or \$100,000,000 and upward a year, which had to be paid by us in gold or its equivalent. The reciprocity provision proved highly beneficial to the United States. It effected during its operation a saving to this country of \$25,000,000 a year, and indicated that the saving would soon certainly reach \$100,000,000 a year at least. It was a two-fold benefit to us. It opened free foreign markets to our products, and admitted duty free into our markets foreign goods not coming in competition with our own productions. The *New York Sun*, generally esteemed the ablest Democratic paper in the United States, said:—

The full purpose and ultimate significance of the reciprocity programme conceived by Mr. Blaine, did not at first reveal themselves to the public mind. Even the commercial and industrial advantages derivable from such a policy were not instantly and clearly appreciated. Still less was the political significance of a scheme, the most capacious ever formed by an American statesman since Thomas Jefferson planned the purchase of Louisiana, at once distinctly recognized. Yet a little reflection must convince us that under the guidance of Secretary Blaine we have entered on a course whose fixed, and by no means distant goal, is the acquirement of the United States, not only commercial but political ascendancy throughout the Western Hemisphere.

President Harrison in his fourth annual message to Congress said:—

A comparison of the existing conditions with those of the most favorable period in the history

of the country will, I believe, show that so high a degree of prosperity and so general a diffusion of the comforts of life were never before enjoyed by our people. . . . There has never been a time in our history when work was so abundant, or when wages were so high, whether measured by the currency in which they are paid, or by their power to supply the necessaries and comforts of life.

Mark the change: Eight months after this official statement, President Cleveland in his message calling a special session of Congress, said:—

Our unfortunate financial plight is not the result of untoward events, nor of conditions related to our natural resources; nor is it traceable to any of the afflictions which frequently check national growth and prosperity. With plenteous crops, with abundant promise of remunerative products, and with satisfactory assurances to business enterprise, suddenly financial distrust and fear have sprung up on every side. . . . Values supposed to be fixed are fast becoming conjectural, and loss and failure have invaded every branch of business.

Perversely blind as to the cause of these troubles, Congress carried out in 1894, its predetermined plan of immolating the McKinley tariff and passed the Wilson Bill—a measure not less replete with evils than was Pandora's box. Under the regime of the Wilson tariff the country has been continuously going from bad to worse. "The tariff acts of 1890 and 1894 embrace many thousand articles." Taking one hundred of those articles in most general use in the United States, I find the duties on them less by the Wilson tariff than by the McKinley

as follows: An average of 30½ per cent less on 64 articles admitted by the *ad valorem* plan, and of 33 per cent less on 36 articles admitted by the specific duty plan.

I further find that on diamonds, china, porcelain, glassware, jewelry, velvets, silks, etc., imports almost wholly enjoyed by the rich only, the average duty is 48 per cent lower by the Wilson tariff than by the McKinley,—and on tin plate 45 per cent lower. While on the other hand the McKinley tariff admitted duty free molasses and sugars, not above 16 Dutch Standard. The Wilson tariff levies a duty of two cents a gallon on molasses and an *ad valorem* duty of 40 per cent on such sugars.

The matter of fact is, that the McKinley tariff wisely and justly discriminated in favor of our own labor and industries, and in the interests of the masses of the people; and that the Wilson tariff unwisely and unjustly discriminates in favor of foreign labor and industries to the prejudice of our own; and discriminates in favor of the rich and against the masses of the people.

Little wonder that hard times prevail while such condition of affairs exists. In presence of the foregoing facts, can any man not "mad" doubt that our remedy is to return to the path from which we strayed in 1894; is to reenact the McKinley tariff and to elect as President, its author to see that its provisions are faithfully executed?

Irving M. Scott.





Photo by Taber.

AMERICAN BRIGANTINE GALILEE, AND AMERICAN SHIP COLUMBIA TOWING TO SEA IN BALLAST.

## UNWISE TAXATION ON SHIPPING.

BY CHARLES E. NAYLOR.



HE poet sings:—

The British fleet with American wheat  
Sails o'er the deep blue sea.

And he knows whereof  
he speaks.

Is there any good reason why the products of the Pacific Coast or of any other section of the United States of America that are sold to foreign peoples in various parts of the world should not be carried to market in American ships?—or is there any reason why they should be carried almost exclusively in British ships?

We are free to admit that there are reasons why they are so carried, but not why they should be.

As an object lesson let us take a position out of the Farallone Islands, and looking seaward, observe the vessels as they approach our shores, "on the way to Pacific Coast ports," from foreign parts, all either chartered or expecting to be chartered to load our products for foreign markets. This list as published from day to day in the *Commercial News* is a fair sample, and gives quite a good idea of the proportion of American ships engaged in a business that should be entirely under American control:—

From	Haw.	Amer.	Br.	Ger.	Fr.	Dtch.	It.	Nor.
Antwerp,			3				1	
Apia,			1					
Bristol,							1	
Calcutta,							1	
Cardiff,								3

From	Haw.	Amer.	Br.	Ger.	Fr.	Dtch.	It.	Nor.
Caleta Buena,			1					
Callao,				1				
Cape Town,			1					
Dunkirk,				1				
Girgenti,					1			
Genoa,							1	
Glasgow,			1					1
Hongkong,			2					
Hamburg,			3					
Liverpool,			7					
Newcastle, N.S.W.,		25		1	3			1
Sydney,		2	7					1
Swansea,		14		2	2			1
Newcastle-on-Tyne,		2						1
Haw nls'ds	3	10						
Hull,							1	
Kobe,			1					
London,			2					
Leith,								1
Nanaimo,		1	1					
Nitrate Ports,			1					
Shanghai,			1					
Totals	3	14	76	6	5	1	6	2

It will be readily noticed that the only foreign ports in which American vessels are well represented are those of the Hawaiian Islands, which are so nearly American that annexation may be looked for as a natural sequence at most any time. Americans own or nearly control everything of value on these islands, and that gives us an advantage in the carrying trade closely allied to our coastwise system. So, leaving out the Americanized Hawaiian Islands, we have a total of four American ships and seventy-six British out of a total of one hundred and three vessels reported, "on the way to Pacific Coast ports." Who would n't boast of American business tact and enterprise?

Then again, suppose we get out our field glasses and watch them as they sail away after having secured cargoes. Decipher the national flags at the mast head and jot down the results for thirty days' observations:—

"The California Grain Fleet" for September, 1896, consisted of forty-two

vessels all told, of which thirty-seven were British, four carried other foreign flags, while one only, the smallest of the fleet that passed out the Golden Gate with the cereal products of the Golden State, a single lonesome little ship, meekly flew the Stars and Stripes.

"One American out of forty-two! What a humiliation for a once proud nation; how sad!" (J. Bull.)

This foreign fleet took away in the neighborhood of 145,000 tons of grain, valued at about \$2,800,000, upon which about \$900,000 freights go to foreign ship-owners. Our people will then receive in returns, instead of the full price for which the goods sell as they should, nearly a million dollars less; that is to say, practically one third of the selling value remains in foreign countries for freight charges by foreign vessels, for the reason that American shipping is not sufficiently encouraged (because loaded with prohibitive burdens), to enable us to take our own products to market in our own vehicles, and thus to save our own freights for our own people. And remember that this showing is only for one month out of twelve and for only one class of goods, the cereals. Other months make similar exhibits. A moderate estimate would be that \$8,000,000 each year, or say, \$40,000,000 in five years, go to foreign nations for freights on products leaving the port of San Francisco alone. If this sum were earned by American ships, we should not only get the full amount for home circulation in California, but in addition, we should have the important industry of ship-building, repairing, etc., as incidental, to help along our prosperity.

We hear a great amount of boasting about the "balance of trade" being in favor of the United States. The inference and the idea naturally conveyed is that when the balance of trade as

to imports and exports from and to foreign nations is in our favor, the difference must be increasing our wealth, because we export more goods in value than we import. Now I will show you that because of our narrow optical horizon, financially, this claim is a stupendous fallacy, just as absurd as the one which teaches that by the free coinage of silver, iron, or lead, by the United States alone the revenues of the government will be enriched so that the deficiency will become a surplus. Here you are, then. Let us take three years for an example, and see how much wealth the country has gained though this "balance of trade" theory:—

In 1893-4-5, our	
Exports were.....	\$2,547,343,931
Imports.....	2,253,365,509
<hr/>	
Balance in our favor, according to statistics.....	\$ 293,978,422
Less freightage paid to foreigners (underestimated).....	600,000,000
<hr/>	
Net balance against us for three years.....	\$306,021,578

Never forget that in figuring the "balance of trade" to ascertain whether our country is the gainer or not, you must take into account the freights paid away to others and subtract the sum from your American boast. The official statistics are misleading, and although they show that for seventeen out of the last twenty years the "balance of trade" has been in our favor, the fact is that by reason of the freights going to foreign nations there has been not less than an average of \$100,000,000 per year or \$2,000,000 withdrawn from this country on account of this "balance of trade" in just twenty years. American ships would have saved this.

Did you ask me *why* American shipping is not more of a factor in the carrying trade of the world, why it is loaded with unusual and unfair burdens, and why it is not encouraged and protected as it should be and as I claim it is not? — the answer is more simple than the remedy, although the remedy is quite possible. Individual greed which knows



Photo by Taber.

American  
American  
  
Pilot  
American

U. S. Man of War  
British  
  
British

U. S. Revenue Cutter  
British  
British  
German  
American Whaler  
American

THE BAY FROM TELEGRAPH HILL, A GOOD DAY FOR AMERICANS.

allegiance to no country or flag, shortsightedness, lack of education, indifference, narrow statesmanship devoid of true ringing American patriotism, and the meddling of foreigners in our affairs, will suffice for the causes. While these are exemplified by unfriendly legislation of various sorts, one of the most potent and the only one that I shall touch in this paper is that which imposes State taxation on the State's best friend, ocean commerce.

Taxes, or compulsory contributions to a common fund levied primarily for the purpose of maintaining those general features of human convenience, comfort, and protection, — represented by public institutions such as highways, courts of law, police, schools, armies and navies, and legislatures, — for the benefit of all the people, are made necessary by the mutual requirements and the proverbial human selfishness of the members of artificial society, — that is, the association of people into communities. One of the most important and ever recurring problems of the irrepressible conflict between man and man, because of the human weaknesses that we have all inherited from "the old folks, father Adam and mother Eve," is the determination of how, upon whom, and upon what, to lay these taxes so as to avoid injustice and make both the benefits and the burdens as nearly mutual as possible, thus securing "the greatest good to the greatest number," while the selfish individual is ever striving, in opposition to this Christian plan, to secure "the greatest good" also, but to the smallest number, — usually designated as "number one."

From a practical standpoint, we should be willing to learn in this matter of tax on commerce, as well as in other things, from older and more experienced nations, and especially from those that have been more successful in commerce than we.

Only fools refuse to profit by the experience of others. On this point we find that the merchant marine or commercial navies of other nations have been builded not only upon the broad patriotic basis of no taxation, but in addition by various systems of bounties that have been and are now offered as inducements to enable them to compete with the outer world, so that they may build and sail their own ships, carry their own goods both outward and inward, and bring shekels home for distribution among their people.

The ship is subject to more constant danger and more rapid depreciation than any other class of property. The ship is seldom at home; more than nine tenths of the time she sails the great ocean, where no man except the pirate dares levy taxes. She goes on a mission of good to the nation, and whether she will ever reach the port of destination or safely breast the tempests above and the dangers beneath so as to bring back her earnings, cargo, and crew, no man can tell. She should be the subject of anxious solicitude to all, and a grateful people should welcome her arrival with rejoicings, recognizing her as a public friend, useful in peace and available as a powerful reserve, like our State militia, in case of war.

On the subject of taxation of ocean commerce two questions confront the State legislator. First, has the State a legal right under the United States Constitution to levy such taxes? This question has been decided both ways, and later on I will give one of the most clear cut decisions. Second, is it politic to levy such taxes, if the State has the right? Would public policy suggest that not only while at home, but while sailing the seas or resting in the ports of other nations, these mighty agencies of National and State prosperity that are always contributing to the common good

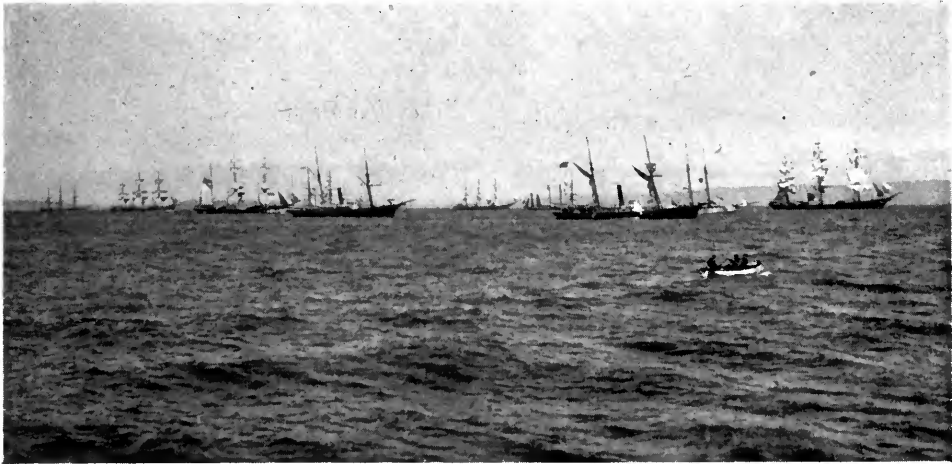


Photo by Taber.

British      British      British      British      British American Coaster      Yacht      British  
    Revenue Cutter      American Revenue Cutter

A TYPICAL SAN FRANCISCO BAY VIEW.

and taking none of the public funds should be taxed because they exist? Surely not, although such is the practice in California, and the practice drives shipping to register in other States, where no taxes are laid on this class of property.

Our assessors simply assess in compliance with statute law all vessels registered or enrolled at the custom house on the first Monday in March. A vessel may not enter a California port for two years, but she is taxed just the same for State, city, and county purposes, although she can derive no benefit from these taxes, which are all expended on shore and in the direct interests of landed property and property holders. I might claim and be able to substantiate the claim, that the State, city, and county, have neither moral nor legal right to levy taxes on ocean going ships, but of that point later.

The most unjust feature of State taxation is the unfair position in which we thoughtlessly place American vessels, for they must necessarily compete in the carrying trade with foreign owned ships,

and in this day of enlightened legislation no other prominent nation taxes ships. This, then, is unquestioned discrimination of which we are guilty; our own good merchant marine is the victim, and this taxing discrimination is one of the means by which we are gradually exterminating American commerce and humiliating the American people.

On the question of the right of the State to tax ocean commerce I ask attention to the opinion of the United States Supreme Court in an important case as follows:—

Decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, in opinion, *Pennsylvania vs. Philadelphia, S. S. Co.*, regarding the power to tax interstate commerce.

It is hardly within the scope of the present discussion to refer to disastrous effects to which the power to tax interstate or foreign commerce may lead.

If the power exists in the State at all, it has no limit but the discretion of the State, and might be exercised in such a manner as to drive away that commerce, or to load it with an intolerable burden, seriously affecting the business and prosperity of other States interested in it; and if those States by way of retaliation, or otherwise, should impose like restrictions, the utmost

confusion would prevail in our commercial affairs. In view of such a state of things which actually existed under the Confederation, Chief Justice Marshall, in the case before referred to, said: "Those who felt the injury arising from this state of things, and those who were capable of estimating the influence of commerce on the prosperity of nations, perceived the necessity of giving the control over this important subject to a single Government. It may be doubted whether any of the evils proceeding from the feebleness of the Federal Government contributed more to that great revolution which introduced the present system, than the deep and general conviction that commerce ought to be regulated by Congress. It is not therefore matter of surprise, that the grant should be as extensive as the mischief, and should comprehend all foreign commerce, and all commerce among the States. To construe the power so as to impair its efficacy, would tend to defeat an object, in the attainment of which the American public took, and justly took, that strong interest which arose from a full conviction of its necessity."

Time was, but so remote that "to that time the memory of man runneth not," when, if we may credit the voice of human records as set down in the history of races, Egypt, Syria, the Euphrates, and the Nile, were synonomous with abundance, contentment, wealth, and every material glory. How is it with them now? Their wise men long ago departed this world, 't is said, and with them carried the vigor of the industrious and the brave. Degenerate races now sparsely people those rich and bountiful countries where the greatest rival of the Romans, the Carthaginian Empire, with her populous cities of magnificent palaces and prosperous people flourished through ages upon ages under a system of aggressive development scarcely less phenomenal than our own. Her fleets of commerce and her caravans of trade must have been remarkable for their value and richness, and as an example of the solicitude which

she exercised for her national commerce, it is recorded that the master of a Carthaginian ship on a voyage of trade, discovering that a Roman vessel was following in his wake to learn his destination, ran his vessel ashore. His pursuer, not realizing the situation, did the same, — whereat the Carthaginian cast his entire valuable cargo overboard, lightened his ship, and getting off, sailed away to Carthage again. Upon his arrival the government commended his act, as a public service, and reimbursed him the value of this cargo. That nation, which was literally "wiped from the face of the earth" by the Romans more than two thousand years ago, knew the blessings of foreign commerce and fostered shipping as an agency to national wealth and power. Again we may learn wisdom from the past.

But to return for a moment to our taxes; we have laws that authorize the taxation of all personal or movable property "found in the State on the first Monday of March each year." Moneys, merchandise, household goods, cattle, sheep, railroad cars, and many other items, may be moved across the State line just previous to that date, (and we have heard that such things are done,) and evade the tax entirely. The ship may be away practically all the time, but if registered as the law requires her to be, there is no escape for her. This is simply incidental, as showing the injustice of such a law as between classes of property, but the broad principle that we are discussing is: Shall we tax our ships that must compete with untaxed foreign ships, and thus continue the present supremacy of foreign commerce in our trade? Who says "Yes?" Surely not an American.

*Charles E. Naylor.*



## HORSE BREEDING FOR PROFIT.

### THE THIRD PACIFIC COAST HORSE SHOW.



**I**N THIS world of paradoxes it must not be considered strange that, while we have folk thinking and talking as if the days of the horse were numbered, the showing of him in every variety at periodical exhibitions has become quite a business and one that is steadily on the increase in many directions. In the last decade horse shows on an extensive scale have become an annual function in the leading cities of this continent, and have been productive of much benefit to horse interests, and at the same time a source of the greatest pleasure to all classes of the people. Established on a thoroughly firm basis, the New York show has just issued its list of prizes, aggregating thirty-three thousand dollars, for its twelfth annual exhibition, but what appeals to us on the Pacific Coast more closely is the third annual show of the Horse Show Association of the Pacific Coast, to be held at the Mechanics Pavillion in San Francisco on the 9, 10, 11, and 12 December next, entries closing on the 14th of November.

While there are some commendable changes in the classification and regulations governing the event, there has been no departure from the liberal spirit in which prizes are offered by the Association and private donors, with the result that a total of fifteen thousand dollars is distributed over 114 classes, embracing almost every kind of horse in use in California for work or pleasure.

Perhaps the most striking lesson that has been taught by the two shows previously held in San Francisco has been that the mere ability to convey his owner

from one point to another in a given space of time, and that the shortest possible, is not the paramount qualification of a steed of merit. He must be possessed of the ability to do his task in good style and have an attractive appearance with finished manners, all contributing to that elegant comfort which good taste and education call for, if the pursuit of riding and driving is to be productive of pleasure. The result has been that those who can afford, and insist upon having, the best of everything have become more exacting than formerly in their requirements, and since the local market is almost bare of goods that meet their



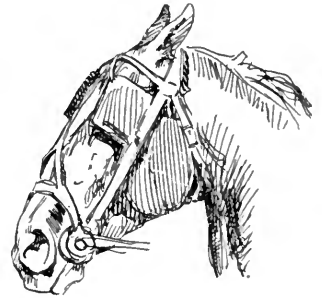


approval, they have in some instances been paying fancy prices to Eastern dealers, while others, who would buy here if they could supply their precise wants, are still biding their time, unwilling to stock up with animals that, before the era of shows developed a taste in form and action, would have been readily accepted as all that was required.

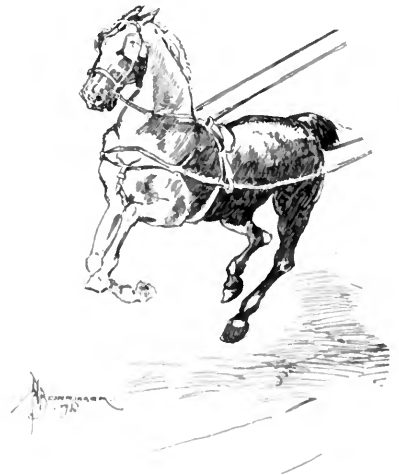
Anyone who has the slightest acquaintance with horse matters on this Coast knows that it is most difficult to obtain either a good carriage or saddle horse. It is true that the market for such animals is limited, and consequently the inducement to produce them but small, still with all the facilities at hand in the State for breeding and developing horses we ought to be able to keep what trade there is at home. In the production of horses for speed the records of the running and trotting meetings all over the United States show California as holding a foremost place, but for the horse of utility, as distinguished from the race horse, the State is without prestige at present. This, however, should not be the case much longer, for as the influence of the shows extends, breeders will get to work to take advantage of the opportunities they afford.

In the meantime the San Francisco

undertaking is being run on the right lines, and while society is properly catered to, the show is not being used as an occasion for the advertisement or glorification of the individual, to the exclusion of the noble animal in whose interest it is primarily promoted. This feature is a grievous evil in some of the shows, and if not corrected will seriously damage the show cause generally. The managers of the local show spare no effort to make farmers and breeders, as



well as dealers and all engaged in trades allied to the horse, understand that the show is not merely the rich man's opportunity for displaying his stable, but also the best possible occasion for realizing on their stock, acquiring fresh knowledge of the needs of the market, and comparing notes with their competitors. As





there are orders constantly coming into this market for horses, from Mexico, Central America, and the adjoining States, special steps have been taken to advertise the show in those places, so that buyers may be induced to send their orders this way during show time.

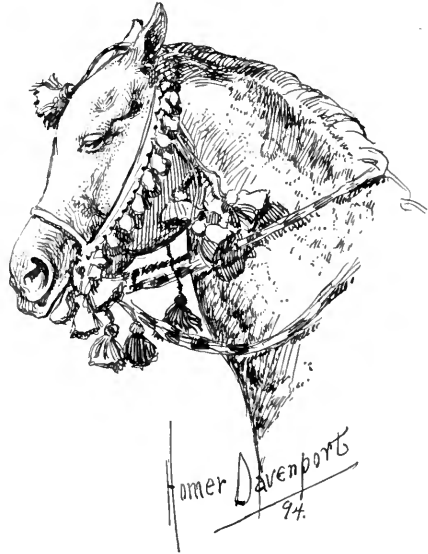
Thus a regularly recurring market would be established, corresponding to the old-fashioned fair, which seems to get lost in these enlightened days, although its purpose has to be met in some way. The public needs to be reminded, moreover, that the San Francisco show is not run for profit or to serve any particular commercial interest. It is conducted under the auspices of an association formed of gentlemen who have devoted their time, money, and influence, to the work in the interests of the horse and for the good of the State. Of course,



as a matter of business, an endeavor, so far successful, is made to keep the shows on a sound financial basis, but the events have not proved the vehicle for money-making which exaggerated statement in

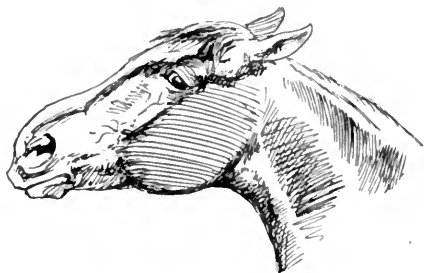
the press have led people to believe. A little reflection will show that the heavy responsibility for prize money and the extensive outlay needed to rent and specially fit up the Pavilion, as well as to maintain the necessary staff for the work of the undertaking, calls for an expenditure which requires good management even to cover. Any material surplus of one year would be used in all probability to increase the prizes for the year following.

It will be remembered that the second



show evidenced considerable progress in the harness and saddle classes, as compared with the first, though this was a good deal perhaps owing to the extensive showing of one exhibitor in particular. The public have been fortunate in having a thoroughly well equipped stable turned out to teach it how showing should be done, for it enabled them to reach the goal at once, instead of getting there by degrees. Now, let them show they have profited by the opportunity by helping to fill some of the classes with good subjects this year.

From a breeding point of view it was hardly to be expected that the second



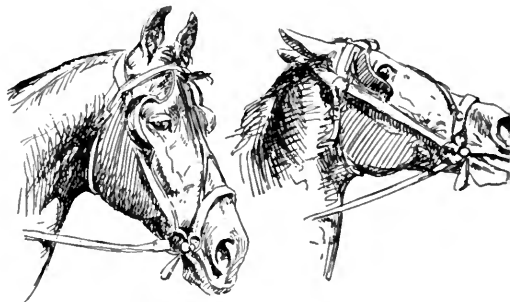
show would show an advance on the first, as the stringency of the times had narrowed the enterprise of many breeders, and others will probably take a little time to get their studs into order. However, it is more than likely that this year will see an improvement in the breeding section, and it is certain nothing would be more gratifying to those who have the interests of the horse in this State at heart.

By some inscrutable decree of Providence the beautiful State of California,



which can produce in abundance, and in some cases in perfection, most of the requirements for man's comfort, has been placed at the extremity of civilization, rendering it so difficult and costly to reach the principal markets that it is not always easy to secure a profit on her productions. This is pretty much the case in the matter of horses. Time, however, will mend this, and breeders should keep in mind that there is always

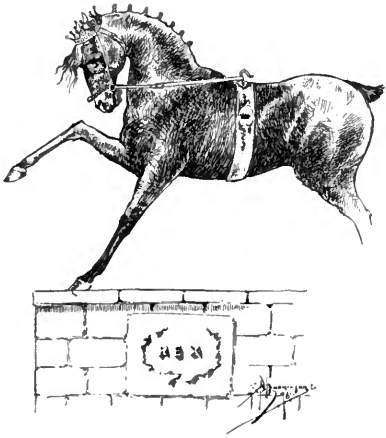
room at the top, and that traders are now at their wits' end to secure good horses for the East and Europe and will be ready to extend their buying tours to this Coast so soon as ever they are satisfied that the right material is on the spot. It is quite certain that if the same judgment and care were displayed here in breeding and training that is the case in Vermont, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee, and other Eastern and South-



ern States, the dealers and exporters by the Atlantic would be regular visitors to the West Coast for the purpose of filling their orders.

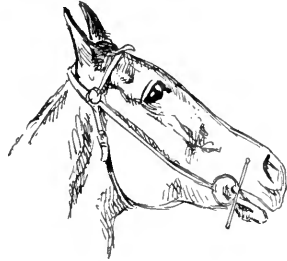
But where nature is lavish man is invariably disposed to be haphazard and easy-going, and it is to be feared this is sometimes the way in California. That will not do, however, in horse-breeding, which is a business that can only be successful when thoroughly well supervised and intelligently conducted. The days for breeding horses indiscriminately on ranges have gone never to return, and when people argue that the days of the





horse have gone by, they mean the days of the scrub. That is beyond question a good thing from every point of view. The days of the good horse will never come to an end, and all that a man has to do, therefore, who wishes to render his stud a satisfactory property, is to breed up and not down. By breeding up is not meant simply relying on the excellence of a paper pedigree on one or both sides, but securing above all things, excellence of make, shape, and action, in the individual sire and dam. While even then breeding is a lottery, there is no other way to proceed, notwithstanding all the sapient talk on nicks and crosses that we encounter from time to time. Above all things, however, let the breeder

carefully select the dam, becoming a disciple of Comte de St. Simon, who on one occasion thus addressed the celebrated Madame de Stael:—

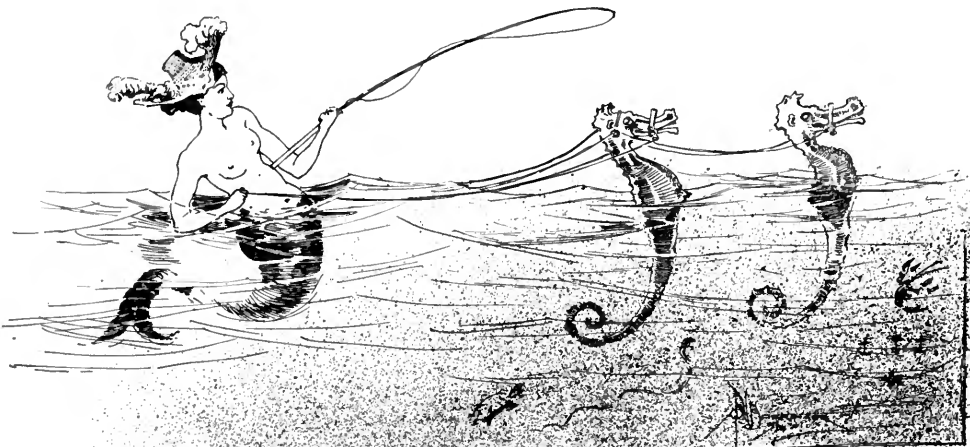


“Madame, vous etes la femme la plus remarquable en France; moi, je suis l’homme le plus remarquable. Si nous nous arrangions, nous aurions peut-etre



l’ enfant le plus remarquable sur la terre.”

Madame de Stael, however, having politely declined the honor, the proposition in that case remained unsolved, but



we have ample proof every day that the excellence, physically, mentally, or morally, of parents is no guarantee of the same merits in their offspring, so far as the human race is concerned. So it is in the breeding of horses and every other animal, and yet the only way to proceed with the work is to select the subjects with the utmost care. And here it is that the influence and utility of the horse show is seen. Expert knowledge and judgment is brought to bear on the individuals competing in the various classes, and by the result the breeder is in-

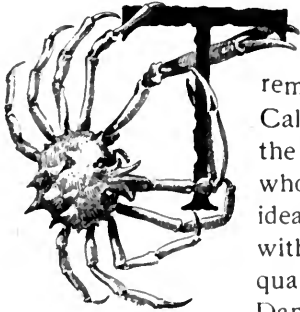
structed in the right kind of animal for him to select in carrying out his breeding schemes.

As a fashionable function and a popular entertainment the horse show takes the highest rank, but it must be well supported and organized for a few years to come to secure for it the entire confidence of the breeders. On the whole they are well satisfied so far, and the next stage must be, if things go on as they have been doing, that they will recognize the annual show as an indispensable aid to their work.

*Benedict.*

## TWO FRIENDS OF CALIFORNIA.

### DANA AND KING.



HERE were two men that exercised a very remarkable influence on California, one indirectly, the other directly, of whom I had most vivid ideas during their life, and with one considerable acquaintance. Richard Henry Dana, Jr., author of "Two Years Before the Mast," I knew well; Thomas Starr King I knew only as a preacher; but that meant vastly more in his case than in most of those whose influence on men is exerted through the pulpit. It has occurred to me that the present generation of Californians might like to know something of how these two notables in Pacific history stood at home.

Mr. Dana had returned from his memorable voyages in the *Pilgrim* and *Alert*, and written his book before I was born. In my childhood he was a prominent feature in social, legal, and political circles in Boston. There could not be a

more striking proof that an aristocracy does not mean necessarily a plutocracy than that offered by the position of the Danas. The author of "Two Years Before the Mast" was often accused and not unjustly, by his political opponents, of exclusive and aristocratic feelings; but when they went on to taunt him as one of "the rich," against "the poor," it was nonsense. He was a poor man,—a man who had to work hard to maintain a respectable station; and his father was in the peculiar position of owning a considerable landed estate, capable, as later events have shown, of "cutting up" to great advantage, yet in his time little more than a source of tax bills. The "North Shore" of Massachusetts Bay, so crowded now as a summer resort by visitors from all over the Union, was barely known in Mr. Dana's boyhood to a few well informed people as a home of untold beauties; and his father's estate near Eagle Head in Manchester was almost wholly overlooked, although



From engraving, courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.  
RICHARD HENRY DANA, JR.

within sight of Boston State House. Yet a lovelier seaside spot never existed; and the softness of the air may be best shown by the fact that the *Magnolia glauca*, or sweet bay of the South, grows wild within two miles of Mr. Dana's home, though found in no other single place north of New Jersey. This same Richard Henry Dana, senior, as he was called through a large part of his son's life time, was the son of the first United States Minister to Russia, a Chief Justice of Massachusetts himself, and the son-in-law of another, and nearly related or connected to William Ellery, the signer of the Declaration, his grandsons, the Channings, and Washington Allston, the illustrious artist.

For fifty years, from 1775 to 1825, and even later, these men were among the most conspicuous in the little lot of

workers and geniuses who were determined to convince Europeans as well as their own countrymen that America was justified in assuming a co-ordinate place among the nations. They were men of ambition, of refinement, of reading, of family traditions, — but they were not men of wealth. When the elder Dana was in Harvard College, a new building was erected with lodging rooms for students. One of the wealthiest merchants in Boston agreed that if any members of his family were allowed when at college to have the best room in the new building assigned them, he would add to it from the outset the unique luxury of — having the floor painted; every other room being left with bare boards, and carpets being unknown.

The elder Dana was unquestionably a man of exceptional mental power, and

certain casual things he wrote led his community to look for some brilliant and permanent work of genius ; but it never came, though he lived to extreme old age. But this article deals with his son and not with him, and those who want a perfect picture of him are referred to Lowell's "Fable for Critics." From such a father it was impossible for a son, even had he been less intelligent than Richard, not to learn the lesson that genius is of little use without hard work ; and he did work hard all his life. I have said that all sneers against him as one of "the rich" were silly ; it would have been equally so to have sneered against him as one of the idle, — there was not a harder worker at the United States bar. But for this trait, as for all the important events in his career, I refer my readers to his life by Charles Francis Adams, to which this article may simply stand as desultory personal notes.

This habit of overwork was no doubt contracted from his nautical experience. He explains clearly, in one of the early chapters of "Two Years Before the Mast," how sailors are never idle, — how work will be made for them, even when it can lead to no useful end. There is an extraordinary and perverted worship of industry among some of our people, — the notion that work as work is virtuous, and inaction as inaction is vicious. Yet if a man's labor, like a burglar's in opening a safe, for instance, is directly in the interest of crime, he had much better be idle ; and these same worshipers of the Goddess Labor are very indignant if anyone who does not need work takes the bread, as they say, out of the mouth of one who does. Perhaps such abstract discussions are out of place here ; there is no doubt that Mr. Dana not only worked too hard for his health and comfort, but for his work itself. It was impossible for him to arrange all his machin-

ery, and work up all his raw material. Throughout his life, though always interested and interesting, be his subject whatever it might, he was not clear, — he muddled himself and muddled others. I have known his great book almost by heart for years, and I have never been able to reconcile, for instance, the numbers of the *Alert's* crew when he joined her with those when he left her, or the different rates of her speed in the dozen pages after her final departure from San Diego. Something has got left out or miscalculated, and the more explanation is given, the less distinct is the result.

Yet the result is charming ; and the result was charming in Mr. Dana's conversation. He was an excellent private talker, and an excellent public speaker, because he threw himself so heartily into all he did. He had in his house a model of the *Alert* in a glass case, and I have stood before it with him, and heard over again the story of how with an old sailor he furled the *Pilgrim's* jib, dipping into the ocean up to his neck with every pitch of the brig. It was just as delightful to hear as it had been to read twenty times over. He had a mastiff look with his mouth and a deepening of his voice when excited, which added amazingly to the force of his words. Short, stout, erect, always prepared for attack or defense, he was the very picture of an old admiral, and would have become a full uniform immensely.

I have said he was charming when he told his own story ; the trouble was he could only tell his own story. He seemed curiously unable to take the tone and position of other men, though almost passionately eager to bring them into his own. Working as he did the livelong day, to enforce the rights and claims of others as their counsel, it was always in the temper of the feudal protector, the benevolent superior, who never could for





From photo, by courtesy Hon. Horace Davis.  
THOMAS STARR KING.

an instant have supposed the positions reversed, and others defending his cause. More than once in his life, he damaged his own case by not trusting it to others at the critical moment. I have said above that he was taunted as an aristocrat. He could hardly have taken the taunt as it was meant. A Duke of Norfolk or a Baron de Montmorency could not have felt more nearly than he appeared to the fact that he belonged to a limited class. That the exceptional position involved

duties and heavy ones, that it was in fact imposed by nature rather as a load, though perhaps a gilded one, such men are eager to admit; there was not a particle of personal vanity about Mr. Dana's sense of pride, and if you had told him that others felt wounded and hurt by his ignoring their experience or intelligence, he would have been as surprised as if he had heard that they were wounded because he claimed to know more of Cape Horn than one who never had rounded it. And the feel-

ing was stronger because it was by no means egotistical, it was for himself and his set. In 1877, at a dinner of the Phi Beta Kappa society of Harvard College, where there is proverbially excellent speaking, Mr. Dana was chairman, having graduated in 1837. He presided very genially and wittily, and called up ten speakers, all except President Eliot being contemporary or senior to himself. He then said, "And now, we should be glad if some of our younger brethren, without formality, will rise and address us"; including forty classes, men of all ages from sixty to twenty, in one comprehensive mass of "his younger brethren."

Hence those who thoroughly enjoyed his company and delighted to meet him, would not exactly have called him kind, or even friendly; he was emphatically gracious, dispensing his time, his labor, his good will, nay what it would be wrong not to call his sympathy, rather as a favor that it was his pleasure and duty to bestow.

It is a significant fact in this connection that the only class of men who ever found "Two Years Before the Mast" uninteresting was that in which aristocratic feeling is developed more highly than in any other Americans,—namely, the officers of the Navy. To them, the author was a common sailor, and his experiences in the fore-castle and on the jibboom were as dull and low as the cook's in the galley. And perhaps Mr. Dana's own set in Boston was the only community in history who, feeling themselves gentlemen all over, entertained a positive repulsion to the Army and Navy as professions.

In Mr. Dana's political strife with General Butler, his exclusive ways were heralded to the absolute perversion of truth. His law practice had been marked first, by his devotion to the interests of the common sailors, who perhaps of all

persons who ever come into court stand most in need of devoted and intelligent counsel, and are least likely to get it; and secondly, in his espousing openly and energetically the cause of Anthony Burns, the fugitive slave. He was willing for this last cause to sacrifice his social position in Boston, and to a great extent he did so. Yet when he came to oppose General Butler, Mr. Dana was hooted and almost mobbed as a kid-glove aristocrat, and General Butler was proclaimed everywhere as "the poor man's lawyer"; whereas if taking poor men's cases and getting little from them is a criterion, the name emphatically belonged to Mr. Dana.

He was a warm friend to California. He had known her as scarcely another American of equal education and observation had done in her days of slumber; he knew perfectly what her capacities were. He saw her wonderful awakening under the golden rod of the enchanter; and he saw the dangers that must attend all such magical and theatrical arousing. In the days of 1849, he made the remark that, "If it were not for the gold, California would be the best country in the world to live in." He hailed with delight every evidence that she was overcoming the difficulties of her early days; he revisited the scenes of his youth with the keenest pleasure and excitement, exploring her borders from north to south, reviving old friendships and making new; and to the end of his life, she had a warm place in his heart.

He was a man of absolute nobility and simplicity of character,—devoted to principle, to duty, to friendship, to his country. One could hardly help criticising and finding fault with him; but the criticisms could only fall on his head and his temper; they could never touch his heart and his conscience, with any one

who really knew him. Undoubtedly, he was not in line with the ordinary front of his country's thought; but the qualities he took away with him can ill be spared, be they popular or unpopular.

OF THOMAS STARR King I cannot speak as a personal acquaintance; but I can never lose the impression which he made upon me the first time I heard him in the pulpit, and which sent me to his church more than once afterwards.

In the early fifties, the Unitarian churches were the most numerous, the wealthiest, and the most cultivated, in Boston. Their pastors were with scarcely an exception men of college education, thoughtful, learned, devout men, neither austere nor frivolous in their lives, and possessed of abundant intellectual, moral, and social merits, but with a studied moderation, a dread of enthusiasms, conservative in both the original and the prevalent meaning of the word. They distrusted novelty, they distrusted passion, and above all, they emphatically demanded training, and distrusted the lack of it, in any one who sought their ranks. To a hot, driving, rushing world, they would have seemed cold and stiff; but to all whom their influence drew a little out of such a world, there was infinite rest and comfort and strength in the serene and pure elevation of thought and belief which their sermons and their lives presented and encouraged.

Mr. King had been too poor to enter into this body by the regular door; he had been forced to work for his living at an early age, and though eagerly supplying his deficiencies by his own exertions, and that too from the lectures and writings of the very men whom the Unitarian clergy hailed as their leaders, notably President James Walker of Harvard College, he was unable to claim full brotherhood with them. He began his profes-

sion in the Universalist denomination, which though separated from the Unitarian by an almost imperceptible theological barrier, was socially as far apart from it in Boston and neighborhood as the Wesleyans from the Established Church in England. From his duty he was called to the church in Hollis street, which had been served by a succession of very brilliant men, Mather Byles, Horace Holley, and John Pierpont, but was far from occupying the high position it had once held. Here, as a boy I began to have him represented to me as by no means what a teacher of Boston Unitarians should be, as rather a florid platform speaker, interested in the crude and restless attempts at reform which sober men of that day greatly distrusted, a fitter object for mirth than for respect. My opinions were to have an abrupt and wholesome change.

In those days, old-fashioned families, both the old and the young, went to church twice every Sunday, at half past ten and at three. The morning services were well attended; but the afternoon congregations were very thin and calculated to discourage any preacher. Our family went to church in Chauncey Place, the oldest church in Boston, the original foundation of John Winthrop, wealthy, dignified, cultivated, as any in the world. One Sunday afternoon my father and I took our seats with the customary meager audience. The morning services had been conducted by the late Doctor George E. Ellis, one of the prominent and favorite preachers of our body, in contrast with whom almost any one must suffer. There arose, in the conventional stillness of a New England Sunday afternoon, a young man, of by no means commanding stature or prepossessing appearance, who arrested our drowsy faculties by the strange fascination of one of the richest and sweetest

voices I ever heard. The service proceeded with that absolute propriety which was the first essential in ours and the sister churches, yet with a restrained fervor, a chastened glow, to which we were too often strangers. The sermon began,—and before many sentences had been uttered, we found ourselves held in the control of a master of our minds and our hearts. The language moved in the most correct and classic channels, but its waters were rich and sparkling to the point of making our ears tingle; the thought, profound and searching in its knowledge of human nature and human duty; the tone that of the true ambassador of Christ, laying down principles for the control of his fellow man that none could gainsay because instinct with the authority of the Lord above. There was nothing startling, nothing sensational; such things would have revolted and alienated us in the calmness of our evening devotion; but there was a richness, generous without being prodigal, a luster, brilliant without being dazzling, a heat, cheering without scorching, which was without precedent in our experience of our honored and chosen preachers. That I, a susceptible and eager boy of thirteen, should be impressed was not strange; but that my father, who had been himself renowned as a preacher forty years before, who had listened to the best eloquence, secular and sacred, of England and America since his childhood, and who, in point of fact, was almost too fastidious in the standard he set of pulpit oratory, should have been charmed and edified, was a most striking testimony to the power of an unknown preacher, against whose name he had been undoubtedly prejudiced. When we came out, boy and man vied with each other in their enthusiastic praise of this new light which had shone on our lives so brilliantly and so graciously.

I rarely heard Mr. King afterwards. It was not the fashion for young people to visit other churches than their parents', and perhaps, on the occasions when I did hear him, he did not quite produce the same effect. His book on the "White Hills," when I came to read it, disappointed me; it seemed florid in language and exaggerated in its rhapsodies over what at its highest is beautiful and grand but hardly sublime and overawing scenery. But that he was a mighty power to sway the souls and hearts of men, and always for the right, was stamped upon my mind beyond a question by that one discourse, and when I was told afterwards that he, a man of feeble frame, with no sword or shield but his tongue, had saved California for the Union, I could well believe it. He was brought up under the shadow of Bunker Hill Monument; and he was a true hero of 1775.

I remember few of the details of this great sermon; I do recollect my father's calling my attention particularly to the marvelous force and precision of one phrase, where Mr. King spoke of the fatal fascination of drink as "the handsome viper." This, and a dozen other phrases, as brilliant as gold and as sharp as steel, were delivered, as was the whole discourse, with a dignified ease which kept the exact mean, equally removed from flippancy and pomposity, between which so many pulpit orators are wont to oscillate. Profoundly reverent, as a man in the sight of God, he bore the authority of one delivering as a man the message of God to men.

Long years after his death, I heard from James T. Fields a story of one of Mr. King's trips to the White Mountains, which contains such a profound moral that it may fitly give weight to these slight reminiscences. He was traveling by that most delightful of conveyances, a

country wagon. When they stopped for a few minutes at the door of a New Hampshire tavern, Mr. King's companion went in to replenish their provision basket, and he remained in the vehicle. One of the tall, lank, slab-sided Yankees that are always hanging round a New England inn door, slouched up to the team, and began altering the harness, slackening a strap here and tightening a buckle there,—all unasked,—until Mr. King got impatient at the length of the

operation, and said rather sharply,—“You need n't trouble yourself any more, I think that harness is about right.”

The Yankee finished his work and drawled out, “Guess right 's better 'n abeaout right.”

There was no reply to this. Mr. King's friend returned and he drove off, confessing to a lesson which he needed to learn less than most of his countrymen. “Right” is better than “about right.”

*William Everett.*

## THE GOLD MINER AND THE SILVER QUESTION.

### C. D. LANE'S TEN REASONS FOR SILVER RESTORATION.



OME weeks ago C. D. Lane, one of the wealthiest gold mine owners in California, publicly announced his allegiance to the principle of the free coinage of silver at sixteen to one. In the belief that the readers of this magazine would be interested in learning Mr. Lane's reasons for

this action, the OVERLAND MONTHLY publishes the following letter in explanation of it. ED.

EDITOR OVERLAND: It is true that I am a gold-miner, and quite as true that I believe the full restoration of silver is essential to a return of prosperity.

I have no personal interest in silver mining. So fast as I have any money to invest I buy more gold mines, and have ventures from Alaska to Arizona. But were I not a gold-miner, I should not know of anything in which I could invest that would not be worth less a year hence than it is today. I find that the property most coveted under normal conditions has fallen fifty per cent during the past twenty years and is still declining in value. I find that every \$20 piece that I have saved has twice the purchasing power that it had twenty years ago.

My neighbors engaged in what is called legitimate business are growing poorer and poorer. Those that owed forty per cent on their property fifteen years ago have worked ever since for nothing, and moreover, have lost what they then possessed. That is, money is worth so much more than property that there is nothing left to producers.

When producers can make nothing, in a little while they can give no employment to labor. The natural result is that fewer and fewer laborers are employed. If the unions keep up the wages, then those employed are put on shorter hours—there is a general curtailment.

I know that out on the farms men are working for the wages paid before the first gold was taken from the sands of California.

As I look into the future, it will not be long under present conditions until a great host of men will be idle, and when that time comes I fear that neither your property nor mine will be safe, for men will not see their children starve without a struggle to prevent it; and when impelled to violence by the cries of hungry children men will not remain conservative.

You know that prices are regulated by

the volume of primary money — the absolute measure of values — in the world. In 1873, the world possessed three thousand millions of dollars in gold, and about the same amount in silver. The demonetization of silver by England did not affect prices, for silver was in general use and was the standard of values in Germany and other European States. But when the United States took from it its primary money function, when Germany did the same, and threw her millions upon the market, the other European States were forced to follow, and so far as civilization was concerned half the world's primary money was stricken from existence. The natural result has been that prices have fallen 50 per cent, when measured by gold.

But you will notice that silver has not lost a grain of its purchasing power. In the rough bullion it buys as much of anything you may desire to buy as it did under the stamp of the government when it was worth more than gold, twenty-three years ago.

I take it that silver has not depreciated in value, but that gold has appreciated one hundred per cent. The result is that production has ceased to pay, while all debts have become payable in a money that has appreciated one hundred per cent. If you will go out on any of the beautiful farms of the West and talk with the farmer you will find many cases of which the following is an illustration:

In 1876 A bought a farm for \$15,000. He paid \$9,000 and borrowed \$6,000 at seven per cent. What he made in five years he put in improvements. The next ten years he could barely pay the interest. During the last five years he has not been able to pay interest. His account now stands as follows:—

Principal of debt.....	\$6,000
Five years' interest .....	2,100
Total.....	\$8,100
Present value of farm.....	7,500
In debt.....	\$ 600

He has invested \$9,000, worked hard for twenty years, he has received nothing for his labor, he has lost all of his original capital, and now in his old age he finds himself a bankrupt and \$600 in debt.

You will tell how much per capita the money of the country has increased. You are mistaken. There is no real money but the \$600,000,000 in gold. The rest is but a man's check on the bank—merely an evidence of credit.

You may ask by what rule the needed amount of primary money may be estimated. The answer is: When prices cease to decline and property becomes as valuable as money. By that I mean when investments cease to be perpetual losses, and when production commands a fair remuneration to the producer.

You can see the present need can only be supplied by again fully rehabilitating silver, by making the silver dollar again a unit of values, and opening for silver an unlimited demand.

I think I hear you saying, "But we shall be flooded with silver." Do not permit that boggy to distress you. Silver mining has been pressed for four thousand years that we know of. It is a most fascinating business. Still, if we had dumped upon our shores all that has been saved during all those years, it would give to the American people only \$50 per capita. Could you not handle your \$50? But you could not get it. One third is now in Europe in daily use as money at 15½ to 1. One third more is buried in Asia, and from there silver never returns.

There are still other features. Have you noticed that your rural population is standing still, while your cities are growing too fast? This means that the brightest boys and girls are leaving the fair farms and going to the cities — many of them to live by their wits. Go to the records of your State and you will see that the ratio of your criminals, lunatics, paupers, and divorces, has increased during the past fifteen years, even as prices have declined. Poverty is the great nursing mother of crime, especially undeserved poverty.

You may be sure that Senator Teller told the truth in St. Louis when he said, "This is a question of civilization."

Rome conquered the world, but when her mines in Spain and Asia Minor gave out, she went swiftly to decay. The manhood of her men, the womanhood of her women disappeared, and the night of the Dark Ages closed down upon Europe.



CHARLES D. LANE.

Photo by Hodson.

In a business sense it seems to me that the press and moneyed men of New York, the directors of public opinion there, are blind as moles.

With the rupee of India reduced one half in value, but still the standard, we can sell in Europe only such cotton and food products as India cannot supply.

Our best trade for the future must be with Spanish-America, the Orient, and with Siberia, when the new road shall be finished. All those are silver countries. We should have a common coinage with them all, and with that established, it would not be fifteen years until the world's commercial center would oscillate

to New York City. But all the power of that city seems to be directed to swelling the cry that we must accept from England the dictation of how our finances shall be directed, which, by the way, is precisely the plan which impoverished the English masses for thirty-five years after 1816 (see Carey's *Social Science*, Page 323), and which compels us now to sell our textiles and food products to her at half price.

I favor silver restoration because:—

1. While my gold has double purchasing power, outside of mining I cannot invest it anywhere except upon a falling market.

2. Under present conditions production gives no reward to producers.

3. With no profit to production, producers can give no wages to labor, and the country is filling up dangerously fast with idle men.

4. Because with every man driven to enforced idleness, protection to capital grows less.

5. Enforced idleness breeds hatred of

the suffering masses against the few who have means.

6. Because the working men of America are brought into unjust competition with the laborers of silver countries.

7. Because the whole continent south of us needs vitalizing with American brains, muscle, and such vast amounts of money that no mines can supply it rapidly enough.

8. Because through the growing poverty of the humbler producers, like the farmers, the morals of the country are becoming tainted, and crimes are increasing alarmingly.

9. Because I believe the Almighty made no mistake when he placed silver in the hills.

10. Because I love my country and believe I would do better myself if my fellowmen could be made prosperous, which they are not now.

I have the honor to be respectfully yours,

*C. D. Lane.*

## THE FIRE-SEEKER.<sup>1</sup>

### A CAHROC LEGEND.



HIPWAN was one of the finest specimens of physical manhood I have ever seen. A full-blooded Indian, he was nevertheless college bred, had the manner and speech of civilization, and but for his darker skin and the marks of his race in the high cheek bones and straight dark hair, might almost have passed for a Caucasian. So in the ordinary affairs of civilized life he was much like other people except for a peculiar dignity of bearing and earnestness of manner, but

in a buckskin hunting suit, galloping across the plains with rifle across the saddle, Chipwan was another man. At such times the blood of a long line of chiefs leaped in his veins, the instinct of the wild huntsman dominated, his dark eyes flashed, and he was thoroughly an Indian. Nor did he lose the spirit when the camp fire was lighted and we sat about it, weary with the day's hunt. The wonder tales of his people, handed down from generation to generation of story tellers, would flow from his lips and hold us far into the night.

It was thus that he told the story of the "Fire Seeker." The chill night air of the plains and the weariness of the

<sup>1</sup>The tale follows closely a legend of the Cahrocs, a tribe of Northern California Indians. The bones of it are found in one of the works of Hubert Howe Bancroft, and while I have endeavored to put some flesh on them, I have in no wise disturbed the articulation of the skeleton. W. P.



day's hunt made the camp fire welcome. The flare of sunset on the snow clad Colorado mountains had faded into embers, flashed like a torch, and gone. Darkness drew its hazy wall closer, the flicker of the fire now and then lighting an object beyond the circle. The light fell on a gliding form that wavered from view like one of the shadows, and a howl told us that the coyotes were circling the camp.

"What a weird noise that fellow makes," I said as a long drawn howl sounded from the shadows.

Chipwan took a step into the darkness. Again came a long snarling growl, fierce, yet with a touch of pathos in it.

"It is the Fire-Seeker," Chipwan said gravely, as he moved his saddle a little toward the outer ring of darkness and carelessly picked up his rifle.

"The Fire-Seeker?" we echoed.

"It is an old tale of my people, a tale of the days long before the white man had come, long before the red men had learned to quarrel among themselves; a tale of the time when the animals were the friends of the Indian and could talk with him. In those days the Manitou had given the Indians fire for the first time, and because they had not learned wisdom but were as children, it was stolen from them by two hags that lived in the far north land whence came Kabibonokka and where in winter only the white rabbit might live. In their wigwam they kept it guarded, their wigwam built half in the white earth and with the great drifts piled all about it, and no man might take it from them by force, for they were fierce hags with claws for hands, and teeth that were frightful to look upon. They possessed, too, a magic against which no Indian might prevail in battle. So it was that the coyote, who was the wisest of animals and the friend of the Indian, laid a plan to get it by deceit."

The dancing flame threw weird glares on Chipwan's face as he told the story and seemed to bring the marks of Indian blood in it into more than usual prominence. His English was perfect, and yet through it ran the unconscious melody, the eloquent word painting and rhythmic repetition of the language of his race.

IN THE coming of the sun, when the wind from the land of the Chinooks had driven Kabibonokka back to his kingdom with his snow mantle drawn behind him, and the elk and buffalo were beginning to follow him northward, the coyote called all the animals to him and laid his plan before them, binding them all by a solemn promise to do as bidden. He stationed them along the weary way to the wigwam of the hags, where it was still cold and the white drifts lay unmelted by the Chinook winds. In the dead of night he and the bravest Indian came to the wigwam, the wigwam high as a mountain, with snow piled about it to the summit, whence the sparks flew from the smoke-hole to the stars. He bade the Indian wait until he should go in and then make a fierce attack on it with spear and club, fleeing as the hags came out.

The Indian crouched shivering in the cold without and looked with longing toward the bright sparks that flew upward from the smoke-hole, but the coyote went boldly in.

The hags were gibbering in a corner, and glared with great fierce eyes at the intruder.

"What!" they shouted, — the single word "What!" and the wigwam rumbled and shook with the sound and the Indian trembled.

"The coyote has come far," said the intruder. "He is the friend of all. He wishes to lie at the fire and sleep."

The hags growled and writhed, then

together they shouted "Sleep!" — the single word "Sleep!" and the wigwam rocked and fire flew in a broad glare from the smoke-hole till the Indian shook again with fear; but the coyote lay by the fire, enjoying its warmth and pretending to sleep.

Then when the hags thought no more of the coyote came the bravest Indian to the wigwam and thrust his great spear into it through the drifts, and beat it with his war club, and shouted his war cry. Long and loud he shouted his war cry till the hags sprang up and with horrid screams of rage rushed out to do battle with the assailant. Then the brave one forgot that he was to run, but sprang at the hags and made great thrusts with his spear and swung his war club as no other warrior might, and the noise of the battle was so great that all the world listened, and the animals stationed all along the weary way to the southland were afraid, but stayed at their posts.

It had gone hard with the brave fighter had it not been for the coyote. Hearing the outcry, he knew what had happened, and that the hags instead of chasing the Indian afar were fighting with him just at their own door, yet he knew too that the chance was come and must be taken now or lost forever.

Seizing a long brand in his teeth, he rushed from the doorway right between the feet of the fighters, and the hags, seeing him go by with their cherished fire, gave up the battle and rushed in pursuit. The coyote was light of foot, and mile after mile he sped toward the land of the Chinooks, but fast as he ran, so fast ran the hags, and with horrid cries ever pressed on his flank, and the animals waiting his coming heard the outcry.

Just as the coyote was fairly spent and the hags were about to seize him, he reached the panther, waiting by the way

with flashing eyes and quivering flanks, panting with eagerness. The coyote gave the burning brand to the panther and sprang to one side, lying on the ground exhausted, but watched the great cat speed away with long lithe bounds, carrying the precious brand high and free from the following hags, and the coyote exulted in the success of his plan.

Yet ever the hags pressed on and the panther grew weary and gave the brand to the elk, who in turn gave it to the buffalo. The buffalo had in those days a long and shaggy coat of hair covering him from head to foot, but the hags were so near that their great claws reached him again and again and pulled the long hair from his flanks, leaving only that which to this day clothes his head and shoulders.

And so on down the line of animals the burning brand passed with the hags ever close behind. Ever close behind they came but the faithful animals kept the brand, though with its rapid motion it was burning smaller and smaller. One of the hags seized a great rock and threw it at the beaver just as he was about to pass the fire to the squirrel, and the beaver's tail was flattened by it.

The squirrel found the brand so short that it scorched his tail and warped it, and to this day the squirrel carries his tail curved over his back.

Last off all came the frog who received the now almost burnt brand and carried it onward in leaps. But the frog was not fast and the great hags, still unwearied by their chase, gained rapidly on him. They seized him again and again, but he slipped from them, losing as he did so both fur and tail which he once had like the other animals, and he at last, to save the precious fire, swallowed the few remaining sparks and sprang into the river, where he safely hid among the reeds and mud. Long the hags sought

for the frog, stirring the water with their long sharp claws and dropping dreadful foam from their jaws into the lakes and rivers so that they are not yet cleansed but through great tracts of country the water is bitter and cannot be drunk, and the land still gives off smoke and steam and is bad. But they could not find the frog, and at length they returned to their wigwam in the far north, the wigwam that yet gives sparks from the smoke-hole and where you may feel the earth tremble as the hags jostle about and shout to one another within.

Then the frog came forth from the water and spat the few faint sparks of fire on some wood from which you can still get fire by rubbing, and the gift of the Manitou was once more returned to the Indians.

And now the Indians, proud with their great gift from the Spirit, were no longer humble and generous, but grew quarrelsome and cast off the animals that had been their friends in the time of great need. They hunted the beaver and buffalo, and the coyote to whom they owed all they drove from their wigwams and would not let him lie by the fire that he had won for them.

Then came feuds and great wars, and after long years the white man, and the old pleasant days of peace and plenty were gone forever. The animals can no longer talk to the Indian but shun him and are his enemy.

The coyote too is degraded and no longer is the wisest of all, but grown small and timid, prowls about the wigwam, not daring to enter as did the brave one of old.

But the first coyote, the wise one, it is told, does not die. Grown to a great gaunt wolf, gray with age and still fearless, he roams the land. My people have seen him and know him by his voice. It is the Fire-Seeker grown old

and not so crafty as once, but having one idea,—revenge. Oft-times you hear him at night howling about the lone campfire on the plains, and he rushes into the wigwam and with gaunt jaws snaps, not at the brand of precious fire, but at the faithless Indian who sits by it enjoying its warmth while he who once helped the red man to get it is shut out in the cold.

“DO I believe it?” asked Chipwan, smiling a little and carelessly fingering the rifle by his side. “Why not? In the far north still stands the great wigwam with the fire coming from the smoke-hole and the ground shaking as the hags shout beneath. The buffalo, the beaver, the squirrel, and the frog, are all marked as described in that story, and tonight, and many a night, have I heard the Fire-Seeker howl about the wigwam. Is it more strange than the story the white man tell of the past?”

A great shaggy gray figure with glaring eyes and wide-stretched jaws glided like a dream into the circle of light, bounded by the blaze of the fire, and rushed with a snarl at Chipwan. Sudden as was the attack, the Indian was ready for it and I saw him bring the rifle to his shoulder like a flash. There was a sharp report and the vicious ping of a bullet as it flew by, and man and animal rolled in a confused heap in the dusk. With a shout we seized rifles and fire brands and rushed to the scene. As we came up I distinctly saw Chipwan's great brown arm rise and fall with his hunting knife in hand full against the side a great gray wolf that snarled and tore at him for a second and was gone into the dark, followed by the flash of our rifles and a half dozen bullets from the repeaters. Chipwan rose, pale under the bronze of his skin, but cool, with the blood dripping from a wound in his left arm where the

fangs of something had torn through his hunting shirt. One or two with torches rushed into the dark in search of the wolf, but there was no trace of him.

"Your shot must have missed him," I said, as I bound up the wound in Chipwan's arm.

He shook his head.

"It must have," I repeated. "There was no sign of blood on the ground."

"I never shot truer in my life," he replied proudly. Did you not see me pick up the rifle when I first heard him howl? I was ready. "Did you not see me drive the hunting knife into him?"

"Yes," I said, "I saw that."

Chipwan held up the naked knife. The

blade glistened in the firelight and there was no blood on it.

The members of the little group of which the Indian was the center looked in one another's eyes. The darkness and loneliness of the plains was upon them. The strange tale, plainly but earnestly told, held them in a sort of fascination, and with a shiver they thought of the weird, wolflike figure that had come as if out of the story, snapped at the Indian, and gone, unharmed by bullet or knife.

"It was a hungry wolf, dazed by the firelight."

"It was the Fire-Seeker," said Chipwan quietly.

*Winthrop Packard.*

## THE REPUBLICAN PARTY AND THE FARMER.



HE welfare of the farmer has always been the special concern of the Republican party. From the beginning, it has recognized the fact that the producer, the toiler, the workingman, is the foundation upon which civilization rests, and hence his welfare is and must ever be the first concern of statesmanship. In a Republic, such as ours, this concern is to see that all the people are enabled to become as nearly independent as possible and to become as intelligent as possible. In other forms of government the stability of a State does not so much require this; but here every voter is a part of the government and must be consulted touching its policy at frequent intervals. It is therefore desirable that our people should have employment at such rates of compensation as

will enable a frugal and industrious man, starting with nothing, to acquire a comfortable home for himself and family and yet have enough time to spare from labor each day to enable him to keep sufficiently informed concerning public affairs so that he may qualify himself for the proper discharge of his duties as a citizen. This high ideal has always been kept in view by the Republican party, and though it may never be fully attained, the day will be a sad one when it is lost sight of.

How has the party sought to attain it?

First. By the enactment of laws concerning the public lands, — opening them to settlement upon easy terms so that any man by occupying and improving the land could become the owner of it as his home.

Second. By applying the protective principle in our tariff laws, thus encouraging the production of all the necessaries of life in our own country, furnishing employment for our own people at good wages with reasonable hours, and

at the same time making a market at home for the products of our farms and our factories.

All the wealth comes from the earth and "the water that is under the earth" through the application of labor. It is the fruit of the farm, the mine, the forest, the factory, the rivers, and the seas. Those who compel the mines to yield up their rich treasures, though they add vastly to the accumulating wealth of the world, produce nothing to sustain life, but must look to the farmer and the manufacturer for food and clothing. From the forests and the quarries come the materials out of which our dwellings are constructed. The pasture lands yield our supplies of meat and wool; the waters supply us with fish. The machinery of the shops manipulated by skilful hands provides us with the comforts of life including "all the modern conveniences." These several agencies render it easy for the common people of our day to live in greater comfort than did the kings of ancient times.

At the outset of its career, the Republican party took up the cause of the farmer by the enactment of laws—in the face of stubborn opposition from the Democratic party—under and by means of which millions of homes have been carved out of the public lands in the West for those who were too poor to purchase improved lands. Thus the "great American desert" has been made to disappear, and in its place stand some of the most populous States of the Union. They stand as a lasting monument to the statesmanship of our early leaders; to their practical efforts in behalf of the deserving poor. Simultaneously, while building free homes in the West, they heard the cry of the enslaved laborer in the South and at the call of Lincoln, Seward, Sumner, and the brave host who stood with them in that historic struggle for liberty, they took the trembling slave by the hand, struck off his shackles, and taught him that labor is too honorable to be other than free and that the soil of America is too sacred to be tilled by the hand of the slave.

Thus has the party opened new fields for the farmer and ennobled his occupation.

Always practical, it has observed the difficulties under which the American farmer, paying fair wages for his labor, struggles by competition with the cheaper labor of other countries. Hence it has sought to secure for him the best market—that nearest his farm—the home market. It has observed that of the immense product of grains, fruits, and other staples, scarcely one tenth is marketed abroad. The residue is consumed in this country. The more that is consumed here, the less must be shipped to the foreign market to compete with products of other nations. The farmer's best market is and must always be in our large cities where live those engaged in other pursuits, largely manufacturing. By the census of 1890 it appears that there were



JUDGE J. A. WAYMIRE.

4,564,641 farms, and the value of their products in 1889 was \$2,460,107,454. There were 4,476,094 people employed in the factories, earning \$2,171,356,919, and their products were valued at \$9,054,435,337. There were 57,307 miners employed in our gold and silver mines, and their products were valued at \$32,886,744 of gold and 66,396,988 ounces of sil-

ver of fluctuating value. There were shipped into this country vast quantities of things which we can produce here; fruits valued at \$29,033,080, wool valued at \$33,770,159, woolen manufactured goods valued at \$57,494,863, and sugar to the value of over \$100,000,000. It is well known that since the enactment of the present revenue law thousands of our factories have been closed and millions of people have been deprived of employment. In San Francisco alone fourteen thousand operatives,—representing about fifty thousand people, have been forced to seek new fields of labor. It is an ascertained fact that the average annual consumption of grain in Europe, where labor is not so well paid as here, is only  $3\frac{1}{2}$  bushels per capita while it is 5 bushels per capita here. When labor is underpaid or out of employment in this country it must economize. It is mainly this economy in consumption by the unemployed millions that has so disastrously affected the farmer's market. Let us get back to the Republican policy of sufficient

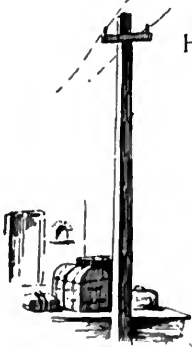
protection to start up the factories once more, giving full employment to all our people at fair wages, and we shall soon have a demand for all the products of the farm at prices that will be entirely satisfactory, as they were during the administration of Mr. Harrison. In this connection the farmers should remember that Mr. Bryan is, and always has been, an avowed enemy of the protective policy, and he stands upon a platform fully in harmony with his views with advisers who endorse that platform as he does.

No matter what may be our views as to the silver question,—even if we are so foolish as to believe that a single nation of 70,000,000 of people can control the monetary affairs of a world containing 1,400,000,000 people,—we cannot fail to see that without a home market protected from the competition of the rest of the world, our farmers cannot attain that state of independence and intelligence so essential to their happiness and the welfare of our country.

*James A. Waymire.*

## THE FINAL WORD.

### SUMMING UP FOR THE PRESIDENTIAL CONTEST.



HE third of November is near at hand. It is manifestly too late, in this final word, for an academical discussion of the points at issue in this the mightiest peaceful contest in all the ages, and it may well be doubted if academical discussions ever avail much in a political encounter. Society is a growth and not a handiwork put together by fitting abstractions into abstractions, and the result of the coming election will not be so much a registering of the intellectual wills of American people as it will be a measuring of American attainments in civilization and national honor.

If the people have not already been sufficiently enlightened as to fundamental principles and foundation facts, then have

the clashing interests been betrayed into a lamentable waste of forensic eloquence and controversial literature, and nothing that can be added to what has been done can make good any deficit still existing. Therefore it remains only to have made a summing up of the results of the controversy preparatory to a final and irrevocable submission of the case of the people to the people.

As to the issues there are two patent and one latent, and the latent issue is the most important of the three. There are the tariff issue, the silver issue, and the issue as to whether or not there shall be a complete change, a transformation, a revolution, in the spirit and aim of our form of government. The latter issue is paramount and the verdict of November 3d, will be a proclamation to the entire world setting forth the state of the Amer-

ican heart, the American conscience, and the American genius for civil government. It will inform the civilized and uncivilized world as to whether or not America has attained its majority as a nation, having put away childish things.

As to the silver issue it may be regarded as proven that the "Crime of '73" was not a crime; that it was a mere registering of a fact which had been a commercial fact for more than thirty years, and that gold was declared to be the standard because it was the standard by commercial custom, and that commercial custom and not legislative enactment was and is the source of commercial law.

It may be regarded as having been proven by costly experience that this country can not, in the face of an adverse balance of trade and an insufficient revenue, unaided by any other nation, venture to coin and keep at a parity with gold even its own silver product. It tried it between July 14, 1890, when the Sherman law went into effect, and November 1, 1893, when the purchasing clause of that law was repealed in obedience to the behest of the commercial and industrial interests of the whole country, which had been put in imminent peril by the experiment. Under this law and the Bland-Allison law, which preceded it, our government bought more than \$464,000,000 worth of silver upon which it, today, stands to lose more than \$136,000,000.

Theories are out of place in the consideration of such questions. What has been true in the past is the only earnest we have of what is likely to prove true in the future. The "We believe" of Mr. Bryan and of the fanatics and theorists, counts for little with thinking people. We can only be guided by what we know, and our only source of knowledge is experience, and the experience of this nation since 1878 has shown that it can not venture to coin freely, with the hope of maintaining at a parity, even the product of its own silver mines, to say nothing of the marvelously productive silver mines of the entire globe. When an experiment has been tried, as this has, and has failed, as this has, the venturing of theories as to whether or not a similar experiment might succeed are entirely out of order and unworthy of any man's serious consideration.

Whether, under conditions of continuously favorable balances of trade with foreign nations, of ample revenue and universal confidence in the wisdom and prudence of an administration pledged to carry out a well considered and continuing national policy, our government might venture to coin freely the product of its own mines is not an issue in this controversy, but it is not assuming too much to say that the consensus of Republican opinion is that, under such conditions, the experiment might be undertaken with a reasonable hope of success.

It has been candidly explained to the people and (despite a good deal of noisy declamation and tinsel manifestation of cheap patriotism) has come to be recognized as a fact, that to restore silver to an unlimited use as money there is needed the helpful co-operation of the principal commercial nations of the earth. It is not a matter of submitting to the dictation of any other nation; but the monetary value of silver, being a world problem, has got to be settled by the paramount commercial powers of the world. There is such a thing as international law. There is such a thing as international comity and amity, as the making of treaties and the formation of compacts for mutual advantage, and as it would be to the mutual advantage of all nations to find a larger use for silver and so cause a rise in its price, it is reasonable to presume that an honest and earnest effort on the part of our great nation to bring about an international agreement for a larger use of silver would not long be devoid of success. To use its best efforts in bringing about such an agreement the Republican party stands pledged, and no pledge made by the Republican party was ever yet violated.

This world is large. It does not go off half-cocked like a Populist orator. It has to grow into reforms by those orderly processes with which heaven endowed social organisms, and it is undoubtedly growing toward a larger use for silver. The whole world sees the need and is preparing to supply it. It will not facilitate matters for this country to relinquish its gold and range itself among the silver standard nations. On the contrary, the wisest financiers of Europe and America affirm that such action on

our part would, by so increasing Europe's gold supply, retard true bimetallism for a generation or make it altogether undesirable on the part of European powers.

Whose advice is it wise to take, that of those persons who have made financial problems a study, who have ransacked all human history and made it yield to them its store of experience and ascertained knowledge, or that of vapid mouthingers to whom the past is as much of a blank as the future, whose convictions are but impressions and whose impulses are their masters?

As to the tariff issue: A discussion of the rival theories of free trade and protection is not germane to the present controversy. And yet the tariff question is an issue, a very important issue. The sufferings of the Republic during the past three years by reason of unwise changes in the tariff laws have been severe and will long be remembered. California's experience has been extremely bitter, and if California can learn by experience, she has learned the folly and wickedness of offering up on the altar of the abstract theories of political academicians vested interests and established industries upon which her people depend for their daily bread. There is scarcely a Californian industry that has not suffered.

The flockmasters of California have been ruined, and the people of the country have not been benefited, and if woolen fabrics have apparently been reduced in price it is because they have been reduced in quality also, the importations of shoddy increasing in a single year under the Wilson law from 143,000 pounds to 14,066,000 pounds.

The fruit growers have suffered incalculable harm at the hands of the Wilson-Bryan tariff. Fruits have been treated by the tariff reformers as though they were luxuries which only the rich could afford to use, and yet it is but too plain to all conversant with the conditions that California's proudest industry will be ruined by glutted markets unless fruits become staple articles of diet among the millions who labor. The tariffs on raisins, prunes, and oranges, have been hurtfully reduced. During the fiscal year, ending June 30, 1895, a year most disastrous for California fruit growers by reason of

a want of market, there were imported into our country from abroad fruits to the value of \$15,227,070, nearly two thirds of which took the place of California fruits which were fed to hogs for want of a market.

The California wheat grower has not fared better. The Statistical Abstract compiled by the Government for 1895 shows that the home consumption of wheat in our own country fell off between 1892 and 1894, 175,000,000 bushels, or as much as California produces in six consecutive years. Had this home consumption been added to the remaining demand, the farm price of wheat would have been remunerative instead of falling below the cost of production. The impetus given to the market by the few shiploads recently clearing our ports for India and Australia makes this perfectly evident.

The stock raiser of California has not fared better under the Wilson-Bryan tariff, — for Bryan's sonorous voice was constantly lifted for tariff reform both on the stump, in committee, and on the floor of the House. He is an ardent free trader and a theorist of the most dangerous character. Under the McKinley tariff law the tax on the importation of cattle, such as would compete in the beef markets, ranged from \$10 per head for cattle one year old and over to \$2 per head for calves. Under the Wilson-Bryan law the tariff is twenty per cent, *ad valorem* or, practically, from \$2 to 40 cents per head, and our stock markets are flooded with the product of the cheap and limitless ranges of Mexico instead of the product of the rich alfalfa pastures of California.

It is not, in view of the blasting effects of the Wilson-Bryan tariff reform experiment, at all surprising that Mr. Bryan and his associates should refuse to discuss the tariff issue. Four years ago they deliberately prophesied and promised that putting wool on the free list would, by increasing the demand for American wool for mixing purposes, increase its price and the prosperity of the wool growers. California wools that sold for 12 cents when that promise was made are now being scattered by unshorn sheep along the grazing fields because no one will shear the sheep for the wool.



The prophecy and promise was made that free wool would increase the woolen manufacturing industry, and our woolens would speedily be found in all the markets of the world. Seventy-five per cent of the machinery for woolen manufactures in the United States is today idle, has been idle ever since the Wilson-Bryan tariff went into effect and the woolens of the world are flooding our own markets. It was promised that free wool would, by increasing manufacturing of woolens, make an increased demand for labor, and so enhance wages. Three fourths of the former operatives in woolen factories are idle and not able to find work at any price. Of all the prophecies ventured by these tariff reformers not one was fulfilled. Of all the promises made not one was kept. Is it any wonder therefore that Mr. Bryan and his associates refuse to discuss the tariff issue in this campaign? Why, had they attempted to justify their contentions of four years ago their faces would not have given their mouths leave to speak.

In view of these unfulfilled prophecies and unkept promises, in view of the confessed failure of the present administration (due to the delinquencies of the party rather than to those of its chief), it is not surprising that political adventurers displaced the disappointed statesmen of the Democratic party, usurped its livery, gathered under a spurious banner all the dissatisfied and disaffected of the nation, and set them to crying the most convenient shibboleth that came to hand. The silver issue is not an honest issue. In the language of Governor Altgeld, "There is n't much in it but it is about the only thing we had to make a fight on." There was no deep-seated conviction, save on the part of a few theorists, that this country could alone venture upon the free coinage, at a parity, of all the silver in the world. The Chicago Convention was a formless band of the adventurous and discontented, ready, at any big boo! to take the bit in the teeth and rush break-neck to the last extremity. Mr. Bryan was able with his Trilby voice to make himself heard where others could not, and to this and nothing else he owes his nomination. He is the least Presidential of all Presidential candidates, an unripe man and a fanatic.

But, as stated in the beginning, the supreme issue in this campaign is neither the tariff nor silver. It is whether or not there shall be a transformation, a revolution, in the spirit and form of this government. It is idle to attempt to explain away the covert allusions and avowed declarations contained in the Chicago platform. Neither plank nor phrase in the Republican platform has had to be qualified or explained away. Whatever is there was put there because it was Republican doctrine, and whatever is in the Chicago platform was put there because it voiced the sentiments of an element in that convention, and neither forgery nor disingenuous qualification can blot the plague spots out. They are there. They are indelible, and they evidence a spirit manifest among our people that must occasion profound concern to every patriot, every lover of liberty, every one who has cherished hope regarding the development of the race.

The phrase, "as the Supreme Court may be hereafter constituted," was intended as a covert threat to overthrow an independent judiciary and make it subservient to the will of the popular majority in the Hall of Representatives. If it did not mean this it had no place in the platform.

The plank in relation to civil service is reactionary and in the interest of spoilsmen. It means to undo all that the best men of all parties have been able to accomplish in a quarter of a century of struggle to shackle the hands of bossism.

The strictures upon the present administration for enforcing the law, opening interstate commerce, and forwarding the mails, was but the cropping up of an old doctrine the discarding of which cost the blood of a half million of as brave men as ever breathed the breath of life.

But the character of the Chicago platform is defensible compared to the character of the campaign that has been made under its sanction. While the Republicans have been discussing issues, the Popocrats have been exciting animosities. While the Republicans have been counseling prudence, the Popocrats have been urging a "make or break" policy. While the Republicans have been striving to calm the troubled spirits of the people, the Popocratic aggregation has

been inciting to action the most dangerous passions which are cherished in the human breast. The one has stood for organization, the other for disorganization; the one for a restoration of confidence, the other for the creation of suspicion and distrust; the one has stood for patriotism and brotherly helpfulness for the common good of a common country, the other for the arraying of class against class and the fomenting of a strife that cannot end without glutting itself, as did the spirit of sansculotism, upon the life blood of social order.

It is contended that the leaders of the Popocratic organization are honest and patriotic. It was never contended that Murat and Danton were dishonest or unpatriotic. In their low-browed or fanatical ways these men were also sincere; but the fact remains that, in the heat and passion, not to say desperation, of their

contest the Popocratic managers have resorted to means and have come to represent purposes which should have forever been foreign to American politics.

Finally, the one thing needful is to destroy this movement root and branch on the third day of November. No half victory, no winning by a scratch, will serve. To restore confidence in American honor, American prudence, and American enterprise, the victory of the Republican party in this campaign must be overwhelming. That will settle this the paramount question at issue for all time. Then a re-organized Democracy, a Democracy purified by the annihilation of its baser elements, can, at another Presidential contest, take the field and command the respectful hearing of an intelligent constituency. This the tried and true leaders of that party recognize, and they are with us.

*Arthur J. Pillsbury.*

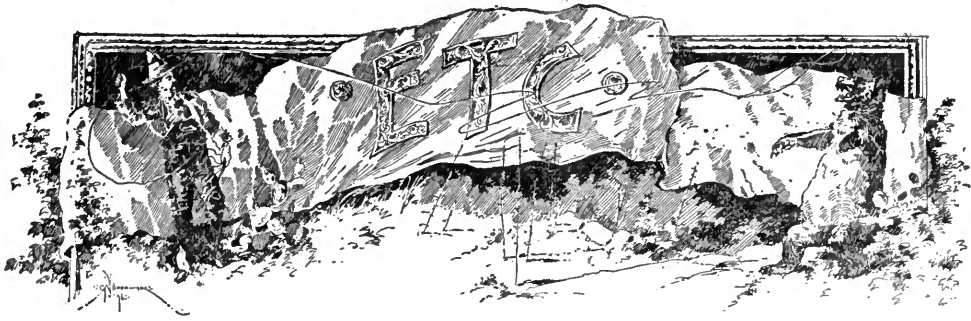
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## SMILAX.

'T IS the twilight time of the early morn,  
 'T is the brooding hour when the day is born.  
 And the swaying, tufted acacia tree,  
 In its golden bloom, is a sight to see;  
 But a breath blows in, as a rare breath will,  
 That is fainter, finer, and sweeter, still;  
 For beneath the ledge of the window sill  
 There are tiny stars in a wavy line  
 On the swinging branch of a smilax vine.

How the years have slept, as they always will,  
 Since I leaned my head on the window sill,  
 And the tender face of a shy, fair girl  
 Nestled down beside me till one long curl,  
 With a soft, quick courage, caressed the flowers,  
 And the fragrance answered in spraying showers!  
 Now the years awake, as they sometimes will,  
 As again I lean on the window sill,  
 And they bring the face of that shy, fair girl,  
 And the soft caress of that drooping curl  
 In the fragrant clouds, in the spraying showers,  
 From the swinging branches of smilax flowers.

*Isabel Darling.*



**Overland's  
Steady  
Growth.**

FROM time to time since 1868, the OVERLAND has honestly, and I trust not im-

modestly, told its readers and well wishers of its growth,

hopes, and ambitions. It has always recognized that it owed its patrons this much, and that being the only magazine on this Coast, it occupied a unique and trying position. It has met with encouragement and it has received its share of buffets. It may not be all that its friends and stockholders wish it, but it can fear-

lessly claim to have always been true to its motto:—"Devoted to the Development of the Country." It is a great temptation to publish its latest balance sheet in parallel columns with its showing of three years ago. It would not develop any such startling increase in circulation as claimed by the New York ten cent magazines, nor would it prove that its publishers were completely "out of the woods" financially, but it would gratify those who have all along predicted that a magazine could live in California.

In three years the OVERLAND has trebled its subscription list, wiped out nine tenths of its debts, added three hundred per cent to its assets, doubled the number of its illustrations, doubled its advertising patronage, doubled its office expenses, and become a power for good among its great army of readers. It has become the official organ of the 3,241 district schools of the State, and is as always, the open forum for the thoughtful writers of economic questions on the Coast. It has brought thousands of families to this Coast, and millions of dollars through investments and tourists. It now feels that its work is beginning to be appreciated.

It may astonish many who unthinkingly remark that the magazine owes all it is to the fact that Bret Harte was its first editor when we say here that, like the well-behaved son of an illustrious father, our growth has been rather stunted than otherwise by the acknowledged impossibility of living up to the pace set by "The Luck of Roaring Camp" and "Miggles."

An Eastern magazine not long since sagely remarked that the present editor was clever, but not as clever as Bret Harte,—the last clause is feelingly admitted. However, we would not even now protest against the shadow of our great predecessor had not one of the leading journals in the State, *The Capital* (Los Angeles), come to our relief. We can only thank Major Truman and reprint without permission his complimentary and soothing diagnosis.

There are still cranks or demagogues<sup>1</sup> who delight in saying that the OVERLAND is not what it was in the days of Bret Harte. Why, Bret Harte never wrote much for it after all. What he did write was the best of its kind. . . . But he never did write so very much and did not edit it long. And he edited it and wrote it into a debt that nearly bankrupted its owner. The truth is the OVERLAND is now seeing its best days, and is a better magazine than it was in 1867-68. There is quite enough of the '49 flavor in it, as much of the '49 business has been compelled to take a back seat on account of ossification. Newspapers, hotels, watering places, and all the varieties of social and professional life in California, have changed and necessarily the magazine. Who would buy such a paper as the *Alta* with such journals as the *Call* and *Examiner* in the field? Who would read the *Golden Era* when the *Argonaut* and *Wave* may be had at the same price? The OVERLAND of the present is as far ahead of the OVERLAND of twenty-eight years ago as is the *Chronicle* ahead of poor John Nugent's *Herald* or the *Nexus Letter* of today is ahead of the *Nexus Letter* of forty years ago.

THE Los Angeles *Times* evidently expects the OVERLAND to take notice of certain childish attacks that have been made upon it by the secondary press of Los Angeles. These attacks in the very nature of their wording and choice of adjectives would have been a credit to the author of the *Arizona Kicker*. The *Times* made a collection of a half dozen of the most sanguinary of them and published them as a collection in its issue of September 6th. We note the date, as some Southwestern humorist may wish to study them as models of bombas-

**A Free "Ad" for the Los Angeles Times.**

<sup>1</sup>The writer no doubt had the *Times* of his city in mind. Ed.

tic eulogium. However, we half suspect that the *Times* itself is slyly making sport of the little people who rushed so valiantly to its defense. Our editorial in the July OVERLAND under the caption "Santa Monica and the Los Angeles *Times*" caused much comment but has so far received no answer. In brief, it simply stated that by its own confession the editorial opinions of the *Times* had been, and as far as could be ascertained were still for sale. We quoted from the *Times* of January 1st, 1896, showing that the *Times* was in favor of a harbor at Santa Monica, and that when challenged in the light of its subsequent professions for inconsistency, its defense was not inadvertence, mistake, or imposition of subordinates, or any other excuse which might have palliated the charge. However inconceivable, it is true that the answer of the *Times* to the charge of inconsistency was that the expressions to which the *Times* had lent its full support *were paid for, and therefore excusable*. In plain English its only excuse for hypocrisy was venality. Such is the motto of this organ of social purity in the southern part of the State, which strives to answer fact by personal abuse. As we said before, "Behind the Los Angeles *Times* there must be a personality, the sum of whose characteristics can be expressed in the words, 'immeasurable littleness.'"

**Phelan  
for  
Mayor.**

IT WOULD be ridiculous to print a biographical note on Mr. James D. Phelan in the OVERLAND, with the idea of influencing San Francisco readers. His life has been spent in the city and prominently before all the citizens. He has been known and marked of men because of his wealth, because of his scholarly and artistic tastes, and because of his intense public-spiritedness. It is the last that has caused his nomination to the office of Mayor. Should the New Charter be adopted, the Mayor is to have a vastly increased power in the municipality. The wise scheme has been adopted of concentrating power with its consequent responsibility on the Mayor, and it will be of vital importance to have the Mayor a thoroughly competent and honorable man. The first Mayor under the Charter will in many ways be of greater importance than any of his successors. On him and him almost alone will depend the successful passing over the difficult transition period. Such horses as city charters always must be "swapped in mid-stream," and a cool head and unswerving hand are necessary for the operation.

Mr. Phelan has been one of the most prominent movers in the getting up of the New Charter,

and one of its most active advocates in print and on the platform before the people. He understands it, has studied it, knows it, as few men do, and it was a wise move to put him forward as the man that should inaugurate it in practical working if it should be adopted.

But supposing it should not be adopted. Well, even so, the Mayor is an officer of great importance, although acting under the old Consolidation Act and the two or three hundred more acts that make up the maze of laws under which we are now governed. A young man, a man ambitious of honorable distinction as a public benefactor, a man who is a shrewd business man, with the shrewd business man's quick perception of the character and purposes of others, a man of taste and manners, who will do the city credit on all those occasions when he must stand as its representative citizen, such is Mr. Phelan, and without disparaging his predecessors or his opponents in the fight, the OVERLAND would gladly see him in the Mayor's chair.

Mr. Phelan was for a long time a Director in the OVERLAND MONTHLY Publishing Company and is now a stockholder, and yet we honestly claim that even without that consideration, except as it leads to more perfect knowledge of his character, we should write of him with the same warmth.

IT IS to be regretted that **Inadaptability of the Eastern Controversialist.** Mr. E. L. Godkin has seen fit to write an article on "Expenditure of Rich Men," especially at this time. This very labored essay holds, in brief, that it is unwise for rich Americans to build palatial homes because this excites envy instead of respect, while in European countries the effect is the reverse. This languid aristocrat then wades along to the statement that a large establishment is a useless thing because there are only a limited number of people in the United States whose lineage entitles them to respect or attention. The American people will doubtless feel grateful to Mr. Godkin, for he states that of late years there has been a slight improvement.

Mrs. Atherton also holds this opinion. Mr. Godkin should join his heavenly twin on the other side of the pond and rail at us at long range. As it is, it is possible that his "Expenditure of Rich Men" will hardly cause a ripple in America and not even a smile of contempt among traveled Englishmen. Mr. Godkin and the other provincial New York journalists who charge the Western press with "class" prejudice and "sectionalism" in one breath, and who bait the masses with such articles in another, should be muzzled until after election.

"*Chacun à son gout*," but really Mr. Godkin should join Mr. Astor, Henry M. Stanley, George W. Smalley, and Ashmead Bartlett, in England, and run for Parliament or marry one of Her Majesty's numerous progeny.



GEORGE P. WETMORE.

**A Good  
Roads  
Candidate.**

IN THESE days of good roads agitation and a constant ever-increasing cry for good city pavements, it is of paramount importance that a capable, energetic man should be elected Superintendent of Streets. To this end all good citizens should drop partisan feelings and predilections and vote for the man who will understandingly attend to this important business of the city streets. George Peabody Wetmore, who comes from an old American family, was reared and educated in San Francisco, and by his familiarity with us and his business training knows as well as any one possibly can what we of San Francisco need in the paving line and how to do it well and economically.

Mr. Wetmore is an old bicyclist. He was for five years President of the Bay City Wheelmen and when on August 19th last the Wheelmen's Municipal League met, they nominated him as their candidate for Superintendent of Streets. He was subsequently nominated to the same office by the Citizens' Independent party and the Citizens' Non-Partisan party. Bicyclists, those engaged in teaming, owners and lovers of fine

horses, and the thousand and one citizens who desire to see our city streets a credit and not a disgrace, should rally to his support to a man. Mr. Wetmore was for a number of years in the office of Percy & Hamilton, architects, was foreman for Ransome & Cushing, and is now President of the Cushing-Wetmore Company.

**The  
Eclipse  
Expedition.**

COLONEL CROCKER'S expedition to Japan has returned, and largely without result, owing to an unfortunate cloudy day just at the wrong time. It requires a good deal of philosophy to accept the fortunes of war without a grumble, and we can sympathize with the depressing sense of failure that no doubt rests upon Professor Schaeberle and his assistants, although they are sustained under it by the knowledge that nothing that human ingenuity could have done was left undone to deserve the success that could not be commanded.

Professor Schaeberle's previous brilliant record in total eclipse observations remains, however, the most notable piece of work in that line that has yet been done; for the other expeditions to observe this eclipse were but little more fortunate than that from the Lick Observatory.

And there still remains the honor due Colonel Crocker for his liberality in the cause of science, in defraying the expenses of the expedition.

**A  
Trans-Pacific  
Steamship  
Line.**

IN THESE days when the press is filled with articles on Americanism, it is strange that the Canadian Pacific Railway and its steamship lines have escaped attention.

The Canadian Pacific Steamship line is an auxiliary to the navy of Great Britain, and every citizen of the United States who travels over it or who patronizes its railway system directly pays a tax to place England in a position to menace our northern border. No citizen of California who believes in home industry will so far forget himself and his duty to his country and State, as to patronize this system of British aggression.

**Benjamin  
Franklin  
on Money.**

AT THIS time, when all are striving to understand money, its uses and value, an extract from *The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin*<sup>1</sup> may be of interest as showing how the operation of issuing token money in the new colony (1729) operated.

<sup>1</sup>The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin. American Book Company: New York. For sale by F. M. Campbell, 107 Battery St., San Francisco.

In this debate the classes were opposed to the issuance and the masses in favor of it.

About this time (1729) there was a cry among the people for more paper money, only 15,000 pounds being extant in the province, and that soon to be sunk. The wealthy inhabitants opposed any additions, being against all paper currency, from an apprehension that it would depreciate, as it had done in New England, to the prejudice of all creditors. We had discussed this point in our Junto, where I was on the side of an addition, being persuaded that the first small sum struck in 1723 had done much good by increasing the trade, employment, and number of inhabitants in the province, since I now saw all the old houses inhabited and many new ones building; whereas, I remembered well that when I first walked about the streets of Philadelphia, eating my roll, I saw most of the houses in Walnut street, between Second and Front streets, with bills on their doors, "To be let," and many likewise in Chestnut street and other streets, which made me then think the inhabitants of the city were deserting it one after another.

Our debates possessed me so fully of the subject that I wrote and printed an anonymous pamphlet on it, entitled, "The Nature and Necessity of a Paper Currency." It was well received by the common people in general; but the rich men disliked it, for it increased and strengthened the clamor for more money, and they, happening to have no writers among them that were able to answer it, their opposition slackened, and the point was carried by a majority in the House. . . . The utility of this currency became by time and experience so evident as never afterward to be disputed; so that it grew soon to 55,000 pounds, and in 1739 to 80,000 pounds, since which it rose during war to upward of 350,000 pounds, trade, building, and inhabitants, all the while increasing, though I now think there are limits, beyond which the quantity may be hurtful.

#### A New Hotel for Yosemite.

SINCE the "Plea for Yosemite" appeared in the Sierra number (August) of the OVERLAND, the State hotel, the Stoneman House, has been burned to the ground. It was predicted in that editorial that unless the wilderness of underbrush that the Yosemite Commissioners are afraid to dispose of was cut down, some camper's fire would sweep through this natural fire trap and take the Stoneman House with it. But while a State contractor's defective chimney has made this prophecy innocuous, it has placed scores of other prophets in a position to say, "I told you so." It is proper to speak only good of the dead, so whatever the faults of the State hotel may have been, they now only live as a warning to the State. The next Legislature will have to consider a recommendation from the Commission for the building of a successor to the Stoneman House. It is to be hoped that the

necessities and beauties of the Valley will be more carefully considered in erecting this hotel. In the first place, the Stoneman House was badly located. It was wretchedly built. It was made of wood and was three stories and a half high. Its successor, of which we shall have more to say at the proper time, should be placed where the spring sun will relieve it of snow at the earliest possible date. It should be but two stories high, as real estate is no object, and safety, convenience, and beauty, everything. It should either be built all of stone in the Spanish style, or one story of stone and one of logs in the Swiss chalet order of architecture. There are millions of tons of already quarried stone on every hand. Such a hostelry would be a source of pride and a stimulus to make the bridges, barns, stage offices, and all structures in the Valley, of stone, — constructed for all time.

It behooves the State press to give this subject a little intelligent attention. Yosemite Valley deserves all the consideration that it will ever get. It is the greatest natural wonder on earth, and as such should be above the influence of politics and jobs.

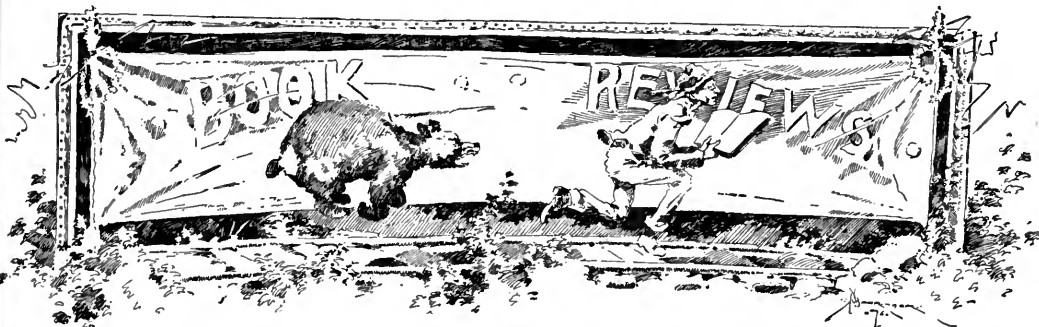
#### HOMESICK.

O, I WANT to go to Frisco, an' I want to go to stay,  
For there life 's worth livin', an' workin' 's jest like play;  
There the golden poppy 's bloomin', an' the fruit is on the vine,  
An' the breezes from the ocean are good as any wine.  
An' out there, if I remember now, the sky 's a bluer blue,  
An' the flowers that are bloomin', are of a brighter hue,  
An' the birds, somehow, sing sweeter, an' in a different way,  
An' the climate, — well, it 's perfect, — most every month is May.  
An' your friends stand by you better, least so it seems to me,  
An' you have a kind o' feelin' so good an' loose an' free,  
That when once a man has felt it, no matter where he strays,  
He loves the Frisco people an' the Frisco people's ways.  
I've been a powerful loafer an' a roamer in my day,  
Yet I have found few places where a feller cared to stay,  
But there's somethin' 'bout old Frisco — must be somethin' in the air —  
That keeps me jest a-longin' an' a-longin' to be there.

An' I'll never rest contented nor be happy any more,  
Till I'm where the Old Pacific goes to pieces on the shore, —

There a man forgets to worry an' his troubles small an' great  
Like the white winged ships go stealin' out through the Golden Gate.

Sam Bean.



**Thompson on the Bear Flag Party.<sup>1</sup>**

MR. R. A. THOMPSON, Editor of the *Sonoma Democrat*, has published in pamphlet form an address delivered by him June 14, 1896, on the fiftieth anniversary of the capture of Sonoma by the Bear Flag men. In this address he naturally holds a brief for the Bear Party and justifies and eulogizes all their acts. Those acts, he plainly shows were done at the prompting of Frémont. Indeed he capitalizes in quoting a passage from Frémont's own account the words, "Merritt was my field lieutenant among the settlers." This position compels Mr. Thompson to eulogize Frémont also, during all that part of his career in California up to his parting from the Bear Flag men after Sonoma was captured. But when he can view Frémont with impartial eyes, — if a man that edits a paper named the *Democrat* can look fairly at the first Republican candidate for President, — he finds much to condemn, beginning with the wanton shooting of Berryessa and the De Haro boys, and ending with the surrender of Flores and the treaty of Cahuenga.

After all, what does Mr. Thompson prove for his Bear Flag men? First, that they were personally brave and enterprising. Second, that they afterwards made good and honored citizens of California. But nobody will be inclined to fight on these points, and they do not touch the point in controversy in this disputed episode of California history. It certainly is not proven by anything that is adduced in the present pamphlet that the Sonoma men were in actual fear of violence at the hands of the Californians before Frémont's approach after Gillespie had brought him back from Oregon. Frémont had to call them together and tell them of the danger.

<sup>1</sup>Conquest of California. By R. A. Thompson. Santa Rosa. Sonoma Democrat Publishing Co.: 1896.

It is no better shown that the unresisted capture of General Vallejo aided in the least in the preservation of the peace or the furtherance of the American cause. General Vallejo, to use Mr. Thompson's own words, was "the most enlightened and the most magnanimous of all the native Californians. . . . He loved his country, but in the dissensions which racked it he foresaw its fall. . . . He preferred to see it take place among the free States of the American Union." Again, "General Vallejo on his release at once made his great influence as a friend of the United States felt throughout the country." Surely the capture and of this man did not help in the acquirement of California.

The only claim that Mr. Thompson seems seriously to make for the Bear Flag movement is that their action served to hasten Sloat's resolution to raise the flag at Monterey, which might but for that have been delayed until Admiral Seymour's arrival and then been too late. But this claim can hardly be maintained in the face of Sloat's instructions from Secretary Bancroft, page 3 of Mr. Thompson's pamphlet.

"The Mexican ports on the Pacific Coast are said to be open and defenseless. If you ascertain that Mexico has declared war against the United States, you will at once possess yourself of the port of San Francisco, and blockade such other ports as your force will permit." . . .

Secretary (of State) Buchanan wrote Consul Larkin at Monterey, that in the event of war, California must be occupied and that no interference by any foreign power would be tolerated. There was no room to misunderstand these instructions.

That Sloat, in spite of some vacillation, was clear as to his course before leaving Mazatlan for Monterey, June 8th, is shown, page twenty-six.

On the 7th of June (1846) he (Sloat) received positive news of the blockade of Vera Cruz by the American Squadron, and that Mexico had invaded the United States. "These hostilities," he says, "I considered would justify my commencing offensive operations."

Mr. Thompson says :—

That the action of the Bear Flag men had a commanding influence in the final decision of Commodore Sloat to raise the flag in Monterey, cannot be denied. Captain Frémont says he (Sloat) was much chagrined when he learned that he, Frémont, had no specific orders for what he had done.

If it "cannot be denied," it certainly is not proven, and it surely is highly improbable that what the Commodore considered an unauthorized and ill-advised action on the part of Frémont, resulting in an irregular and unwarranted uprising of a few men against an almost unresisting foe, should have influenced him greatly in carrying out instructions long before received from Washington

Mr. Thompson fights chiefly against Bancroft's story of the Bear Flag movement, and he does not seem to take account of the fact that Bancroft is not the only historian who needs to "have the base libel hurled back in his teeth."

An article, "The 'Bears' and the Historians," by Millicent W. Shinn in the *OVERLAND* for September and November, 1890,<sup>1</sup> adduced the accounts of the Hittells, John and Theodore, and of Royce, as well as Bancroft's, to show that all the standard histories of California condemn the Bear Flag movement as a hindrance to the American acquisition of the country, and the cause of grave troubles and dangers.

Theodore Hittell says it was because of complications caused by this very movement "that Sloat hesitated for several days after reaching Monterey to raise the American flag."

It is to be hoped that it will not be necessary to fight this battle over many more times, and that the Native Sons and Daughters, to whom Mr. Thompson appeals, will read more serious history than his pamphlet on the episode.

### Roosevelt's "Ranch Life."<sup>2</sup>

MR. THEODORE ROOSEVELT has in a way followed in the footsteps of the *OVERLAND* in

<sup>1</sup>A native Californian view of the Conquest is given in "Our Spanish American Families," by Helen Elliott Bandini, *OVERLAND*, July, 1895. See also General Bidwell's "Reminiscences of the Conquest," in December, 1890, number. For the other side of the question see "Frémont's Place in California History" in the November and December, 1890, numbers.

<sup>2</sup>*Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail*. By Theodore Roosevelt. Illustrations by Remington. The Century Co.: New York: 1896.

his *Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail*, for he has given to the world in an imperishable form much of that life which the world began to know with the first *OVERLAND* of twenty-nine years ago and which it knows so well in the pages of the *OVERLAND* of today. What Mr. Roosevelt has described will tomorrow be a mere tradition.

Few persons who have lived the actual life of the ranchman have had the ability to describe its dramatic and picturesque phases; most accounts have been written by mere tourists and on-lookers. Mr. Roosevelt was working a ranch, summer and winter, during the days of exciting frontier tragedies. He was thrown into daily contact with the border desperadoes and the Indians. It is this unconventional life that he describes, and he has also given chapters on mountain and prairie hunting, and the pursuit of the wapiti, the big-horn sheep, and the white goat of the high peaks.

The very fine illustrations by Frederic Remington give an added value to the volume, as they too represent customs that are passing away; for with the coming of the railroad and the breaking up of the large cattle and horse ranges into smaller holdings, the cowboy will pass into history, and the tales of his prowess with lariat and revolver will be told around the evening fireside as tales of long ago. Mr. Remington has been exceedingly fortunate in the series of sketches for this work; there is sunlight and action in every stroke of pen or brush and truth in every line.

### Grace King's New Orleans.<sup>3</sup>

FEW cities — no other city — on the American continent have what may be called the "personal" charm to the extent that New Orleans has. Picturesque episodes are the warp and woof of its story. The swift vicissitudes of its early years, Spanish, French, American, by turns, the famous battle, useless but glorious, the gay Creole life, the ardent espousal of a foredoomed cause in the Civil War, the bitter experiences that rubbed in defeat to an extent that no other Southern city felt it, the wild debauchery of carpet bag days and their bloody ending, the Mardi Gras, — who with such material could fail to make an interesting book?

And when the author adds, as Grace King does, to the literary appreciation of the possibilities of the subject, an ardent love of the spot where she was born and reared, and a great desire to make her readers share in her understanding and

<sup>3</sup>*New Orleans. The Place and the People*. By Grace King. New York: Macmillan & Co.: 1896.



love for the place she calls home, the result cannot be other than good.

The style of the book is very pleasing. It is serious history, let nobody doubt that, but it is told with all the charm of style and lightness of touch that Cable and others have taught us to look for in the far Southern writer. No fiction could be more enjoyable reading than all the early parts of the book. When she approaches the present, the author seems to lose her sense of security a bit; she is oppressed with the multiplicity of detail that demands notice, and is embarrassed to know how to speak of living persons and present questions. This makes the last chapters less charming than those that precede, where no such limits are laid on the imagination and freedom of expression. Doubtless this was inevitable, and it is easy to forgive it after all the delights the reader has been charmed with.

The illustrations by Frances E. Jones call for a word of praise. The picturesque corners and the little architectural "bits" of the quaint old city are well handled in pen work and washes. A few photo-engravings added make the illustration in keeping with the text.

It is pleasant to announce, too, that this is the first of a series of five or six books on characteristic American cities by competent hands. If all the writers do their work as well as the first, the series will be a notable one.

#### From Southern California to Alaska.<sup>1</sup>

HENRY T. FINCK, known to the reading public as the author of "Romantic Love and Personal Beauty," has taken an extended though hurried tour over the entire Pacific Coast. What he saw and heard he has placed between covers under the name, *The Pacific Coast Scenic Tour*. The work may be of value to those who are reading up on the great natural show places on this Coast, but to one who has spent any time in the Yosemite Valley, the Yellowstone Park, or among the glaciers of Alaska, his descriptions fall far short of the reality, and even below those of the ordinary newspaper correspondent. In fact, they leave so much to be desired that it seems almost a pity that so high class a publishing firm as Charles Scribner's Sons should have thought them worth preserving. Even the half tone illustrations are not the ones that we should have selected from such a wealth of material as was at hand. Still we of the Coast cannot but be thankful for the many pages of warm praise he devotes to us.

<sup>1</sup>The Pacific Coast Scenic Tour. By Henry T. Finck. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

#### Modern French Masters.<sup>2</sup>

*Modern French Masters*, a companion volume to the "Old Italian Masters" and the "Old Dutch and Flemish Masters," is made up of twenty biographical and critical monographs on the most famous of modern French masters, written by their American pupils and admirers—in each case chosen because of their knowledge of and sympathy with the painter of whom they write. Will H. Low contributes the articles on Gérôme and Boutet de Monvel; Kenyon Cox, those on Puvis de Chavannes and Baudry; J. Carroll Beckwith writes of Carolus Duran and Manet; E. H. Blashfield, of Bonnat and Jean-Paul Laurens; Theodore Robinson, of Corot and Monet; W. A. Coffin, of Rousseau and Dagnan-Bouveret; G. A. P. Healy, of Couture; Harry W. Watrous, of Meissonier; Arthur Hoeber, of Diaz; William H. Howe, of Troyon; D. W. Tryon, of Daubigny; Wyatt Eaton, of Millet, and Samuel Isham, of Courbet. The chapters which make up the book are not only criticisms of the work of the painters, but friendly recollections of the men themselves. The editor, Professor Van Dyke, has written a short account of each of the artists who contribute the articles. The volume contains illustrations both by wood-engraving and half-tone process, often placed side by side, so that people may judge of the relative merits of the two methods of reproduction. Six of the articles that make up the book were published in the *Century Magazine*, but fourteen of them were specially prepared for the volume.

#### The Daughter of a Stoic.<sup>3</sup>

*The Daughter of a Stoic* is the record of a few years in the life of a beautiful young girl who had been brought up by a broken-hearted mother on Marcus Aurelius and taught that "Nothing happens to a man which he is not fitted by nature to bear." In order to shun the trial that made her unhappy parents Stoics she determines to live for herself alone—so to shape her life that suffering shall have no place in it. On her graduation from a woman's college she visits the family of her uncle. She is at once thrown in contact with a circle in which perfect love means anxiety and suffering. An elderly and wealthy suitor asks for her hand, which she calmly bestows, trusting thereby to place herself beyond the pale of any earthly want. She does not know what love means and yet she finds it impossible to

<sup>2</sup>Modern French Masters. Edited by Professor John C. Van Dyke. With 66 full-page illustrations. New York: The Century Co.: 1896. \$10.

<sup>3</sup>The Daughter of a Stoic, By Cornelia A. Pratt. New York: Macmillan & Co.: 1896. \$1.25.

marry without it. Yet while she is reviling its power she is unknowingly falling in love with the fiancé of her cousin, and in the end she confesses her love but refuses her hand. Her sense of honor will not allow her to accept a love that will betray her cousin. She renounces all thought of the happiness that she had so boastfully claimed and leaves for Europe to take up a course of "higher education." Such is the simple plot of a very cleverly worked out idea. There is nothing new in it yet it is interesting. The style is inclined to be a little stilted, but one can forgive this so long as it is not combined with a greater amount of hysterics, than the woman writer of the day usually weaves into like attempts.

#### Balzac's Bureaucracy.<sup>1</sup>

*Bureaucracy; or, A Civil Service Reformer*, outside of its keen analysis and study of character and motives will interest a large class of readers on account of the *motif* of the story. Balzac in painting the life and struggles of M. Rabourdin, a member of the civil service of France under Charles X., has appealed to a large army of office holders on both sides of the Atlantic. The novel might have been written yesterday it is so true to the life of the present.

M. Rabourdin wished for promotion on merit for his handsome wife's sake, but he wished more to institute certain reforms in the cumbrous civil service. His reforms were recognized as good but they interfered with the ambitions of his scheming superiors, and lost him his own promotion. The petty life of the bureaus, the characters of the clerks, the intrigues of the unscrupulous, form a picture that is never tiresome. It is a story of live human interest that will stand out as one of the best in the great author's vast theme. The translation is by Miss Wormeley.

#### Daudet's Thirty Years of Paris.<sup>2</sup>

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY have brought out a handsome edition of Daudet's celebrated history of his own literary life in Paris. It is profusely illustrated by Bieler, Montégut, Myrbach, Picard, and Rossi, and either as a gift book or a library edition is fitting. The story of Daudet's life, struggles for recognition, and final triumph, is told in the same charming, fascinating style which the world's readers have become

<sup>1</sup>Bureaucracy. By Honoré De Balzac. Roberts Bros.: Boston. \$1.50.

<sup>2</sup>Thirty Years of Paris. By Alphonse Daudet. New York: The Macmillan Co.: 1896. \$1.00. For sale in San Francisco by William Doxey.

familiar with in "Sappho" and "Jack." The translation by Laura Ensor comes in for its just meed of praise, and beyond and above all else, the volume with its handsome binding, parchment paper, and wealth of illustrations, which would naturally cause one to hesitate at the supposed price, is placed before the reader for one dollar. It seems hardly credible.

#### New Editions of the Rubāiyāt.<sup>3</sup>

FITZGERALD'S paraphrase of the quatrains of the great astronomer-poet of Persia, has become an English classic, and the interest in his works has grown into a craze. Swinburne, Professor Norton, Tennyson, scores of famous men and women, have recorded their appreciation of this masterpiece of thought and verse. Tennyson called it his "Golden Eastern Lay." Yet it is not a lay but a series of isolated stanzas welded by FitzGerald's genius into a mosaic of consecutive and logical argument and enriched with colors not in the original.

The present volume contains the biographical sketch of FitzGerald, written by Mr. Michael Kerney, Tennyson's epilogue to him, FitzGerald's own account of Omar of Naishápúr, and reprints of the first edition — that of 1858, now extremely rare — and of the fifth, embodying the posthumous changes left in the hands of W. Aldis Wright. The notes, the variations between the different editions, and the comparative table of stanzas, are included. There have been many excellent variorum editions of the Rubāiyāt: the present one has a special claim for popularity, in the fact that it is the only one now extant that has FitzGerald's translation of Jāmi's allegory of Salāmán and Absāl. This is not an innovation, however, for it was included in the now rare, fourth edition.

Print, paper, binding, handiness of form, all conspire together to make this one of the most satisfactory of all the editions of these fascinating and wonderful Persian poems.

The lover of the Rubāiyāt need never be without his favorite verses; for though he may be unable to own the more costly, or to carry with him the more cumbrous, editions, he may at least own and carry the little pamphlet edition published by a San Francisco house. It contains the poem and FitzGerald's notes, and these, after all, are the only essential matters.

<sup>3</sup>Rubāiyāt of Omar Khayyám and the Salāmán Absāl of Jāmi. Rendered into English verse by Edward FitzGerald. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co.: 1896. \$1.00

The Same. The Dodge Book and Stationery Co.: San Francisco: 1896

**Nordau's Soap Bubbles.<sup>1</sup>**

THE author of the famous "Degeneration" has gathered together in a charming little pocket volume ten short stories, sketches, and studies. A number of them are exceedingly graceful; all are interesting. It is perhaps unfortunate that the volume did not open with the "Memories of Hungary," which are matchless bits of description and character painting, instead of with a rather silly story of Americans abroad. However, do not let the two initial tales keep you from dipping farther into the book, for what follows will repay you. The book is beautifully bound and well printed.

**(Eugene) Field Flowers.<sup>2</sup>**

IT IS a manly effort that the friends and admirers of the late Eugene Field are making to collect money, by the sale of a little book, to create a fund which will be equally divided between the family and the building of a monument to the memory of the beloved poet of childhood. It was hoped that the public would be willing to purchase for one dollar the beautiful little book of extracts from Field's most popular poems, inasmuch as it is embellished with more than \$15,000 worth of drawings and washes by the most noted artists and illustrators of this country, which were contributed, and inasmuch as the OVERLAND and all the leading publications are running free an advertisement of the work. However, putting all sentiment aside, the OVERLAND asks its readers to slip into a book store and glance through *Field Flowers*. There will be no hesitancy about the price even if there is no thought of the dead poet.

**Summer in Arcady.<sup>3</sup>**

*Summer in Arcady* might be catalogued as a novel of purpose. It is addressed to fathers and mothers. To the young it is simply a sweet story of pure young love and its happy ending—nothing more. But to the elders it is a protest, a reminder, and a warning. It reminds the father and mother that their lives may have an influence for bad on the lives of their children. It protests against the blindness of parents in allowing their daughters and sons to fight their own battles, to stand or fall under their very eyes without a tender, restoring look or act. "If any mother should read this account of the life

<sup>1</sup>Soap Bubbles. By Max Nordau. New York: F. Tennyson Neely: 1896.

<sup>2</sup>Field Flowers. Eugene Field Monument Fund: 180 Monroe street, Chicago. \$1. Postage, 10c.

<sup>3</sup>Summer in Arcady. By James Lane Allen. New York: Macmillan and Company: 1896: For sale by the Emporium Book Department.

of a partly irresponsible girl, whose own mother had failed to warn her of the commonest dangers, had neglected to guard and guide her feet to the knowledge that may insure safety, it will haply arouse in her the question whether she herself is giving the needed warning, throwing forth the proper guard, lending the upward guidance; for how much of the world's chief tragedy lives on and on for the simple lack of these."

The aim and object of the book is so good, the interest so sustained, the plot so pure, that one does not feel like quarrelling with its author over a certain "commonness" of expression and use of ordinary descriptive adjectives and trite similes

**Neighbor Jackwood.<sup>4</sup>**

TROWBRIDGE'S *Neighbor Jackwood*, like Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," loses nothing in interest with each new edition. They were both novels of purpose, written to right a great wrong, and both have done their work without sacrificing their story values. *Neighbor Jackwood* is too well known by two generations of readers to require a review here. It is the story that grew out of the Fugitive Slave Law, and as John Burroughs has said, "It sparkles with wit, it is liquid with humor, it has the unmistakable touch of nature, and it has a procession of characters like a novel of Scott." Neighbor Jackwood, Bim and his dog Rove, Grandmother Rigglesy, and Enos Crumlett, are characters that are drawn with a vividness and strength that make them flesh and blood.

In the present edition the author contributes a chapter of autobiography, showing how the book came to be written and giving a brief history of the years preceding the Civil War. There is also a half tone picture of the author and one of the original troupe that made the work famous before the footlights.

**Tracings.<sup>5</sup>**

AN AUTHOR who is fortunate enough to appear in the Century Company's "Thumb-Nail Series" is forced to divide the praise of his work with that of the binding and presswork. Each book is a perfect little gem and is just the thing for a birthday or holiday present.

*Tracings* is a collection of about two hundred epigrams and aphorisms by a woman who has thought deeply on life, love, death, and other

<sup>4</sup>Neighbor Jackwood. By J. T. Trowbridge. Boston: Lee & Shepard. For sale in San Francisco by Wm. Doxey. \$1.50.

<sup>5</sup>Tracings. By E. Scott O'Connor. With an Introduction by Agnes Repplier. New York: The Century Co.: 1896: \$1.00.

vital themes, and has cast her reflections into compact form. It is not a book to be read at a sitting, but to be taken up in odd moments. One can find something to suit almost every mood, and the terse sentences will do service for those who like apt quotations. Here are some of Miss O'Connor's sayings:—

When she came to die, a young girl, questioned as to what she found hardest to leave behind her, replied, "The future."

"Conceit," remarked a keen observer, "is the favorite gift of Mercy."

"Much is achieved," said Discrimination, "by the use of neglect."

"I win many souls," said Satan, "by the methods used to save them."

Miss Repplier, in the prefatory essay, after a dissertation on the quality of terseness in literature, says of the author of this book: "She looks at life with clear eyes, and smiling lips, and a heart full of brave pity for its sadness. She has the keen and unreasonable convictions of her sex, and she is quick to recognize both their keenness and their unreasonableness."

#### Their Wedding Journey.<sup>1</sup>

MR. HOWELLS has laid down an enviable itinerary for the young married couple in his delightful *Their Wedding Journey*. It is an intensely American "tower" and not an expensive one, for it begins in Boston and gets no farther West than Niagara Falls. While we are interested, and who can help being interested in anything Mr. Howells may choose to write, in New York, Albany, Rochester, Niagara, and the St. Lawrence, as seen through the eyes of the happy young couple, as Westerners we cannot but hope that the author will send his next couple to Yosemite, Castle Crags, Monterey, Napa Soda, The Geysers, and the Yellowstone. However, we do not intend to quarrel with this wedding trip but simply to do a little gratuitous advertising for a much better one. *Their Wedding Journey* has been taken by thousands but by no more charming couple than that in the book under review.

#### The Queen's Necklace.<sup>2</sup>

NO YEAR of the always fascinating history of France is more fraught with incident and adventure, of a certain nature, than that embraced within the dates 1784-1785. The remarkable case of the robbery of the Queen's diamond necklace is familiar to all students. It is worthy of

<sup>1</sup>*Their Wedding Journey*. By W. D. Howells. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1895.

<sup>2</sup>*The Queen's Necklace*. By Alexandre Dumas. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.: Two vols.

the attention of our most famous modern detectives, as is the life of that strange man, Count Cagliostro, a fit subject of investigation for our keenest minds. Dumas has made the history of the times and of the occurrence live in the pages of his wonderful novel, *The Queen's Necklace*. Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, The Princess Royal, the Marquis de Lafayette, the Duc d'Orleans, Cardinal de Rohan, and a hundred other dignitaires and nobles of the ill-starred Court, all play their parts in the masterful plot. We have to thank the publishers, Little, Brown & Co., for the best translation and best edition of the work. The illustrations and letter press are all that could be desired. We gladly recommend the entire edition.

#### Giving and Getting Credit.<sup>3</sup>

*Giving and Getting Credit* is distinctly a book for business men, and every business man should read it. What Mr. Goddard has put down in cold type may be known to all men of affairs but it will do them to harm to go over the ever present questions, "Shall I give credit?" and "Can I get credit?" The chapter titles will give a fair idea of what may be expected: "Credit and Money," "Of Failures and Changes in Business Conditions," "Suggestions and Precautions," "Estimating Credits," "Points on Giving Credit," "Collection," "Corporations," "The Mercantile Agency System," "Credit, Guarantee, or Indemnity Systems," "A Uniform Bankrupt Law," "Panics," "The Panic of 1893." The entire discussion is thoroughly up to date and full of sound advice and good points. In his chapter on "Failures," he says:—

The history of commercial affairs during the last fifty or sixty years demonstrates that business in the United States has three phases, viz., prosperity, panic, and reorganization, or liquidation and settlement, and that we have been relatively prosperous about three quarters of the time. There seems to be a rhythmic oscillation toward a period of extreme depression about every tenth or twelfth year.

#### In Scarlet and Grey.<sup>4</sup>

THERE is no doubt that Thomas Hardy's name appearing as contributor with Florence Henniker on the title page of *In Scarlet and Grey* will materially aid in the introduction of the charming volume of stories of soldiers, but to the latter all the credit is really due.

"The Spectre of the Real," the last story in

<sup>3</sup>*Giving and Getting Credit*. By F. B. Goddard. New York: F. Tennyson Neely: 1896: \$1.

<sup>4</sup>*In Scarlet and Grey*. By Florence Henniker and Thomas Hardy. Boston: Roberts Bros.: 1896.

the book, — and the weakest one, — is the only one in which the authors work together. The soldiers depicted are British soldiers who are stationed over the entire world. The opening story, "The Heart of the Color Sergeant," is a sad sweet little tale of a handsome Irish belle who falls in love with an uncommon soldier. They do not marry. He goes to India and she becomes the wife of his Colonel. The pathos of it all is only known to the two and the reader. Miss Henniker is a keen student and a graceful writer and we trust will give us more such stories.

### The Quicksands of Pactolus.<sup>1</sup>

READERS of the OVERLAND that have a constitutional objection to reading continued stories as they appear may now have the pleasure of buying *The Quicksands of Pactolus* in separate form. Henry Holt & Co. have issued it that shape. The text is altered from the OVERLAND'S by adopting the English spelling all through, and in other minor particulars.

It is to be hoped that in book form the *Quicksands* will meet with the same hearty favor it received as it ran in our columns. Then it will no doubt be followed by "The Chronicles of San Lorenzo," which also charmed people in the OVERLAND'S pages.

### Our School Gymnastics.<sup>2</sup>

IT IS the intention of the editor of the Educational Department of the OVERLAND to publish a series of articles on School Gymnastics. It is his belief that it is possible to introduce into our district schools a simple system of gymnastics that will not only interest but benefit our young scholars. It is not necessary to build an expensive gymnasium or employ a professional teacher. Horizontal and parallel bars are easily made, and marching, vaulting, hop, step, and jump, spear throwing, and many more good forms of exercise can be readily learned from manuals. At a later date and at the proper time the books which are only mentioned here and commended to our teachers and pupils will be fully reviewed. And it is hoped that even before the series of articles promised appear that one or more of these books will find their way into our school libraries.

<sup>1</sup> *The Quicksands of Pactolus*. By Horace Annesley Vachell. New York: Henry Holt & Co.: 1896.

<sup>2</sup> *Gymnastics, German-American*, By W. A. Stecher, Boston, Lee & Shepard, \$3.

*The Special Kinesiology of Educational Gymnastics*. By Baron Nils Passe, M. G. Ibid.

*Handbook of Light Gymnastics*, By Lucy B. Hunt. Ibid. 50c.

*Handbook of School Gymnastics*, By Baron Nils Passe. Ibid. 50c.

### Educational Books.

THERE is nothing so fascinating to the young as real and true stories of great men, great events, and great achievements. In Guerber's *Story of Greece*<sup>3</sup> history is told in a series of tales which will give children pleasure to read and at the same time make a deep impression on their minds. These stories are principally about persons, but they are so connected and described as to give a clear idea of the most important events that have taken place in the ancient world. They are written in the author's well-known charming style, and are alike interesting, instructive, and inspiring.

The book is a part of the Eclectic School Readings, and its attractive contents, beautiful illustrations, and handsome appearance, make it a worthy addition to that new and popular series.

THE legends of the Middle Ages are only surpassed in wealth and variety of imagination by the classical myths and writings of the palmy days of Greece and Rome. They form the principal subjects of Mediæval literature and their influence is apparent at every subsequent period in the history of art and literature. Their permeating and enduring influence is shown by the fact that some of our greatest modern writers have deemed them worthy of a new dress, as is seen in Tennyson's "Idyls of the King," Goethe's "Reineke Fuchs," Tegnér's "Frithiof Saga," Wieland's "Oberon," Morris's "Story of Sigurd," and many shorter works by these and less noted writers.

Running through the literature of our own day, there are many allusions and references which cannot be understood or appreciated without a knowledge of the legends and folk-lore of this period. It is the aim of *Legends of the Middle Ages*<sup>4</sup> to bring these within the reach of all and to describe them so they may readily be understood. The work therefore furnishes the student with an interesting outline of some of the beautiful epics and romances that have come down to us from those far-off years, among them the Nibelungenlied with its strong characters, Titurel and The Holy Grail, The Round Table, The Story of Frithiof, The Cid, etc.

The illustrations in this, as in the other volumes of the series, are a most attractive feature. They include twenty-four full page plates in half-tone, original or selected from the best masters and drawn by artists of high repute.

<sup>3</sup> *The Story of Greece*, By H. A. Guerber. Linen, 12mo., 288 pages, 60 cents. American Book Company: New York.

<sup>4</sup> *Legends of the Middle Ages. Narrated with Special Reference to Literature and Art*. By H. A. Guerber, \$1.50. American Book Company: New York.

### Briefer Notice.

THE methodical reviewer would hardly know what to do with *The Invisible Playmate*,<sup>1</sup> it does not "classify" in any of the genera familiar to his bibliography. It is not a story, for there are too many evidences that it is real experience that is crowded in its pages. It is not essay nor verse, nor history, nor psychology, though all of these have a share in it. It has its element of the supernatural as clearly as "The Tempest." It reminds the reader of "Pet Marjorie," by its intimacy with childhood and a certain charm of style, and its verses are sometimes almost as much nonsense verses as Mother Goose.

It needs perhaps the paternal instinct and experience to understand it fully, and yet anybody with a taste for the natural and simple in letters as in life will find it enjoyable. Poor little "Babbles" will have many mourners other than those who bowed before her infantile authority.

*Fifty Famous Stories Retold*<sup>2</sup> is a collection of tales of ancient and modern times, told in such an entertaining manner as to make their reading a pleasure to children. Of these stories some are historical, having for their subjects real incidents in the lives of well known heroes and famous characters; others are legendary, having come down to us through the ballads and folklore of many lands. Children naturally take a deep interest in such stories, and their reading, either in or out of school, will not only give pleasure and instruction, but will create a taste for higher historical and literary studies. The book is uniform in style and binding with the Eclectic School Readings, and is well illustrated.

ALL growing boys will welcome a new book by their old time favorite, Harry Castlemon. *The Mystery of Lost River Canyon*<sup>3</sup> will be found fully up to the high standard which all expect. The plot is full enough of incident and adventure to keep his many youthful admirers awake way into the night.

EVEN a rapid examination of *Lee's Home and Business Instructor*<sup>4</sup> is sufficient to demonstrate its novelty and usefulness. The very fact, quite self-apparent, that each of the ten departments

<sup>1</sup>The Invisible Playmate. By Wm. Canton. New York: J. Selwin Tait & Sons: 1896.

<sup>2</sup>Fifty Famous Stories Retold. By James Baldwin. 35 cents. American Book Company: New York.

<sup>3</sup>Lee's Home and Business Instructor. Chicago: Laird and Lee. 75c.

<sup>4</sup>The Mystery of Lost River Canyon. By Harry Castlemon. Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates & Co.: 1896.

included within these four hundred pages is the work of an American specialist in that particular line, gives the book a value that no reprint or extract can possess. Here Penmanship, Book-keeping, Letter Writing, Banking, Law, Social Forms, etc., etc., are taught, by pen and picture, with directness and accuracy. We do not know of any better book of self instruction in these subjects.

ONE cannot but wonder how many copies of Mrs. Basil Holmes book on *The London Burial Grounds*<sup>5</sup> will be sold. It is a remarkable subject on which to write and publish a book, and yet it proves most curious and interesting to the reader. It has twenty-four chapters and sixty-three illustrations. A selection from the chapter headings will give an idea of the scope of the work: "British and Roman Burying Places," "The Graveyards of Priories and Convents," "The Cathedral, The Abbey, The Temple, and The Tower," "Pest-Fields and Plague-Pits." In the introduction the author states that she discovered in London 362 burial grounds, forty-one still in use, and ninety turned into public gardens. The book is carefully prepared, well printed, and handsomely bound.

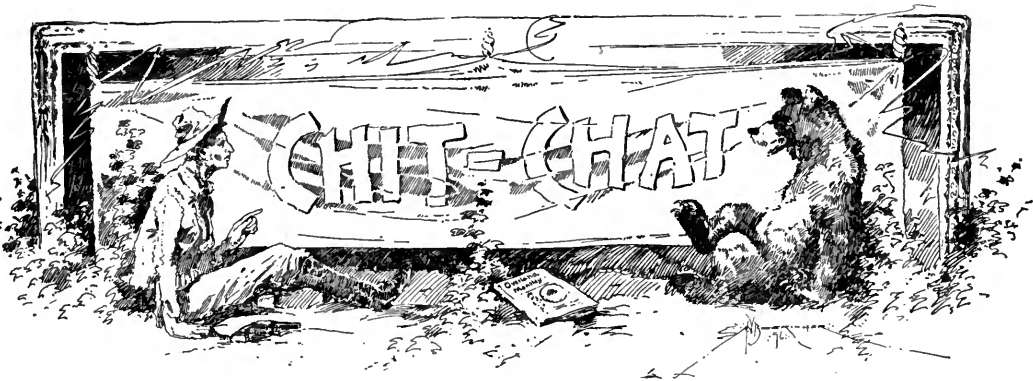
*Robinson Crusoe*<sup>6</sup> needs no introduction or description. Every one who has read it has been made happy by its reading, and every one who has not, has that happiness in store for him. Miss Stephens has skilfully adapted the work for school reading by dividing the story into short chapters, by substituting modern and more suitable expressions for antiquated and objectionable ones, and by explaining obscure words and allusions in foot notes. Otherwise the original work remains unaltered and retains all the essential characteristics of the first edition of 1719.

CAPTAIN CHARLES KING'S name on the title page of a novel is a guarantee that there is a good story of army life to follow. One of his stories opens the way for more, and *An Army Wife*<sup>7</sup> will make a host of new admirers for its author. It is hardly fair to reveal the clever plot, but for dramatic strength and almost tragic interest the book will rank with any from his pen. It is handsomely bound and printed and illustrated with passing fair pen sketches.

<sup>5</sup>The London Burial Grounds. By Mrs. Basil Holmes. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1896. \$1.50. For sale by Emporium Book Department.

<sup>6</sup>Robinson Crusoe. By Daniel Defoe. Edited by Kate Stephens. 50 cents. American Book Company: New York.

<sup>7</sup>An Army Wife. By Captain Charles King. New York: F. Tennyson Neely: 1896. \$1.25.



GEO. M. HAMLIN, the "whirlwind of the San Francisco Road Club," has made a splendid record this season on the track and road. A Sacramento boy, born in 1872, he first came into prominence in 1893, by winning his novice race and beating out the now "Great Wells." In 1894 the Rambler people, who had a team made up of the fastest men on the Coast, recognizing Hamlin's great ability, placed him on their team.

In the latter part of 1895 Mr. Hamlin broke the world's competition record for five miles, doing it in eleven minutes, eleven and two-fifths seconds, which is still unbroken. In his first road race of this season he again distinguished himself by riding five miles on a rough course unpaced in twelve minutes and three seconds, the fastest ride of the season so far.

On July 25th at Sacramento he broke the world's indoor half mile and one mile records, doing them respectively in fifty-seven and two-fifths seconds and two minutes, five seconds.

He has been particularly unfortunate on the track this season. At the race meet in Central Park he had a disabling fall the first day. At Petaluma, after winning the half mile scratch he fell in the mile handicap. He is one of the few men selected from California to ride in the transcontinental relay.

THE Terrill Brothers, whose picture is on page 542, have been famous as bicycle riders since 1892. In 1893 they were considered two of the fastest men on the Coast, having won honors by defeating both Edwards and Ziegler, then Coast Champions. Harry has been noted particularly for the manner in which he fights out any race. He is never known to give up and is endowed with an indomitable grit which, together with his track generalship and speed, makes him a man of whom his competitors have a wholesome respect. Genial "Bob," as he is often called, has met with considerable success

on the National Circuit during the season of 1895, also during the early part of the present season. He has always been known as a good hard rider, but has been particularly successful since his Eastern trip last season, and the numerous firsts which he has placed to his credit, together with the recent challenge match race with Allen Jones, which he won handily, makes him the undisputed champion of the Coast.

THE Annual Admission Day Race Meet of the Garden City Cyclers is always the cycling event of the year. Last September 9th was no exception, and an immense crowd witnessed the superb riding of Downing, Davis, Jones, and the aggregation of crackajacks who competed. Under the lead of Secretary Desimone the management was the best that has ever been seen on the Garden City track.

THE *California Advocate* is an excellent addition to the long list of illustrated journals published in San Francisco. It is printed on very good paper and typographically is the peer of any of its rivals. It fills a unique field, and as its name implies, it is an advocate of California at any and all times. Editorially it is very strong and will be successful in its chosen field.

JOAQUIN MILLER'S song, "49," which was set to music by Leila France, and published by her in 1894, has been arranged by A. A. Batkin as a quartette for male voices. Mrs. France still publishes it. The song is the best expression of the old "Days of Gold" yet written.

THE October *Current Literature* contains an appreciative review of Horace Annesley Vachell's life and literary work. As the best work of Mr. Vachell first saw light in the *OVERLAND*, his many admirers on this Coast will feel grateful

for this deserved tribute. In the same number Professor Stewart Culin's scholarly essay on "The Origin of Fan-Tan," and Elaine Goodale Eastman's charming bit of verse, "A Portrait of His Sweetheart," both of which appeared in late numbers of the OVERLAND, are reproduced.

MR. ERNEST PEIXOTTO, who won his first recognition as an artist in black and white in the OVERLAND, a number of years ago, and whose success in illustrating for the magazine led to his going to Paris to study art, it is now announced is about to leave San Francisco to set up a permanent studio in New York. This has been made advisable, it is said, by several seductive contracts from leading Eastern magazines. San Francisco will feel this loss; for in his particular lines of pen and ink work, as for example, archi-

tectural subjects, he has no equal in San Francisco and few in the whole country. It is, however, one of the provinces of the OVERLAND to give a first start to artists and writers that develop on this Coast, and in this, as in many another instance from Bret Harte down, we shall hope to take a little of the credit of all renown Mr. Peixotto may win in Eastern fields.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY under its present management, has grown to be a publication with a purpose. Though it is essentially Californian in tone and coloring, it has none the less literary merit, and is thoroughly abreast with whatever is being done to develop the State, and make known the business opportunities as well as the scenic advantages of California.—*California Advertiser*.



THE BANCROFT INCIDENT.

The Czar.—"Keep off, Uncle Sam. This is merely a difference of opinion between two friends of mine."





“**L**ook and long to touch her lips,  
Or steal one curl among the tresses  
Through which the summer sunlight slips  
And summer breezes blow caresses:

“What makes you always fair?” I cry,  
But she says naught until I force her,  
And then demurely makes reply:  
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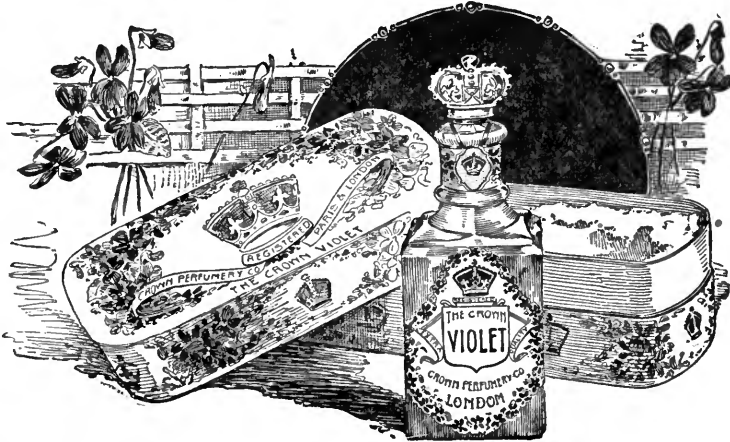
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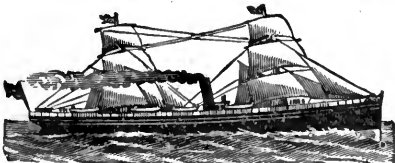
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The Yosemite Valley & Mariposa Big Tree Grove.  
Guardian's Office.

Grounds Valley, Cal. Aug. 21<sup>st</sup> 1896

*Publishers of the Overland Monthly*

*Gentlemen*  
I am much pleased to see the very noted improvement in the Overland Monthly within the past few months. It is a Magazine of great credit to the Publishers and to the Pacific Coast. Mr. Guilden's Article on Yosemite and Big Trees is one of the very finest I have ever seen out of the very many which have been published by noted writers.

*Yours sincerely*  
Galen Clark  
Yosemite Club

CALIFORNIANS visiting Washington City are apt to stop at the EBBITT HOUSE, because it is centrally located, almost midway between the Capitol and the White House, and because of its long maintained reputation as the leading hotel of the city. Its cuisine is peculiarly excellent, with a touch of the old time Southern lavishness of bounty that is charming.

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THE articles on Japanese Competition in the OVERLAND must be classed among those which give it distinctive character, preserving it from becoming a mere imitation of Eastern magazines, instead of being what it is, a worthy representative of a noble, powerful State, destined possibly in the future to be the country's bulwarks against Asia.  
*Traveler, (Boston.)*

LOVE may make the world go round; but to make machinery revolve PARKE & LACY can supply engines that can give love "cards and spades." See them about any kind of mining, milling or other machinery.

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54TH SEMI-ANNUAL STATEMENT OF **THE UNION SAVINGS BANK** OF OAKLAND, CAL.

(SAVINGS AND COMMERCIAL BANK)

AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS JUNE 30, 1896.

Capital Fully Paid	-	\$300,000	Surplus	-	\$90,000
Deposits to June 30, 1896	-	-	-	-	\$2,930,787.10

J. WEST MARTIN, President      WM. G. HENSHAW, Vice-President      A. E. H. ORAMER, Cashier

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This Bank has added a Commercial Department to its former business and is now transacting a general Banking business as a Savings and Commercial Bank.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY is replete with interesting matter relating to the coast. Indeed Mr. Wildman has made this magazine the great conservator of Pacific Coast traditions in their most attractive forms and the vehicle of our freshest and best literature.

*Marin Tocsin, (San Rafael, Cal.)*

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*Times, (Chattanooga, Tenn.)*

THE Schools all have an organ in the OVERLAND MONTHLY. If they want more, a PIANO from any of the houses represented in our advertising pages will do much to make school a happy place.

THIS very attractive and interesting magazine has a distinctive flavor of the Pacific slope. It is profusely and artistically illustrated; its literary matter is varied and excellent; its discussion of the current questions is broad as the continent and the OVERLAND MONTHLY of San Francisco is a welcome visitor everywhere.

*Atlanta, Ga., Constitution.*

IT is always well to put the best possible face on things. Especially is a woman's face her fortune. MRS. NETTIE HARRISON may be able to enhance your fortune several hundred per cent.

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PUBLISHERS of the OVERLAND MONTHLY are issuing a splendid magazine. It is ably edited and contains interesting papers prepared by the best writers.—*Register, Napa, Cal.*

SYRUP OF FIGS is doing much to make the fame of California all over the world. It is a safe and thoroughly agreeable and effective laxative.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY for September is a brilliant number, and is full of interesting and instructive articles. The illustrations which are numerous, are very fine, showing that the Overland takes unusual pride in getting out a well-printed magazine. Would that some of our Southern Californian publishers had a little Overland Monthly pride in this respect. We have in Los Angeles some of the best makes of modern printing machinery, but the work turned out on them is absolutely abominable.

*Southern Signal, (Santa Monica, Cal.)*

THE Fireman's Fund Insurance Co. is the oldest and best of San Francisco companies, and is growing to be recognized as one of the strongest in the country.

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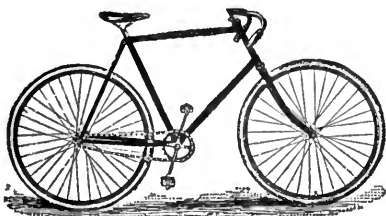
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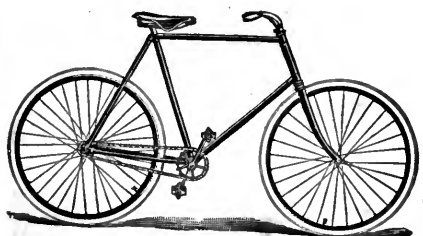


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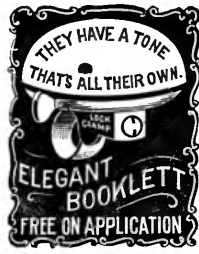
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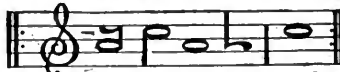
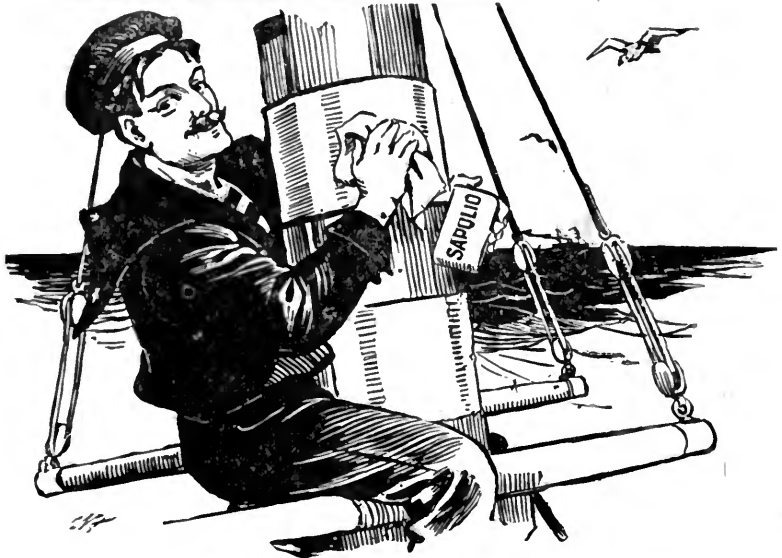
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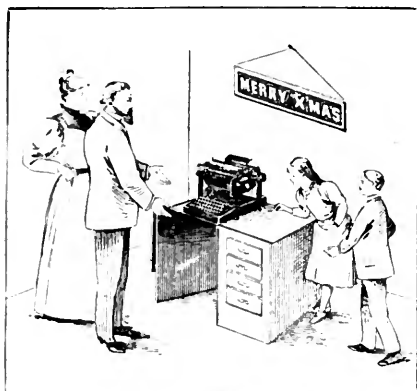
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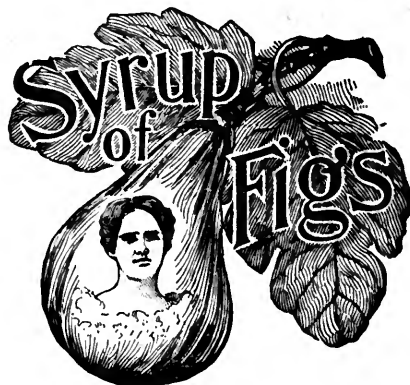
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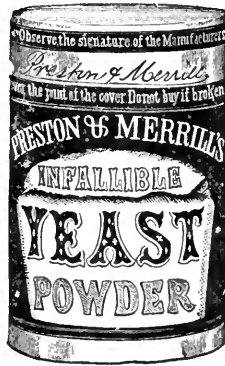
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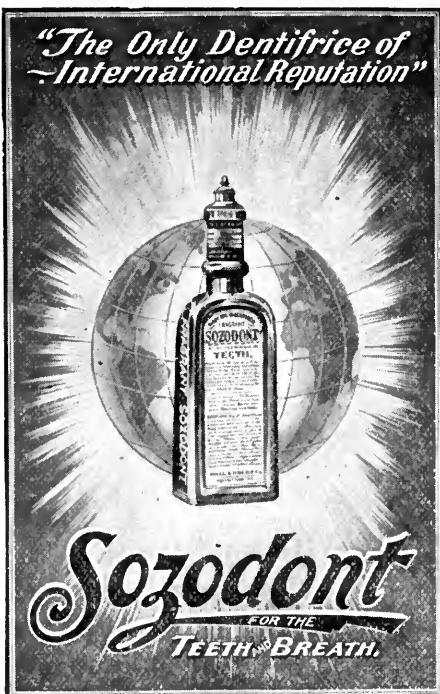
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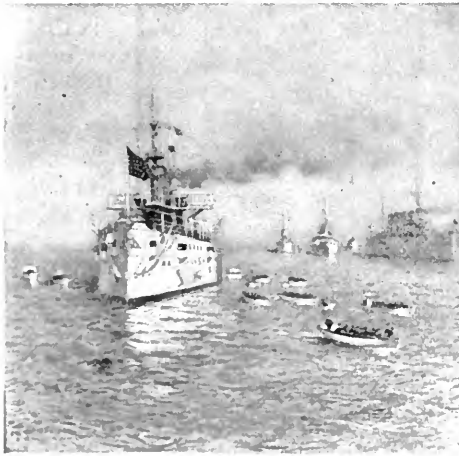
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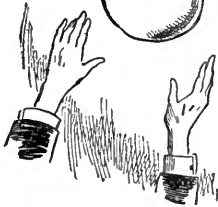
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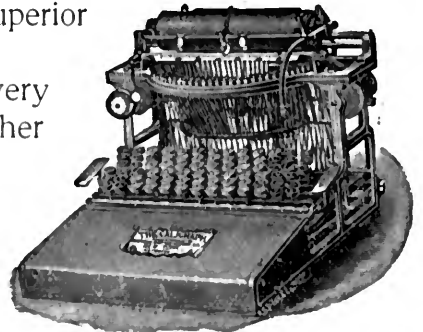
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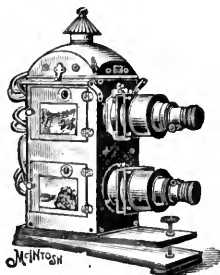
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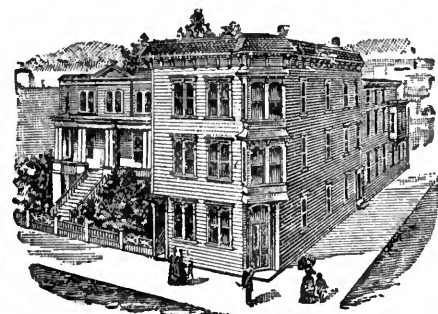
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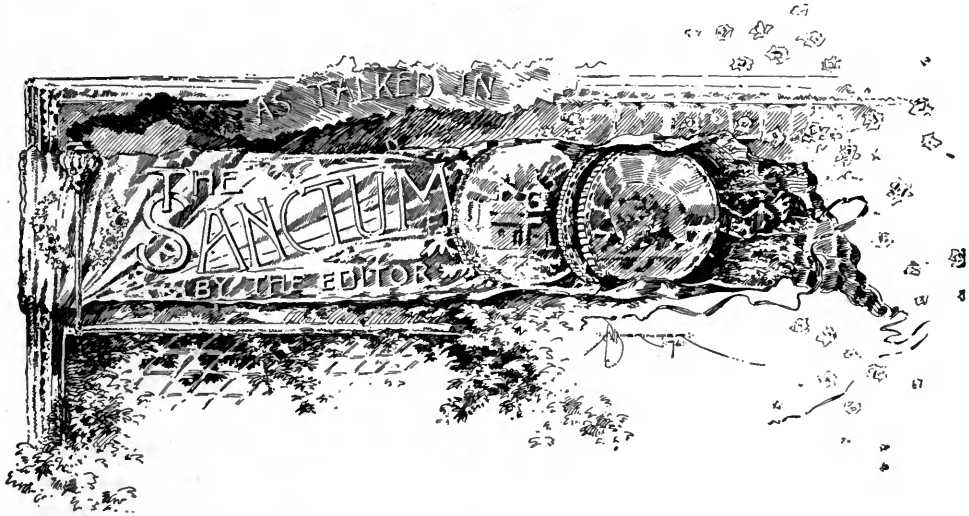
Wash. by E. Maynard Dixon

From "Ancient Pow-ho-geh."

Po-so-yemmo Commands the Rain.

# Overland Monthly

VOL. XXVIII. (Second Series.)—December, 1896.—No. 168.



THE Parson has joined the "Sons of the American Revolution." He was literally driven to it by the Parsoness, who, now that the children are all settled away from home, has been busying herself with her forebears. A month ago the Parson knew the names of his father and his grandfather. Of late every sheet of loose paper in the office contains a rough sketch of the genealogical tree. He talks of Mindwell who died of spasms in the fourth month of her existence as familiarly as though she were the offspring of one of his parisioners instead of his great-great-great-great aunt twice removed. The other day he stopped the machinery of the Sanctum while he told us a thrilling tale of how Steadfast was personally thanked by General Washington for taking prisoner twenty-four Hessians at Monmouth. Steadfast was the particular ancestor that had the honor of making it possible for the Parson to bear on his lapel the proud insignia of the order of "The Sons of the American Revolution." I think we were all a little jealous of the Parson, although we openly joked him on his weakness; for it would seem that the search after the elusive Revolutionary great-great-grandfather, of whom we have heard marvelous stories since our cradle-days, becomes as exciting as a tiger hunt. There is never any particular trouble in locating your great-grandfather or your many times great-grandfather. You soon discover his birth, marriage, and death, that he was a select man, justice, or elder, and a good honest farmer or tradesman, in and about Colonial times, but the heroic ancestor who bore arms that the Nation might be free soon proves as hard to grasp and hold as an eel. There is no doubt that he fought in the Connecticut Line. There is no reason to think that the story of his personally capturing twenty-four Hessians has been exaggerated. You have worshiped many a

time at the shrine of the old flintlock that he bore at Monmouth, and yet the hard-hearted society will not take you in until you actually know the letter of his company and the number of his regiment. Our ancestors do not seem to have had proper appreciation of their duty toward their posterity. It is not every man that can become an ancestor. Our Revolutionary fathers, like Napoleon's marshals, should have realized that they were ancestors, and that sometime within the next two hundred years a great-great-great-grandchild would wish to date from them and join the "Daughters of the Revolution." It was Washington's duty to have brevetted every private in the Continental Line at least a major on retirement. It is a humiliating thing to have to own up that you came down from a private or even a sergeant major. Washington, who thought of so much, should have thought of this. Was he not the Father of the Country? The Parson's ancestor seems to have been so glad when the war closed that he settled quietly down and never ran for office or applied for a pension. From the day when peace was declared, the family records do not even make mention of a fight in church over a choir. To the shame of his posterity, he did not strive to realize in any way on his Commander's thanks for capturing the two dozen odd Hessians. An ancestor who has so little regard for the glory of the family tree does not deserve to have a great-great-great-grandchild in the "Sons of the American Revolution." The Parson feels this blot on the escutcheon keenly, almost as keenly now as the good Parsoness.

It was one of the Occasional Visitor's grandchildren that solved the question for us the other day. The Parson was fondly boasting, in his dear quiet way, of the good blood in his veins. The little fellow listened thoughtfully and respectfully until he heard the Occasional Visitor acknowledge that he could not join the "Sons," then he flew to his sire's defense.

"My grandpa has just as good blood as any one, if he can't join the society, and twice as good veins. Have n't you, Grandpa?" he finished triumphantly.

It is something to have good veins in these degenerate days.

**WHEN** we came to discussing seriously the Parson and his Revolutionary ancestor, after the good man had departed, we were surprised to discover how much our man of peace and good will valued the bloody deeds and how he deprecated his later uneventful life. Not that we did not all agree with him, but it gives one a start to be brought face to face with the fact that after all these centuries of cultivation and civilization we are nothing but barbarous war dogs at heart.

The Occasional Visitor's Revolutionary ancestor was a minister, a godly man, who wrote a godly book, and yet on the genealogical tree he is placed far below the farmer brother who cultivated a little farm on the Indian border land with a gun in one hand and a plow in the other, and who left the plow to follow Ethan Allen to Ticonderoga. The faint odor of dried scalps and the perfume of gunpowder smother the essence of the godly life and the reminiscent aroma of musty tomes.

The descendants of the illustrious Benjamin Franklin need never expect to outrank the descendants of the savage old warrior, Ethan Allen, or the obstinate old fighter, Israel Putnam. It is better to have been a sergeant major even and have captured single-handed twenty-four Hessians than to have been a Colonial Governor, while a Colonial Doctor of Divinity is passed over in pitying silence. Four fifths of the Christian world would rather boast of being a great-great-great-something of Richard the Lion-Hearted than of Shakspeare.

And yet all of our Revolutionary ancestors could not have been fighting farmers. Some of them were soap-boilers, button-makers, anchor-smiths, and candle-makers. Still it is never mentioned. The tillers of the soil were the baronial class although the soap-boiler may have been his own brother and have captured twenty-two more Hessians and run for office after the war.

THE Reader. "While I am ready to give up laughing at the once pitied genealogical "crank," I wish to protest against the habit my neighbors have of tracing themselves back to English Barons and French Counts. I am willing to concede that the Mayflower was larger than the Great Eastern and that Lord Fairfax and Lord Baltimore's families were the most numerous on earth, but I cannot be expected to bow down to the young lady next door because she calmly asserts that by rights her father is the only true Earl of Tallpuddle and she should be known as Lady Maud. The mere fact that my name happens to be Hapsburg does not make me, an American citizen, the Crown Prince of Austria. If I believe in your genealogy back to the time when your ancestor came over in an emigrant ship, I think I may be excused for smiling when you claim kinship with George III. or Guy Fawkes."

The Artist. "I move that the Reader be excused."

The Reader. "Insomuch as I am confessing and the Artist so freely grants me absolution, I feel encouraged to unburden my mind on this subject. There is another class of individuals that tire me. The Contributor complains that our Revolutionary fathers did not realize that they were ancestors. To me this is the grandest thing about them — their glorious unconsciousness. Had they been posing for history we should still be a Colony. To the actors there was nothing picturesque in the crossing of the Delaware. Washington and his little band had no thought of the fame the act would bring them on the front of a fire insurance calendar. I doubt if the tattered, starving, frozen veterans at Valley Forge could have been more picturesque had they been deliberately posing, yet the only thought they had of their posterity was to give them all the rights of man. We have grown wiser since, studying the mistakes of our ancestors, and today when one of our neighbors achieves riches and is elected to the Senate of the United States, he begins to prepare for the admiration of those that are to follow. He carefully puts aside his boot-jacks, the coat he wore when he took the oath of office, the forks that were used when he had the President at his table, his manicure set (unused), his shaving mug, a hat, a pocket-book (most interesting), a pipe presented by the convicts of the State Penitentiary as a mark of esteem, and a cane made from the wood of his first rocking chair. He has his picture painted, heroic size, in the attitude of Henry Clay. He discovers a coat-of-arms and by it proves, a mere nothing, that if he choose, but he is above all that, he could lay claim to the blood of Warwick or even Cromwell. He prepares himself for posterity, and his supreme egotism makes him unaware of the sneers and laughter of his own generation. A dozen busts of himself adorn the palatial home, which he has built for the family castle and which the heirs will sell or present to the city for a Museum or Art Gallery within a year after his death. He gives a statue of himself to the Park Commissioners and another to some near by university which he has endowed.

"Such is our professional ancestor. It is unnecessary to name names. You all know the species. Should it be encouraged?"

The Artist. "It should be. I would not take all the humor out of life?"

THE Contributor. "I am looking forward to the time when genealogy will be studied as a science, by the aid of which can and will be as definitely determined, the irrevocable laws of nature in human culture, as in agriculture, horticulture, or the raising of live stock. In the perfect genealogy I want every family's inherent weaknesses, mental and moral, physical and intellectual, set down as truly and as honestly as its strong points. Then it will be an easy matter to determine what men have been and what we may expect for the future. If a young man or young woman has such an open book before him or her, there will be more judicious marriages and less suffering from ignorance. If you wish to unite yourself with a family of brains, you will not expect anything from a single line of muscle. If it is a Christian family that you wish to bring into the world, you will not be aided by a family whose genealogy shows a line of skeptics. Blood tells every time, only one is apt to mistake blood. The scholar, the Christian, or the inventor, owes more to the blood of his ancestors than to his own efforts. In the introduction of every Genealogy I would have copied the Parable of the Sower. Although the seed was of the same quality and sown by the same hand, it produced widely different results, some thirty, some sixty, and some one hundred fold; and some sprang up to wither away; and because while some seeds fell in a good soil, others fell by the wayside and on stony places, so in our marriages, look for success where there are sound heads, healthy bodies, and honest hearts.

"Such should be my genealogy even if I failed to get into the 'Sons' or was forced to admit that my ancestor was a crippled Colonial cobbler, who stayed quietly at home, and sent anonymously every fifth pair of his laboriously made shoes to the freezing men at Valley Forge, while the Parson's fighting ancestor was capturing the score of Hessians."

The Poet. "Sublime. That is good enough for the Parson."

The Contributor. "I am not jealous of the Parson. I am glad he belongs to the 'Sons.' I believe in knowing who your ancestors are even if you have to have them made to order by a second rate portrait painter. It all stimulates love of country, and makes impossible anarchy and foreign meddling. Let every man claim that his great-great grandfather captured twenty-four Hessians in the Revolution. Whether he did or not it will make your children willing to undertake it some day if the occasion ever occurs. Selah!"

The Bookkeeper. "There is a German lady out here who wishes to read a two quire ballad to the Editor."

The Office Boy. "Proof."





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## EXPLORING IN NORTHERN JUNGLES.

### I. ACROSS VANCOUVER, FROM ALERT BAY TO TAHSIS CANAL.

**T**HE fight was to the death. The place was a narrow gulch amid the heavy fir forests of interior Vancouver. A little stream, swollen by the rain that had fallen steadily all day, ran through the bottom of the gulch. The wounded buck that I had followed by the aid of my faithful retriever, Dick, through miles and miles of dripping forest had, stopped by a bank he could not leap after his weary run, at last come to bay. Still he had strength enough left to fight, and across the little stream he faced the dog as I came up. What was to be done? It did not take me long to decide. The brook was no barrier to an active man, and drawing my hunting knife, I sprang over the rivulet directly at the beast.

He was ready and with a swift motion that I had hardly expected, he hurled me back across the stream. Fortunately his head struck me, not the sharp horns that branched from it, and I landed unhurt on my own territory.

Again I tried, and with the same result.

I determined to use strategy. With a rush I sprang across yet a third time, but obliquely, and in a trice was upon the buck's back and had my left arm thrown under his head with a firm hold. But the buck knew how yet to defend his life. He rolled; and then came Death and hovered over us two, watching every movement as I struggled to keep my legs from being borne under the beast; and my hand with the knife free to deal a fatal blow. Not a movement from the dog, it was too fine a piece of sport for him to spoil. With an effort born of desperation I got on my knees, then heaved



OUR NOOTKA INDIAN STEERSMAN.

with a left arm that had been hardened by athletics for years, till the head with its antlers came back, leaving the throat bare for the right hand, which with one plunge did its work,—and the

gallant buck gave up his life with scarce a tremor.

I bore the body home in the dark, for it was growing dusk ere the fight was done. There were hills and dales to clamber through, and the rain still came pouring down, and the trees gave an extra drenching, but I thought little of such small discomforts, for from the fastnesses of the mountains of wild Vancouver island I was bringing back to adorn our rude camp yet another of the fleet-footed deer which make the island the delight of the sportsman.

Many a time since, when the summer days were on and the rifle hung upon the wall, have Dick and I gazed at that head as it looked down upon us, having passed through the hands of the taxidermist, and longed for that day to come back when we three met face to face in a gulch of untraversed Vancouver.

The island of Vancouver is a part of the province of British Columbia and possesses its capital, the picturesque city of Victoria. The western shore of the island feels the full effect of the Pacific waters, which cause numberless inlets,



UNDER THE WHARF AT ALERT BAY.



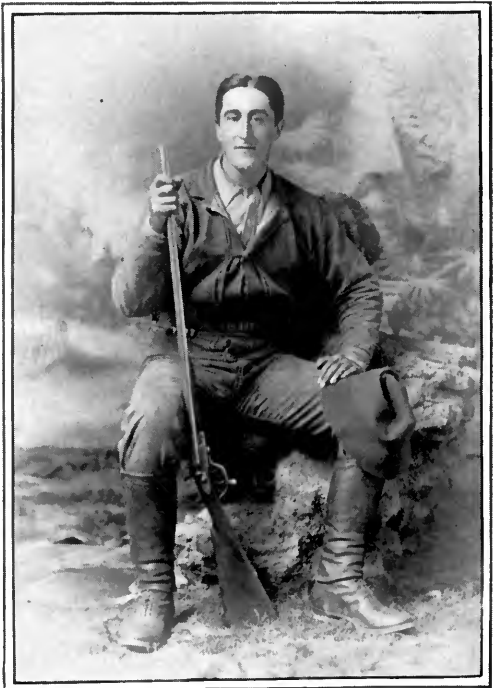


J. W. LAING, M. A., (OXON.), F. R. G. S.

mouth of the Nimpkish river which we ascended to the lake of the same name, a large and long sheet of water. At its head flows in the Kla-Anch river, which led us up to where the Woss river switches in. This followed, we came to Woss lake, some ten miles in length. Then a mountain pass had to be climbed from the western side of which the Tahsis river leads. We followed down through its beautiful valley to the head of the Tahsis canal, which is practically the end of the trip across, but really Nootka island with its Friendly cove at the extreme southwest has every right to claim being part of the island of Vancouver, for a very narrow passage alone causes it to be other than the continuation of the isle, and originally when first the land was upheaved from the sea there seems to have been neither Tahsis canal nor narrow gut. So we made down the canal

fjords, and arms, cutting into the island in places for many miles. Such a cut is the Tahsis canal, the continuation of the well known Nootka sound. This canal runs up along Nootka island until it leaves but thirty miles as the width of land between the western and eastern waters. It was from Alert bay on the east side to the Tahsis canal off the west that the trip was made which we now attempt to describe, a somewhat longer journey than a straight cut across country, since Alert bay is some distance to the north of the Tahsis, so that the course of travel was south nearly half the way, then a bend to the west with a final run again to the south. Here it may be well to state the particular route taken and follow later on with incidents and description.

Alert bay, our starting point, is on Cormorant island, between which and the island of Vancouver runs Broughton strait. Crossing this, one arrives at the



REVEREND W. W. BOLTON, M. A., (CAMB.)



THE CHIEF OF THE NOOTKA INDIANS WITH ONE OF HIS WIVES AND TWO FRIENDS.

and did not feel that the trip was actually complete until we turned into the cove, against which the mighty swell of the Pacific thunders and breaks the whole year round. A strait, three rivers, two lakes, and a canal, were the forms the waters took to help us over, and it might seem at first thought that such a trip would be easy enough for even weak ones to undertake. But let experience say that waterways have their difficulties and call for stamina and pluck.

We were a party of five, — two Americans, two residents in California, and one Victorian. There was a woodsman, a cook, and a photographer among us. Indians were not taken, but we hired them as they were needed. The tribes which live around the coast are fishing Indians. They take naturally to life on the sea and rivers, but have no great love

of land travel. When hunting deer or bear they rarely go far from where their canoes lie, and get farther than a few miles from the coast on either side only when they determine to visit their fellow Indians who dwell on the other side of the mountains. The island may be best described as being a mass of mountains thrown up every way, save that there is a distinct backbone, running north and south, of crags and peaks higher than those which run down each side to the sea. The northernmost thirty miles and the southernmost fifty miles are comparatively level, but this leaves 190 miles of the most rugged country anyone wishes to see. Between the ridges our waterways ran, and across the backbone we climbed by means of a narrow pass, so that the way we went and what we saw is a very fair sample of what Vancouver island is.

Leaving Victoria by the steamer Danube late at night on July 1st, we made our way by the inside passage, touching at the city of Vancouver on the mainland, passing Texada island with its mountains looking dark and forbidding as ever, taking in coal at Union; and after resting there over night found ourselves at the historic Discovery passage by breakfast time on the 3d. Here it was that the Spaniard and the Englishman met, more than a century ago, as they sought out nautical information for their home authorities. Vancouver's travels are as good as the most interesting novel, and not the least interesting is his graphic account of finding that the land he was sailing by was an island. Discovery passage, or, as it is now known, Seymour narrows, was indeed a discovery. What it led to, neither the Indians to the north or to the south of it knew. Such a whirl and rush of waters was, in their minds, under the patronage of some evil spirit. It was left to those intrepid white



TAH-SIS MOUNTAIN AND RIVER, ALTITUDE 4,800 FEET.  
VANCOUVER ISLAND.

men to discover in 1792 that the waters from the north and south here meet, and that once through, the traveler can make delightful way by strait and channel as far to the north as Alaska.

Vancouver tells us how the ships ran aground, how hard his officers and the Spaniards worked in their boats to make the passage; and with what sense of triumph they at last overcame all diffi-

culties, and rested in the quiet waters above the narrows. Nowadays there is only need to catch the proper time of tide and put on a full head of steam, and away one goes into the swirl. The steamer rolls and tosses and only just creeps ahead, there are ugly rocks here and there which makes the man at the wheel keep a wary eye, but steam triumphs, and the channel widens, and all is easy going till we cast out lines at the wharf of Alert bay cannery as the afternoon wears to a close.

A splendid place for salmon is the mouth of the Nimpkish river, which pours out exactly opposite the bay. But like all such grounds the run of salmon is very uneven. One year there are not enough cans to put up the catch, the next year the men are well nigh idle. This was a bad year here, but at Rivers' inlet,

farther north, there were multitudes of fish. The cannery folk received us most cordially, and soon introduced us to the chief of the Indian village, with whom we had to deal for a canoe and polers to ascend the Nimpkish.

This arranged, we took in the sights of the town. It does not run very far back from the beach, a single line of shacks and houses fills the bill. At one extreme end is the Industrial school where the children are taught the good traits of the white man and a trade, and the other end is the cemetery. The cannery building is the most prominent structure but the English church is picturesque in its outlines and its site. The chief's shack is humble alongside some of the others, and the large totem pole adorns another house than his. There are two other poles, but they are uncarved save at the top, which takes the form of an eagle in each case.

We were at some pains to learn the intent of these poles as well as of the wonderful works of the carver's art which the burying ground contains. Fish and fowl, biped and quadruped, trees and hideous features, all are made use of to adorn a tale. What that tale is, seems to be nothing more than the ancestry of the individual alive or dead. Take as an instance Alert Bay's large totem. Commencing from the bottom, there is a fish, whose lower jaw opens and becomes the door to a shack. Then follow a bear, a man, a crane, a wolf, a whale, and an eagle. This is the lineage of the owner. When he goes visiting other tribes he takes along with him a miniature of his totem and presents it as his passport for recognition and a place at board or feast.

According to the Indians hereabouts, at first there was nothing on the earth but animals, with fish in the sea. Then a Being appeared who turned some of each tribe of animals and fish into man. The



KOWSE GLACIER, HEAD OF WOSS LAKE.  
ALTITUDE 5,000 FEET.



NIMPKISH OR KARMUTZEN LAKE.

owner of this Alert Bay totem therefore claims that his first ancestor came from a fish, and in time, after marrying in their own tribe, his descendants intermarried with the eagle tribe. For although the lowest figure of a totem is the first, the highest is the second, and then one has to read down. The children of the fish and the eagle in time branched out and took wives of the whale tribe, and these married into the wolf; and so on till the maker of the totem appeared whose mother was brought in from the bear tribe. Thus whilst the family tree is given there does not appear any means of calculating the full generations of the ancestry, but this may yet come to light as the Indian overcomes his dislike to give his knowledge to the white man.

It was "the glorious Fourth" when the real journey commenced, and very early we made a start. Our canoe was much too large for river work at this season of the year when the water is necessarily low, but one canoe was better than two small ones and it only meant a little harder hauling and much more acquaintance with water. We were blest

with two chiefs, the head of the village and a younger man from a near by rancherie. They were capital fellows in their way, although they did carry most abominably stale fish as their food and the elder worked little save at times when a crisis arose.

Seven of us made the craft skim across the strait and then we entered the Nimpkish river. Here at the very mouth were the remains of the old village of Cheslakees, well situated and able to withstand many a foe. For in days gone by the Indian tribes were ever at war and would swoop down upon their enemies without warning. The traveler meets with a fortress near by every place where now the Indian dwells at peace. Some of the sites selected are evidence of great strategic skill, and to what Nature has done, the warriors added till their stronghold seems to have been impregnable. Two specially remarkable fortresses are to be seen at Cape Commerell and Kop-rino. But Cheslakees was a good one in its day. Here Vancouver landed and was fêted by the chief and spent a pleasant time as his book of travel shows. Now



THE CAMP ON KLA-ANCH RIVER.

it is all overgrown with bushes, yet the great beams of the shacks still stand, silent reminders of past glory.

It was not long before the paddles had to be laid aside and the poles brought into use. There is so much art and knack in the use of these that novices were ordered out and had to make their way through the forest on either side. When a specially rough rush of water was met we were made use of, a long rope attached to the bow was of great assistance with strong arms at the other end.

The Nimpkish is a swift broad stream, very tortuous in its course with some pretty "reaches" every now and then. The old chief seemed to know the best way by heart and could tell us just the spot in a rapid where the bottom was best for the poles to hold firm and the passage between the rocks the safest. To a new hand there seemed time and again no chance of escape from running on a boulder; with a rush we went at it and then, when but a few inches from a collision, a swift movement with a pole and we swung past and above the rock.

We passed the summer residences of the tribe,—sometimes a solitary shack, at others a few combined. They combine by means of the immense ridge poles used for roofing. Three or four huge erections of wood with a hole in the top of each for a chimney form an ungainly looking row of villas. Cedar is chiefly used for the outside boards. These are nailed upright and not seldom have a goodly sized gap between, good for ventilating purposes.

We took lunch at the Nimpkish lake, on a sandy beach under a roasting sun, then putting up a mast and a sail that land lubbers would have said was twice too large for the boat, we flew up the eighteen miles to the head of the lake, lying low down amidst our packs and grub. The wind is very variable in these mountain lakes. The towering hills on either side will change the wind in a trice, and the sheet must be loose and in knowing hands. The old chief made himself comfortable and went to sleep, the young chief did the steering. Only very rarely does one see a rudder on these canoes,



WOSS LAKE FROM THE DIVIDE. THE VIEW POINT IS 2,000 FEET ABOVE THE LAKE.

but a paddle is every whit as good, though at times it is hard work on the arms. At the head there are rivers pouring in, the Kla-Anch, coming from where we meant to go, the Anutz, showing the way to a series of lakes, culminating in a beautiful sheet of water, Atluck lake, which two years before we had rafted on as we made our way from an elk hunt to where the rest of the party awaited us.

We were inquisitive enough to ply our steersman with names for every stream we came across and not one but had its nomenclature. As neither white man nor Indian could speak the other's language there was no end of gesticulation and endless times each name had to be pronounced until we could spell it out for the note book. It is the way of Indians to have a separate name for everything that catches the eye of a traveler.

It is their compass. Often they will leave game where shot, and going a long distance to camp, can be sure of another finding the spot and bringing in the quarry, for the name of the hill or the bend of the stream is enough. Their country is an open book to them and every child is trained to be well versed in it.

The next morning we turned our canoe into the Kla-Anch and had a good day's work making our way up stream. We spent far more time in the water than either on land or in the boat, and as we neared camp time we came to the worst rapid of all the hundred we forced our way through. Looking at it from below, we did not well see how we could ever surmount it. The water charged through a narrow passage between rocks that ran up thirty feet on either side. Such a



foaming, surging mass that seemed to dare us to try its strength and promise the liveliest kind of tussle.

The old chief was wary, he made us lighten the canoe so that only he and his aide were left; then out came the rope, and scrambling over the rocky side, we hauled with might and main, those in the canoe steering it off the side with their poles but shipping lots of water and jumping every way as the billows struck the craft. It was a goodly sight as we stood above the chasm. The roar of the waters drowned all words of command but it was simply a matter of hauling hard, and in due time we had the canoe by the bank and in quiet waters. Not till we had to portage our goods over these rocks did we realize how much stuff we had brought, and silently we registered a vow that before we commenced steady packing we would part with many things that at the start seemed indispensable.

Another day of similar experience we went through, wet to the thighs, the nails of our boots worn to nothing by the rocky bed, creeping along the banks, hauling at the rope the while, sometimes having to cut our passage through the bush with the ax. Occasionally the canoe would answer all too quickly to the heaving and then there would be an utter collapse of those at the rope's end, much to the delight of the Indians who love to see the white man "bested."

We grew to like these two, only they still would keep those horrible fish for provender, and at meal times would steal our fire. Nothing escaped their vigilant eyes. They would point out fish in the stream when we would have passed by; they would show you a twig moving, and there would creep out a coon; they could see a duck on the river when our eyes were dazed by the shimmer of the sun. As to making camp, they were through in a trice. The sand was good

enough as a bed and the sail was their tent, — no 6x8 for them; we could have jumped over their sleeping apartment with ease. We rested at the forks of a new stream with the high sounding name of the Koonā Kooma Sitch, where mosquitoes held high carnival and a light rain added to the charm.

Partings have to come, and on the fourth day our dusky friends bade us adieu, — taking along with them all our bacon. Perhaps this was done by mistake, perhaps because we made them so many gifts by way of lightening our packs they thought to add yet this charity to burdened backs that our weightiest grub should balance their canoe. Anyway they got away with it, and before we discovered our loss, they were whirling down stream miles below. If they knew not what they did then we must forgive them, for it was not to be expected that they should attempt to reascend where seven men had found it difficult to creep along. But no more bacon did we see, that stand-by of the voyager, until the trip across the isle was done.

We had anticipated a log jam somewhere or other on the way up, and we came across one this day that fully satisfied us. First of all we sat upon it, then smoked over the situation, then cut our way through the great logs with our axes, and finally set it all afire. How the water could ever bring down such immense trees was a puzzle, and how ever they could climb up one on top of another remains a mystery. But Nature's wrathful moods in winter are no match for the ax in summer, and we left a goodly gap for the Indians to slip through on their way home.

By lunch time we were at the parting of the ways, and although there was the Woss river to be followed up before we could reach the lake, yet there was too





NIMPKISH RIVER RAPIDS.

little water in this side stream to allow our large craft to float. So packs had to be made up and this time with serious intent, and backs unused to bundles had to bend to the ordeal. We were obliged to make through the forest to the lake and keep away from the river; for the brush was dense by its banks. To the uninitiated a pack is a most troublesome weight. A man will boast of the steadiness of his "pins" until a sack of flour is on his back, then all his boasting is thinnest air. He totters, staggers, stumbles, rolls about, takes headlong falls, topples backward, groans aloud. He thinks every one else has less burden than he; declares his whole journey a folly; calls himself names, an ass, a mule, a packhorse; wishes he had no

insides demanding provender and that Adam's primitive wearing apparel could be his. He tries to creep under logs but finds his hump jams him tight to earth, he essays to throw a leg over the log and goes headlong over, the hump pounding him when going down like the great bully that it is. His feet find every hidden twig and he is positive that his boot nails are worn to nothing; he lives only for the time when the long haul shall become the short rest; and when the order comes for "camp," he heaves off his pack straps with an alacrity he never thought before he possessed, and straightway seems a yard higher, and a dozen years younger than an hour before. But we got there all the same, the tyros as well as the veterans, despite having to sleep

a night on the way with myriads of mosquitoes to make the night hideous. We disturbed deer by the way, but gunning and packing do not go well together. And when on the morning of July 8th we stood at the foot of Woss lake we were rewarded for the last few hours by the picturesque scenery on every side.

But whilst the photographer was busy with his kodak, there was something more serious for the others to consider. Here we were with a lake ten miles long, no chance of getting along its sides and no canoe to skim over its waters. A raft had to be made and then the wind had to be favorable, which it might or might not be today, or tomorrow, or for a week. After prospecting for awhile we selected our ship yard. It was not the tidiest, being the receptacle of many old bones of trees, but it answered its purpose well. Our craft consisted of four main logs, fourteen feet long, with a flyer at one side. These were held together by two cross pieces, dovetailed in. The rowlocks were similarly fixed. The only instruments used in the building were our two axes. Not a nail did we possess, nor a cord either. Poles were then made and a platform for the packs. Then evening came and we made a pleasant camp.

Early we were at work cutting oars out of stout limbs and shaping them off with jack knives. Then just when we were ready to push out the wind sprang up and blew against us all day. It is worse than useless trying to raft against a head wind, it is uselessly dangerous. Twice we tried it, but soon found that it meant a foundering of our craft, so we whiled away the time till after supper; when just as the sun was setting, the wind fell and we went aboard, two at the poles and two at the oars.

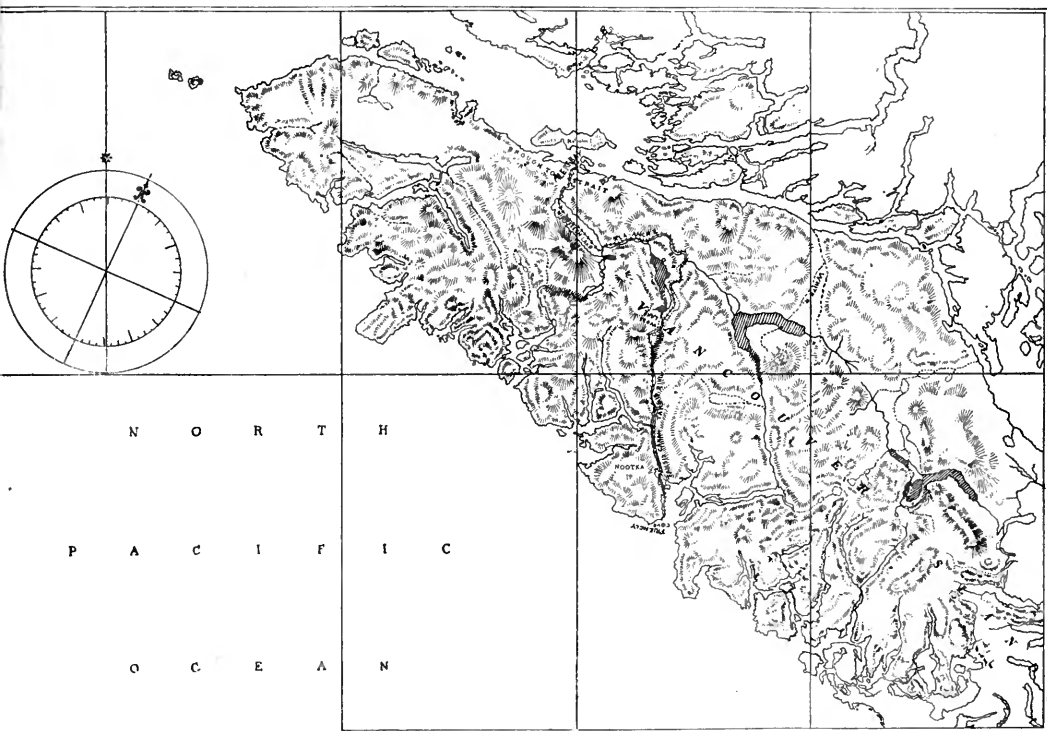
Once off we found there was no chance to stop; for a mile from the foot of the

lake the sides are so precipitous that there is neither landing place nor camping ground. So we worked on hour after hour till darkness set in and Nature went to sleep. Still we rowed and poled, feeling our way along the western side, creeping around headlands, not venturing to cross the bay. Many a snag did our front poler ward us from, many a stream swept us out of our path. The night wore on, for rafting is slow work, and not till 2:30 A. M. did we reach port. It was inky darkness when we turned into the hook that forms the head of the lake, and so tired were the crew that after lighting a big fire and cooking some cocoa, we lay down on the shingly shore hard by a glacial stream and slept as soundly as on beds of down.

Boating at night has its drawbacks but it also has its compensations. There was a weirdness about this row that had its own charm. The splash of the oars and the swish of the poles were the only sounds that broke the stillness save every now and then as we came near some great waterfall leaping down the mountain's side and tearing its way over a rocky bed to the lake.

The photographer got ahead of us in the morning and not only secured a picture of the sleeping beauties, or rather bundles, but taking the fisherman's rod and reel, caught a fine mess of trout for breakfast and then took in the sights. There is so much beauty in this little spot that we were glad to spend the whole day here. Kowse glacier on the summit of Rugged mountain is alone worth going many miles to see and then added to it there are the waterfalls, which seem coming down everywhere, joining at the base into the milk white stream that was altogether too cold to sip even under the mid-day boiling sun.

Our camp was just inside the timber at the base of the mountain pass which we



MAP OF A PORTION OF VANCOUVER ISLAND.<sup>1</sup>

had to follow up and down to reach the Tahsis valley. So on the morrow we shouldered packs again and began the ascent. It was a case of hand over hand in most places, and the undergrowth was so stiff that we made slow progress. We soon reached the snow line and here we had a bear hunt. Coming out of the timber into an open area of several acres of shrub, running up into the snow, such as elk love, we were all on the look out for such big game when we espied a black bear, an immense fellow, making hasty tracks along the farther edge of shrub towards a precipitous ledge of rock. He was on it in a trice, and the happy possessor of the rifle, pack on back, took no thought of the weight behind, but fired, hitting the beast hard, for he tottered beneath the blow, but not quite far

enough forward to bring him down. Then off with the pack, but a second shot fell short and by this time bruin had got to cover. Nothing daunted, the sportsman hied him up the snow and along ridges on which in cooler moments he would have considered it madness to attempt to crawl, and sought diligently an encounter face to face. But all of no avail. Bruin was master of the situation and knew his home too well to get within view. Down below were the men waiting for their meat, and high above worked the hunter,—but in vain. Sadly we pursued our journey and regretted wounding what we had not killed, and the suddenness of the whole affair which gave no time for the harmless kodak to take one lasting shot.

Soon after this we reached the summit whence a delightful view of Woss lake was obtained, and then we commenced to descend. We came down on the ridge

<sup>1</sup>The dotted lines indicate the discoveries made by the OVERLAND Explorers. The shaded portions indicate lakes and rivers on the official map that are not to be found. The route of the Bolton-Laing party was from Alert bay to Friendly cove.

that is bounded on each side by the sources of the Tahsis river. And such a coming down, we did almost as much sliding as walking, elk trails were useful, even the smaller deer trails were not despised, and by evening were at the head of the valley proper. Had it not been for the packs the journey down this wide and beautiful valley, which took up a day and a half, would have been delightful. It is a valley of ferns and open timber with streams running everywhere, later on to join in one and pour out into the canal.

We were so used by now to water that we waded the streams as if they were dry land, and not until we were within a mile or so from the mouth of the river did we encounter any serious obstacle. Then we came to such precipitous sides that packing was out of the question, so two of us went ahead down to the mouth, making our way as best we could along the mountain sides and finally fording the river up to our waists so as to reach the Indian rancherie, where we hoped to find Indians who would bring the packs and the other men down in canoes. The rancherie was there all right but never an Indian, they were all at Friendly cove, thirty miles down the canal.

But something had to be done, so after prying through the cracks of the houses, we espied a tiny river canoe, and using gentle force, opened a door and committed burglary. Two worn paddles were pressed into the service and then, carrying our prize to the water's edge, we got in.

It was touch and go whether we should not go out, for we were both tall men and somewhat weighty. But by lying down very low and being careful not to even wink an eye, we got some distance up the river when the rapids commenced and we had to pole. This was altogether

too much for the balancing power of one of us, and he preferred to pole himself on his own legs up stream and did so, the other making the journey safely to where our men awaited our return. Then putting the packs in the canoe the same good boatman swept down stream, the others making their way along the banks, and all reached the canal in safety.

So we crossed the island; but as Friendly cove is to all intents a part of the island and it lies on the real western coast, we did not consider our journey done till we had sailed down the canal and entered the well known cove.

But how to get down! One little river canoe that could scarcely hold two, and five men with their stuff to go. We hunted everywhere for more canoes but none could we find. So we came to the decision that two should go down to the cove in the rickety craft and secure one large enough to carry all, and the same two started out the next day at dawn.

We carried our life in our hands and nothing but similar need would ever make us take similar trip again. We were seventeen hours battling with wind and tide although for the morning hours we had everything our own way.

Not half a mile from camp and almost opposite the rancherie we came across a buried Indian, and as it may sound strange that we should see a "buried" party, we venture on a short description. About a dozen yards from the water a small canoe was seen wrapped round with a white sheet and tied up in a slanting direction to a tree. The entire wardrobe of the dead Indian was hung around on separate branches. His garments never were numerous, but such as they were they followed him to his place of rest. Above all these, in another tree, was a box, somewhat hidden by what might be taken for the front of a drum.

Reverence for the dead forbade any very close inspection, but inquiry at a later period elicited the information that this is a very common method of burial with the Nootka tribe.

For the first ten miles down the canal we used the paddles, then were glad to be relieved by a slight breeze. As we had carried nothing that was not absolutely necessary, we had neither ax nor rifle with us: or only freight was a tarpaulin in which were wrapped our blankets, and our food consisted of a little cocoa, some bread, and beans. Determining to try sailing, we ran up on a beach and made mast and sprit with jack-knives, then rigged up the tarpaulin as a sail, and a capital one it proved. During the delay we had an interview with three deer, which came so close that not a dozen yards parted us. They were out for their morning walk and frolic, and had a rare good time, gamboling about and playing a game of "tag"; every now and then coming over towards us and sizing up our intent. Pushing off, we were bowled along for another ten miles, having many a close shave of "turning turtle," but reached a large bay by noon, where the wind turned against us. Now came the real work of the day. The last ten miles took us till ten P. M. Once out of the quiet bay, we had to face the ever restless waters of Nootka sound. We kept close to shore, creeping around the headlands at imminent risk of utter collapse and with an expenditure of muscular force that called for frequent halts. The cockle shell was not meant for deep sea work, and no one was more astonished at the journey we made in it than the owner when she saw her little river craft had been pressed into such a service. But the Indian shakes his head when he sees white men tackle what he would never do; and there is a look in his eye, as

much as to say, "Where ignorance is bliss 't is folly to be wise."

Driven to shelter about five P. M., we had five o'clock tea (or rather cocoa) then pushed ahead again. Two canoes of large size came out from bays, and passed us on their way to Nootka, and despite our efforts to make them understand that we would like to combine forces, they either did not care to or really could not help us. They seemed to have almost all that they themselves could do to get round the points of land.

As the sun set the wind began to fall and by dint of steady paddling we ran behind some small islands into comparatively quiet waters. By nine P. M. we passed the last of the islands, and in pitchy darkness had to come out into a heavy swell and make a dash past two more headlands, the last of which was the entrance to the cove. We reached the first, shipping some ugly seas and escaping many a rock by inches, and made a dash for the second, but it was no good; we seemed in a nest of rocks, and sea weed caught our paddles at well nigh every stroke. It was too dark to find the proper course and to go clear out into the sound would have been madness, so within sound of the barking of the dogs at the cove we ran up on a little beach, hauled our canoe out of danger, and crept up amongst the rocks and salal to find a resting place.

One might venture the remark that since we were so near the goal, a short walk would surely have been a wiser course than sleeping out in our blankets; but no one who knows the nature of the west coast of the island will wonder that we did not attempt to fight our way through the undergrowth at ten o'clock at night. To find six feet of room for each of us was no easy task. One of us slept with his feet hanging over a twenty foot drop, a rock sticking into his hip bone, and the

tarpaulin sheet for a pillow. The other fellow lay hopelessly mixed up in chaparral and twigs. But we slept till the day began to break; then crawling down to our canoe, got away from rock and weed, and despite the tide that was now sweeping out of the bay, turned the last point and entered Friendly cove.

The village was still asleep, only a few dogs and crows about, so to while away the time till the place should wake up we strolled down the High street and took in the sights. Of course we were also compelled to take in the smells. Fish everywhere, dead on the beach, drying on the rails. To smoke became a necessity and we kept up the fumigation until Goss, the white man, opened the door of his store. Then we got to work, first at breakfast, afterwards at securing Indians and a large canoe, and by ten A. M. we were ready to start back to fetch the rest of the party.

It had not taken long for the Indians to know where we had come from, and soon we were surrounded by a crowd of jabbering ones, all demanding the purchase price of the canoe we had burglarized. Goss came to our relief and we found the real owner to be a young girl with a face besmeared with vermilion (used by the ladies to preserve their complexion from the sun's rays). Her father, mother, uncles, aunts, and cousins, all helped in the discussion that ensued. The duty of purchasing the canoe we scouted. Then \$5.00 was demanded as the hire. We offered seventy-five cents and it was gratefully accepted and spent forthwith in the store on apples and candy.

Our new companions were typical of the place, a young fellow, tall, muscular, who had laid off this season from sealing in the north, and an old man, wiry and efficient, with a light and singing heart. Up the canal we flew under

two great sails and had a deer hunt on the way. We noted a deer swimming round a rock, and putting on the pace with the paddles, we got near shore just as the deer had shaken itself dry and began the ascent of the mountain side. The younger Indian shot wild at first but finally brought the game down, and we hauled the carcass aboard and worked our way up, now against the wind, arriving at the camp in time for supper. There was rejoicing all round, for the Indians had deer meat and we had bacon, and the morrow would surely mean a delightful sail.

And so it proved. What had taken us, in the little craft, a long day to cover, we came down in under four hours, — a fitting ending to our trip across the island, and a most interesting place to bring it to a close.

The afternoon and the hours of the next day flew by as we gathered information, took photographs, bought curios, visited the shacks, and made lasting friendships. The Indian has so keen an eye to the main chance that despite his anxiety to be photographed he was keen to know how much he was to be paid for the sitting. The chief is a study in himself, he is not endowed with good looks nor virtues that should be imitated. He is the last of the old time Nootkas who were so fierce and cruel. Many a ship's crew fell before their rude weapons, many a pirating expedition ended for them in complete success. The book of one — Jewett — who spent two years of captivity here reads better than most novels and tells of what wild stuff those Nootkas were made.

This particular specimen has eyes which bespeak an ugly nature, and woe to the man whom he should even at this late day consider an enemy. His palace is an immense shack, the front bedecked with the ornamentation of the sun; the

inside barren of all adornment, with benches extending all along the walls, his own bench at the far end, whereat he works making the most beautiful sea otter spears. Outside lies an old Hudson Bay cannon, unmounted, a relic of past days of trading; and for our benefit the chief arrayed himself in a naval officer's suit, a gift of long ago. He is a polygamist and the law does not seem to care to interfere with him.

But he and his kind are fast going to the wall before the march of civilization. The young men are all sealers on white men's vessels, and returning, they are not content with the ill built shacks but are building for themselves houses of brick. They leave blankets alone and despise the dogfish oil and dried halibut. But sickness is working havoc with them all. They are nearly all consumptive and nearly every house has need of the physician. The priest and the witch doctor divide this honor, and whilst the war goes on between these two, the sick drop off one by one.

It was a strange sight in the morning hours to watch the ablutions of the cove performed. Nootka is not a place where delicacy resides. Every man takes his bath in public, and since towels are unknown, the sun is called in to take their

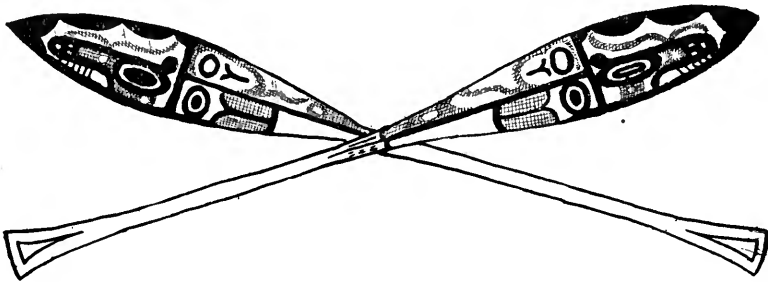
place. It was curious to see the little dark-skinned figures sitting huddled up on the shore, drying off on the hot pebbles.

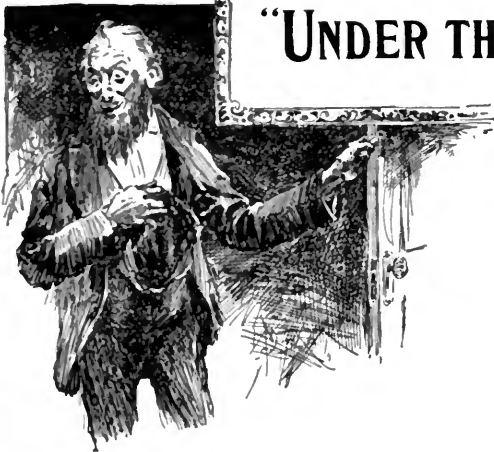
When the blanket, seemingly the only garment in many cases, has to be washed, it is taken into the sea, and after thorough soaking is laid out on the beach and beaten with a long stick. Then the owner lays it out in the sun and he and his await being dried by degrees.

There are no totems at Friendly cove, but a really remarkable carving in wood of a lad, full size, stands before one shack, so lifelike with a broad grin on its face that until it is closely approached a visitor is deceived into thinking it real and interested in his coming.

Of course curiosity was mutual and we had to bear with a crowd gazing at our every movement, watching us cook and eat, overhauling our goods and chattels, and from the look on their faces and incessant jabbering making jokes at our expense. This we bore with equanimity, for we realized we were a strange and tough looking crowd and were glad enough to think that none but strangers saw us after our trip across the island of Vancouver, a journey of just twelve days, but filled with memories that we shall cherish for our lifetime.

*W. W. Bolton and J. W. Laing.*





## “UNDER THE HEADIN’ OF THRUTH.”

MR. CUSACK ON THE AZTECS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF MRS. LOFTY’S  
DIARY.

“ I SEE,” remarked Mr. Cusack, settling himself comfortably, “ some fellows in the papers is thryin’ to make out the Digger Injins do be Jews.”

“ They have diverged very far from the original type then,” said the Judge, “ for they are as much given to a deficiency as the civilized Jew is to a surplus.”

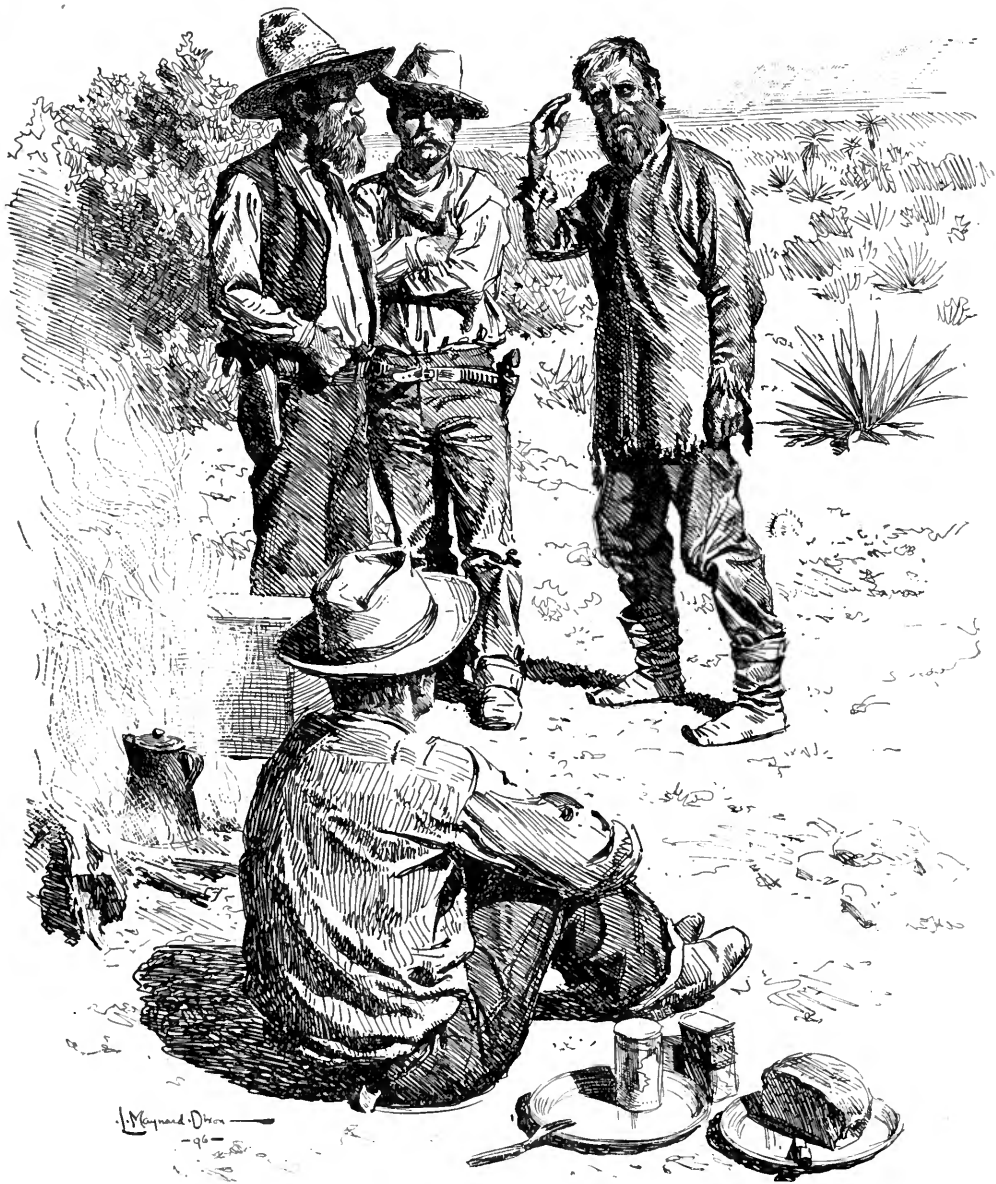
“ Very throe,” assented Mr. Cusack. “ But, Judge, Jew or no, there are some quare things about the Injin that wud be worth looking into. There is no nade to be thtravelin’ off into Afriky afther terry incognity, ther’s plinty av it in this counthry. Why, right up on the summit av the Sierra Nevadys, widin two hours’ ride av the Centhral Pacific, I can take you to a half-acre av picture writin’ that I’ll bet wor there afore the Flood. An’ it’s a sthrange writin’ too; for it’s nayther painted on the rock nor cut into it, but yet it is there; an’ it was put there for a great advertisement av something or other, for it is in a place on a sloping face av rock that whin it was fresh, must have been visible from ivery pake for miles around. But does anny scientific chaps iver notice it? No; they wud rather be huntin’ up old Pharoh’s cats or King Solomon’s mines. There is Lower Californy now, a little sthrip av land wid wather all around it, av not more than a hundred an’ sivynty or eighty

mile wide in the widest part av it, an’ yet ’t is an unknown counthry an’ there are more things hidden in it than any av us can guess. For my part, I belave the ghosts av the very old cannibal Aztecs, Montezumas, an’ Guatimozins, an’ all av thim, is there today, sittin’ on thrones av goold, dhressed up in their feather capes; or if not thimsilves, thin their lineal descindants. An’ I’ll tell you why.

“ I was workin’ down there wan time around the head av the Gulf, wid a party that was makin’ surveys wid an’ idea av lettin’ the ocean into the Colorado desert an’ makin’ a say av it again. Wan day there came into camp from the wild counthry to the south av us, where no human bein’ iver ventured, a poor craychure that cud give no account av himsilf. He was a white man, an American, an’ spoke like a man raised a gintleman, but his sines wor gone, ayther from misery an’ privation, or else from a hurt on his head, for the fresh scar av it was there yet. The most we cud get out av him was that he had been livin’ wid people that had faces like tall Mexican hats, whatever in the wurruld he meant by *that*. But he was perfectly harmless, an’ stayed wid us a good while, an’ fetched an’ carried round the camp like a slave; but he wor always dodgin’ an’ shrinkin’ as if he expected to be hit, till it put us all a’most crazy.

“ A day or two afther he came, some av the byes gave him some clane clothes, an’ tould him to go down to the little creek below the camp an’ take a bath an’ put thim on; for it was mighty little he had on him, an’ it was made av sthuff





J. Maynard Dixon  
-96-

"THE FRESH SCAR OF IT WAS THERE YET."

that niver came off a white man's loom. He was mighty plased wid the clane things an' wint off like a child to do as he was bid; but whin he sthrippid himself, wan av the byes that happened to be near came back to us wid his eyes sthickin' out like onions an' beckoned the rest av us to come. Well, sir, what do you think? His back an' chist an'

his thighs wor covered with scars av burns; regular brands they wor rather, for ivery wan of thim had a maning if we cud have understood it. Undher the headin' av thruth, he was branded all over wid hieroglyphics; but in the cinter av his brist was something very different from the rest—a cross and above it a church bell. Yes, it's thru, what I'm

tellin' yez. Not wan av us but wud have given a year av his life to be able to read that picture writin'. Whin we asked him about it, he cud or wud give us no account av it, but only shrunk away an' seemed as if he wor goin' to run away into the desert again.

"Wan day, some time afther that, whin he was washin' up our tin plates, he said the people wid faces like tall Mexican hats ate off av plates av goold an' silver. That put the climax on the thing, an' we wor all for throwin' up our job an' goin' off wid him for a guide to ferret out thim barbarians that did their picture writin' on live human flesh, an' ate off goold an' silver. But whin we broached the matther to him, he wint off into a perfect panic av terror; an' the nixt mornin' whin we woke, he was gone.

"Aftherwards we heard that he wint to Colnett. From there he wandered on to San Juan, an' thin he turned up in San Quentin. Thin he wint off to San Rosario, forty mile south, towards the desert an' the wilderness again, talkin' about his 'ranche,' an' tellin' nobody anny more about himsilf than he had us. At Rosario they put him on the thrail back to San Juan, but he niver wint there. Instead he tuk the old road across the desert to the onyx mines, an' wint

on, no man knows how, to the old landin' av the onyx company, on the west coast av Lower Californy. A month aftherwards they found his bones there, an' some scraps av a shirt wid wan av the byes' name on, so they knew it wor him. The coyotes had ate iver everything else."

"So you think," said the Colonel, "that some of the Aztecs got hold of him."

"I do, indade," replied Mr. Cusack, "but the thruth av that poor fellow's sthory niver will be known till the Judgment Day. But if some byes wid repatin' rifles, an' the sand to use thim, iver goes down there an' searches out thim fellows wid faces like Mexican hats (their heads squeezed in at the top I suppose afther some haythen idea av their own), in my mind it will pay thim well. Though if they dhrain out that lake in Alaska, that the glaciers has been pavin' solid wid goold iver since the Deluge, the yellow sthuff will be gettin' a dhrug in the market, an' we 'll have to be fallin' back for a currency on something scarcer. For it appears nothin' is anny good for money except something the most av us can't get hold av. I think I must be gettin' along home to me dinner. Good mornin', Judge an' Mither Crandall. Good mornin', Colonel."

*Batterman Lindsay.*

## ART.

PATIENT we call upon thy name,  
That haply we may see  
Eternal beauty like a flame  
Flash from its mystery.

Behold, how in thy courts we wait,  
Who have forgot to pray;  
No strength is ours for love or hate,  
Sons of earth's latest day.

But look! upon thy shrine we place  
Our hope, our heart's desire,—  
Bend from thy heights and of thy grace  
Touch the dull coals to fire.

*Flora Macdonald Shearer.*

# THE GREAT EMERALD LAND.

THE POET OF THE SIERRA ON OREGON.



GREEN! Green! Green!

Green in gorgeous tangle of grass and brake and briar, ferns that hide horse and rider, wheat and oats and barley, hops and corn and cumbrous black-boughed for-

ests of fir, from the sparkling river's brink up to the very snows of the Oregon Sierra. And then such whiteness against the sapphire heavens as the world has never seen outside this great emerald land of ours to the north!

Oregon — *Aure il agua* — was born great; greater than Texas, vastly greater in area; greater than all New England; nearly forty times greater than Massachusetts in area, and quite her equal in devotion, self-denial, and true valor. She was baptized in blood. Marcus Whitman, the true founder of home life and Christianity in Christian Oregon, — beginning his work in 1835 and closing it a dozen years later, — fell by the tomahawk, his wife and fifteen others by the bullet, and their forty survivors were preserved for terrors and trials worse than death. The story of that brave patriot's life and death is the most beautiful of all the many heroic tales to be found on the page of American history. It is only now, after nearly fifty years, that he is becoming entirely understood. As has been the case with many another good and great man in this eager age, he was so cruelly maligned by petty and jealous people presuming to write "histories" that the better people of Oregon and the East took the matter in hand. Old records in the Federal archives at Washington City and elsewhere were dug up, and it is simply astonishing what that man

endured to save Oregon from the British. Among other things of like fortitude and unexampled endurance, he mounted his horse in Oregon late in November and rode through the snow and winter storms, swimming rivers of ice, breaking the blinding trail for his horse, doing and daring what seems like incredible things almost daily, till he reached St. Louis. Then on! right on, till he stood "like a hairy wild man" before President Tyler and Daniel Webster in Washington. His limbs had been so badly frozen that he was almost helpless. But he saved Oregon, and that same year returned with hundreds of wagons, the first that ever crossed the plains, — and so died at his post for his patriotism. There have been many deeds of valor in a sudden and impetuous way by brave and unselfish American heroes, but there is nothing like this long, long fight with the wild elements, wild beasts, wild men, everything, in all our splendid American history.

The spot where he fell is now the heart of a wheatfield that spreads like a map from the Blue mountains to the Oregon Sierra, nearly two hundred miles to the west.

This space, reach and room, may seem incredible even to Californians, trained as they are to vast levels of golden grain; yet it is here, in Eastern Oregon.

But when Montana, Idaho, and the rest, were merely coupons on the great Oregon Territory these fields were not, — nothing but rolling hills of grass and horses. It was like a discovery to find that these undulating levels were the best wheatfields on the continent. The "Britannica" says, "This region is destitute of verdure and all life except

sage and juniper ; on this latter (juniper !) great herds of deer feed. ”

But whatever the British makers of books may have found this region once watered by the blood of Marcus Whitman, it is now an Eden, an Eden for hundreds of miles to the west, and as far to the east and to the north and to the south. It is notable that the farmers of Eastern Oregon along here build better and more comfortable houses than do those in California. Maybe it is because a more rigorous climate demands it. But the people here have “come to stay.” They have small farms, not more, as a rule, than the regular quarter section. It results that their schools are unequaled in any part of the Union. These green fields never yet have failed, and so they are not under mortgage. This makes a general distribution of wealth, and herein is the secret of the sweet home life here with these contented people, who came to Oregon seeking homes rather than gold.

From this it is not far to seek for the secret of their superior schools and large content. The State Normal School, within an hour of the Whitman massacre and planted amid the shoreless green wheatfields on a little trout stream, is truly a pattern. At its head is an Oregonian of the third generation, a preacher, as were his fathers. This is noted as proof that, whatever may be the case in California, Oregon is in no peril of becoming “Mexicanized.”

Without disparagement to any one of the fifty or sixty schools I have addressed this year in California and Oregon, it may be set down that this school at the base of the Blue mountains, so close to the scene of Oregon’s “baptism of blood,” is standing quietly, modestly, and most like, unconsciously, at the head of them all. Such content, industry, brilliancy, health, and beauty, a sort of

illuminated nunnery, so far as the girls go ; and the young men are so manly too. Splendid as are the schools of California, Oregon has no need to send her young folk from home ; nor is she doing so to any great extent. Her University, like her Normal schools, is next to full.

Prosperity sits all along the line here with her lap loaded with the gifts of Fortune. Away down the Columbia at the commercial centers the man who has been absent ten years is continually surprised at the wealth, even luxury, of Oregon. The roar of progress is heard on every hand. Portland has burst all bounds and sweeps across the river on electric cars that are propelled by the Oregon City Falls, a dozen miles distant. I write these paragraphs by light from the same source. The wonderful water supply from Mount Hood, forty miles away, is from the melting snows. The great stone houses, some of them from Arizona quarries, testify to the solid wealth of Portland.

I have written it down that Oregon was born great. Let me give but one example of her divine audacity and belief in herself. After gold dust began to pour into her territory from California, she, despite the Federal law to the contrary, proceeded to pass a law for the coining of this gold dust into money. She sent her men forth into her own gold fields, dug gold in a quiet way, having prayers it is said and preaching regularly, took it to her own mint, coined it, and used the coin to pay off her own little army, which she had put into the field to prosecute a war of her own against murderous Indians. She coined \$48,000. A beaver represented the industry of the people, and other tokens the prolific quality of the great emerald land. But the coin was pure virgin gold ; and so, being worth one tenth more than money from the United States mint, it was soon

absorbed by the mint in San Francisco, and now only rare samples of the five and ten dollar pieces are to be had. These are held of course at high figures by brokers, museums, and collectors.

Massachusetts had her "pine shilling," South Carolina her trade dollar, and some jeweler firms of Denver, by way of advertisement, coined gold dust into five and ten dollar pieces. But Oregon and Oregon only, of all the States in the Union, coined gold and made it a legal tender in the face of Federal law to the contrary.

Portland quietly but steadily and persistently insists that she has natural advantages surpassing those of any shipping point on the great ocean. This may be questioned; but she is, for all that questioning, a dangerous rival to San Francisco, and will continue to be, so long as she retains the blood that is in her veins today. Strange what blood will do. The Pilgrims came across the Atlantic in quest of liberty; the Californians came across the plains and around the Horn in quest of gold; but the Oregonians came in quest of homes. And that has marked the difference between those two peoples of this Coast from the first, and will to the end, as surely as the milk drawn from the tawny dugs of the she wolf marked Rome as the fierce step-mother of nations till prone in the dust.

As an illustration, look at our rich men of San Francisco. They are almost as much at home in New York, Paris, London, as at the place from which they gathered the gold with which to gild their glittering paths through foreign lands. They came to California for gold, they got it, and went abroad to spend it, as a rule.

As an example of Portland's heart and home life, it may be mentioned that a little time back her richest man died here, quoted at twenty-five millions,—

eighteen millions was the probate figure, —and every dollar, it is said, was found in Oregon at his death. He had spent neither time nor money abroad. Oregon, it would seem, was good enough for him and his millions. He had come to Oregon for a home, had found it, and was satisfied.

Now this may seem like a little thing. It is a great thing, the greatest thing in the financial round up of the year that can be. Just so long as Californians go abroad with their gold Californians will continue to grow poor. Just so long as Oregonians continue to live at home they will continue to grow rich. And this is the secret of the whole matter. It is not a question of harbors, climate, or anything of that sort. It is simply a matter of home, heart, loyalty, and love of country.

And if you will tolerate a paragraph in digression, let it be put down in black and white that if restriction, reasonable and just, (such as European nations would practise were situations reversed,) were placed on this vagabonding abroad of rich Americans, this sad "financial question" would never be heard of with us any more. To begin with, we should follow France, and neither sell nor pay interest on bonds to strangers or abroad. A fair tax on letters of credit might also help teach wealthy tramps a little of that love of home and country which prevails here in Oregon.

Now do not hastily conclude that these people of Oregon are either ignorant or untraveled. True, their Mecca is no longer San Francisco, as a few decades ago. They have about the same Bible, Shakspeare, and so on, that we have in other American cities, and perhaps the same proportion of them make the rounds of the Old World, but they don't go there to live, give dinners, and get in the papers. As before said, they come

here with hearts in them, hearts for home and the holy ties of home, and they are glad to be here and glad to get back when abroad.

Now it would be a mistake to say there is no heart or home life in all California. In fact there is as much of this nobler and sweeter side of life all along from San Diego up and through Los Angeles and

through the orange groves of Porterville and along the Sierra up to Siskiyou, as in Oregon, but the heart of California, San Francisco, is comparatively without heart, loyalty, or love of home. And where this radical difference is going to land the two great tide-water cities of the Pacific a century hence, there is no need of scribe or prophet to write down.

*Joaquin Miller.*

## ANCIENT PO-WHO-GEH.

### THE MONTEZUMA AND OTHER LEGENDS OF THE PUEBLOS.



**I**N THE year of our Lord 1541, when Coronado and his daring band of *conquistadores* were journeying in the wild lands of the North seeking the golden city of the Gran Quivera, they came to the town of an ancient people who for almost unnumbered generations had dwelt in a fertile part of the sandy valley of the Rio Grande del Norte. This people dwelt in plastered houses from two to four stories high; they had well tilled fields of maize, beans, melons, pumpkins, and tobacco; they were moulders of pottery and tanners of hides; they had a well regulated system of government, a complex religion, and perfectly preserved oral traditions, which they claimed recited the history of their ancestors back to the dim time when human life began upon the earth. They were a division of those red nations whom the Spaniards named Pueblo Indians, — partly civilized tribes that lived on in the same places for generations, while migratory hordes of

savages roamed and pillaged in the wilderness and deserts round about. They called their town and land *Po-who-geh*, and themselves *Po-who-geh-to-when*, or People of Po-who-geh.

More than three hundred and fifty years have gone into the past; great nations have fallen and others have been reared; the progress of education, arts, and sciences, has spread a new era over a great part of the world, but the descendants of the people of Po-who-geh continue to dwell in the same place as when their ancestors were discovered by the wandering adventurers so many generations ago. They have changed but little with the passing of the years, and those of today are in many ways much as were their forefathers of the olden time. They have been baptized to the faith of the Great White Christ of whom the early missionaries told them; many of them have learned the Spanish speech; their houses now are not higher than two stories, and many of them have doors and windows on the ground floor, as danger from their traditional roaming enemies is now over; they have partially altered their system of government to



"PO-SO-YEMMO MEETS YO-SEE FACE TO FACE."

conform with the ideas of the conquerors, and instead of the one religion of the olden time they now have two, which they combine and unify in a way peculiar to the people of their race. But in the practise of the religion of Yo-see and Po-so-yemmo, in the leadership of the *caciques*, in their belief in the wisdom of the fathers, in their clinging to the ancient home of their tribe, and in many other ways, they remain as they were found by the discoverers. These people are known to us as one of the tribes of the Tewa Indians, and their pueblo is known by the name of San Ildefonso, which name was given it by the priests who went there to convert the Indians.

The pueblo of San Ildefonso is located near, and on the east side of the Rio Grande river in Santa Fé county, New Mexico. The pueblo surrounds a rectangular plaza of about three acres, in which are growing some giant cottonwood trees. Most of the houses are now but one story high, but several are two-storied. Entrance is gained to the second

stories by ladders leaned against the outside walls. West of the plaza stands the old mission church, which was once the most important church in New Mexico; and south of the buildings surrounding the plaza is the *estufa* in which the worship of the ancient religion is practised, and which also serves as a dressing room in time of dances, and as a council hall. The *estufa* is circular in form, built of adobe, as are all the buildings, and is entered through an opening in the roof. A rude stairway of adobe leads to the roof and a ladder leads down from the entrance hole. A rude mud bench extends entirely around the inside of the room, and an altar of the same material, with a fireplace before it, is at the eastern side.

Immediately surrounding the houses of the village are the corrals and stables, made from upright poles, some of them having mud fences. In these the few horses, the numerous burros, and the sheep, cows, and goats, are kept at night, after they are driven in from the grazing



From a drawing by Craig.

THE GOVERNOR OF SAN ILDEFONSO.

lands by the herders. Beyond the stables are the little fields of the people, in which are grown corn, grain, melons, squashes, pumpkins, beans, and quantities of chili peppers and tobacco. There are but few fruit trees at this pueblo. In many of the fields are summer houses, or *acales*, in which the people live during the time of the ripening of the crops, their object being to prevent their products from being carried away by wild animals or Mexicans. During the planting and harvest times the people work in groups, changing work with each other in preference to working alone. Their methods of farming are primitive, and a great deal of labor is required to produce comparatively small results.

To the east there is a valley of the creek from which their irrigation water is procured, but in all other directions from the narrow valley rise foothills,

buttes, and mesas, with towering mountains in the background. To the west are the El Rito mountains, and to the east the towering summits of the Santa Fé range reach to the line of perpetual snow. To the south the valley winds in and out among buttes and cliffs, and to the north, about three miles away, is a huge mesa with steep sides and a flat top, upon which the Indians fortified themselves during the Pueblo rebellion of 1680, and which was used as a fort whenever they were engaged in warfare. The home of the Ildefonsans is a picturesque and beautiful land, "beloved of the sun and bereft of the rain."

The census of 1890 shows San Ildefonso to have a population of 148; the Indians themselves claim that the population is 200, and the latter figure is perhaps the nearer correct, as they entertain a deep-seated dislike for the census taker, and would report as few of their real population as possible. They have a grant of land embracing about 17,000 acres, much of which is arid pasture land. They have some very good ditches, but not nearly so much land under irrigation as they might have. A few Mexicans have encroached upon their lands, some of whom bought the land they occupy, and others of whom simply appropriated it. This was one of the smaller pueblos at the time of the discovery, and every census shows a decrease in population. In the olden times the population of all the pueblos was often decreased by the killing of many so-called witches; and whenever an epidemic is prevalent the mortality is great, because of the bad sanitary condition of their houses and of their lack of the knowledge of medicine, the most of their healing being done by charms and by the medicine men.

The people, especially the men, are smaller than Anglo-Saxons. Many of



them are slender ; some have thick, strong bodies, but all have short legs. The women when young are often quite comely, but as they grow old they seem to go either to the extreme of thinness or of fleshiness. A very few of the men wear hats, most of them going bare-headed as did their forefathers of the long ago. The regulation costume of a man is a pair of moccasins, leggings that reach to the hips, a cotton overshirt, a blanket in cold weather and on dress occasions, and a band about the head. They wear their hair long, and some of them braid it in the manner of the Utes and Apaches, and tie skeins of yarn or the skins of animals to the queues. In summer many of them bind wreaths of wildflowers or willow branches about their heads, giving them a picturesque and arcadian appearance. The costume of the women is the regulation costume of all Pueblo women,—white buckskin moccasins, the thick leggings that are made of strips of buckskin bound round and round the ankles and up to the knees, a short skirt reaching to the knees, reaching over one shoulder and under the other, a bright-colored under garment that shows at the neck and shoulder, and a scarf fastened to the back of the dress at the shoulders. They wear their front hair cut just above the eyes, and are careful to wash and brush it often. They adorn themselves with rings, armlets, bracelets, and necklaces of silver and beads, and for holidays and dances wear the brightest of bright *mantillas*. The summer costume of the smaller children consists sometimes of a short skirt, and sometimes of the red skin that Nature gave to the child. Often children of eight or nine years will go entirely naked on warm days, skipping over the house tops and across the bare plaza with all the grace and freedom of young animals.

The people make some money by sell-

ing pottery and by working for Mexican and American farmers up and down the valley, but their chief support is derived from farming. They have some herds and obtain some meat from hunting, and sometimes get fish from the Rio Grande. The farms are very small, and but one product is raised in a field. The pasture lands belong to the community, the tilled fields to the men, and the houses to the women. The sale of lands among themselves is permitted by the governor and *principales*, but no man is now allowed to sell his last field. The crops until they are harvested belong to the men, but as soon as they are stored in the houses they become the property of the women. The women help the men in almost all the farming work. The wild fruits that are gathered in the mountains are dried for winter, the squashes are peeled and dried, and corn and wheat are stored for winter use in every house. The grain is kept in large adobe bins built in corners of the living rooms, the bins being sealed up as soon as filled. The meal is ground on metate stones, and must be ground three times before it is fine enough to be used. The general cooking is done at little mud fireplaces that are built in the corners of almost every room in the pueblo, and serve for heating as well as culinary purposes. The peculiar blue bread, or wafer bread, of the Pueblos is made from the blue corn, and is in almost all cases cooked in the inner and darker rooms. The *tortillas* and the bread are baked in bee-hive shaped ovens that are built either upon the house tops or in the plaza before the dwellings.

The rooms in the houses are usually of good size and well made, nearly all of them being plastered ; but they are not as clean as they might be. Some of the houses now have glass windows, others merely holes with bars across. The beds consist of skins and blankets spread upon

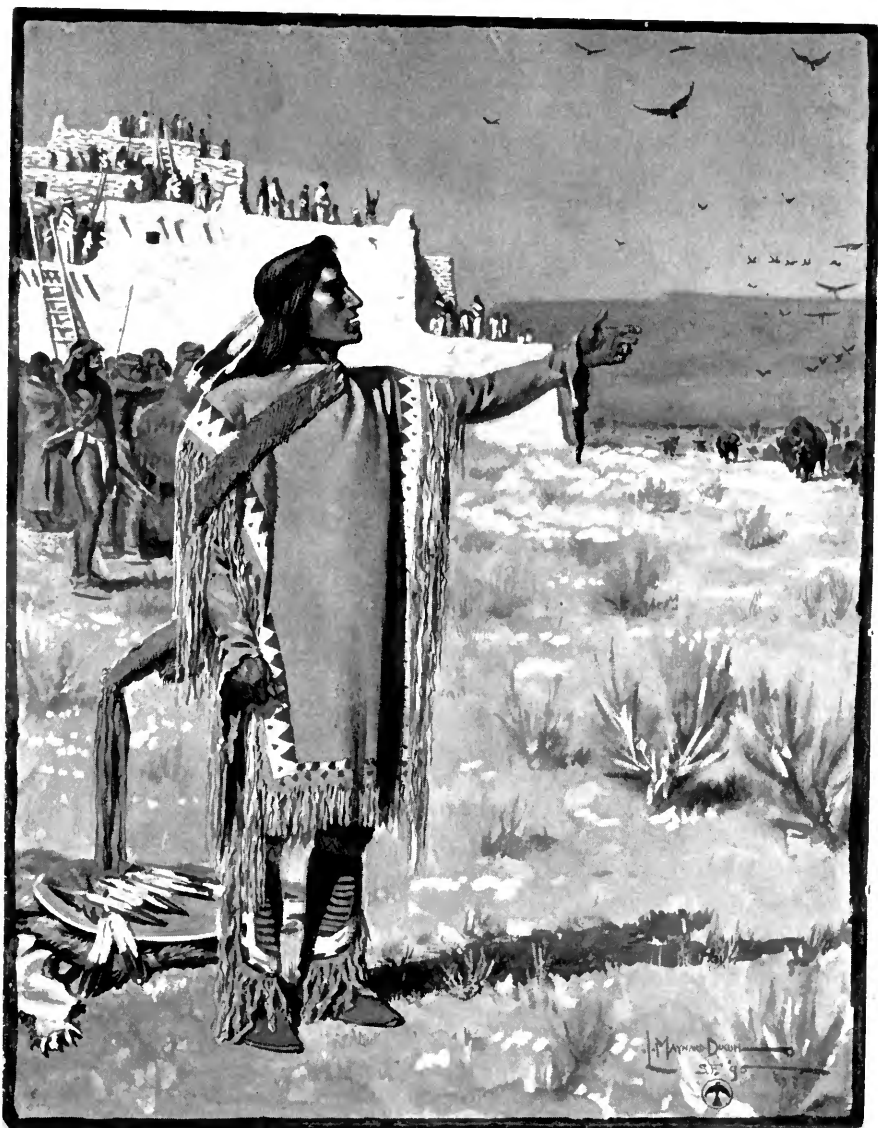
the floor, and the eating is also done upon the floor, the family squatting around the few dishes and jars that contain the food.

At harvest time the corn is carried into the plaza, before the houses, and the women husk it and store it away. Squashes are hung to dry on cottonwood branches, and much of the corn is hung in rude sheds to dry.

The fuel is piñon wood, carried from the surrounding hills on the backs of burros. The water is brought from the *acequias* in *ollas* carried by the women on their heads. The washing is done at the creek, stones being used for washboards and the root of the amole plant for soap. This weed is also used in washing the hair, being first rubbed to a lather in one of the large *ollas* or *tinajas* that are used for so many purposes.

The government of the pueblo is nominally on the plan that was engrafted upon the old system by the Spanish padres. The chief men are the *principales*, or men who have once held the office of governor. Once each year these men elect officers of the tribe, which consist of a governor, or chief executive, a lieutenant governor, a war chief, whose duties in these piping times of peace are similar to those of a constable or chief of police, and six *capitans*, or petty chiefs, whose duties are largely the preserving of order. While the governor is nominally the head of the people, the *caciques*, or chief priests of the ancient worship, are the real rulers of the people. There are two *caciques* in a pueblo, their authority being equal, but the year being divided between them, one ruling during the months of summer and one during the time of winter. The authority of the ruling *cacique* is the paramount authority in the pueblo. The *principales* have the right to elect the officers, but the elections must always be with the advice and consent of the *cacique*. The *cacique*

can countermand any order given by the governor or *principales*, and can even depose a governor, and in some cases he has the power of pronouncing the death penalty upon members of his tribe. No man is allowed to quarrel with or strike the *caciques*, and all must obey them. They own flocks and fields, and are usually the richest men in the pueblo, but they need do no work, their work being done by the other men, who are chosen and ordered by the governor to perform the work. Each head of a family pays a tribute or tax to the *caciques*, and the governor consults them on all important matters before issuing orders. The proclamations of the governor are given by word of mouth, the governor walking on the house tops and shouting his commands at the top of his voice. The *caciques* are the chief priests of the old religion. They are instructed in the secrets of all the lodges or secret societies of their people, and are the custodians of the greatest secrets known in the creed of the fathers, many of these secrets being known only to them and to the initiates whom they have chosen to succeed them in case of death. A *cacique*, if he performs the obligations of the unwritten ritual of the creed, cannot be deposed and holds his office until death. The present *caciques* are baptized church members, but the people obey them and the old religion when they will not always obey the priests and the teachings of the new; they may not always pay tribute to the church, but to the *caciques* there are no delinquencies. The *caciques* it is who know all the knowledge left upon the earth for the Pueblo peoples by Po-so-yemmo, the Messiah of the race, and none but them may know the greatest secrets, although each man is instructed in this knowledge as he grows older. It is the *caciques* who stand upon the housetop at sunrise to look for the



"CALLING INTO THE DEPTHS OF THE FOREST AND INTO THE AIR."

sign that will herald the return of the Messiah, and it is they who know the secret words by which Po-so-yemmo will make himself known beyond question when he fulfills his ancient promise of returning once more to the Pueblo nations. Under the caciques are various medicine men and priests, some of whose authority is almost equal to their own in particular things; but the authority of

the caciques is the greatest in all things. Authority seldom clashes, as the rules that govern the people were made in the old ages and must be strictly adhered to, and these rules clearly define the province of each one from the lowest initiate to the highest priest.

The chief at San Ildefonso is a young man for the position he holds, and is unmarried, living with his mother. He

performs considerable work himself, perhaps because the limited number of his people makes it difficult for him to live upon the tributes they pay him. He is an intelligent fellow, thoughtful and quiet in his demeanor, and seems to be greatly liked by his people. It is seldom that he leaves the pueblo, and then only to attend some dance or medicine making in the neighboring pueblos. He gave some of the people permission to tell me of the clans, of the history of his people, and a part of the great tale of the wonderful Po-so-yemmo, whom the early Spanish priests believed to be identical with Montezuma.

With our first knowledge of the myths and traditions of the Pueblo peoples, came the tale of a legend which said that Montezuma, the son of the sun, the ruler of the Pueblos as well as of the Aztecs, had left the Pueblos with a promise to return; that he had commanded the people to stand upon the housetops at the breaking of the day to watch for his coming in the sun; and that he had commanded the sacred fires to be kept burning until the time of his return. Eminent members of the Bureau of Ethnology, the compilers of Census Bulletins, and various ethnologists, disclaim the existence of this tradition, some saying it was told to the Indians by priests and is not believed by the Pueblos, and others saying it is a pure invention of the makers of Indian romance. Mr. Adolf F. Bandelier, perhaps the highest ethnologic authority in the United States, declares that the existence of this legend is a myth so far as it refers to the Mexican Emperor, his chief reason for disbelieving it being that no such word as Montezuma is known in any of the Pueblo languages. From his reference to it, however, it is plain that he learned something of the Po-so-yemmo tale, and understands the connection of the two legends.

Thomas Donaldson in his Extra Census Bulletin on the Moquis and Pueblos, in writing of this legend, says:—

As shown by the reports of the special agents, the sacred fires of the Moqui pueblos and Pueblos have gone out (were they ever lighted?); at least they cannot now be found. The beautiful legend of the Pueblo looking from the top of his house for the coming of Montezuma with the rising of the sun subsides upon investigation into the hungry Moqui or Pueblo on his housetop early in the morning, either driven out by unearthly smells (there is no practical ventilation in the pueblo houses) or scanning the horizon for his cows, goats, and donkeys, so that he, she, or it, may have breakfast! The voices heard in the pueblos early in the morning are not those of priests calling for Montezuma, but the voice of the pueblo crier calling out the orders of the day for the governor, as to who takes the herds, who gets the wood, etc. Not so beautiful as the Montezuma legend, perhaps, but much more practical. Special Agent Scott was personally instructed to observe these alleged morning waitings and watchings. At Zuñi for several mornings he watched from two until eight A. M., and the only Montezuma longers he saw were the town crier, men hurrying out to work, and some old citizens hurrying around as if in search of food. At all events Special Agent Scott kept his armory at hand and cannon in battery for fear the ancient prowlers might desire to remove some of his personal effects.

It is hardly reasonable to suppose that a man who went among a people considering them filthy thieves, and who took no pains to conceal his opinion, could get from them the mysteries that pertain to their secret religion.

In spite of the array of authorities that declare there is no Montezuma legend among the Pueblos, I feel safe in asserting that they have a legend of a messiah who dwelt with them once and who promised to return to them; and for the sign of whose coming the caciques stand upon the house tops at break of day to watch the sun. It is true that they have no word Montezuma in their language, but the early priests told them that Montezuma was the true name of

the messiah they believed in, and they now say that Montezuma is "the Mexican name" of their god.

I do not know nearly all of the legend, of which no doubt there are enough parts to fill a volume. As with all Indian legends, it is quite probable that the doings and sayings of the messiah are told in the minutest detail; and it is true that with this legend of the god Po-so-yemmo (miscalled by the priests Montezuma) there is intertwined much of the legendary history and the ancient laws of the Pueblos. The people of the pueblos of Sia know this deity under the name of Po-sho-yainne, and he is known to all of the pueblos, so far as I have been able to learn. The legend varies in each pueblo; sometimes he is told of as a poor boy who, with the aid of the deities, rose to fame; and at other places, as at San Ildefonso, he is believed to have been born a god. All of the tribes agree that he went to the south after performing his mission with the New Mexican tribes, but they do not agree as to his destination, some saying it was Chihuahua and others fixing it as ancient Te-noch-titlan, or the modern city of Mexico. A portion of the legend of Po-so-yemmo as known to the San Ildefonsans is as follows:—

A long time ago all the people of all the Pueblo nations dwelt in the north at a place called See-bo-fay-neh. At this place the people dwelt in caves in the ground and in the mesas. They had for food the animals they could kill, the wild fruits, the nuts of the piñon and other trees of the forest, the "old small corn," which was a kind of maize with ears no longer than two joints of a man's finger. The people were not so wise as they were at a later time, and it required a great deal of labor for them to secure the things they needed to eat.

One day a virgin of the people, accompanied by her grandmother, went into the forest to gather the nuts of the piñon tree. The name of the virgin was Koon-tsang-weh, and she was the most beautiful of all the girls and women. After she and her grandmother had walked for a time in the forest the virgin saw a bean lying upon the ground. There had never been any beans on the earth before, and when the girl saw this one she did not know what it was. She pointed it out to her grandmother who told her to pick it up and take it with her, which she did. After walking a little space farther in the forest the girl saw lying upon the ground a grain of blue corn, the same as the blue corn that is now grown by all the Pueblos. This corn had not been known before and it was not believed that there could ever be corn so large and good. The girl pointed out the grain of corn and was commanded by her grandmother to take it with her also, which she did. The two women then walked farther into the forest and soon came to a piñon tree upon which were nuts ready to be picked. The girl picked one nut and ate it, and immediately she conceived and became with child. When this miracle occurred the girl told her grandmother, and at once they returned to the caves where they dwelt, and did not gather any more nuts. When they reached the caves the old woman told the girl to throw the bean into one of the caves they owned, and to throw the grain of corn into another, and as soon as this was done they went to the cave where they stayed at night, and slept. The next morning the girl walked out to breathe the fresh air, and she looked into the cave in which she had thrown the bean, and found that the cave was entirely full of ripened beans. She then went to the cave in which she had thrown the grain of corn, and found it

full of ripened ears of beautiful blue corn that was much larger than any corn she had ever seen before. She then called her grandmother to come and look, and the heart of the grandmother was very glad, for she knew that now the Pueblo people would not have to work so hard as before. This was the birth upon the earth of the blue corn and the beans.

The girl then returned to the cave where she dwelt, and when the sun reached the same place in the sky where it had been the day before when she ate the piñon nut, she gave birth to a male child, and he was the strongest and in all ways the most beautiful child that ever had been, or ever has been since, born among the Pueblo peoples.

In a little while the baby could walk; it was not long until he could talk, and in seven days' time he became a full grown man, and he was the strongest and most perfect of all the men upon the earth. He could run like a deer, leap like an antelope, and was as strong as the black bears of the mountains. His name was Po-so-yemmo, and the people knew him as the god who would have control over the clouds and the rain.

When Po-so-yemmo was grown to be a man he told the people that he desired to go to all the places in the world and to see the lands and countries that the Pueblos had not seen. So he bade farewell to his beautiful mother and set out alone, and so fast did he travel that it took him only two days to go around the world. While he was on this journey he met the Great Spirit, Yo-see, face to face. Yo-see it was who made the world and all things in it, and he was the greatest of all the gods and spirits in the world and the sky and the sun; but except Yo-see, Po-so-yemmo himself was the greatest. Po-so-yemmo and Yo-see met at the place that is now called Ojo Caliente, and they talked much with each

other. Yo-see asked Po-so-yemmo what kind of weapons he had, and Po-so-yemmo showed him stone knives and a bow and arrow; he also told Yo-see what kind of food his people had and that they dwelt in caves in the hills and mesas. Then Yo-see showed his own weapons to Po-so-yemmo, and they were much greater and more deadly than those possessed by Po-so-yemmo. Yo-see then instructed Po-so-yemmo much in wisdom and told him what laws to give to his people and gave many rules for governing the people and guiding them aright. Po-so-yemmo then told Yo-see that the Pueblos were his people, that he loved them and desired that they might live aright and be prospered in the land; and he asked Yo-see if he would guard them and be generous to them, and Yo-see promised to do these things. Po-so-yemmo then bade goodbye to Yo-see and went again to his own people, and the time of his returning was only two days from the time of his going away.

When Po-so-yemmo returned he called all the people about him and told them that he had found a fair land in the south, where water ran in streams, where were rich valleys in which to grow crops and where abundant game lived in the mountains. He said, though, that wild men dwelt in this land, and if the Pueblo peoples lived there and desired to be safe they must cut houses out of the rocks high up on the sides of cliffs. He appointed a wise man named Oh-koo-uh-tsey to be cacique over the people, and commanded him to guide the people to the south and teach them how to hew homes out of the rocks, and to instruct them in planting fields. He said for the people to dwell in the rocks until it was safe for them to go into the valleys to live, when they were to go into the valleys and build great houses with the rooms all joined together, and then they

were to dwell in these houses. The people were to be divided up into tribes, and each tribe was to have caciques who would know the wisdom of Po-so-yemmo. So the cacique gathered the people together, and they bore with them the seeds of the blue corn and the old small corn and of cotton and tobacco and the other things they knew how to plant and harvest, and they went to the south. When they came to the lands of the south they divided and some cut cliff houses in one place and some in another, and caciques were chosen for each place. The people of the tribe of Po-who-geh cut their houses out of the cliffs in the place that is now called Rincon del Pueblo by the Mexican people, and they dwelt in these houses and hunted game in the mountains and tilled fields in the valley. Po-so-yemmo did not go to the south with his people, but went away in a different direction, and the people did not know where he was. But he had promised to return to them, and they knew he would come.

For a long time the people dwelt in the cliffs, but the time came when they were to dwell in the valleys and at that time they built great houses and lived in them. Pueblos were built in many places, one being at the place where Po-so-yemmo had talked face to face with Yo-see.

Then there came an evil time when the rain came not, and because there was no rain the corn and beans did not grow; and the wild men of the desert were fierce, and hedged the people round about so closely that they could not go to the forests to hunt for game. The caciques stood upon the house tops and prayed to Yo-see and Po-so-yemmo, and they asked that Po-so-yemmo might come again to his people and relieve them from their great suffering. And one day Po-so-yemmo came from the east, being more beautiful than ever, and clad in finer gar-

ments than had ever before been seen. His moccasins and leggings were of the finest buckskin and were adorned with bright paints and beautiful fringes. His robe was made of the finely tanned skin of a mountain lion, his quiver was also of lion skin, his bow was the strongest and most perfect in the world, and in his long black hair were many eagle feathers, some of which were painted red, some yellow, and some not painted. He came to the pueblo that was built at the place where he had first met and talked with Yo-see, and when he came to this place he raised up his voice and shouted so that all the people of the Pueblos might hear, and he told them to gather at that place and meet him. And the people heard his great voice and gathered about him. And he said to them:—

“My people, you are hungry, you are poor, you lack food and clothing and the things with which to live in comfort. I will cause the times to be better with you.”

Then he shouted with a great voice, calling into the depths of the forest and into the air, and commanding the animals and birds to gather at the place where he and his people were. And the animals in the forest and the birds in the air heard him, and because he was a god they obeyed him, and bears, deer, buffalo, antelope, mountain lions, wild eagles, and all kinds of animals and birds, came to him. He then commanded the people to kill them and make a great feast, which they did; and they were very happy. Then they made new garments out of the skins of the animals and all were again well clad. Then Po-so-yemmo commanded the rains to come, and again he was obeyed, and the people had bountiful crops. Po-so-yemmo dwelt at this place with his people for half the life of an old man (forty years) and while he dwelt with them they

waxed great in numbers and wise in wisdom and rich in belongings.<sup>1</sup>

While Po-so-yemmo dwelt with the people he taught them the sacred dances to the sun and the ancients ; he instructed them in the workings of the secret societies or lodges ; and he taught them in branches of the wisdom that has been the law of the Pueblos forever since. Then he said to his people that the time had come for him to depart from them ; that far in the south there dwelt some of his people, living in a city that was built in a lake, and that he must go to them. How long he would be gone he could not say, but he would return again, and when he returned, the Pueblo peoples would again wax rich and great. He warned them that in after years there would come from the south an alien race called *Quacci* (Mexicans) and at a still later time a race of white-faced people would come from the east and overrun the land ; and that both these races of aliens would come before his return. He promised that before he came his return would be heralded by a sign in the sun ; that at the breaking of the day the sun would be of different colors, yellow, red, and blue, and that after this sign appeared he would return, coming from the east. He told the caciques the words by which he would prove his identity upon his return, and then he said farewell to his well beloved people and journeyed to the south, and he has never been seen again. But to this day the caciques retain the secret of the Master's word ; the priests and magicians stand at sunrise upon the housetops to look for the miracle of the colored sun ; and the name of Po-so-yemmo, the water god and the law giver, the son of the virgin and the piñon tree, the maker of rain and the guardian of the Pueblo races, is a sacred name that

<sup>1</sup>It is said that this people afterwards removed to the place where once stood the pueblo of Pecos, but I am not sufficiently acquainted with the legend to say whether it was during, or after, the visit of Po-so-yemmo that they removed.

little children are taught to repeat with reverence, and that old men honor beyond any name that is known to them.

Such is the tale of Po-so-yemmo, mis-called Montezuma, the Messiah and God of Water of these red nations. The old tale that is disputed by the government ethnologists is only partly true to the legend as it was told to me. The god will not return *in* the sun, but will only make his sign there. The city in the south, surrounded by a lake, answers to the ancient description of Tenochtitlan or Mexico, but the legend might refer to a much nearer and altogether different place, as "far to the south," with an Indian, might mean one hundred or three thousand miles. This reference to the city within a lake is perhaps responsible for the fact that the identity of Po-so-yemmo was confounded by the early Spaniards with Montezuma, the chief cacique of the pueblo of Mexico.

Whether sacred fires are kept burning or not, I do not know definitely, but I believe they are ; neither would I take into very much account the opinion of a "Special Agent" on the subject, for if there are sacred fires they are kept well hidden from the eyes of prying white men, especially those who make a specialty of "standing by their armor." Much of the paraphernalia of the ancient worship is carefully guarded, and never seen except by members of the tribe initiated into certain rites. At the pueblo of San Juan is a sacred picture, showing the water god surrounded by a rainbow, the lightning, and water serpents ; and this picture has never been seen but by two white men, Mr. Samuel Eldodt, who has lived in the pueblo nearly thirty years, and by Mr. Bandelier, who made a copy of the picture for Mr. Eldodt, which copy I saw.

Careful students of Indian ethnology



know how extremely difficult it is to obtain accurate knowledge concerning myths, traditions, and ancient religion; so the length of time spent by any given man with any particular tribe of Indians counts for but little in these matters. I obtained part of the Po-so-yemmo legend from two Pueblo friends of mine, who communicated it to me with the permission of their cacique; I obtained verification of various parts of it from the governor of Taos, the governor of San Ildefonso, and from a Ute chief, who is an intimate friend of mine, and who, in addition to being a chief, is well versed in the secret rites and "medicine" of almost all the Indian tribes from Moqui to Taos. I hope at a future time to obtain the legend in full; and I believe that any careful student, if he has the proper facilities for studying the subject, cannot fail to verify the portion of the legend that I have given here.

The Pueblo Indians are believers in *kyu-gay-ees*, or witches and wizards, in which respect they do not differ from the lower classes of the Mexican population, who can tell fearful tales of the wrong doings of the *brujos*. The Indian belief in witchcraft seems to be as old as the tribes themselves, and many a poor Indian woman, and sometimes a man, has met a terrible death because the people and the priests of the old religion esteemed them to be in league with the evil spirits. This belief is not one that is remembered only by traditions, and only a few years ago four women and a man, at the pueblo of Nambé, met with violent deaths because they were found guilty of being witches. Four of the witches were hanged by the neck to the outer wall of the Catholic chapel, and the other was taken into the forest, placed upon a pyramid of wood, and burned to death. There is hope for the Indians, after all, for it was only a few

generations ago that our revered ancestors were hanging witches at Salem.

There are numberless witch stories to be heard in San Ildefonso. I will quote one of the olden time, as follows:—

In the long ago there was a pueblo near where is now the Mexican town of Santa Cruz. There lived there a woman who was the wife of a good man, but the woman was a witch, and by her evil doings she caused the death of many of the people. The woman was never discovered to be a witch, and in time she died, and was mourned as people mourn for a good woman. One day after the woman was dead, her husband went out to hunt rabbits in the snow. At night he made his camp under a cedar tree, and while he was eating his supper a coyote came near him. The coyote said it was very hungry, and asked the man for food. The man refused to give the food. Then the coyote came nearer and again asked for food, and this time the man threw some bread and meat to where the coyote was sitting, and it ate of it as though it had been very hungry. The coyote finished eating the food, and then said,—

"Do you know who I am?"

The man answered, "You are a coyote; I do not know your name."

The coyote then answered: "I am now a coyote, but was not always so. I am she who was your wife. When I lived I was a witch and caused many people to die, and when I myself died Yo-see punished me, and caused me to be changed to a coyote, and he told me I must travel four times around the world. I have now been four times around the world, but I am very, very weary, as the way is far."

Then the coyote-woman went away, and traveled down the valley of the river, and came in time to where there was a trap that was set to catch wolves and

coyotes, which was owned by a man who lived at Po-who-geh. The coyote was caught in the trap, and the next morning when the man went to see what had been caught in the trap he found the coyote. When he came near, the coyote said,—

“I know you are going to kill me, and when you kill me my spirit will be no more upon the earth, and I will never again travel near to the pueblo that was my home.”

The man thought it strange to hear the coyote speak words, but he took his stone knife and killed the coyote and began to cut it up so that he might save the skin. In cutting it up he found the food that had been given to it, and the food was just as it had been when it was first cooked. Then he threw the carcass of the coyote into the river.

After the man had killed the witch-coyote the news of it reached the people of the pueblo where she had lived, and they were very glad to know that the witch who had caused them so much trouble was dead.

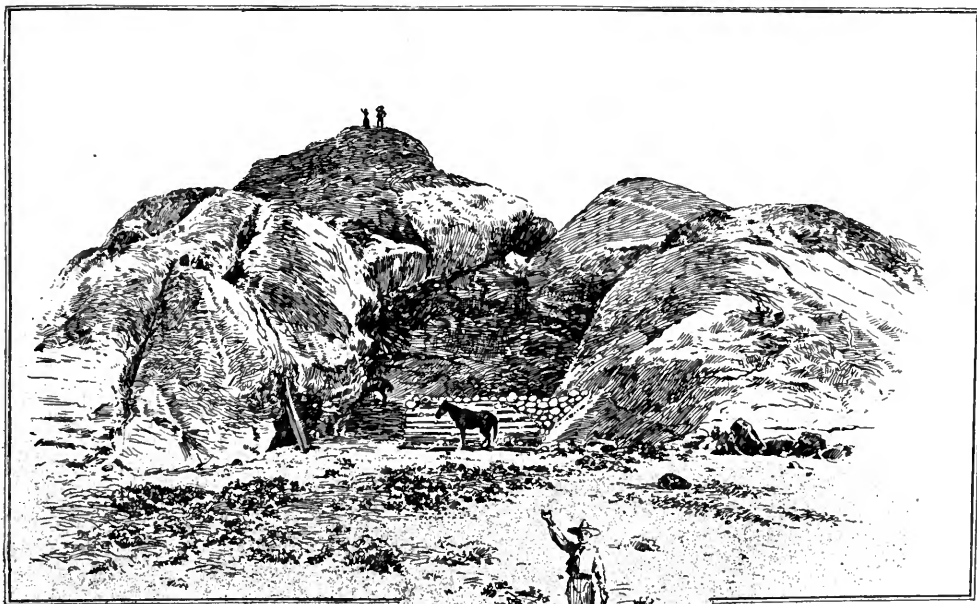
A simple tale this, and one filled with the deepest superstition and childish fear of bugbears. Yet such tales are implicitly believed in, and told with bated breath to red-skinned young listeners, whose eyes distend in horror at the thought of the grewsome *brujos*.

Po-who-geh is a microcosm. The ground embraced in its territory is but a little speck upon the map, its population is but a handful, and its town but a tiny mud hamlet sleeping in the soft sunlight of the Rio Grande. But such as it is, it is the life home of the people who dwell in it, and whose meed of human happiness or human misery will be meted out to them within its petty area. In this little spot children are born, reared to manhood, grow to old age, and sink back into the earth again. There is marrying and giving in marriage. There are men who are ambitious to be the leaders among their people, and they learn to know the pleasures of gratified ambition and the misery of defeat just as do we who have the world for our country.

With their quaint old traditions that reach back to the earliest ages, with their strictly guarded secret societies, their semi-religious dances, their worship of the spirits and of the sinless Messiah who came to them from the Great Spirit, and with their quiet, contented lives, they are an interesting people, even though few in numbers. And as I reached the great mesa for the last time and turned for my last look upon the white-walled village that in the olden time was called Po-who-geh, it seemed to me that I was leaving a land that is, after all, not greatly different from the great countries that those people know nothing of.

Verner Z. Reed.





I. NATURAL HORSE CORRAL, SAN LUIS OBISPO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

## INDIAN PICTOGLYPHS IN CALIFORNIA.

Pictures are dumb histories.—*Bacon.*



AN, at one stage of his existence, was neither a talking nor a writing animal, and his first method of communicating ideas was doubtless by signs or gestures. In order to make these gestures more expressive, certain sounds were emitted, which

in time took the place of the gestures and by combinations into words eventually formed a spoken language. This was sufficient for the interchange of ideas between individuals within speaking distance, but something more was necessary for communicating with those at a distance; and for immediate transient communications, signal fires and similar devices were formulated. For direct communication between individuals at a distance from each other various devices

were in use. Notched sticks, strings of shells, certain objects of ornament or utility, when sent from one person to another, or from one tribe or community to another by messengers, had an understood signification and continued in use even between tribes and peoples using different languages. In this manner also a system of picture writing was evolved, rude pictures of animals and representations of the human body in various positions and with various accompaniments, written or scratched upon portable pieces of rock, wood, bark, shell, etc. There is no doubt but that this system of picture writing preceded and generated the graphic systems of Assyria, Egypt, and China.

Picture writing and sign language are, and have been, more generally used on

the American continent than in any other portion of the world, or they are more in evidence, from their more recent use. The invention of alphabets is the first great step from barbarism to civilization, and the commencement of the evolution of picture writing into signs of sound is shown by the Aztec and Maya characters of Mexico and Central America, which, while in a transition state, were arrested by foreign conquest.

Mr. Garrett Mallory, who has made a thorough study of this subject, says:—

American pictographs are not to be regarded as mere curiosities. In some localities they represent the only intellectual remains of the ancient inhabitants. Wherever found, they bear significantly upon the evolution of the human mind.

The Indians of the present use picture writing to such an extent as to be able to communicate ideas and historical facts. This co-existence with the use of alphabetical characters and written language by contemporary races and tribes, gives us excellent opportunities for deciphering many ancient pictographs, which would otherwise have remained enigmatical and uninteresting.

Many superstitions are connected with rock paintings and sculptures, of which



2. LA PIÉDRA PINTADA.

large numbers are found throughout California, especially in the central and southern portions of the State.

As is usual among all races of man, that which is not understood is naturally

ascribed to the supernatural, and when from lapse of time, or change of location of peoples, the origin and meaning of these picture writings are forgotten or lost, they are looked upon as work of the gods. Many tribes believed in gods who had supervision of pictograph writings which are often found on the walls of caves, and on rock faces very difficult of access. These gods were supposed to live in caves by the seashore, and were never seen by man, but made themselves manifest by inscriptions on the rocks.

The comparative rarity of these inscribed or painted rocks in recent times is accounted for on the ground that so little attention was paid to them, that the gods became angry and ceased to endeavor to communicate with the inhabitants, as it was believed that these inscriptions foretold coming events; but as none but the shamans, or medicine men, were supposed to be able to understand their meaning, it is probable that the medicine men often made the inscriptions secretly, and assigned such meaning to them as suited their convenience or ambition.

The Mandans had an oracle stone, upon which, after a night of fasting by the shaman, figures appeared, which were explained by the shaman, who had doubtless made them.

Painted or sculptured rocks were objects of reverence also, and in instances where portions have fallen off or tumbled down, the Indians assembled in force and endeavored to propitiate their supposed offended gods, by offerings of food, accompanied by songs and ceremonial dances.

Among American tribes pictured or sculptured rocks are of two classes. In one the figures have a meaning which is understood by the masses; the other can be deciphered by the mystics only,



3. PAINTED ROCKS IN NATURAL CORRAL, SAN LUIS OBISPO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

or such as are so old that the knowledge of their meaning has been lost. The former includes the common figurative signs used at burial places, or by traveling or hunting parties to record the events of their expeditions.

It has been noticed that the incised, or painted rocks of the regions occupied by various tribes, who belong to the same linguistic family, exhibit similar signs as used to convey ideas, or historical facts. Another cause for a similarity of figures to convey ideas, in widely separated localities is the well known parallelism of the evolution of ideas under similar circumstances and surroundings, showing a common line of thought in the human race.

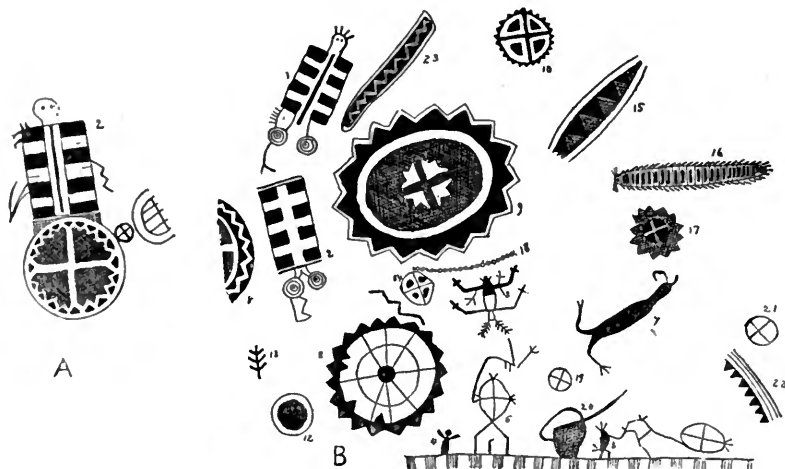
This is strongly evidenced in the similarity of form and material used in the manufacture of stone weapons and implements, — arrow-points, spear-heads, and knives, of similar, or even identical forms and material, having been found in many widely separated regions, and it would be a difficult, if not impossible task to select those of any given locality or continent from a mixed collection of aboriginal stone implements.

Painted rocks have been found in many localities in California, notably in the

middle and southern portions, and it is a curious fact, showing possible evidence of former migrations, that the figures used in some portions of the interior of California are the same as those found in Arizona, where the figures are generally formed by first picking the surface with a sharp-pointed rock, thus breaking through the coating, or film of rock discolored by weathering, and afterwards applying the colors, which by penetrating the bruised outlines are more permanent than if merely painted on the ordinary surface of the rock.

Some of the most elaborate rock paintings of California are found in San Luis Obispo county, in a cave or rock shelter weathered out of the walls of rock forming the "Natural Corral." Illustration 1 represents the rock, and 3, the paintings, from photographs taken some ten or twelve years ago, when they were in a better state of preservation than at present. The colors generally used are dull red, from red ocher; yellow, from ochrous clay; white, from some earthy substance; and black, made by mixing powdered charcoal with clay, or by using some compound of manganese.

Tulare county has some interesting rock-paintings, in places where over-



From "Remarks on Southern California and Queen Charlotte Island."  
 4. ROCK PAINTINGS TWELVE MILES NORTHEAST OF SANTA BARBARA.

hanging and rain-protected rocks occur. Owen's valley in Inyo county appears to be rich in this class of relics, and the character of the figures seems to differ from those generally found west of the Sierra Nevada, although some of them show a marked resemblance to paintings found near Santa Barbara. The antiquity of some of these petroglyphs is shown by the fact, that in many instances, where the rock has been inscribed, the sculptured surfaces have assumed the same appearance and color as the undisturbed surface of the rock. In this region the surfaces of boulders lying upon the surface are sculptured over. These seem to have been used to indicate routes of travel through valleys, and over mountain ranges.

On the northern summit of the Santa Ynez mountains, near the San Marcos pass, are groups of paintings, among which serpentine and zigzag lines and figures of the sun are conspicuous. They are in a cavity in a large boulder. In the same locality are mortar holes in the surfaces of flat rocks.

At another point, some twelve miles northwesterly from Santa Barbara, at the base of a rocky promontory, is a rounded cavity, upon the walls of which are

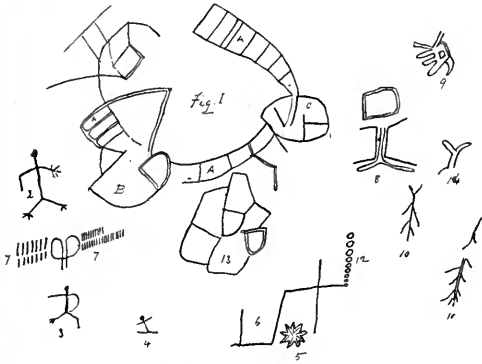
painted a number of figures of special interest, some of which are supposed to represent bales of blankets, and human figures lying upon outstretched Mexican serapes, indicating an intention to record the advent of traders among the Indians.

None of these series, however, seem to equal the Stone Corral paintings in variety of form and character.

On the northern slope of the foothills of the Santa Ynez mountains, a little east of north from the city of Santa Barbara, four miles distant therefrom, between the head of the Montecito valley and La Cañada de las Alisos, or Sycamore cañon, is "La Piedra Pintada," a large isolated boulder, of ovoid shape, thirteen feet high, with a flat top, twenty by thirty feet. On the northwest side of the rock is a cavity six and one half by eight and one half feet in diameter, about six feet deep, containing a series of interesting paintings of which, at the time the photographs reproduced in Illustration No. 3 were taken, 1885, I took a copy. Since that time the paintings have been defaced and partly obliterated, as in many other instances, by the thoughtless vandalism of visitors.

From the manner in which the rock has weathered off, it is evidently one half

of an immense concretionary sandstone boulder, and the fragments of the concentric laminæ have peeled off, and lie in such positions that they form a partially



Sketched from the original by the author in 1885.

5. FIGURES ON "LA PIÉDRA PINTADA."

subterranean gallery around nearly two thirds of the circumference of the rock.

According to Indian tradition, this gallery formed a place of concealment and was known as "The Bad Indian's Cave."

While studying and copying the painting on the wall of the cavity, and particularly while copying the largest connected figures of the group, I was suddenly impressed with its resemblance to the rock itself, showing the original fragments which had fallen off and formed the gallery, and the incidents which the paintings might have been intended to portray flashed upon my mind like a view of landscape on rounding some projecting point. The portion of the drawing resembling stair steps, surrounding the central figure represents the fragments which had peeled off, some of which still retain their position. At one point is a projection of the upper portion of the boulder, which forms a sloping or cave-like recess, and probably covered the opening to the gallery. The largest human figure represents the bad Indian pursued by his enemies. Two other human-like figures represent the pur-

suers. The larger figure seems to be carrying something in the hand of the outstretched arm, and has approached very near to the opening under the rock, having distanced his pursuers, one of whom is left far behind. The other figure seems to be about half way between the first and last, and is evidently very tired as indicated by one arm stretched toward the fugitive, the other arm bent with hand resting on the hip. The figure of the sun appears to indicate the time of arrival, its position in relation to the other figures shows that the sun had passed below the horizon, thus adding to the chances of concealment, which were further facilitated by the thick growth of bushes and trees which are now rapidly disappearing by cultivation. Another figure seems to represent a section of the cañon in the mountains from which the pursued and pursuers have emerged. A series of well preserved perpendicular lines painted in alternate colors of black and red, probably represent some record of time, perhaps the number of days or moons, spent in the semi-circular gallery. Another figure may represent the estero with its tributaries running from different directions. Another, the low range of hills with their spurs and ravines lying west of the valley. Two other figures seem to illustrate the creeks flowing from the mountains to the sea, while some of these from their relative positions seem to form a crude outline sketch of the physical geography of the locality and its surroundings. Others nearly obliterated by the weather remain as unsolved riddles, (like many others over which antiquarians and savants have puzzled their brains). They may have been formed on some systematic plan for the communication of ideas, or in connection with religious rites and ceremonies. Quien sabe!



## SHEEP HERDING.

WOULD you lean to Nature's lip, and hear  
Her word, unspoken, in your ear,  
Or lie close-held in her lap all day  
Like a harp for her mighty hands to play ?  
Would you learn how those powerful fingers that sweep  
To harmonies new, and strange, and deep,  
Can tear and jangle your heart strings too ?  
How she who can blandish, and soothe, and woo,  
Can teach you beyond all men to feel,  
And break you at last on her cruel wheel  
Of impersonal solitude, soulless and vast,  
That shall be and be when your time is past ?  
Then take you a bunch of sheep and go  
To herd on the plains for a month or so.



Alone on a boundless sea of grass  
Where only the shadows ever pass.

No face nor speech of man is there,  
Articulate silence everywhere ;  
And after the voice of beast and bird  
You shall hear—in the void—the unspeakable word!

When your time is over, come back to mankind,  
With something lost you can never find,

With something found that you fain  
Unkempt, wild-eyed, in your tattered

And your torn coat, over a sinking  
Which feels mid its fellows a thing

Ah, draggled and dirty, and brown as  
You have solved the secret,— and found

*Grace MacGowan*

would lose,  
shoes,  
heart,  
apart.  
the earth,  
its worth !

*Cooke.*



# ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

BY AN IRISH MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

## II.



HAVE said nothing as yet of Oliver Cromwell, but as he comes full up to the average measure of English miscreancy in Ireland, a word about his doings is not out of place.

In Mr. O'Connell's "Memoir," already referred to, he is called, "The Master-demon, who steeped his hands in the blood of his Sovereign, and came to Ireland, reeking from that crime, in order by horrible cruelties committed on the Irish to acquire popularity in England." The devilry of the slaughter of the people at Drogheda, the first place of the attack, was simply hellish, both in design and execution. Carte relates that quarter was promised "to such as would lay down their arms" and the promise was kept,—

as long as the place held out; which encouraged others to yield. But when they had once all in their power, and feared no hurt that could be done them, Cromwell being told by Jones (one of his officers) that he had now all the flower of the Irish army in his hands, gave orders that no quarter should be given, so that his soldiers were forced, many of them against their will, to kill their prisoners.

This English historian goes on to state that the Marquis of Ormonde in his letters says:—

On this occasion, Cromwell exceeded himself and anything he had ever heard of, in breach of faith and bloody inhumanity, and that the cruelties exercised there for five days after the town was taken would make as many several pictures of inhumanity as the Book of Martyrs or the relation of Amboyna. Carte, 11.84.

Another credible witness had best here be cited as to what took place at Drogheda.

The whole army [Cromwell's] being entered the town they executed all manner of cruelty and put every man that related to the garrison, and all the citizens who were Irish, man, woman, and child, to the sword. Lord Clarendon's History. Vol. VI. 395.

Another English historian gives an account in the main identical with the foregoing:—

Quarter was offered and accepted, and the enemy, surmounting the breastwork, obtained possession of the bridge. . . . The pledge which had been given [to grant quarter] was now violated. . . . During five days the streets of Drogheda ran with blood; revenge and fanaticism stimulated the passions of the soldiers; from the garrison they turned their swords against the inhabitants, and one thousand unresisting victims were immolated together within the walls of the great church, whither they had fled for protection. Lingard's England, A. D. 1649.

Here is an extract from Cromwell's dispatch to the Speaker of the House of Commons:—

Sir, it has pleased God to bless our endeavours at Drogheda. After battering we stormed it. The enemy were about 3,000 strong in the town. I believe we put to the sword the whole number of the defendants. I do not think thirty of the whole number escaped with their lives; and those that did are safe in custody for the Barbadoes.<sup>1</sup>

The following is the comment of Mr. O'Connell upon this fearful massacre:—

First the garrison, who were promised quarter, and on the faith of that promise had ceased to resist, were slaughtered deliberately and in detail. And next the unoffending inhabitants were for five days deliberately picked out and put to death,—the men, the women, and even the little children. Oh England! England! in what letters of blood have you not written your cruel domination in Ireland! It is true that the garrison deserved their fate. They put faith in an English promise made to Irishmen.<sup>2</sup>

It is recorded on the journals of the House of Commons, under date October 2, 1649.

This day the House received dispatches from the Lord Lieutenant Cromwell, dated Dublin, September 17th, giving an account of the taking of Drogheda. For this important success of the Parliament's forces in Ireland, the House appointed a day of thanksgiving. . . . A letter of thanks was also voted to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; and to be communicated to the Officers there; in which notice was to be taken, that the House did approve of the execution done at Drogheda. Parliamentary History, Vol. III., p. 1334.

<sup>1</sup>A Memoir of Ireland, Native and Saxon. By D. O'Connell, M. P., p. 273.

<sup>2</sup>*Ibid.*

It is to be observed that England always, and at all times, has accepted the responsibility of every iniquity committed in Ireland in her name. By approving their acts, and bestowing wealth, honors, and titles, upon her agents she has taken their guilt upon her own shoulders.

The apothegm of how history repeats itself has been above cited. There is another equally true which loses none of its potency by repetition, namely, that "Crime brings its own punishment." An incident occurred during the five days' massacre in Drogheda that in all probability reacted upon England in an extraordinary manner. There was in Cromwell's army an officer named Washington, who was horror-stricken by the cruelties he witnessed. The streets of Drogheda, one vast shambles running with innocent blood; every lane and byway and open space piled with the bodies of the slain; every dwelling a charnel-house, furious English soldiers drunk with Irish blood, thirsting for more, and on the lookout for fresh victims. It would be impossible to put the agony of the scene into words. Amid all its horror, Colonel Washington made an attempt to save the life of a beautiful little boy, some murdered Irish mother's curly-headed darling, by hiding him under his military cloak. The savage soldiers, however, tore the child from his protecting arms and dispatched him before his face. So disgusted was Colonel Washington with Cromwell's fiendish cruelty and with the brutality of the savages under his command,—it would be an insult to the name to call them soldiers,—that he resigned his commission and ultimately emigrated to America. Unfortunately the means are not at present within my reach to trace his subsequent career, but taking into account the date of his departure, about the year 1650, and the fact that the name of Washington was not common, it is not only possible but highly probable that the gallant soldier who showed his hatred of England's merciless oppression of the Irish people, by throwing up his commission on the spot and leaving the country forever, was the not remote ancestor of the Father of American independence, the high-souled, the heroic George Wash-

ington, who rescued his country from a hateful tyranny, humbled the pride of England to the dust, defeated her best generals and most powerful armies, founded the mighty republic of the West upon the ruins of her broken power, and thus became Ireland's avenging angel.

But we are not done with "The Master-demon" yet. Drogheda was only an item in the multitudinous carnage. The next place of importance to which Cromwell turned his attention was Wexford, where the horrors of Drogheda were re-enacted. The account is given on the authority of an English Protestant historian.

As soon as Cromwell had ordered his batteries to play on a distant quarter of the town, on his summons being rejected, Stafford [the commander of the garrison] admitted his men into the Castle, from whence issuing suddenly, and attacking the wall and gate adjoining, they were admitted, either through the treachery of the townsmen or the cowardice of the soldiers, or perhaps both; and the slaughter was almost as great as at Drogheda. Warner, 476.

No distinction was made between the defenseless inhabitant and the armed soldier; nor could the shrieks and prayers of three hundred females, who had gathered round the great Cross, preserve them from the swords of those ruthless barbarians. By Cromwell himself the number slain is reduced to two, by some writers it has been swelled to five thousand. Lingard, A. D. 1649.

More than enough has been said to expose the ferocity, treachery, and hypocrisy, of Cromwell, and to show what good grounds Irish Members of Parliament had on a recent occasion for opposing a money vote to erect a statue to him at Westminster.

A paper on the relations existing between England and Ireland, past and present, would be altogether incomplete without some reference to the Penal Laws. The treaty of Limerick, entered into with much solemnity, signed upon the famous Treaty Stone and ratified by the Lords Justices, who traveled specially from Dublin for the purpose, purported to secure to the Irish people perfect freedom and equality of rights. That treaty was immediately broken by England as deliberately as it was made. Keeping faith with the Irish was denounced as a crime, and so far from equal rights being secured, the Penal Laws were enacted.

To attempt a description of them would be out of place here. It will answer the purpose to cite the opinion of Edmund Burke, which will be accepted as that of an unsuspected witness. He has characterized them as,—

a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, and as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment, and degradation of a people, and the debasement in them of human nature, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man.

It will doubtless be said, with a shrug, that all the foregoing is ancient history and that England of recent times has abandoned all that sort of thing. Well, let us draw nearer to the present time and see whether history has forgotten how to repeat itself. Take the story of the insurrection of 1798. It cannot be called a rebellion, for that would be to admit an inherent or natural right on the part of the English to rule the Irish nation, a right that never existed and never can exist. The uprising of the people in an attempt to get rid of an odious tyranny was admittedly procured,—brought on by intolerable oppression with a view to extinguish it in blood and then, when the nation was helpless in the hands of her powerful foe, to destroy every vestige of nationhood by the accursed act of Union. Mr. Gladstone gave to the world in the July number of the *Nineteenth Century*, 1889, a remarkable article entitled, "Plain speaking on the Irish Union." In the course of his comments and reasonings, which are very outspoken, he says:—

It is for some of us a happy circumstance that the complicated machinery of modern government makes it difficult or even impossible to fasten upon individuals the guilt that belongs to the excesses and the outrages of power. . . . Still more difficult would it be to track out the dark lines of responsibility in the case of the Union with Ireland. For in these are presented to us a group of agencies which it would be hard, and it is not needful, to disentangle. We have besides the demoralized and cruel soldiery, yeomanry, and other direct agents of the anti-human system, the Irish Parliament sedulously corrupted from England with an ever increasing energy and determination.

This is an important admission from one who for nearly half a century was the most striking individuality and the most powerful man in England. Again, he says:—

No one has been more ready than the Englishman to admit, or even to contend, that tyranny

may justify and require revolt, and that laws brought into existence by tyranny, may be proper objects for national resistance. But he has managed to see and know in the Irish Union not tyranny, atrocity, and baseness, but only such an intermixture with the inception of a great statute, as is ordinary enough, of things "unhappy" and things "regrettable." With such ideas for a point of departure, he, as a law-abiding citizen, is constantly shocked when he finds an Irishman declining to admit the moral authority of the Union; regarding the sovereignty in its name by England over his country as illegitimate; or even in his natural exasperation, desiring that the sovereignty should be destroyed. *Nineteenth Century Review*, No. 149, July, 1889.

As stated on a previous page, facts testified to by English witnesses are more likely to bring home the truth and to convert Englishmen from the errors of their ways in regard to Ireland than the strongest representations from any Irish writer. It is therefore unnecessary to make any apology for repeated quotations from such authorities. Mr. Gladstone in the course of the article already referred to, goes on to say:—

From this time forward the policy was at all costs to divide Irishman from Irishman, to revive the dying embers of religious animosity, to corrupt every Irishman that could be bought, to terrify every Irishman that could be terrified, to destroy the reign of law, and to establish impunity for the crimes of power, to let loose ferocious assassins upon humble homes, to precipitate rebellion when and where it was preparing, and to create it by intolerable oppression in Wexford where it was not, to establish, in a word, a reign of terror which should make the country uninhabitable. . . . Upon the whole it must be owned that the triumph of iniquity was as complete as it was shameful and disastrous. Everything in Ireland was denationalised except the Nation.

Mr. Gladstone then proceeds to cite numerous cases of murder and outrage on the part of England's emissaries accompanied by the most inhuman tortures, giving in all cases references to the authors from whom he quotes. One or two instances are given as typical.

"Some soldiers of the ancient British Regiment cut open the dead body of Father Michael Murphy after the battle of Arklow, took out his heart, roasted the body, and oiled their boots with the grease that dripped from it. The statement was disputed but Gordon sustains it. Captain Holmes of the Durham Regiment [says Gordon] told me in the presence of several persons, that he himself had assisted in cutting open the breast with an ax, and pulling out the heart."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>Mr. Gladstone in *Nineteenth Century* No. 149, July, 1889.

Having described the tortures inflicted *on suspicion*, half hanging, picketing, the pitch cap, and scourging, sometimes to death, Mr. Gladstone proceeds:—

I will now take two of the recorded instances to bring this statement without undue prolongation to a close. The first is the case of Mr. Bergan, which happened in Drogheda. Teeling, who relates it, is a Northern witness.

About the same period the unfortunate Bergan was tortured to death. He was an honest, upright citizen, and a man of unimpeachable moral conduct. He was seized on by those vampires, and in the most public street stripped of his clothes, put in a horizontal position on a cart, and torn with the cat-o'-nine-tails long after the vital spark was extinct. The alleged pretence for the perpetration of this horrid outrage was that a small gold ring had been found upon his finger, bearing a National device—the shamrock of his native country.<sup>1</sup>

The hanging of men and women for the wearing of the green is looked upon by Englishmen as apocryphal, but in many of the recorded cases when men and women were tortured for this cause, hanging would have been mercy. “Any piece of green color drew down vengeance.”<sup>2</sup> The next instances of horrible brutality occurred at Clonmel, where Judkin Fitzgerald acquired the name of the Flogging Sheriff by his free use of the cat without trial or inquiry of any sort but of his own mere savage will. Mr. Gladstone quotes the cases of Doyle and Wright, both proved afterwards to be innocent, who were inhumanly flogged by the orders of Fitzgerald. In the first case the ribs of the victim, after a hundred lashes, appeared through the flesh, but the flogging was continued on another part of his body, fifty lashes more being inflicted. Wright was flogged until the bowels protruded. Mr. Gladstone says:—

I draw these horrible details from Plowden. They are contained in a speech of Mr. Yelverton's, delivered in the House of Commons; but they were not contested, and were probably recited in terms of the judicial record, for the case came both into a court and before Parliament. And the Parliamentary portion of the case is the weightiest of all; since this it is, which saddles the Government and the House of Commons in full with the guilt and shame of as great a monster as, perhaps, ever wore human flesh.<sup>3</sup>

Yet this inhuman wretch received a money reward “for his active services”

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Gladstone in *Nineteenth Century*, No. 149, July, 1889.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*

and a baronetcy from the hands of the English government.

These records will be sneered at by many as “ancient history,” though not yet a hundred years old. Well and good, take fifty years ago and see what was happening then. It is necessary to be brief. Mr. O'Connell was agitating for the repeal of the Union and holding his monster meetings. Mr. Lecky in his “*Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland*,” writes:—

It would be difficult indeed to conceive a more imposing demonstration of public opinion than was furnished by those vast assemblies which were held in every Catholic county, and attended almost by every male adult. . . . The greatest of all these meetings—perhaps the grandest display of the kind that has ever taken place—was held around the hill of Tara. According to very moderate computations, about a quarter of a million were assembled there to attest their sympathy with the movement.

Mr. Lecky's testimony is very important here, looking to what followed; he goes on to say:—

In no instant did these meetings degenerate into mobs. They were assembled and they were dispersed without disorder or tumult, they were disgraced by no drunkenness, by no crime, by no excess.

Such is the evidence of an unsuspected witness of the highest authority. The Clontarf meeting, the next proposed to be held was proclaimed. O'Connell and several of his supporters, including Sir Charles Gavin Duffy and Sir John Gray were arrested, tried by a packed jury, convicted, sentenced, and imprisoned in Richmond Bridewell. But on a writ of error brought before the House of Lords, they were released, one of the Law Lords on the occasion delivering himself to the effect that trial by jury in Ireland was a “mockery, a delusion, and a snare.”

Then came the famine, followed by the Insurrection of 1848. Smith O'Brien, MacManus, and Meagher, for their share in the rising were arrested, tried, and sentenced to death, a sentence afterwards commuted to transportation for life, in accordance with which they were sent to Tasmania. Then after a brief breathing time, came the Fenian risings, more coercion, and unlimited jury packing; the agents of the government acted in the

most barefaced and audacious manner to obtain juries whom they knew to be hostile to national feeling, in their fierce determination to secure convictions. Is this "ancient history"? Well, let us come down to our own day. We have seen an Act of Parliament passed, empowering the British government to arrest and imprison Irishmen without trial of any sort, without even making a definite charge, the only requirement being that some person, in camera, should allege "reasonable suspicion" against them, so that any one opposed to the National movement could get those in favor of it arrested and thrown into prison, to be detained as long as the government chose to keep them there, and that is what actually occurred. Under this act most of the prominent men engaged in the National or Home Rule movement were thrown into prison, including Mr. Parnell, M. P., the greatest constitutional leader Ireland has ever had, together with many of his Parliamentary following. Mr. Gladstone in an article in the *Nineteenth Century Review*, September, 1888, thus refers to the Coercion Act under which these things were done:—

It is understood that every penal statute should be construed strictly. Is it too much then to say that a statute which besides being penal is also arbitrary, should be construed most strictly of all? Now the statute of 1881 authorizes arbitrary imprisonment on the ground of reasonable suspicion as to certain things done in the past. I have a strong impression that while Forster construed these words with strictness . . . ; he also thought that, once in gaol, the "suspect" individually, and perhaps even the body of suspects, might properly be dealt with, and detained a longer or shorter time, on grounds which were of public policy, and not dependent on the actual continuance of the reasonable suspicion as to each person imprisoned respectively. He may have thought the Act inflicted not only the direct damage of imprisonment, but also "consequential" damages.<sup>1</sup>

In this connection Mr. Gladstone instances the case of one of the most prominent and trusted of Mr. Parnell's colleagues. He says:—

Dr. Kenny, now a Member of Parliament, was the Medical Officer of a Poor Law Union in Ireland. Mr. Forster deemed it necessary to imprison him under the act as a suspect. This was done in the exercise of his undoubted power.

<sup>1</sup> *Nineteenth Century Review*, September, 1888.

But he went further, and caused him to be dismissed from his Medical Office. The case was raised in the House of Commons, and it was thus that I obtained my first knowledge of it. The proceeding could not be justified and the debate ended with a promise, through my mouth, to reconsider, that is to say, to reverse it.<sup>2</sup>

Looking back now, after the lapse of a few years, no one can deny that the most brutal tyranny was exercised by the English government in those recent days to which the plea of "ancient history" does not apply. Mr. John E. Redmond, M. P., upon whose shoulders the mantle of Parnell has fallen, and who, like his predecessor, is admittedly one of the most distinguished figures in the House of Commons, has been subjected to the tortures of the plank bed, the prison fare, and oakum picking, in the gaol of Wexford. The independent party of which he is the able and trusted leader numbers, at present, but twelve members, and of those one half have served more or less protracted terms of imprisonment in connection with the Home Rule movement. Is this "ancient history"? No! The action of England has been consistently cruel from first to last. She has been throttling Ireland for seven centuries and will continue to throttle her for seven centuries more unless something happens to stay her hand. As Lord Salisbury the present head of the English Government has just said so impressively:—

The providence of God, if you please to put it so, has determined that persistent and constant misgovernment must lead the government which follows it to its doom.<sup>3</sup>

For time at last sets all things even,  
And if we do but watch the hour  
There never yet was human power,  
That could evade, if unforgiven,  
The patient search and vigil long  
Of him who treasures up a wrong.

An article entitled "The Irish in American Life" has recently appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*.<sup>4</sup> The subject engrosses public attention on both sides of the Atlantic, and is not only pregnant with probabilities at the present time, but with grave and far-reaching possibilities touching the future relations between America

<sup>2</sup> Hansard, CCLXXIII.

<sup>3</sup> Guild Hall Speech 9 November, 1895.

<sup>4</sup> "The Irish in American Life." By Henry Childs Merwin. *Atlantic Monthly*, March, 1896.

and Great Britain. It is, therefore, important that there should be no misunderstanding, no mis-statements, left uncontradicted; in short, no misleading one way or the other. The consequences might else be very serious. Obviously it is the interest of all concerned to avoid deceiving themselves and to guard against others deceiving them. The pursuit of truth is happily one of the chief characteristics of the leading magazines of our time; their columns, with few exceptions, are open to free discussion on both sides, no matter how unpalatable the discussion may prove in certain quarters.

Mr. Merwin's clever paper is a mixture of fact, fiction, and hypothesis, — an olla podrida, the ingredients of which are not all fragrant.

An eminent writer says:—

Everyone knows many of the greatest contributions to human knowledge have been made by the use of theories either seriously imperfect or demonstrably false.<sup>1</sup>

That Mr. Merwin's theories, in regard to the Irish in American life, are both, shall here be made perfectly plain; how far the exposition may result in a contribution to human knowledge, great or small, is not for me to determine. Readers not previously well up in the history of the relations so long existing between England and Ireland must suffer much mental confusion from the perusal of Mr. Merwin's article. In some places he shows a desire to appear as an impartial witness, while in others his bias is decidedly British. That he does not possess the necessary information or equipment to entitle him to write upon such a subject with authority is apparent in every page. To take his very first paragraph in illustration, he begins by saying,—

Since the settlement of this country we have received nearly, if not quite, four million immigrants from Ireland.

Thus in his first words he sets out with an erroneous statement, and one calculated to convey a wrong impression as to the present numerical strength of the transatlantic Irish. The extent and power of Irish American influence can only be arrived at through an accurate statement

of the number of Irish immigrants received into the United States from the beginning. That fully double the number of Irish people mentioned by Mr. Merwin have gone to America since the settlement of that country, is shown by official statistics. The first settlement was made at Jamestown, Virginia, in 1607, nearly three centuries ago, but in the last fifty years, that is to say, since the famine of 1846 and following years, four millions of Irish fled to the United States, — not to speak of the hundreds of thousands who rushed to other countries, — to escape from the iniquitous system of misgovernment by which England has made herself hated in Ireland by all except the select few who constitute "the English garrison" and by the Sir Pertinax McSycophants, of whom a good many are on the watch for favors to come.

There is not space to follow Mr. Merwin through all his speculative gyrations and assumptions. The last sentence he writes is as erroneous and misleading as the first. Having drawn a contrast between the English American and the Irish American, not by any means favorable to the latter, he winds up with the following prophecy:—

The Irish-American will, before many years are past, be lost in the American and there will be no longer an "Irish question" or an "Irish vote," but a people one in feeling and practically one in race.

In the course of his article Mr. Merwin says:—

An accomplished Irishman, Mr. Philip Bagenal, gives the following description of how his countrymen, or many of them, live in the city of New York: "Crowded into a small room a whole family lives, a unit among a dozen other such families. . . . There is a high rent to be paid, but no one dares in New York to say with Michael Davitt that such a rent is an immoral tax. . . . Everywhere the moral atmosphere is one of degradation and human demoralization. Gross sensuality prevails; the sense of shame, if ever known, is early stifled." Could we expect the simple virtues of an agricultural people to survive such an environment as this?

I happen to have known Mr. Philip Bagenal personally for a great many years; he is not of my way of thinking politically, but I say, without hesitation, he never wrote the description of the Irish in New York above quoted, for any

<sup>1</sup>Henry Drummond, "Ascent of Man," p. 9.

such purpose as Mr. Merwin has put it to. Mr. Bagenal, intensely pro English as he is, writes straight. He is quoted in the *Atlantic Monthly* to belittle the Irish; I can quote him in the very opposite sense. Here is what Mr. Bagenal, writing in 1882, says:—

I never completely realized the feeling of the Irish in America until I had myself worked among them, and in the cities and States of the Union appreciated to the full the existence there, three thousand miles away, of a people numerous and influential, animated by a spirit of nationality beyond all belief, and impelled to action by a deep seated hostility to the English government.

This quotation from an author of his own choosing is of itself sufficient to upset Mr. Merwin's theory and falsify his prophecy that the Irish race will be lost and that there will no longer be an Irish question in America. But further and more substantial proofs of Mr. Merwin's ineptitude and of his unqualifiedness to speak ex-cathedra are abundantly at hand. It is idle to dogmatize, as he has done, when every day and hour produces evidence to show that the American Irish, while loyal and true to their adopted country, never forget the land from which they have sprung. Every Irish celebration is kept on American soil as sacredly

and with as much or more enthusiasm in every important center from New York to San Francisco, as at home in Ireland. Take, for example, the recent commemoration of Robert Emmett's anniversary at New York, where an immense multitude assembled to honor the memory of the young martyr. One of the most eloquent men of our time, the Hon. W. Bourke Cockran, was the orator of the day. His first words were on the indestructibility of Irish national life. He said:—

I have recently heard it proclaimed, and we have all heard it proclaimed, with vociferous unanimity, by the supporters of the present English government that the Irish National movement was dead. If any person, friend or foe, has been misled by that statement, a glimpse of this meeting would dispel his misapprehensions, and at the same time enable him to appreciate the depth of those springs from which Irish patriotism is fed.<sup>1</sup>

From the Atlantic to the Pacific, wherever Irish people congregate, the one thought, the one over-powering sentiment in their hearts and in their minds, is love for Ireland.

*W. J. Corbet, M.P., M.R.I.A.*

<sup>1</sup>New York Freeman's Journal of 21st March, 1896.

## MORS AMICA.

HE LOOKED for Joy and strained his eyes to see  
Her iris wings sweep downward through the dawn.  
Morn grew to scorching noon — but she came not.

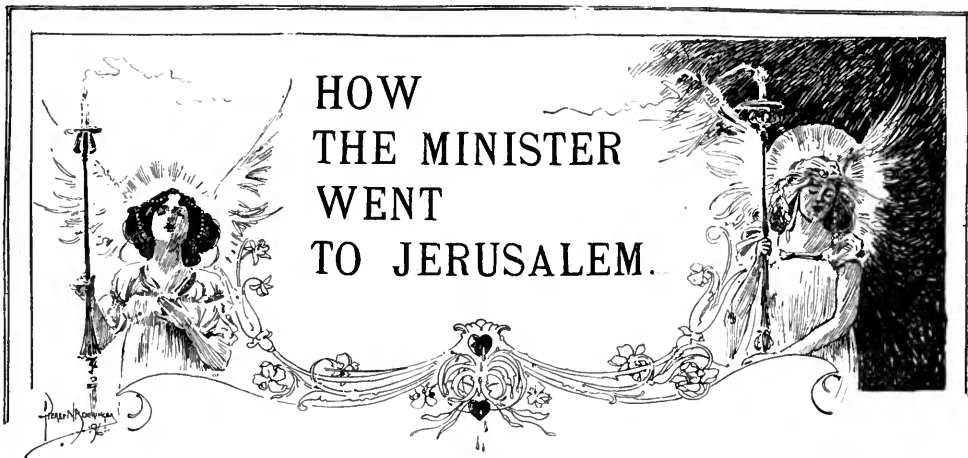
He sought for Truth and found but garments old  
From which her radiant form had long since fled,  
And over these the blind crowd wrangled still.

He listened late for Love; the stars came out,  
The night wind brought him lovers' happy words;  
But he sat lonely in the shadows deep.

And then from out the gloom there thrilled a voice,  
Saying, "Love hast thou missed, and Truth, and Joy,  
I bring them all, but lo! men call me Death."

*Marion Pruyn.*





## HOW THE MINISTER WENT TO JERUSALEM.

**M**ARGINVILLE is now a dead town at the terminus of a railroad in the interior of California. It died of a boom ere it was three years old. At the end of a year and a half it had possessed two thousand inhabitants, four churches, a school, a town hall, two hotels, three doctors, a post-office, and a bank,—not to speak of ten saloons and numerous dry-goods and grocery stores. At the end of three years there were five hundred inhabitants, no bank, one general provision store, the relic of another,—and eleven saloons. It is as it was twenty-five years ago.

The churches still cling to the pastors, for there is no excitement in Marginville but church-going, and people that stay there only because they are too poor to leave manage to save a few dollars out of their laborer's wages, or the profits of their puny business, to help pay the minister's salary. Of course the well-to-do farmers have assumed the greatest responsibility of the financial affairs of the church, and so those near, as well as in, Marginville are very orthodox and pious. No one ever danced or played cards or went to the theater who lived there, without being denounced from the pulpit.

I really can't explain about the saloons. I think the farm hands and railroad men

must have supported them. At any rate they existed in reality.

No tourist ever went to Marginville. The scenery is nothing to speak of, and the climate is probably less pleasant than any other in the State. If any one came that far, it was to visit relatives or to stay.

When the Baptist church of Marginville was erected, during the boom, Mr. Charles Dukey was installed with much ceremony. He was lean and twenty-five, but he immediately became popular, for it was rumored that he was a great traveler.

"They say as you 've been 'round a heap?" said Deacon Lobber interrogatively.

"Well, right considerable," conceded the Reverend Dukey.

"'Spose you 've been in Missouri?"

"O yes, I was born there."

"And Texas?"

"O yes, I lived there for three years once."

"Dillon — he 's from Vermont. Been there?"

"No, Deacon."

"Them Yankees hain't no manners, and is as stingy as yaller dogs! Dillon ain't pledged but five dollars, and he 's got money in the bank."

"Mr. Dillon perhaps does not realize

how necessary divine service is,—not only to his soul's salvation, but as a means of instruction and edification. The minister spends years in study in order to elevate and interest the congregation. I have not ceased to study, and in a year or two—God willing—I shall visit Palestine,—not alone to behold with these eyes the abiding place of our Lord, but to bring back to my flock knowledge direct from the fields of the Holy Land."

The Reverend Dukey used his deep ministerial tone for this speech.

The Deacon fell back. The inhabitants of Marginville were not all native Californians, but when they migrated from Missouri or Vermont they came for gold, and a journey two or three times as long taken for instruction or pleasure, was an unheard of thing to them. Not a foot in Marginville had ever been placed on other than American soil, with the exception of Frankstein, the German Jew, his wife, and O'Flannigan, the Irish keeper of the Elite saloon.

The Deacon was dazed. He immediately decided that seven hundred was too large a salary for the minister, and resolved to lessen his contribution by ten dollars. Still the report interested him, and he circulated it.

The minister intended in a couple of years to go to Jerusalem!

The men discussed the idea as a very crazy and extravagant one, but the women found a particular fascination in going to hear a man preach who intended making a journey half around the world,—and women make the churches. The gossips immediately began to connect the name of the minister with those of the young ladies of his congregation. Not that he had announced his intention of marrying; rather, he knew that he could not marry and travel both. Still there was speculation as to who would be the fortunate girl who might marry the minister,

and go on a wedding tour (Mrs. Marger, the high chief match-maker, pronounced it "tower") to Europe—Europe being a name indiscriminately applied to all countries across the ocean.

The minister baptized many a buxom young girl those days in the Rio de la Souci, called in the dry season very disrespectfully "Susie creek."

Do not consider me sacrilegious when I tell you that one Sunday, looking down into the face of sweet little Vesta Crollis as he lowered her into the water, he caught an appealing, adoring look in her eyes that quite unnerved him. He almost lost his hold, and she, realizing that his arms were no longer supporting her firmly, grasped wildly at some means of steadying herself. The waters were around, above, and about her. Her religious sentiment deserted her; she grew desperately afraid, and began to gasp and struggle. When he drew her up, she clung to him shivering and weeping, and he stopped to soothe and quiet her.

The congregation, loudly singing the "Sweet By and By" on the bank, understood, as they watched them wading through the clear, limpid water, that the minister would marry Vesta. She was still clinging to him and sobbing, and he, supporting her with his arm, failed to join in the hymn from the very excess of emotion. It was probably the most religious hour of the minister's life.

Vesta's hair was curly, so she did not look so badly as she struggled through the water and the white flannel robe she wore made her an attractive picture, as she moved in its wet, clinging folds toward the bank. Her mother, folding the dripping, tearful little Baptist in a dark cloak, sobbed for very joy, and cried in her heart, "Glory, glory Hallelujah!"

Vesta and the minister were married that month, but they did not go to Europe. In the first place, the minister had only saved three hundred dollars, and then Vesta had taken cold the day she was baptized and was not well. In a couple more years they would be able to go.

At the end of two years, there were but one hundred dollars and two babies.

"I don't see how we are ever to go now, Mr. Dukey," said Vesta tearfully. "We can't take the two babies with us."

The children had not been very welcome.

"No," said the Reverend Charles, "I don't see how you are to go, Vesta. In the name of my great profession though, I feel I must make the journey. The cause of Christ can never be advanced, Vesta, until its ministers have studied not only the Bible, but the Bible country thoroughly."

"Yes, Mr. Dukey, you must go. We can save up enough in a couple of years for you to do so."

And Vesta saved. There was never a sewing-bee, never a church picnic, never a group of gossips where the journey of the Dukeys to Europe was not discussed. No one ever talked with them very long before they asked them when they intended to cross the ocean. At last the question limited itself to Reverend Dukey; for it was understood that Vesta, poor thing, could not go.

A third child came, then a fourth. Then the first one died and the third one fell from a swing and injured its little back. There were months and months of suffering and watching for the mother, but she never forgot that she must save for the minister's vacation. He was studying all the maps and charts of the Holy Land he could find. Day nor night did he forget that his study of the

Bible and history must be in preparation for that great end.

He at last became aware that public opinion said little Violet must be taken to the city for medical attention, and so they left the children with good Mrs. Lobber and went to San Francisco for a week or two. The medical bills reduced the Jerusalem fund to two hundred dollars. The minister had been married fifteen years.

In two more years poor little Violet died. The other half-fed little things were perpetually sick. Neither of the doctors belonged to his congregation, unfortunately, and the one he employed sent in bills,— "For," reasoned the medical man,— "if Dukey can afford to go to Europe he can pay me my hard earned fee."

Then the oldest child took the scarlet fever when it was epidemic and died. The frail little mother clung to the remaining child with the tenacity of despair. Then came a gleam of joy, but only for a short time.

The Reverend Dukey, in speaking of his pastoral vacation, said, "When we go to Jerusalem,"—Jerusalem of course signifying Palestine as Paris represents France.

Vesta's face grew very bright.

"O, Mr. Dukey! Do you think you can afford to take Richie and me?"

"Well, yes, my dear, if you can succeed in saving enough."

But alas! Another pale little baby came,— then another. The minister had been married twenty years.

Gruff old Dillon met him one day.

"That wife of yours is about dead, Dukey. You'd better take her off for a vacation. We'll take care of two of the children."

"Why, thank you, Mr. Dillon. I expect to take her down to Sacramento for a trip when I go to Europe."

“Hum! What part of Europe do you intend to visit?”

“Well, I should like to visit all the great cities in the world, to be well up in the history of the Gospel, but when I was in San Francisco I saw a magic lantern show of all the prominent parts of London, so I don’t think it necessary to go there. Paris of course is a city of much sin, and I cannot set the young the example of going to a place where Vice stalks so boldly abroad. Rome is the seat of Popery. I do not feel the Lord would bless my stay there. I shall go direct to Palestine.”

“Waal,” drawled Dillon, “it seems to me this is a popish sort of trip you are taking. It is like a priest going on a comfortable pilgrimage.”

The Reverend Dukey was shocked and grieved. Sunday he prayed in his deepest voice that they who hurt the Cause of the Gospel and impeded the progress of its ministers by evil and slanderous remarks be forgiven.

A couple of years passed. The minister had saved nine hundred dollars. Seven hundred would take him to Jerusalem and back. Two hundred would support his wife and children while he was gone.

The church gave him a vacation of six months — without pay. Mrs. Dukey decided not to go to Sacramento. It would cost at least twenty dollars, and she had not spent that much for pleasure since she had been married. Half the congregation went to see him off. His demeanor was properly pompous and dignified. Poor little Mrs. Dukey broke down entirely and was ill for a month. They thought at one time she would die, and spoke of cabling to Mr. Dukey. The excitement of sending a cablegram was so great that Mrs. Dukey heard the rumor, and it almost seemed she would spend her last breath in pleading with

them not to tell her husband of her illness.

Poor, little, frail heart! It almost broke a few months after she recovered, when her little baby died. The doctor said it was from lack of nutrition.

Occasionally now a neighbor began to drop in to help with the work. The well-to-do farmers sent in more often than they used to, fruits and vegetables. Richie got a place in a store. It had been whispered about that Mrs. Dukey was dying of heart failure. She did not know it. Almost always on those days when Mr. Dukey’s letters arrived, she fainted with excitement.

The paper of a neighboring town described graphically the equinoctial storms and spoke with much emotion of the possible number of shipwrecks; then hoped the learned minister of their sister town was not on the high seas. Mrs. Dukey, who was filling a scrap book with all the newspaper notices of her husband’s journey, was ill for a week after this was sent to her.

Henceforth all the events of Marginville were dated from the time when the Reverend Dukey left for Jerusalem. He wrote two weekly letters — one to his wife, the other to the *Budget* and addressed to his beloved congregation. Sometimes the letter to the congregation did for his wife, too. The town had never known a period of greater excitement, speculation, and anticipation, since the boom. The great distance, the danger of the pirates and storms on the ocean, were awful to contemplate, — not to speak of the fury of the Jews and Turks in Palestine. It seemed like daring Providence to go so far away from home, and if Mr. Dukey had not been a minister, traveling to the Holy Land for sacred purposes, they would never have expected to see him again.

At last they received news that he was on his way home. The excitement ran high. Jessie Larkey had put off her wedding three months so that the Reverend Dukey might tie the knot. They spoke of giving him a reception. There was some discussion of having the brass band from Linden, — but there was some fear that they might play dance music, so it was given up.

Mrs. Dukey with the assistance of kind Mrs. Lobber cleaned every crack and cranny of the house, and managed to get new cheap clothes for them all. Her last cent was gone and even a little more, which Mr. Lobber advanced.

"Shall you go to Sacramento to meet Mr. Dukey?" asked one of the six neighbors that dropped in to see her on the day before he was to arrive.

"Well I'd thought of it a good deal. Mr. Lobber said he would drive me part of the way, so the fare would be less, but I am so tired out I don't believe I can. I never give up unless I just have to, but if I go and get sick it'd be worse than waiting a week to see him. He'd be put out to have me faint in Sacramento."

"Do you feel as if you would faint, Mrs. Dukey, when you meet him?"

"Well, I try to think how put out he would be, and that makes me strong again. You know he has always sorrowed to have me sickly. He felt real bad when the children died, and said the Lord had chastened him greatly by putting him side by side with suffering. He always left the room when Violet was groaning, because he was too sensitive to bear it. No, I'll try not to faint, because he has seen us sick so much that sometimes he was afraid it would break down his own health." Mrs. Dukey wiped tears from her eyes.

The guest said sympathetically. "Poor dear Mrs. Dukey."

"I guess he's changed a good deal, goin' so far," presumed another.

"Yes, I guess he has!" said Mrs. Dukey. "It's very hard on me not to go to meet him in Sacramento. I planned to, all along. I feel as if a wife ought to see her husband and talk to him a little before everybody else does."

"Yes! I suppose the whole town will go down to tell him howdy."

There were only four hundred citizens in Marginville at that time, and it was possible that the majority would do so.

"You had better lie down now and rest, Mrs. Dukey. You look real worn and excited."

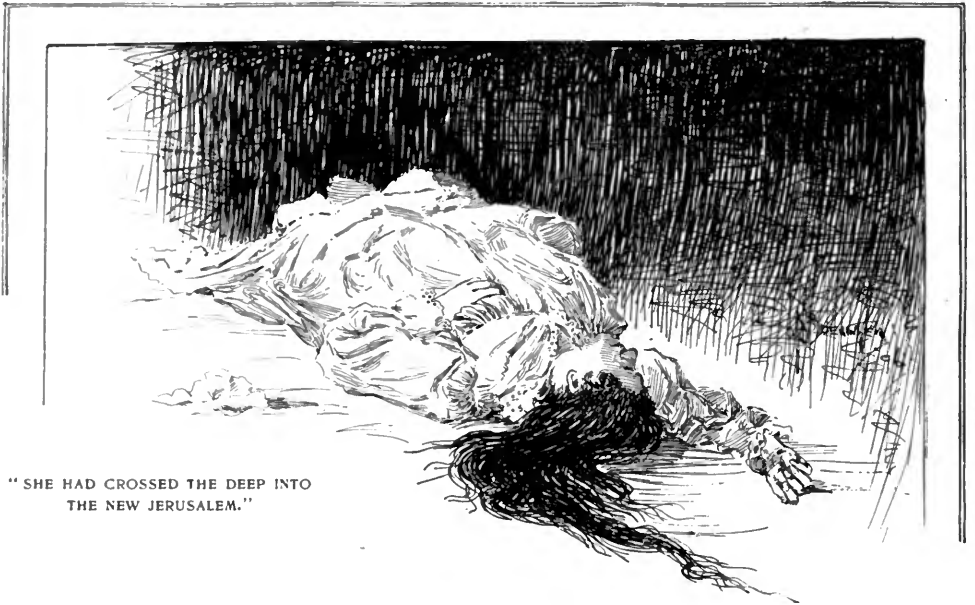
"My heart is beating so fast I can't. It just keeps me goin' now, all the time."

"Well, we'll see you at the depot tomorrow. I suppose you'll be down there with the children pretty early." And Mrs. Dukey was left to wait in excitement for the morning.

She could not sleep, she could not rest. She wandered like a ghost through the silent house all night. Her mind became strangely sensitive. She saw so vividly her little dead children. She seemed to hear their voices. There was a perpetual ringing in her ears. Sometimes it was the church bell, again it was the sweet strains of "Rock of Ages," again she seemed to hear the beat of the ocean.

She fell asleep one instant in Mr. Dukey's big arm chair, and when she awoke she thought she had been holding Violet on her breast. She watched the east for the lights to flame up and waken the day, — but the time was so long — so long. Then she suddenly felt herself going down — down. The waters rushed over her. She heard the "Sweet By and By" sung from the shore. It was the hour of her baptism that she felt again, and she thought her husband was letting her slip out of his arms. She cried out to him to save her as she sank into unconsciousness.

"It's nothing but a fainting spell, children. Hurry up! You'll be late, and



"SHE HAD CROSSED THE DEEP INTO THE NEW JERUSALEM."

your father will be put out if none of us are there to meet him. I'll be dressed when you get back. I'm just a little weak now." And the children, who had so often seen her panting that way, hurried to the station.

The minister arrived. Joy caused the congregation to bustle with excitement. There was some surprise to find he had returned in the same coat he wore away, and a feeling of resentment that the Holy Land had not developed a long apostolic beard (the Reverend Dukey's chin had always been thinly covered), and that he was neither more reverend or holy looking than when he departed, — except there was greater pomposity in his manner. Still the congregation was awed. They felt their inferiority, and timidly pushed forward to ask their questions and touch his traveled hands.

"Yes, Jerusalem is not what it once was. It is no longer the chosen city of God. Popery is very prevalent there, not to speak of Mohammedanism and other evils. I have a stone from one of the seven gates. Yes, I went to Calvary! I will speak of that in a more fit-

ting place. I have a jar of water from Jordan, and a bunch of grass from Bethlehem. I propose to edify the congregation for many years with the sights I there saw. I will lecture to the children and show them in the Sunday School room many things that will impress upon them the wonderful history, the great truth, of the salvation of man. Well, I suppose my wife is anxious to see me, so I must not delay. I am really put out that she could not come to meet me."

And so, followed by a long procession of admirers, the Reverend Dukey walked between his two excited little children to his home. His sonorous tones filled those near him with religious fervor.

"It is as good as a revival," whispered one pious Baptist to another.

Mrs. Dukey was not at the door to meet him. He went in, schooling himself to endure patiently a scene of some kind, — and it was there.

She had struggled up to dress, but had fallen to the floor and lay in her long white night dress with her hand pressed against her silent heart.

She had crossed the Deep into the New Jerusalem.

# AN UNWRITTEN PAGE OF UTAH'S HISTORY.

HOW BRIGHAM YOUNG WAS ARRESTED FOR POLYGAMY.

**B**RIGHAM YOUNG was certainly an extraordinary man," said the old pioneer, as we sat on the veranda of the Hotel del Coronado, smoking our post-prandial cigars and meditating watching the surf.

We had been discussing the recent admission of Utah, and the subject recalled many memories.

HOLDING as I did, [he continued,] between thirty and forty years ago, a government position which frequently took me from my home in the States across the plains as far as Salt Lake City, and kept me there months at a time, I had many opportunities of forming a correct judgment of this man, who by pure force of will and indomitable pluck, led his people, across trackless deserts and mountain ranges, through a region of country infested by Indians, and finally located them where now stands the beautiful city which bears the name of the great inland sea. Then it was a spot most unpromising, surrounded by rugged mountains between which nestled valleys seemingly as unproductive as the alkali wastes through which his forlorn and footsore contingent of men, women, and children, had passed.

Brigham had his likes and dislikes, was a man of hasty temper, dogmatic and resolute, but was worshiped by his followers. He was as absolute in Utah at the time of which I am speaking as the Czar in Russia. In all of my acquaintance with him, extending at intervals over a period of ten years, I never

knew or heard of but this one occasion when he seemed to have lost that supreme confidence in himself which was a marked characteristic of the man.

It was, I think, in the early spring of 1863. Colonel Connor had come to Salt Lake some time previous, with a large military force, and had been engaged in constructing upon the foothills some five miles east of the city, fortifications which were afterwards known as Camp Douglas.

The advent of the military and their fortifying an eminence overlooking the city was not regarded by the Mormon leaders with favor.

Brigham and his followers felt no need of Federal protection, confident of being able to care for themselves. What they most desired was to be let alone, undisturbed in the enjoyment of their hard earned independence. All sorts of rumors had been prevalent since the advent of the military, but everything had gone on peacefully, the soldiers being engaged in work upon the post and in the daily routine of camp life.

But just when it seemed that all the tales as to the object of establishing an armed force in Utah, were but fantasies there appeared at Salt Lake a newly appointed member of the Supreme Court of the Territory, Judge Waite of Illinois. Fresh from his Eastern home, impressed with the enormity of polygamy, determined that if it were in the power of the Federal government this blot upon our civilization should be wiped out, little understanding the absolute power possessed by the Mormon leader and the

many difficulties in the way of the enforcement of the law, — which had been passed the previous July, — eager to make a reputation as a strict and fearless administrator of the law, he little reckoned the consequences of the attempt at enforcing a law the violators of which were the larger portion of the community, who regarded their evil doing as a divine institution. He saw that the law against a plurality of wives was openly defied. Nothing daunted, he quietly formulated a plan for the arrest and trial before him of the chief offender, Brigham Young himself.

The Organic Act admitting the Territory provided that the legislature should have the power of defining the judicial districts and of assigning the judges to their respective circuits. Judge Waite had been given the southern portion of the Territory, which was sparsely settled, and the camping ground of many hostile Indians. But the Judge resolutely refused to go to his bailiwick, preferring Salt Lake with its embryonic civilization, to the hardships of life amid the crude surroundings and cruder inhabitants of the southern counties.

After long revolving in his mind the problem of how he could at one swoop bring to justice this arch criminal, the president of the Mormon hierarchy, and by punishing him so intimidate his followers as to break up polygamy altogether, fearing that the civil authorities were not strong enough to enforce the law, he determined to ask the aid of Colonel Connor and his troops.

It was a great responsibility to assume at that time the consequences of marching a military force into that peaceful city for the purpose of arresting the very man whom a large majority of the people looked up to as ruler, revealer, and saint, for a crime of which all were equally guilty. Bloodshed would cer-

tainly follow, for it could not be supposed that Brigham would tamely submit to the indignity of arrest. But the majesty of the law must be vindicated, let the consequences be what they would, and Judge Waite was there for that purpose.

On the day when, as I afterwards learned, the arrest was to have been made, I was sitting in my office upon the principal street. The rumors which had been in circulation on Colonel Connor's first advent in the valley had subsided, as I have said, as time passed and no intention had been shown to molest the Mormons, but had been revived in the past few days. There were spies in both camps, and it had been reported to the Mormon leaders that Waite had issued a warrant of arrest and that it was to be served by the military. Pondering over this and foreseeing the serious trouble which would follow the act, I was suddenly startled by the tramp of many feet past the office door, and going out to see what the matter was, beheld hundreds of excited and angry men rushing by, each one carrying some sort of a weapon. A few had guns, but many were only armed with axes, grubbing hoes, pickaxes, pitchforks, or clubs, while some had no other weapon than their bare hands. All were going in the direction of the Lion House, Brigham's residence, from the top of which was flying the flag of distress, a signal previously agreed upon by the faithful in case any demonstration was made by the military.

Looking toward Camp Douglas, I saw and understood the cause of the commotion, for their upon the heights five miles away, could be distinctly seen a solid phalanx of soldiers marching cityward, evidently for the purpose of executing the warrant issued by Judge Waite for the arrest of the head of the Mormon church.

I afterwards learned that Brigham had



declared that he would never submit to arrest by military force, but when the news reached him that the troops were actually moving upon the city, he was in great consternation, knowing that an untrained rabble, no matter how brave or devoted, would have but little chance against the well armed soldiers of Uncle Sam.

But help came to him from an unexpected source. I had never been a supporter of the Mormons in their queer religious notions, but in all my dealings with them, had found them honest, sober, and industrious, and had many personal friends among them. It seemed to me that I saw a way out of the dilemma. Hurrying forward with the crowd, I had not gone far before I overtook Grant, Wells, and other leaders of the Mormons. They were excitedly discussing the approach of the military, and the best means of preventing what they angrily denounced as an outrage in calling upon the army to execute a warrant of arrest in time of peace.

"See here," I said to them, "there's just one way that this trouble can be avoided, and but one."

"We'll never give him up!" they fiercely exclaimed, evidently concluding that that was what I was about to suggest.

"Yes, but you will," I replied.

"No never!"

"But keep cool, and listen to me a moment. I don't mean that you shall surrender Brigham to the military. Don't you know that there are other civil authorities in this city, with power to issue warrants of arrest and have them served too?"

"We know that," they answered, "but what of it?"

"Why, simply this; some of you go before one of the other magistrates, swear to an affidavit charging Young

with the crime of polygamy, the same charge undoubtedly, upon which Colonel Connor is coming to arrest him, have him arraigned, admitted to bail, and if this is quickly done, Brigham will be safe from arrest upon the Waite warrant before the soldiers can reach the town, but there's not a moment to lose."

Well, sir, they saw the point at once. The plan was laid before Brigham, received his instant approval, as the only means out of a tight place, the affidavit was sworn to before one of the other Territorial judges (there were three of them), by, if I remember correctly, Brigham's private secretary, George Calder, the warrant of arrest was issued, placed in the hands of Isaac L. Gibbs, the United States Marshal for the Territory, and before the slow moving battalion had gotten very far on their march down the valley, Brigham had been taken before the judge who issued the warrant, a brief preliminary examination was held, and he was released upon giving bail in the sum of five thousand dollars.

Colonel Connor's force had covered scarcely half the distance between Camp Douglas and the city, before he was met by the news of Brigham's arrest. He realized at once that the wind had been taken out of the Waite sails, that it would be but a farce to execute a second warrant upon a man for the same crime, and reversing the order of a certain King of France, he marched down the hill and then marched up again.

When it was seen that the troops were returning to Camp Douglas, the flag was hauled down from the Lion House, and the angry and excited citizens dispersed to their homes.

"Thus it was," concluded the old gentleman, "that the Mormon prophet was arraigned for polygamy upon complaint of a follower and fellow Mormon.

"I take no little credit for the part which I played in the drama, believing that while Brigham was amenable to the law, an attempt to arrest him at that period by military force would have resulted in heavy loss of life and have served no good purpose."

"And was Brigham tried upon the charge?" I asked.

"No, when the next grand jury met, their attention was called to his violation of the law and his arrest, but as the jury

was composed of Mormons, no indictment was found."

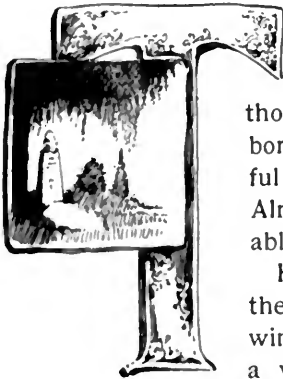
"And what became of Judge Waite?"

"He lingered in Salt Lake some time, but disgusted with his inability to cope with polygamy, threw up his position, never, I believe, during his stay in Utah holding a term of court in his circuit. Doubtless he often remembered his experience among the Mormon Saints, and how he did not stamp out polygamy, even when backed up by an army."

*Edward Steptoe.*

## A LEGAL SUICIDE, 1996.

### A FANCIFUL LOOK AHEAD.



HOUGH Captain Stephenson's sufferings were more severe than those of any of his neighbors, he was the only cheerful patient in the whole Almshouse ward for incurables.

His bed was at one end of the last row in a corner by a window, which commanded a view of the blue Pacific ocean between the low, wooded hills, beyond the somber sand dunes, characteristic of the vicinity of San Francisco.

About the sufferer were stranded the human wrecks of a seaport town, dismantled and deserted, their hulls infected with disease, perhaps as a penalty imposed by merciless nature for a violation of her code upon all the votaries of vice, their heirs and assigns, unto the third and fourth generation.

True to his kindly nature, Captain Stephenson often seemed to forget his own acute sufferings in striving to console those about him, but the sordid

natures he thus encountered often shocked him into silence. On one occasion he turned to old Mike Brady, asking, "Why are you afraid to die? What have you to live for?"

"Phat have oi ter live fur? Be dad, an' wud yer have a man t'row up de sponge as long as der's t'ree fingers o'rum lift in the country to fill up his shkin wid?"

Most of the other men seemed to be animated up by the same thirst, and worried by the same dread of death, and work. That is, provided they were not so fortunate as to be exempt from work by heart disease and the physician's orders.

This conversation occurred on a crisp morning in December, 1996, clear after the recent rains. The sun shone in a half-hearted way on a bright red geranium on the window-sill. Beside the plant were several bottles of medicine. On the blue gingham counterpane were strewn three or four back-numbers of current literary and scientific magazines, the *Twentieth Century* and others.

When the superintendent's wife entered the hospital on her daily rounds with an armful of magazines and papers for distribution, Captain Stephenson was sitting bolstered up in bed with a finger of his emaciated hand in the leaves of a well-thumbed Bible. His strong, refined profile and well formed head scantily covered with silvery white hair would have attracted one of artistic sense at this moment, as he gazed intently upon the blue strip of ocean, visible between the hills, where the sails of a coasting schooner reflected white in the morning sun, as it sailed into the horizon. That line where earth and sky meet seemed to him a symbol of the unseen hereafter, and the vessel symbolic of man's life on earth. His window was open, admitting the distant boom of the breakers, high from the recent storm. They furnished a suitable accompaniment to his somber reflections on the passage he had been reading.

If put into words, his thoughts would have assumed somewhat the following form,—for the good Captain used a formal diction: "The fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge. Yet I will not complain, for God is just. Though I have never been given to vice, I inherit under the immutable laws of nature as one of the heirs of those who have been, and therefore, I must make this vicarious sacrifice for the salvation of the race. The merciless rule of the survival of the fittest must govern. My children and I must die of our inherited disease. It would be cruel to perpetuate suffering. The juggernaut car of physical progress advances over the crushed bodies of those unfit to preserve the welfare of the human race."

Here the cheerful voice of the welcome visitor broke in on his reflections. "How do you feel this morning, Captain? Are you more comfortable?"

His pale, wan face, became animated with a kindly smile, as he made an effort to sit up in bed, and feebly held out his hand to the nurse, who took it cordially, and placed therein a bunch of violets, at the same time laying an apple and an orange on the bed."

"I'm well, as can be expected, Mrs. Parker, but that man over there," he replied, indicating Mike,—“that man has been suffering all night. If something more could be done to stop his acute pain, I should rest more comfortably.”

Then he asked to have the orange given to Mike, who accepted it with a sullen grunt, and fell to eating. The violets from the Almshouse garden were very welcome to the old man, they brought up many happy memories, as perfumes often will, of the dear wife he never ceased to mourn. After inhaling two or three long breaths of their fragrance, he asked the nurse to pass them to his neighbor on the other side, who brushed them aside for a proffered apple, with the remark, "What der yer want *them* fur?" Then without waiting for a reply from the surprised Captain, he added, "Dey say, some mugs likes 'em," at the same time removing his cud of tobacco to make room for the apple.

The Captain turned from the man with a pitying smile to ask his visitor whether or not any progress had been made with his petition to the Superior Court.

"I have spoken to the superintendent about it," the nurse replied. "He has secured the advice of an able attorney, who will be out to advise you very soon. I expect him any moment, now."

"I thank you kind people heartily," said the sufferer with a show of pleasure, and turned in his habitual way toward the portrait of a sweet-faced woman, which he had leaned against a medicine bottle on the window-sill.

"Do not thank me, dear Captain, for what I did as my official duty, with a personal protest. I shall do anything I can for you, but not that. I think it is morally wrong, though legally sanctioned by the new law. I worked against it with most of the other church people, but the philosophical unions had their lobbyists, and we were routed. How I wish I could win you over to my way of thinking, Captain!"

The Captain looked up from the photograph. "Why do you oppose it? It is so much better for a man in my condition to die."

"Why!" asked she, a little surprised. "Because it is directly opposed to our Christian teachings. Would you avoid your duty? Would you be a coward, and acknowledge yourself afraid to face the world? Life is a divine commission. Would you disgrace it by suicide, for such it is even if legally sanctioned."

"No," replied the Captain with unaccustomed vehemence, "I never shall disgrace my commission. I never shall avoid my duty. An honorable surrender is wise, sometimes much wiser than a reckless sacrifice of those about us. I have fought till all is lost, except my honor. Health and strength have deserted me; all those whose love I have are dead; my fortune has disappeared; mortally wounded as I am, nothing remains but to rest on my friends, or on public charity for the means to support for a short period a life that is a torture to me, or to take advantage of a recent wise provision of law, and escape this life for a better one."

"But it is your duty to live until you are called. I repeat, life is a divine commission."

"Mrs. Parker, I cannot see that it is a duty. That were a merciless commander indeed, into whose service the soldier is drafted without his consent, and whose

law denies that it is ever right and best for the surgeon on the battle field to administer a fatal potion to the mortally wounded man."

"If you do this, others with less excuse will follow your example, without waiting ten days or a fortnight to try the justice of their claims to be relieved from the duties of life. You know suicides follow each other like wild geese."

"But, Mrs. Parker, if the increased disgrace which this law will place on illegal suicides will not deter the rash acts of shirkers, should innocent men be barred of their just rights and be compelled to suffer hopelessly? I hope you will come around to my point of view, for I do not wish to fall in your estimation. You have proved yourself a good angel to me, as she was when she was alive." Here the patient glanced at the portrait, fondly addressing it, "We shall meet again, Martha, before many days, never to part forever and ever."

The old man had spoken with a nervous energy, and now fell back upon his pillow.

"I am afraid," said Mrs. Parker, "that I have allowed you to exhaust yourself."

"O, no, indeed," said the Captain, but more feebly than before. "It helps me to forget my pain for the moment."

While the nurse was cheering a crotchety patient in another corner of the ward, the superintendent came in with the resident physician and an attorney. The doctor brought his hand down on the bedstead with a positive gesture. "No. There is not the least hope of the man's recovery, and his suffering is acute, yet he may live for six months, or a year."

The attorney nodded in reply. "There seems to be a good case, if we can prove all that you gentlemen state. I will undertake to put the matter through the courts as expeditiously as possible. It

will be a pleasure to help you out of your sufferings, Captain. The new law takes precedence over other matters, as do *habeas corpus* proceedings, and the order to show cause why your petition should not be granted is a matter of common right upon the filing of the statutory affidavits."

The fortnight before the day for the hearing of the order to show cause, seemed a month to the restless sufferer, but the statutory forms had to be observed.

At last the twentieth day of March came around, and the sheriff had returned the venire of jurors, ready to be impaneled in Department 20, at the City Hall.

The judge was still in his chambers, consequently there was confusion in the court room, while the clerk was arranging his papers. Mr. Long, the Captain's lawyer, was talking with a jolly group of attorneys and witnesses.

When the door from the judge's chambers opened, the rap of the baliff's gavel sounded, and his voice was heard in the call that no one ever listens to.

Instantly all cigars and hats disappeared as the judge took his seat. Several *ex parte* motions were disposed of before the matter of the petition of Captain Alfred E. Stephenson for an order granting leave to extinguish mortal existence was called. The attorney for the petitioner answered "Ready," but the district attorney had not yet appeared to contest the petition on the part of the people. One of the five jurors was missing, but came in a moment later, which gave the learned judge an opportunity to mumble some sarcastic remarks, which no one heard, but at which all prudent attorneys forced a laugh. It is always wise to keep in sympathy with a judicial humorist.

Soon the district attorney came rushing in apologetically. With him, was a

browned and weather-beaten old gentleman, whose ruddy, genial face was incircled by a frame of silvery hair and the Galway whiskers common among sea-faring men. A pair of merry blue eyes, deep set under bushy eyebrows, and a merry upturn to the corners of his mouth gave him a jovial expression. They both came and sat at the long green table in front of the clerk's desk. Several attorneys and law students came in, curious to observe the novel proceedings under the new statute.

Mr. Long rose. "If your honor please, and gentlemen of the jury, this is a proceeding under section 3421 of the Civil Code as enacted in 1995, which reads as follows:—

3421.— Any person suffering with any painful or pestiferous incurable malady, by which he is rendered incapable of attending to the ordinary business of life, may apply by petition to the Superior Court of the city, or city and county, in which he has resided for thirty days next preceding filing of his petition, to be granted leave to extinguish mortal existence, in the form and with the proceedings had, as provided for in this chapter.

In his petition he shall set forth under oath his place of residence, his disease, his independence of or dependence on others for support, naming such persons, and their obligations and relationship to him, if any, his desire to obtain the sanction of the State to his discharge from his obligation to continue mortal existence, and for the necessary orders therefor. He shall annex thereto the affidavits of two reputable physicians, that they have examined the applicant personally, and that he is afflicted as set forth in the petition, and likewise the affidavit of one reputable attorney, that he has made diligent inquiry and knows no reason why the petition should not be granted. There shall also be annexed thereto a schedule of the petitioner's next of kin, their residences, and the affidavit of one of them that the same is correct.

In case of necessity the attorney may make such affidavit.

This proceeding shall take precedence over all others, and no postponements shall be allowed except for one day at a time upon a showing of necessity therefor.

"If it please your honor, the facts are already before the court from the petition and affidavits on file herein."

Mr. Long then briefly outlined to the jury what he proposed to prove. The resident physician of the Almshouse and the city physician were then called to the witness stand, and both testified that Captain Stephenson was suffering acutely with cancer of the stomach, and that it was acknowledged by all the profession to be an incurable disease. They also testified that his mental sufferings were breaking down his nervous system generally. The superintendent and the nurse both testified from personal observation to the severe sufferings of the petitioner, which added to the deposition of the petitioner, made a strong case in his favor.

The facts of the deposition were corroborated in essential particulars by the testimony of friends, all of whom were decided in their admiration of his character. Although some of them were not only able, but very anxious to contribute toward the support of the sufferer, not one could be made to confess, on cross-examination by the district attorney, that he knew any reason why the petitioner should not be granted the order desired. On the contrary, some volunteered an opinion, before an objection could be interposed, that it would be much better to allow him to end his hopeless misery.

It will be necessary to give the substance only of the deposition, which is long and tedious.

The Captain retired from the sea at the age of forty, and settled in Oakland in 1976. With him was his wife and two remaining children, whom he dearly loved. He had abandoned the sea after the terrible shock of the loss of his eldest son, which occurred in the South seas. While prospecting for an entrance to a

harbor inside the barrier reef of a small island, the boy had taken a small boat with the first mate, and left the ship to sail along the shore looking for a passage-way. The Captain through his glass watched the small boat round the low, palm-crowned curve of the island, and saw his boy turn and wave his hat toward the ship as he disappeared. No trace of the men was ever found after they went out of view on that day, which proved the turning point in the Captain's career. The boat was found capsized, some miles away, after days of fruitless and frantic search by the Captain, who was then forced to believe that his son was drowned in the furious surf.

The heart-breaking news had to be brought to the invalid mother, whose persuasion added to those of his own inclinations led him to abandon the sea at a great sacrifice of wealth, and to settle in Oakland, California. One disaster followed another. His securities depreciated with increasing hard times. His health grew poorer. His only living son was killed in a railway accident, and his only daughter fell sick with pneumonia, which developed into quick consumption. The mother did not long survive her children, worn as she was with suffering and nursing.

The Captain's money was invested in the stock of the Oakland Home Insurance Company. When the great fire of 1994 destroyed nearly the whole wooden city of Oakland, he was left destitute. He tried to work, but a cancer of the stomach soon rendered him a hopeless invalid. His spirit was proud and sensitive and rather than let his condition be known to his friends, only to become a burden to them, he sought refuge in the Almshouse under an assumed name, there to remain until the sanction of the law could be granted to his self destruction.

His affidavit showed that he had no

known relatives living, or any one connected with him, who would be injured by his death.

When Mr. Long had closed his case for the petitioner, the district attorney, whose business it was to oppose the petition on behalf of the people, opened his case with the statement, that there was no longer any need of the petitioner's subsisting at the public expense, which was a strong ground of the petitioner's mental anguish, as the petition stated; and that there existed a relative of the petitioner who would be injured by the granting of the order petitioned for. He then called to the witness stand the nautical looking gentleman and examined him.

Question. Your name is what?

Answer. Richard Stephenson.

Q. What is your age and occupation?

A. I am forty-four years old. I live in Hawaii where I have a coffee plantation.

Q. Do you know the petitioner in this action?

A. I do, at least I ought to, but I have not seen or heard of him for ten years. I am his son.

Q. Why have you not seen or heard of him in all this time?

"I object to that question," interposed Mr. Wilson, "as irrelevant and immaterial to any issue before the court."

The district attorney replied, "If your honor please, I wish to show by this witness that notwithstanding the apparent indifference inferred from their long separation that the granting of the order sought would be an injury to the son, who loves his father; that irremediable circumstances have prevented their knowledge of each other's whereabouts, or even existence.

The judge mumbled, "Objection overruled."

After this brief interruption the question was read to the witness, who answered, "I have not been able to find my father during all these years, search as I would. I advertised in the principal cities of the Eastern States, and in Bangor, Maine, our old home, but I heard not a word."

The witness's narrative continued with now and then an objection and an argument over a question of evidence.

"I have not seen my father since my narrow escape from drowning in the swell of a coral atoll in the Friendly group. I have not had time to see him at the Almshouse since my arrival, for I got in only an hour ago.

"After our escape from the sea the mate and I were held captive several weeks, though well cared for, by the natives. I finally gained sufficient influence over them to be allowed liberty and at last to make my escape in a small boat to a passing ship. Then I began two years of vain search for my father, mother, or brother. After that I found myself in Hawaii, without means, but I now own a coffee plantation. There I take the San Francisco papers. About a week ago I saw the notice to show cause why Alfred E. Stephenson should not be given legal sanction to extinguish mortal existence. The name was that of my beloved father; I determined to investigate and cabled to the district attorney at once. There was just time for me to reach here before the day set."

On cross examination, it was shown by Mr. Long on behalf of the petitioner, that the reading of the affidavits and the testimony of the experts and others had convinced the son, that it would be the most merciful to help his father escape further torture. This took the wind out of the sails of the district attorney, who did his best to bolster up his opposition with expert testimony as to the curabil-

ity of the petitioner's disease, relying, for the rest, upon an appeal to the conservatism of the jurymen.

At last the evidence was all in. The judge ordered a recess till the afternoon, when the argument for the petitioner was to be opened and closed by Mr. Long, opposed by the district attorney.

When the court reconvened at two P. M. in the Larkin Street wing of the City Hall, the sun had already begun to warm the room, which rapidly filled up with sightseers and lawyers, curious to see how the popular advocate would conduct a case under the new law. Here and there on the back benches were two or three whisky-logged court-room loafers, half dozing between drinks, disturbed by a rap on the head by the bailiff only when they fell into peaceful slumber.

Mr. Long's opening argument was brief, concise, and matter of fact; the reply of the district attorney was less matter of fact, for his case was weak. He claimed that the testimony showed that the disease was curable; and criticised the learning shown by the petitioner's experts who declared that it was incurable, ending with an appeal to the religious conservatism of the jury. He claimed that it would be immoral to grant the petition. This was the point Mr. Long most feared.

When the popular advocate rose to close the argument, there was a hush of expectancy in the room. As usual with such men, his presence commanded respect. The strong expression of his smooth-shaven face, his sensitive, yet firm mouth, keen eyes, clean cut profile, added to the grace of his bearing, and the clear enunciation of his well chosen diction, uttered in a pleasing rich voice, made commonplaces seem eloquent. As he grew more into the spirit of his theme, however, his manner became more energetic.

"Your judgment on the facts, gentlemen, is final, and unless I can picture to you clearly the cruelty of compelling this man to *live*, I fear that the inertia of past tradition will lead you to take a too conservative view of the application of the present law, so far as it lies within your power to apply it.

"Let us review in outline the reasoning which led to this law. Our legislators and jurists, adhering to the statement of the rights of men as set forth at the foundation of our government, in the Declaration of Independence have followed the lead of the great philosophical writers, at some distance to be sure, but still they have followed such reasoning in the main. The truths set forth in that immortal instrument, which bear upon this statute are as follows:—

"'We hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men.'

"The leading thinkers of the early part of this century have held that a true interpretation of that corner stone of our theory of government is to construe the words 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,' in their fullest and freest sense.

"The individual is guaranteed 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,' consistent with the like happiness of others. If there can be no happiness, in this life to the individual, but on the contrary, there is irremediable, positive pain, so as to render the sufferer's life only a burden to himself, an impediment to the happiness of others, or a charge to the State, such an individual must be allowed to pursue happiness, in the extinction of such irremediable pain. If an individual



have an inalienable right to life and liberty, he must surely be allowed to exercise his liberty in the taking of that mortal life in the pursuit of happiness in life immortal, provided it do not abridge in any way similar rights of others.

"As our philosophical schools put it, he may choose to live on as a thinking mind only, existing in time alone, untrammelled by the painful body, existing in space as well as time. So called death, is only the death of the body, of so much matter requiring space to exist in, not of the mind, not of the thinking being itself, which goes on forever relieved of the painful body. No one has ever shown that it ceases with the body. The petitioner is only seeking a divorce of his pure spirit from his wrecked body; he is a prisoner seeking to be released from a foul dungeon.

"Our statutes are the first crude steps in the right direction on the part of the State to throw proper safeguards around the exercise of such an important right. For thousands of years, the State has claimed the right to take a man's life against his will, as an example to others, how much stronger is the right of the State to decide that under the facts of his existence he has a right to take his own life. You, gentlemen, represent the power of the State in deciding on those facts. But remember, gentlemen, the petitioner is not seeking a privilege, but a right. You are called upon to decide only upon the facts which will in themselves give that right to the petitioner.

"Society has found it necessary to regulate that right, lest, as in the last century the just and the unjust were alike buried in the general odium, which fell unreasonably upon all who were guilty of what was then called the crime of suicide. A twofold odium is thus cast upon the illegal exercise of that right, for then any self-destruction without the

sanction of law is, *prima facie*, a criminal act.

"I plead with you, gentlemen, for this man's death with no less earnestness than I would plead for his life, were he falsely accused of murder. Before giving away to the tradition of centuries, that all suicides are criminal, pray consider. The weight of evidence in favor of this petitioner is overwhelming. There is no longer one single reason for him to live. There is no longer any reasonable ground to oppose his death. Continued life is but a purgatory of suffering for a man who needs no such ordeal to purify his noble character. Can fine gold be refined, or the snow whitened?

"There is not one among you, gentlemen, who would allow, who would not grieve to have his dear old father suffer hours, days, weeks, months, yea, perhaps years, every moment an agony, and for what good to himself, or his kin? None. In obedience to what law, or morals? Merely the exploded notion that all self-destruction is morally unjustifiable.

"In the name of reason, you, as thinking men, will declare that to act on such belief is to think the merciful God of love a more hideous and cruel monster than was ever wrought from the diseased imagination of the Joss-makers, in our putrid Chinese quarter.

"Gentlemen, Captain Stephenson's whole life has been reviewed before you in outline, but words can not show you his patient, kindly face as he lies in his bed of agony in the city Almshouse, nor can they express the mental anguish of such a sensitive spirit, when cast on public charity, helpless, after a life of manly striving, — wrecked on his homeward voyage, with the dregs of humanity for comrades. They reap the whirlwind where they have sown the wind. Not so, Captain Stephenson.

"If you could only see his noble strife to help others though doomed himself to living torture, could you know him as I have known him, it would move you to compassion, though you were marble statues.

"Even as you see a cat enjoy the agonized writhings of a tortured mouse, would you sit unmoved by compassion, when it is within your power to put even that insignificant victim out of its sufferings? How much more should you release this noble man from the fiendish clutches of a cancer? He is chained to his bed as Prometheus to a rock, and as uncomplaining, — will you allow the vulture of disease to gnaw his vitals, unmoved by compassion, refusing to end his sufferings, while you hold in your hands the means therefor? No, not while there is a merciful God in heaven, will man, made after his image, gaze on such suffering, and turn to stone."

With these words the advocate sat down, amid a suppressed murmur of applause, which soon burst into a clapping of hands, and was stopped by the gavel of the bailiff and the incisive tones of the judge, who reminded the listeners that the court was no theater.

There remained the judge's charge to the jury. That learned man seemed impressed with the gravity of the situation in which he found himself, fingered his notes in silence a few moments, and then addressed them.

"Gentlemen of the jury, you have before you a very grave duty, no less than the power to decide that a fellow citizen shall suffer months, perhaps years, of agony, or to grant him release therefrom. You alone are the judges of the existence of the facts which grant to the petitioner rights which the statutes have regulated by many safeguards. The conscientious exercise of your duty is the bar to the abuse of this right by the selfish shirkers

of duty, and wilful cowards, who seek by death to cast their burden upon their survivors.

"You are to be guided strictly by the evidence. Sympathy, which counsel for the petitioner has so eloquently invoked, is not to be permitted to influence your verdict. On the other hand, some are influenced by traditions of Christianity, handed down from generation to generation, that all self-destruction is sin. With such doctrines of the last century, and now in most part outgrown, you have not to do, but your oath calls upon you to judge this matter according to the law and the evidence.

"You are merely passing upon the existence or non-existence of facts, which of themselves give the petitioner rights under the Constitution of the United States and the law of the land.

"If you find that the petitioner is 'suffering from any painful, . . . incurable malady, by which he is rendered incapable of attending to the ordinary business of life,' you are to bring in a verdict for the petitioner. If you find that the petitioner is suffering with acute mental anguish, you must then decide, what, under the evidence, is the cause thereof, and then whether under the facts found, the cause is a permanent or a temporary one.

"If the cause be found to be a permanent one, you are to find for the petitioner, provided that the suffering is shown to have affected the health of the petitioner permanently, so as to incapacitate him for the ordinary pursuits of life. In the exercise of this discretion, you are further limited by the inquiry as to whether there is any reason shown why the next of kin of petitioner are abridged of their rights thereby. In this case, I charge you that there is no evidence that next of kin are so injured.

"Neither mental suffering, nor physi-

ical pain, alone, constitute sufficient grounds for a verdict for the petitioner. Mental suffering must be shown to be from a permanent cause, and to have affected the physical health sufficiently to incapacitate the petitioner as above stated. Physical suffering must be shown to be from incurable disease, and to incapacitate the sufferer.

"On the conscientious exercise of your duty in this matter, gentlemen, rests the safeguard which the State has thrown about the exercise of this right to prevent abuse. Whether this man shall live or die shall be adjudged by you, his peers. Go, may the wisdom of the Almighty and Omniscient guide you in your duty."

Then, turning to the bailiff, the judge added, after admonishing them in the usual way,—

"Mr. Sheriff, you will conduct the jury to their rooms."

Ten minutes later they brought in a verdict, finding the facts as set forth in the petition.

The judge then made an order directing the sheriff to proceed as provided by law, to consult with Alfred E. Stephenson, and to set a day on which he should be allowed to deprive himself of life, in the presence of the city physician, the coroner, and the sheriff.

It was about ten days later when the patient sufferer felt the joy of approaching release from pain. The sun emerged from behind the scudding clouds, shining on the brilliant Lady Washington geranium on his window-sill, on the books and medicine bottles. His restless eyes drank in the refreshing bit of color, and then rested on the distant line of white breakers beyond the dreary sand dunes. The sadness of their distant booming chimed with his mood; the cloudy horizon of the Pacific again brought to mind the unknown sea into which he was about to

launch himself, whither the loved ones had gone before. While he mused, the sun sank lower and prophesied in gorgeous colors the glory that is to come to all who "are weary and are heavy laden."

About nightfall, the Captain was carried to a private room, where his friends gathered about him for a few last words; after which he was left alone with his son. Only the son showed signs of grief. The father had never been so cheerful,—so remarked his friends called in to participate in a simple ceremony. The minister offered a short prayer on immortality, after which a sweet-voiced girl closed the service with a song, offered in heartfelt gratitude for the Captain's past.

The young voice quavered with emotion, which rendered all the more effective the hopeful song.

"We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;  
Amid these earthly lamps,  
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers  
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! What seems so is transition;  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but the suburb of the life Elysian,  
Whose portal we call Death."

Smiling through his tears of farewell, the sufferer turned from his son to the photograph, still in his hand. "I will meet her this evening, after all these years of waiting." Then looking up, he added: "God bless you all, dear friends. We part to meet again."

All departed except the son, who remained in the room, when the officials entered. The city physician was there with the sheriff, representing the law, also the resident physician and the superintendent. The son withdrew, after a few words of parting had been exchanged.

As soon as he was gone the Captain

said,—“Come, hurry, give me the potion,” holding out his hand eagerly for the fatal dose.

The physicians handed him the prescribed morphine, which the old man swallowed eagerly, grasping in his other hand the image of his beloved wife.

There, bolstered up in bed, in a private ward, he lay, with the officials about him. He was calm, very calm. The drawn look of pain faded from his features, succeeded by an expression of happiness his associates had never seen, as he still held the miniature image of his wife before him.

His son burst into the room for one more farewell word. “Father—,” he cried, bending over the happy man, and kissing his forehead.

The patient’s lips moved, muttering half-audibly, as the son bent his ear to catch each precious word. “God—bless

you, my son. You are so good to let me go this way. It is only for a little while we part. This will indeed be a Christmas reunion. I will meet her and the children in heaven.”

His voice grew weaker, and he gazed at the photograph still. “I will meet her tonight and the children. I will—never—part—from—her—forever—and—forever, and the child—.”

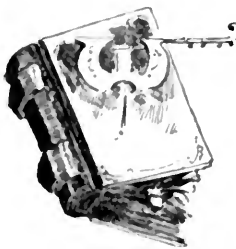
His hand dropped on his breast, with the beloved image still half grasped. He was slumbering with the peaceful expression of a child fallen asleep at play. The solemnity of the situation was only evidenced by the gravity of the silent men about the bed, men accustomed to scenes of suffering, who witnessed the everlasting sleep of the body.

One week later, the necessary returns were made by the officials and filed in the office of the county clerk.

*Phil Weaver, Jr.*

## THE STUDY OF THE BIBLE AS LITERATURE.

BY WARREN H. LANDON.



WHEN we consider the Bible as a literary production, the question to be asked and answered is, Does the Bible serve the purpose which we expect great literary works to serve? I wish to say at the outset, I do not believe we are putting the Bible to its highest use when we use it merely as a literary production. Important as this may be it is rather its lowest use.

I believe the Bible is the Book of Life, teaching men how to live aright here, and how to prepare for the life which is to come. It is, therefore, to be handled with more reverence than other books. I believe it is an inspired book, and therefore, we can reach its highest thoughts and deep thoughts only by the aid of the

Holy Spirit. The spirit must furnish the light with which we go into these mines or we cannot find all the treasures that are within. It is, furthermore, a book of morals. Of all the books written on the general subject of ethics, none compares with this. “Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word.”

Having made this brief confession of faith in the Bible, I will proceed to the subject before us.

The first question that suggests itself is of a general character. What is the advantage of studying literature? What important purpose does any literary work serve the student? The answer must be very brief. We study literature that we may have an acquaintance with the productions of the best minds, for the

general purpose of culture, that our own style may be purified, that we may write better when we write and speak better when we speak, that our own thoughts may be quickened by the thoughts of others, as all minds are stimulated by contact with greater minds. Does the Bible serve these general purposes? Is it a mental stimulus? Does it purify the style? Is it a valuable aid in the education of the whole man?

It would seem an easy matter to answer these questions one way or the other because the Bible is such an old book, such a very familiar book. There are few homes in the land where you will not find it. But one difficulty in treating our subject arises from the fact that it is a very common book. It is to be feared that with some, familiarity has been breeding contempt, and yet they are familiar only with its covers. They know scarcely anything of the value of the book as a literary composition. Someone has said truly of many people that "if they were shut up in a parlor with an old directory, and an old almanac, and an old Bible, they would spend the first hour on the almanac, and the next on the directory, and would die of ennui before they opened the Bible." If it were a new book, just from the press, it would be easy to arouse interest and enthusiasm over it. It would be the sensation of the day. While many might criticise some of its teachings, as many have been doing for ages, book-reviewers everywhere would be extravagant in their praises of its pure, lucid English.

I would like now to bring all the testimony our time will allow us to prove that this old book, lying somewhere in all our homes, and much of it in some of our hearts, serves the purpose we require of great literary works.

Let us hear, first, the testimony of eminent men. Taine, an acknowledged authority, says in his *English Literature*<sup>1</sup> concerning Tyndale's translation of the Bible, "The nation has found its poem." "England had her book." "Hence have sprung much of the English language, and half of the English manners." This is high praise where an earlier translation is spoken of as a poem, a nation's book, and a principal source of the

English language and manners. In another place<sup>2</sup> the same author says, "The more a book represents important sentiments, the higher is its place in literature." He was referring to literature in general, not to the Bible. But accepting this statement may we not prove from it that the Bible occupies the highest place in literature, as no book contains grander and more important sentiments?

Another eminent authority, Macaulay,<sup>3</sup> speaks of it as "a book which, if anything else in our language should perish, would alone suffice to show the whole extent of its beauty and power." Stronger language could hardly be found relating to the importance of the English of the Bible. As to its effect on style, Coleridge says,<sup>4</sup> "Intense study of the Bible will keep any writer from being vulgar in point of style." Froude, in his *History of England*, praises its Saxon simplicity. Frederick W. Faber, in speaking of its marvelous English, says, "It lives on the ear like a music that can never be forgotten, like the sound of church bells." Voltaire once said there was nothing in Homer or in any other classic writer to equal the book of Ruth. And Goethe spoke of the same book as "The loveliest specimen of epic and idyl poetry which we possess."

Many modern authorities on the history and use of English have employed equally strong terms in commenting upon the English of the Bible. Says Stopford Brooke:<sup>5</sup> "Eighty millions of people now speak the English of Tyndale's Bible, and there is no book which has had so great influence on the style of English Literature and the standard of English prose." The late Dr. Wm. G. T. Shedd, a master in the use of pure, clear English, remarks,<sup>6</sup> "The body of literature contained in the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures has moved on the mind of man, in his generations, as the moon has moved upon the sea. The influence has been tidal." Still another eminent scholar<sup>7</sup> says, "We sometimes speak of authors as 'suggestive,' because they

<sup>2</sup>Vol. I, 20.

<sup>3</sup>Essay on John Dryden.

<sup>4</sup>Table Talk, p. 100.

<sup>5</sup>Primer of English Literature, p. 59.

<sup>6</sup>Homilies, p. 16.

<sup>7</sup>Dr. R. S. Storrs "Divine Origin of Christianity," pp. 230-231 and 324.

<sup>1</sup>Taine's *English Literature*, Vol. I, 366-367.

conduct to more than they teach, because our minds, in passing from them, are conscious of impulse to a fresh and keen activity in many new directions of thought, and have almost arrived at many truths which we must afterwards search out for ourselves. Such authors are most of all rewarding and inspiring. And the one book, in all the world, which seems to me, here at least, pre-eminent in literature, is that brief book in the faith of which so many of the best have loftily lived and triumphantly died, and which either of us may carry in his pocket — the New Testament of the Lord Jesus Christ. It opens remotest realms of speculation by its circumspect silences, before each inquisitive spirit."

Statesmen, as well as historians, essayists, and writers on English Literature, are at hand with their testimony. Daniel Webster said, "I have read it through many times. I now make a practise of going through it once a year. It is the book of all others for lawyers as well as divines." Rufus Choate, speaking of the Bible in schools, very properly and forcibly said, "I would have it read, not only for its authoritative revelations and its commands and exactions, obligatory yesterday, today, and forever, but for its English, for its literature, for its pathos, for its dim imagery, its sayings of consolation and wisdom and universal truth." In excluding the Bible from our public schools comparatively few understand that we are excluding some of the best specimens of English.

A distinguished judge of the Virginia Court of Appeals was once asked by a young man, about to commence the study of the law, what book he had better take up first. He replied, "You had better begin with the Bible." It is said that Gladstone, one of the most eminent men living, paid much attention to his Bible during his University career, that no one fellow student habitually read it more or knew it better. Professor Huxley affirmed and reaffirmed with emphasis his conviction of the pre-eminent value of the Bible as an instrument of popular education.

Thus we see that friends and foes of evangelical religion have spoken in equal terms of praise of the literary worth of the Bible. There can be but one answer to the question. Does this book which

eminent authorities have so highly praised, deserve our careful study? It is, indeed, 'a well of English undefyled' as Spenser said of Chaucer. Where some of the most distinguished men of our century have reaped large benefits from study we may yet glean with profit.

Having listened to the testimony of eminent men, let us consider some of the testimony that comes from literature itself. It is not difficult to prove that many of our greatest English writers are much indebted to the Bible for inspiration, thought, and style, that, indeed, all of our best literature is permeated with it.

The book which is more widely read by the English people than any other except the Bible, is Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. Though now an old book it still retains its place among literary treasures. It still delights the young and charms the old. There is but little if any difference of opinion as to the beauty and value of the style of *Pilgrim's Progress*. Taine says no one but Spenser is so lucid, and that he has the freedom, the tone, the ease, and the clearness of Homer. He has been called "the Spenser of the unlearned, the Shakspeare of the religious world." Now what was the fountain at which this man untaught in the schools, drank? Where did he learn this style which has made him comparable to Spenser and Shakspeare? Listen, if you please, to a beautiful comment by Green<sup>1</sup> in his *History of the English People*. "In no book do we see more clearly the new imaginative force which had been given to the common life of Englishmen by their study of the Bible. Its English is the simplest and the homeliest English which has ever been used by any great English writer, but it is the English of the Bible. The images of the *Pilgrim's Progress* are the images of prophet and evangelist, it borrows for its tenderer outbursts the very verse of the *Song of Songs*, and pictures the Heavenly City in the words of the *Apocalypse*. But so completely has the Bible become Bunyan's life that one feels its phrases as the natural expression of his thoughts. He has lived in the Bible till its words have become his own. In its range, in its directions, in its simple grace, in the ease with which

<sup>1</sup> Green's *Short History of the English People*. P. 611.

it changes from living dialogue to dramatic action, from simple pathos to passionate earnestness, in the subtle and delicate fancy which often suffuses its childlike words, in its playful humor, its bold character painting, in the even and balanced power which passes without effort from the Valley of the Shadow of Death to the land 'where the Shining Ones commonly walked, because it was on the borders of Heaven,' in its sunny kindliness, unbroken by one bitter word, the Pilgrim's Progress is among the noblest of English poems." Green tells us whence came the power and the style of a work which he classes among the noblest of English poems. They came from the Bible. He tells us that its simple and homely English is the English of the Bible. It requires but a superficial examination to prove that. Macaulay says in his essay on Bunyan that he has observed several pages which do not contain a word of more than two syllables. In this, his style is certainly like that of the Bible, as it abounds in words of one and two syllables.

If we examine Bunyan's library at the time he wrote this book we shall see still more clearly the source of his inspiration. He was a prisoner in Bedford jail, where he was confined for twelve years. There his entire library consisted of the Bible and Fox's Book of Martyrs, the former of which he knew almost by heart. Here was a man who produced one of the greatest English works, whose whole academy course, college course, theological course, consisted of a thorough study of the English Bible. It does not follow from this that all should confine their studies to one book, even though that be the greatest. For breadth of culture we need to study all great books. But this illustration from the life and work of Bunyan shows the power of the English Bible over the human mind as a quickener of thought and a purifier of style.

What great literary work shall we name next after Pilgrim's Progress, as widely read and answering the purpose we require of great literary works? I think we shall with one accord say Shakspeare's dramas. I believe we shall find here also the relation of fountain and stream. I am far from saying that this mighty literary river, this Mississippi of literature, sprang from one spring, namely, the

Bible. I say only this, that the Bible was at least one of several springs in which this stream found its source. Shakspeare's plays are full of statements which are Biblical, re clothed to suit his purpose. His apt quotations prove his familiarity with the Bible. We read in Richard III.,

"But then I sigh, and, with a piece of Scripture,  
Tell them — that God bids us do good for evil."  
Richard III., Act I, Scene 3.

Bishop Wordsworth, who wrote on "Shakspeare's Knowledge and Use of the Bible," says: "Take the entire range of English literature; put together our best authors who have written upon subjects not professedly religious or theological, and we shall not find, I believe, in them all united, so much evidence of the Bible having been read and used, as we have found in Shakspeare alone." We can stop to give but a few extracts which fortify Bishop Wordsworth's claim. But those of you who are familiar with the Bible will easily see that these are "exquisitely flavored with this inspired diction."

"Those holy fields,  
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet,  
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nailed  
For our advantage, on the bitter cross."

King Henry IV., Part I, Act I, Scene 1.

Where in Christian poetry can sweeter lines than these be found?

Again, hear Portia to Shylock:—

"The quality of mercy is not strained,  
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed;  
It blesseth him that gives, and him that  
takes:

'T is mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes  
The throned monarch better than his crown;  
His scepter shows the force of temporal  
power,

The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of  
kings;

But mercy is above this sceptered sway,  
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,  
It is an attribute to God himself;  
And earthly power doth then show likest  
God's

When mercy seasons justice. Therefore,  
Jew,

Though justice be thy plea, consider this—  
That in the course of justice, none of us  
Should see salvation; we do pray for mercy;  
And that same prayer doth teach us all to  
render

The deeds of mercy."

Merchant of Venice, Act IV., Scene 1.

In the following from "As You Like It" (Act II., Scene 3) you will also easily detect a flavor of the Gospel:—

"Take that: and He that doth the ravens feed,  
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,  
Be comfort to my age."

Shakspeare's mind must have been saturated with the teachings of the Bible. This is not saying that he was a positively religious man, the statement is that he must have been a careful student of the Bible. And it is legitimate to conclude that for his marvelous style he is much indebted to the Bible.

The Bible is woven like a golden thread into the sweetest and best of our poetry. Milton's *Paradise Lost* would have been an impossibility without a close familiarity with the Old Testament of the Scriptures. The blind bard was accustomed to have a chapter of the Hebrew Bible read to him every morning. Dr. Shedd says, "His blood and brain were tinged through and through with Hebrew ideas and beliefs."

The Quaker poet, Whittier, had parts of the Bible in mind when he wrote some of his most beautiful lines. He seems almost to be walking by Galilee as he sweetly sings:—

We may not climb the heavenly steeps  
To bring the Lord Christ down:  
In vain we search the lowest deeps,  
For him no depths can drown. . . .  
But warm, sweet, tender, even yet  
A present help is he;  
And faith has yet its Olivet,  
And love its Galilee.  
The healing of his seamless dress  
Is by our beds of pain;  
We touch him in life's throng and press,  
And we are whole again.

In his youth Whittier had access to but few books, but one of those was *Pilgrim's Progress*, which, as we have already noticed, is much like the Bible in language and style.

And what shall we say of Tennyson? He has had many interpreters. Numerous claims have been made as to his religious views. But no one can read "In Memoriam" without feeling he is in touch with a mind that has felt the spell of biblical truths and biblical influences.

Time fails us to speak of other eminent

writers of poetry and of prose. It has been well said<sup>1</sup> that, "All modern literature would be well nigh bankrupt if required to discharge its indebtedness to the Holy Scriptures."

Having taken some of the testimony of eminent men and of literature, let us come now to the fountain head, to the Bible itself, and take its own testimony as to its worth as literature. Let us inquire of this book if it has the literary style which we require of a literary composition of the first order.

The Earl of Chesterfield said that "Style is the dress of thoughts." Pope has a similar expression in his essay on criticism. Then a book has a good style when it is well dressed as to its thoughts. The same is true of a person. There are some who go farther than this and claim that style is more than a garment, that it is more intimately related to thought than a man's coat is to his back, that it is a part of the man himself, that it has moral qualities, that it is form rather than dress. One modern writer<sup>2</sup> defines style as "the most delicate form in which thought incarnates itself."

There are certain prime excellences which are considered essential to a good style. Various classifications of these excellences or properties are given by different authorities upon rhetoric. Some require more, some less. But there is unanimous agreement as to a few. All are agreed that a good literary style must have simplicity and plainness, that it must have energy, variety, and beauty. The question now to be asked is, Has the Bible these prime excellences? Is its thought well dressed? Or, to go farther, are its great thoughts incarnated in the best form?

We will inquire first, as to its simplicity and plainness, which secular as well as sacred eloquence has ranked as pre-eminently important. I believe we shall find it a model of simplicity, that we shall find in it great thoughts coming to us dressed in simple speech. I believe we shall find Rousseau's comment true, that "Never has virtue spoken a language so delightful. Never has the profoundest wisdom expressed itself at once with so much of energy, and with so much of

<sup>1</sup>L. T. Townsend, *D. D., Sword and Garment*, p. 73.

<sup>2</sup>Dr. L. T. Townsend, *The Art of Speech*, Vol. 1, 124.



simplicity." It contains some of the finest specimens of Anglo-Saxon speech. Indeed, sixty per cent of its words, like those of Shakspeare, are native Saxon words. Instead of the pretentious words which a French author compares to "a big bedizened drum major," it contains the simple expression which is compared to "the little gray-coated Napoleon at Austerlitz." As an example of simple, chaste, pure speech, take these words of Christ: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." Almost every word is a monosyllable.

Some one has given the following as a modern version of the twenty-third Psalm: "Deity is my Pastor. I shall not be indigent. He causeth me to recline on verdant lawns: he conducteth me beside the unrippled liquids. He reinstalleth my spirit; he conducteth me in the avenues of rectitude, for the celebrity of his appellation. Indubitably though I perambulate in the glen of sepulchral obscurities, I shall not be perturbed by appalling catastrophes: for thou art present, thy wand and thy crook insinuate delectation. Thou procurest a refection for me in the midst of inimical scrutations, thou perfumest my locks with odiferous unguents; my chalice exuberates. Unquestionably benignity and commiseration shall contingence all the diurnity of my vitality, and I will eternalize my habitude in the metropolis of nature."

How refreshing to come down from this inflated style to the simple expression of the authorized version!

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me. Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy

shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

The modern version of this Psalm given above is, of course, an exaggeration. But the man is not living who could present the beautiful thoughts of this Psalm in a more beautiful form than this found in the old Bible.

Macaulay once said of Doctor Johnson that he "wrote in a style in which no one ever made love, quarreled, drove bargains, or even thinks." Borrowing this language from Macaulay, we say that the Bible is written in language in which men make love, quarrel, drive bargains, and think. It is simple, plain, business-like. It goes to the point and makes itself felt. Take another illustration from the words of Christ:—

Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick and ye visited me: I was in prison and ye came unto me. Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink? when saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee? And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

The remainder of the passage is equally fine, but we have given sufficient to illustrate our point.

When we come to energy, we find that the Bible abounds in all the figures of speech which add liveliness and energy to style. It contains simile, metaphor, allegory, exclamation, apostrophe, personification, hyperbole, irony. That is a fine specimen of irony in the book of Job, and one often quoted:<sup>3</sup> "No doubt but ye are the people and wisdom shall die with you." And there is no better example of irony than Elijah's mocking the priests

<sup>2</sup> Matt. XXV, 34-40.

<sup>3</sup> Job XII, 2.

<sup>1</sup> Matt. XI, 28-30.

of Baal.<sup>1</sup> The testing time had come on Mount Carmel. On one side were arrayed the four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal, on the other side stood Elijah alone. Bullocks were prepared for sacrifice. Each side was to lay his bullock upon wood with no fire underneath. Then they were to call upon their gods, and the god that answered by fire kindling the wood and burning the sacrifice was to be declared God. The prophets of Baal began first. They cried all the long forenoon. Then Elijah began to mock them, saying, "Cry aloud: for he is a god; either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked."

Let us inquire also as to variety in the Bible. We have called it a book. It is rather a library. Here is history, a history of the race from the beginning. Here is biography; for example, that of Moses, beginning with his birth in Egypt when the little child was hidden in the bull-rushes and carrying us on to the more impressive scene a hundred and twenty years later when, with eye undimmed and natural force unabated, he went up into Mount Nebo to meet God, to get a glimpse of Canaan and to be buried by the Lord; Joseph, the son too well beloved, who was sold as a slave, but came to stand next to the monarch of Egypt; David, the shepherd lad, who became king of Israel; David, the man well-beloved of the Lord, standing firm in the face of mighty temptation, the man who had an excellent spirit in him, or, as someone read by mistake, who had an excellent spine in him; Paul, the man of purpose; and to crown the biographies of all ages, Jesus the Christ, most pure, most perfect, most god-like from the cradle to the grave. Again, here is poetry. Here are epigrams, sparkling, as fresh today as ever. Here is law, and here is logic.

The beginning of the book is sublime. It has no preface, no introduction stating the design of the work. It begins, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." How compact, how comprehensive, as well as sublime. "Marvelously terse phrase," says Ernest Renan, commenting of this opening sentence of the Bible. No less simple, no less sublime, are some of the sentences which fol-

low, particularly that which speaks of the creation of light. "God said, Let there be light: and there was light."

If we look for pathos, we find it a little farther on. One of the finest examples of pathetic speech in the English language is Judah's plea before Joseph.<sup>2</sup> Joseph's brethren have gone down to Egypt to purchase corn for the second time. They have left the aged father, Jacob, in Canaan, and at the command of the ruler, Joseph, whom they do not recognize as their brother, they have brought with them the youngest son, Benjamin, though Jacob was very loth to part with him. As they were leaving Egypt, after making their purchase, Benjamin, though guiltless, was found with Joseph's silver cup in his sack. They were taken back, and Joseph proposed to detain Benjamin as his bond-servant. Then Judah began his plea, of which I will give only the closing words. "Now therefore when I come to thy servant my father, and the lad be not with us; seeing that his life is bound up in the lad's life; it shall come to pass, when he seeth that the lad is not with us, that he will die: and thy servants shall bring down the gray hairs of thy servant our father with sorrow to the grave. For thy servant became surety for the lad unto my father, saying, If I bring him not unto thee, then I shall bear the blame to my father for ever. Now therefore, I pray thee let thy servant abide instead of the lad; a bond-man to my lord; and let the lad go up with his brethren. For how shall I go up to my father, and the lad be not with me? lest peradventure I see the evil that shall come on my father."

Do we look for poetry? We find it everywhere in the Psalms, in many places in the prophets, and in the book of Job. For a fine example of poetic speech hear God talk to Job:

"Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? declare if thou hast understanding. Who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest? or who hath stretched the line upon it? whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened? or who laid the corner stone thereof; when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted

<sup>2</sup> Gen. XLIV. 18-44.

<sup>3</sup> Job XXXVIII, 4-11.

<sup>1</sup> Kings, XVIII.

for joy? or who shut up the sea with doors, when it broke forth, as if it had issued out of the womb? When I made the cloud the garment thereof, and thick darkness a swaddling band for it, and brake up for it my decreed place, and set bars and doors, and said, Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further: and here shall thy proud waves be stayed?"

In the prophecy of Nahum<sup>1</sup> we have a poetic, vivid portrayal of the movements of God: "The Lord hath his way in the whirlwind and in the storm, and the clouds are the dust of his feet."

If you would hear the thunders roll, and see the lightning flash and the trees of the forest bending and breaking under the mighty storm, read the 29th Psalm. These poets of the Bible must have been students of nature. Much of their language has the aroma of the woods and fields.

Even the prose of the gospels has beautiful poetic descriptions. Take for illustration the account of Christ's calming the storm.<sup>2</sup> He and his disciples were crossing the sea at night. The weary Master was asleep in the stern of the ship. A fierce storm arose, as storms still rise with suddenness on the Lake of Galilee. The waves swept over the little vessel. It was filling and about to sink. The disciples, terrified, awoke their Master. They did not comment at length upon the danger they were in, but said, "Master, carest thou not that we perish?" Then: "He arose, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still. And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm." There is a great calm in the very language.

In some of Paul's letters there are musical passages, as, for example, his praise of charity or love.<sup>3</sup> "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal." As Dean Stanley said of it, "The sentences move in almost rhythmic melody." If we are in search of epigrams, we shall find the book of Proverbs full of them. "The memory of the just is blessed: but the name of the wicked shall rot." "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in

pictures of silver." "Bread of deceit is sweet to a man; but afterwards his mouth shall be filled with gravel."

We find many fine illustrations of pungent style in this same book of Proverbs. You have heard warnings against visiting the haunts of the fallen woman. You have heard that it will destroy your manhood, that it will deprave you in every way. But you have never heard these warnings more tersely expressed than in this book. "Let not thine heart decline to her ways, go not astray in her paths: For she hath cast down many wounded; yea, many strong men have been slain by her. Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death. . . . Whoso is simple, let him turn in hither. . . . But he knoweth not that the dead are there; and that her guests are in the depths of hell."

If we are interested in dramatic description, we can find this also in the Bible. You recall the passage in Macbeth where the Queen in her sleep is seen trying to wash the spot from her hand, saying, "Out, damned spot, out I say," and then a little later, "Here's the smell of the blood still; all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand." A far older book has something like it, and something that equals it, the book of Job. Job says, "If I wash myself with snow water, and make my hands never so clean; yet shalt thou plunge me in the ditch, and mine own clothes shall abhor me."

Some of Christ's parables, such as the Prodigal Son, the Good Samaritan, and the Unmerciful Servant, are very dramatic. We find then in this book the requisite variety, the variety which the mind demands of literature, and the eye demands of nature. What a weary journey it would be from here to New York if there were prairie all the way, or even if there were mountain scenery all the way. Who has not felt this in crossing the continent by the Canadian Pacific? Passing west from Winnipeg one enjoys the great, level, seemingly limitless prairie until he begins to be weary. Then the iron horse plunges into the mountains. One looks with awe at the sublime scenery, mountain piled on mountain, here and there crowned with glaciers, until the eye wearies of this also. In due time

<sup>1</sup>Nahum i, 3.

<sup>2</sup>Mark IV, 37-41.

<sup>3</sup>1 Cor. XIII.

one finds himself riding along the roaring Frazer river, looking upon scenery no less wonderful, but different. Then he comes at length to the haven by the sea. The devout traveler blesses God for the variety. Such variety we find in the Bible. There are sublime passages followed by pathetic, then others peaceful and musical as the rippling river, then a restful one like the desired haven by the sea.

And with all this variety there is unity. The Bible composed of sixty-six books is yet one book; composed by about forty different authors, but under the inspiration of one Spirit, is one book. This unity in variety gives us beauty. One excellent authority on style<sup>1</sup> defines beauty of style as "multitude in unity." A variety of thoughts unified produces beauty of style. According to this definition the Bible cannot be surpassed in beauty of style.

Surely the Bible has stood the test to which we proposed to put it: It has the prime excellences of style. Its ideas have a moral loftiness which affect the minds of men and so their style. Noble thoughts both invite and suggest noble expression. Emerson once said, "If our times are sterile in genius, we must cheer us with books of rich and believing men who had atmosphere and amplitude about them." This is as true of some of the writers of the Bible as it has ever been of authors, that they had atmosphere and amplitude about them. And their great thoughts to which they have given noble expression have moved and are still moving with force the minds of men, quickening, enlarging, purifying thought.

It is acknowledged that all parts of the Bible are not equally interesting reading. Is this not true of all great books? Is it not true of Shakspeare, and Milton, and Tennyson? If we were to recommend these great authors to students unacquainted with them, should we advise them to begin with their first poems and read them through in chronological order?

<sup>1</sup>Dr. Wm. S. T. SheJL.

Surely none of us would think of such counsel. Let us use the same common sense in our counsels as to the reading of the Bible. It is, indeed, one book. But it is also many books, each of which has its literary characteristics, and each of which may be read and studied separately. As we love to turn to beautiful passages in Scott, or Tennyson, or Dickens, refreshing our memories and quickening our imaginations, so it is well for us to turn to the most beautiful passages of the Bible and read them often. Blessed are the parents and instructors who succeed in showing the youth under their care where the green pastures and still waters of Scriptures are, and who awaken in them a taste for what these vales and hills afford. Many young people, and possibly older ones, too, have wearied of the Bible and laid it aside as a dry and uninteresting book, because, having decided to read it through, they have begun at the beginning and read chapter by chapter, and in some of the earlier chapters full of law and chronology have lost interest and ceased reading. They have found what seemed a desert, have become "discouraged because of the way," and so have never reached the beautiful valleys of the Psalms, the mountain peaks of the prophets, and the varied, interesting scenes of the Gospels. In counselling the young to read the Bible, either for style, morals, or religion, let us not tell them to begin at the beginning and read it through. Let us rather direct them to the choicest passages till a taste for this matchless literature has been cultivated. Then it will be read through with interest.

Whether we view this book from a literary, moral, or religious standpoint, the language of the Psalmist is applicable to its words, its thoughts, its truths. "More to be desired are they than gold, yea than much fine gold."

*Warren H. Landon.*<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>Acknowledgments are due to the Mount Tamalpais Academy, where this address was delivered.



(Charcoal Sketch by Pierre N. Boeringer.

OUT of the past, a century's slow lapse lending  
That half-forgotten age  
The glowing charm of Spanish romance, blending  
With history's sterner page,—  
Out of the past this name in song or story  
Rises amid the throng  
Of mission padres, like some planet's glory  
The lesser stars among.

Serra renowned, the cross of Christ uprearing  
Within this halcyon clime,  
Whate'er our creed we honor him, revering  
His steadfast soul sublime.  
True heart and strong from its own fullness reaching  
Love's helping hand again ;  
Lips that were touched with fire from heaven, preaching  
Peace and good-will to men.

Crumbling today are mission arch and tower;  
Sweet Angelus bells no more  
Through the long corridors at twilight hour  
Chime silver carillons o'er;  
Fading the race who worshiped, but enduring  
Their shepherd's name, foretold  
In boyhood by stern destiny, adjuring  
Him to this heathen fold.

Faring from sunny Spain, brave Serra, preaching  
The sacred word of God,  
From ancient Vera Cruz, far inland reaching,  
Where none but Indians trod,  
A score of seasons labored, ever deeming  
His infinite task undone  
And countless souls forsaken,— ever dreaming  
Of converts to be won.

Not here was Serra's goal; but noontide resting  
His pilgrimage had won:  
The morn's long combat o'er, yet farther questing  
The patient heart begun,  
Till San Diego's natives heard, clear-ringing,  
Each consecrated bell,  
From the green belfry of an oak-tree swinging,  
While grand Te Deums swell.

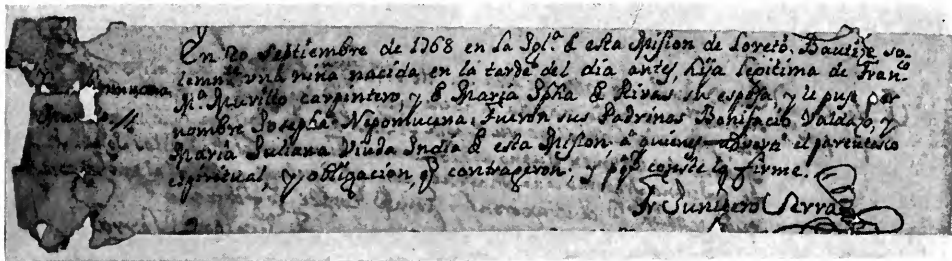
Soon rose the adobe Mission, white-walled, gleaming  
Under red roofs and quaint;  
Rose the Presidio, war and peace both deeming  
Diego patron saint.

Here too this band devoted, starving, dying,  
 As the first martyrs shed  
 Their blood, the seed from which the Church, defying  
 Death and destruction, spread.

Famed other missions; Luis, Clara, nearer  
 Dolores and Gabriel,  
 Far Capistrano, while most loved and dearer,  
 San Carlos of Carmel.  
 Here centered Serra's heart, returning ever  
 After each toilsome quest;  
 Here conquered Death,—and with supreme endeavor  
 He whispered, "I will rest."

Under the ruined church he founded, lying  
 In his last slumber deep,  
 Through the long grass the sea-winds blow, and sighing,  
 His only requiem keep.  
 Yet moldering missions, even his grave, may perish  
 Into oblivion wide,  
 While Serra's name shall reverent memory cherish,  
 True martyr glorified.

*Ella M. Sexton.*





PILOT BOAT AT THE FIVE FATHOM BUOY.

## COMPULSORY PILOTAGE.

BY CHARLES E. NAYLOR.

“Equal rights to all, special privileges to none.”



LET us talk a little about California State laws, past, present, and possibly future, as applied to the subject of pilots and pilotage. “Special privileges” are found lurking in these laws, unless we are woefully mistaken,—but some other thoughts first, listen :

—The United States Constitution, Section 8, says,—

The Congress shall have power to regulate commerce with foreign nations, and among the several States, and with the Indian tribes.

On August 9, 1789, Congress, in pursuance to its right to regulate commerce

derived as above, passed the following enactment, by which the pilotage question was referred to the several State governments, but as intimated in the first seven words, temporarily :—

Until further provision is made by Congress, all pilots in the bays, inlets, rivers, harbors, and ports, of the United States shall continue to be regulated in conformity with the existing laws of the States respectively, wherein such pilots may be, or with such laws as the States may respectively enact for the purpose.

This temporary arrangement has now continued one hundred and seven years, and some of the States might possibly resent an effort to secure uniform national pilotage laws as an infringement, not upon their reserved rights, but upon



their acquired title by assumed prescription. If, however, the States should not object, we suspect that the allied powers of the various pilot associations throughout the United States would exert great influence to prevent the enactment of such laws.

It would be idle for any man to assert that pilots are not useful, and perchance necessary, even in these times of steam and electricity by which sailing vessels have been largely displaced. But by reason of the encroachments of these modern motive powers upon the business of ocean commerce, and because of the improvements and safeguards wisely provided by a wise federal government at the entrance to all our harbors, charts of which are available to all navigators, pilots (who are chiefly employed by sailing vessels) are less necessary now than they were a few years ago, and a much smaller number can properly care for our shipping. There seem to be some reasons (mostly political, fear), however, why the business should be a monopoly, as it now is, instead of being open to free competition. The law limits the number of pilots for the port of San Francisco to twenty. It is assumed that in this way an incentive is furnished for faithful service, the reward of which may be large, and this at the same time makes it necessary that a sufficient income be created to support these twenty men and their crews, besides an expensive State pilot commission. It is said that ten men could do the work and have time to spare for fishing. The maintenance of so large a force at the present cost makes it necessary, they say, to charge pilotage to ships that do not employ pilots. There must be a reason, though sometimes but a specious one, for the existence of things and conditions as we find them.

History and other records inform us that the system of levying tolls upon

ships at the entrance of a harbor as they arrive and depart, designated "compulsory pilotage," is older than any living maritime nation; that it has withstood the thousand evolutions by which the world has advanced from ancient to modern civilization, through ages of reforms, improvements, restorations, inventions, discoveries; they tell us that it has witnessed the rise and fall of a hundred republics and monarchies; that it prevailed among the Medes and Persians, the Carthaginians, the Greeks and Romans, and possibly the Franks, Normans, Germans, Russians, and Chinamen, and that nearly all modern nations countenance and permit it now. Let us analyze the thing and see just what it is, why it has such a charmed life that it withstands even the encroachments of this electric age, and what its wonderfully enduring virtues are. It strikes one at first blush as being very much akin to taking property without just compensation, the doing of which is said to be contrary to our Federal and State constitutions; for the one who by law levies and gets the compulsory pilotage money, renders to the one who pays it absolutely no service or return of any sort. The federal government has expended much money on the safeguards referred to, but it exacts no toll from the passing ship.

It has come about somewhat in this fashion: Recognizing the fact that there are usually more or less dangers, such as hidden rocks, shoal waters, shifting sand bars, etc., about the entrance from the ocean to a bay or harbor, with which the stranger navigator is not familiar, it has been a custom for many centuries for certain persons who have made a study of these local conditions and dangers to sail out to sea a few miles in small boats upon the approach of a ship and offer to act as guide or temporary captain and safely sail her into port, and



Photo by W. H. Lowden.  
THE OLD AMERICAN BARK DETROIT OUTWARD BOUND.

when she leaves again to render the same service. Of course this labor is not gratuitously performed, but where there has been a moderate amount of competition the compensation has been thereby regulated within reasonable bounds, otherwise it has often amounted to extortion.

The ancient custom I refer to above. For many years past, however, laws have existed throughout the civilized world for the ostensible purpose of regulating charges, providing reliable pilots, and protecting the ships from unjust treatment. The method of accomplishing these laudable purposes has usually

been by creating a pilot monopoly and authorizing this organization to levy, not for the State but for the personal use of its members, heavy charges on each ship, and the "compulsory" feature consists in the exaction of pilotage where services are declined and not rendered. Of course, under the old order of things if a captain chose to take the chances of being wrecked, he might sail his ship in and out or employ a tugboat to tow her, and thus save all expenses of pilotage, and where he had a fairly safe entrance, especially after having been there before, he would not risk much in sailing in and would be just as safe in tow of a tugboat and without

a pilot as with a pilot alone. But when the compulsory pilotage laws were invented, the brave master of the good ship was met by a different story.

The gist of the modern laws is told in a few lines: A limited number of pilots; none other permitted to pilot a ship on pain of heavy penalty; established charges on the basis of "all the traffic will bear," if a pilot be employed; the ship required to pay one half pilotage if her captain knows his business and can sail his own ship in or out of the harbor and does so, not employing a pilot at all, or if he employs a tugboat to tow him in or out, even though the tugboat captain be a good pilot—which in fact he must be; the pilotage charges uniformly applicable to all, except such as have "special privileges" in the shape of rebates granted by the all powerful pilots; the pilots given discretion to charge or not at their pleasure, the romance of "equal rights to all" being entirely disregarded.

This is the gist of the average modern pilotage laws and exactly covers the California provisions as they stand at present in relation to deep water vessels. The monopoly and compulsory features are in the interest of the few licensed pilots and their political backers,—American vessels having paid close to \$50,000 during the past five years for half pilotage at the port of San Francisco alone,—the other features are supposed to benefit the ship. The peculiar characteristic of this compulsory contribution is its deviation from the spirit of all our other laws and customs, which pretend at least to provide that some consideration shall be rendered for all money exactions, "a system of rules deducible by natural reason from the immutable principles of natural justice."

The toll road, which is pretty much done away with nowadays, was galling to the average contributor at the gate

which spanned the driveway, but the exactor in that case had made the road with his muscle and money and was entitled to a small sum from each driver who helped to wear it out. The road leading to, through, and beyond, our "gate," our Golden Gate, was not made by man, and his toll collections may be questioned as a violation of natural rights. Pilotage is a business proposition, and there is no room for sentiment in favor of the "unhappy pilot who risks his life to save the property of others," for ship masters are doing this constantly for a compensation of \$125 per month. There is no other instance that I recall of people now being compelled by edict of law to pay something for absolutely nothing in this country, although we come very near doing it quite often. It is different from all taxes and imposts levied by and paid to the government, national, State, or municipal, under the mutual compact of society, for everybody enjoys, or has a right to enjoy, the benefits of government.

Some months ago the San Francisco Committee on Commerce, which is composed of delegates from the Shipowner's Association of the Pacific Coast, the Chamber of Commerce of San Francisco, the Board of Trade of San Francisco, the Manufacturers and Producers' Association of California, the Board of Manufacturers and Employers of California, the Traffic Association of California, the Merchants' Association of San Francisco, the Half Million Club of San Francisco, the Mechanics' Institute of San Francisco, the State Development Committee of California, the San Francisco Fruit Exchange, and the Builders' Exchange of San Francisco, and represents the advanced thought of the business world, appointed sub-committees to investigate and report on the various departments of State government that control and manage our harbor affairs.



Photo by R. J. Waters.

THE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN DRYING HER SAILS.

One of these committees took up the subject of pilotage and I take the liberty of quoting the following extracts from their report as being especially pertinent in this connection:—

*To the San Francisco Committee on Commerce:—*

Your Sub-Committee on Pilotage, to whom was referred the subject of pilotage charges in the harbor of San Francisco, begs to report as follows:—

Your Sub-Committee realized that in order in-

telligently to prepare amendments to the present law embodying reforms in the pilot service it became necessary first to obtain some authentic information respecting the amount of money which the present law authorizes the pilots to collect each year. Your Sub-Committee soon perceived, however, that there were very great difficulties in the way of getting such information. The amount of money which the pilots actually collect and the amount which the present law authorizes them to collect are widely different. The difference is due to a system of discrimination in the collection of pilotage. One result of the present extrava-

gant pilot monopoly is that the pilots seek to fortify their position and to head off and keep down opposition by means of wide-spread preferences in the collection of pilot charges. A shipowner who possesses political influence, or who is known as a vigorous man and likely to give trouble, is relieved from paying a large portion of the pilot fees the law says he should pay. The pilots simply do not collect the full amount. A regular system of differentials has been thus built up, by which the powerful are favored at the expense of the weak. It is unnecessary to point out the evil of such a system. It would be much better for the community if the pilot fees were rigidly collected from all alike to the full amount allowed by law.

Apart from the ethics of the case, however, this system of discrimination makes it difficult to obtain correct information as to the amount of money the pilots could collect each year if they collected all the law allowed. A mere statement of the gross earnings of the pilots must necessarily be misleading as to this point.

Your Sub-Committee, however, possessed some data upon which to base an estimate. In an investigation into the pilot charges held by a committee from the State Legislature in 1883, it was brought out from the books of the Pilot Commissioners that the pilots collected, for the year 1882, the gross sum of \$198,625, or nearly \$10,000 for each of the twenty pilots. During the same investigation, the system of discrimination practised by the pilots under the name of rebates was also shown. Your Sub-Committee saw no reason to conclude that the amount of pilotage collected now was less than the amount collected in 1882. There had been no reduction in the charges and no exemptions from pilotage since that date. On the contrary, a certain class of vessels, to wit, coasting vessels under register, which were then able to avoid the payment of pilotage, have since been compelled to pay. Your Sub-Committee, therefore, was led to conclude that the amount of pilotage collected now was as great as in 1882, unless the commerce of this port had greatly declined or the system of discrimination above referred to had been greatly extended.

In order, however, to get as accurate data upon this point as possible, your Sub-Committee addressed a letter to the Pilot Commissioners asking for detailed information, and on February 10th, your Sub-Committee received a statement from the Pilot Commissioners which is herewith copied in full, as follows:—

HUGH CRAIG, ESQ.,

*Chairman Sub-Committee on Pilotage,  
Committee on Commerce.*

Sir:—To your note of December 20th we reply: Some of the information desired by the Committee on Commerce in reference to pilotage we are unable to furnish. However, all that could be gathered is forwarded herewith.

The pilot boats are owned by the pilots. The Commissioners are expressly forbidden by law from having any interest in the boats, and are only required to ascertain that they are maintained in a seaworthy condition, and are safe and suitable for the pilot service. Consequently, the cost of maintenance of these boats could only be ascertained from the private accounts of the pilots.

No return is made of the nationality of the ships or vessels from which pilotage is collected, or whether they are enrolled or registered. There is no pilotage collected from any American vessel sailing under an enrollment.

The number of pilots in the service for each of the past eleven years was twenty.

The actual earnings of the pilots for that period was \$329.88 each per month.

The number of pilot boats in commission for the same period was four, viz: "The Lady Mine," costing \$15,500; "America," \$18,000; "Bonita," \$19,000; "Gracie S.," \$18,000.

There are employed on each boat five sailors, whose wages are paid from the earnings of the pilots.

The net and gross earnings of the pilots for the last eleven years as follows:—

	GROSS EARNINGS.	NET EARNINGS.
1884.....	\$ 141,312 21	\$ 69,589 81
1885.....	129,409 93	66,354 57
1886.....	138,767 93	70,748 47
1887.....	117,025 34	60,043 51
1888.....	156,587 64	85,108 11
1889.....	144,284 49	80,645 58
1890.....	134,872 62	72,129 72
1891.....	188,732 57	109,608 48
1892.....	156,903 38	88,756 76
1893.....	154,417 30	87,098 23
1894.....	142,359 38	80,800 44
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	\$1,604,672 79	\$870,883 68
Average yearly....	\$ 145,879 00	\$ 79,171 00

The difference between the gross and net earnings is \$733,289. This sum comprised the pilotage charges returned to ships, the maintenance and repairs of boats, office rent, etc.

## RECAPITULATION.

Gross earnings for eleven years...	\$1,604,672	79
Net earnings for eleven years.....	870,883	68
Actual earnings of each pilot, per month.....		329 88

Yours respectfully,

(Signed) AL. MURPHY, Secretary.

An examination of this statement of the Pilot Commissioners reveals some striking facts. First, there is a remarkable shrinkage in the amount of pilotage collected since 1882. Between the amount collected in 1882 and the amount collected in 1887 there is a difference of \$81,600. This difference is far too great to account for upon the theory of a shrinkage in commerce; and since there has been no reduction in pilot fees, it is only reasonable to conclude that the system of discrimination in the collection of pilotage had been more widely extended. By such methods the pilots sought to maintain their monopoly. After 1887 the amount of pilotage collected begins to increase and to betray a tendency to return to its former proportions.

The yearly average of the gross pilotage collected for the eleven years given in this statement is \$145,879. The yearly average of the net pilotage is \$79,171, leaving the enormous difference of \$66,708 for operating expenses for each year. It does not mitigate this statement to say that some of this has been returned to vessels. There should be none returned. If the

pilot charges are so high that the pilots voluntarily return some of the money collected, the rates should be reduced by law. It should not be left to a handful of men to levy toll upon vessels passing the Golden Gate, or to remit that toll at their own sweet will and for their own profit. This is not what a pilot system is created for. Furthermore, this \$66,708 does not include the whole of the subsidy in the form of rebate which the pilots pay.

But taking the figures of the Pilot Commissioners themselves, and accepting as true that there is merely a yearly average of \$79,171 divided among the twenty pilots, the pilots have each received, according to the above statement, the sum of \$329.88 of each month of the eleven years covered. After deducting the enormous rebates and discriminations and extravagant allowances for expenses, the pilots still, according to their own statement, pocket a clean little income of \$329.88 per month. When it is considered that the highest wages paid to the master of a coasting vessel is \$125 per month, and that there are twenty pilots to do the work which ten can easily do, the compensation is seen to be out of all proportion to the services rendered.

Hugh Craig,  
Charles Nelson,  
I. E. Thayer,

Wm. Bunker,  
Geo. E. Plummer.  
Committee.

My space is running short, and I reserve the best part of my story for a future number.

*Charles E. Naylor.*

## THE CLINTONIA.

IN CALIFORNIA, where great redwoods grow,  
The tall Clintonia stands,—a stately sight,  
Shedding in ferny ways its scarlet light,—  
A lily in red robes, as if to show  
A life more royal than pale lilies know.

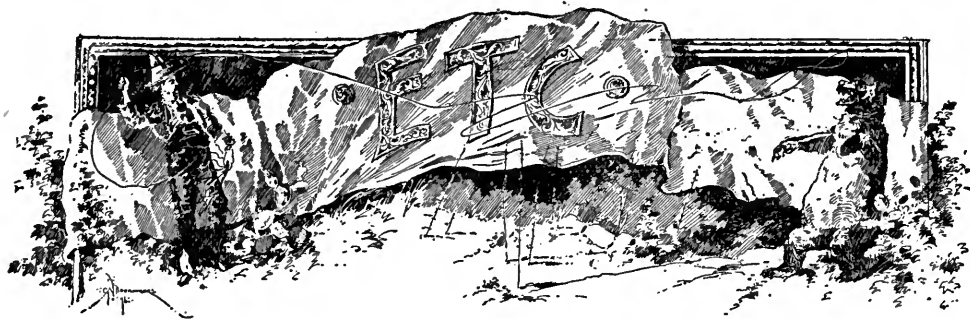
The brooding firs through winter's fog and gloom,  
Dream of the time when these bright torches bloom.

This flower of cheer was loved by great Thoreau  
Through Maine's dark pines and lakeside greenery;—

By our beloved Thoreau, ordained to be  
A priest to lead us to God's temples grand,  
Whereon the wonders of His skill are spent.

Fairest of these, the tall Clintonias stand,  
The altar candles of a continent.

*Lillian H. Shuey.*



### Discounting Prosperous Times.

REPUBLICAN and Democratic campaign orators made big promises prior to the third of November. The fortunes of war have decided that the

promises of prosperity made by the Republicans rather than those made by their Democratic brethren should be put to the test. It is easy to prophesy and to promise, but only the united action of all can render either prophecy or promise valid. No one man or party can guarantee prosperity or a return of good times, although they can do much to retard them. There is no question, however, but that business confidence is growing stronger. Whether this is due to Mr. McKinley's election or to a disposition on the part of all to unite for the good of all, is a question that is not pertinent. The fact is enough. There is one thing to be feared and that is a disposition on the part of many to exaggerate the present signs of the times and to discount the ante-campaign promises. Such a course cannot but lead to disastrous results. The failure of one or two over-confident business concerns would tend to weaken confidence and make the banks draw in, as they always do, at the first signs of financial distrust.

Since the panic of 1893 times have been gradually getting better, not owing to politics but according to a universal natural law. Goddard in his work "Giving and Getting Credit," which was reviewed last month, says, "There seems to be a rhythmic oscillation toward a period of extreme depression about every tenth or twelfth year."

If history substantiates this statement then the election of any President is simply an incident, not a crisis. In President Harrison's last message he said he had never seen times so good or the outlook so bright. Within five months came the crash. 1893 dates as the panic year, or the beginning of the twelve year period through which we must go before we arrive at another time of panic. At present the country is

going through a reorganization, or liquidation and settlement condition, that cannot be hurried but may be delayed. In other words, politicians know no more about what we are to expect than laymen, and those who buy and sell at their advice deserve to lose.

What we should do is to forget all their grandiloquent, vote-catching chaff, and go ahead as though there had been no election, with a firm determination to be prosperous. The moment we trust one another, business confidence will return, and it will make little difference which party may be in power.

### Pure Water in San Francisco.

IN THE September OVERLAND there was an illustrated article on "The Water Supply of a Great City," in which a description was attempted of the country and the basins from which San Francisco draws its domestic supply. While the article only aimed to treat of one system and to discuss its merits from the point of view of a sight-seer, it awakened in the mind of the writer a whole series of questions regarding water and its effect on the health of cities that caused a somewhat extended research, and an uprooting of many long established ideas. What he has discovered may be of sufficient interest to be put down here. First, in the minds of many people it passes as a truism that well and spring water is much purer than reservoir water, and second, that water is purified by freezing,—that is, water in tropical or semi-tropical countries is never as wholesome as water in sections like New York or the New England States, where it freezes three months in the year. It was found that the mortality among those who drank well and spring water was much greater than among those who used storage water. Water taken from wells, springs, sluggish lakes and rivers, often contains vast quantities of poisonous organic matter in the form of sewage, drainage of distilleries, tanneries, factories, and hospitals ;

also decomposing animal matter, manures from the land, etc., all of which are dissolved and carried into the water, thereby forming a vast culture field and favorable conditions for the propagation of contained micro-organisms. In great open artificial lakes of moving and rapidly changing water surrounded with clean, virgin watersheds, like those that constitute the system from which San Francisco derives its water supply, germ fostering is reduced to a minimum. The sun beats down on these lakes unobstructed, the taintless winds laden with ozone from the ocean sweep over them, and the vast consumption of a great city keeps the storage water moving,—three essential natural purifiers that well and spring water generally lack. It was found further that it was an established fact among scientific and medical authorities that storage water in this semi-tropical country is more apt to be pure than in temperate or frigid regions, where the oxidation of organic matter is deficient, due to the presence of ice upon the surface. And after ice upon which refuse material has accumulated during the winter breaks up in the spring, there often occurs a considerable increase in the number of typhoid fever cases among its consumers. Concerning the effect of freezing upon the quality of water in Lake Zurich, bacteriological investigations have revealed the maximum number of germs from November, 1889, to January, 1890, to be 202 per cubic centimeter; from January to March, 2,179; from March to April, 2,152; from April to May, 1,425; in May and June, 229. Water of the Potomac at Washington in January, 1888, contained 3,774; in February, 2,536; in March, 1,210; in April, 1,531; in May, 1,064; in June, 348; in July, 255; in August, 254; in September, 178; in October, 75; in November, 116; in December, 967.

It was found further that San Francisco was free from two other dangers to its water supply from which most other cities suffer, either from necessity or criminal negligence. First, unlike a great majority of cities it does not send its sewage to mingle with adjacent waters from which its drinking supply is obtained. San Francisco sewage goes into the sea, its drinking water comes from the hills. Second, also unlike most cities it draws its water from an absolutely unpopulated watershed. The hills about our Lake Pilarcitos, San Andreas, and Crystal Springs, are as unsoiled as when they were created. To demonstrate the immense value of this, it is said that a single case of typhoid fever, if the

excreta be improperly disposed of, is sufficient to contaminate a whole reservoir, lake, or river, and endanger the health and lives of thousands. The epidemic at Plymouth, Pennsylvania, in 1885 is strikingly illustrative of this, a casualty which the systematic care of our watersheds makes almost an impossibility. San Francisco ranks as one of the healthiest large cities in the world, and while we are boasting of our climate or situation geographically, our sanitary measures, and a dozen other advantages, natural and artificial, it would be well for us to let the world know of our water supply. Such a course would in the natural trend of events have a tendency to stimulate immigration and encourage investment.

**Stoddard  
on  
Bret Harte.**

THE OVERLAND has preserved in one way and another within its pages since 1868 as complete a record as possible of all its distinguished editors and contributors. Every book that has been written by one of them and every honor that has come to them has been chronicled in the magazine that first gave their work to the world. In the November *Atlantic Monthly* Charles Warren Stoddard writes in his charming way of "Early Recollections of Bret Harte." It is to be regretted that the copyright laws and magazine methods forbid its reproduction here as a whole. However, the part that treats of Harte's connection with the OVERLAND may with propriety be used again:—

In July, 1868, when the OVERLAND MONTHLY was founded, Bret Harte became its editor. Mr. Rounseville Wildman, the editor of the OVERLAND MONTHLY, (New Series,) has recently written, "When Anton Roman made up his mind to establish a monthly magazine in connection with his publishing and book-selling business, he did so with the advice of Noah Brooks, Charles Warren Stoddard, B. B. Redding, W. C. Bartlett, and others, for most of whom he had already published books. When the question of a suitable editor arose, Stoddard recommended Bret Harte, then an almost unknown writer on *The Golden Era*, at that time a popular weekly. Bret Harte accepted with some misgivings as to financial matters, but was reassured when Roman showed him pledges of support by advertising patronage up to nine hundred dollars a month which he had secured in advance."

In the August number of that magazine appeared "The Luck of Roaring Camp." If Mr. Harte had been in doubt as to his vocation before, that doubt was now dispelled forever. Never was a more emphatic or unquestionable literary success.



That success began in the composing room, when a female compositor revolted at the unaccustomed combination of mental force, virility, and originality. No doubt it was all very sudden and unexpected; it shook the editorial and composing rooms, the business office, and a limited number of worthy people who had seen *The Luck* in manuscript, as they had never been shaken save by the notorious California earthquake. The climax was precipitated when the justly indignant editor, whose motives, literary judgment, and good taste, had been impeached, declared that *The Luck of Roaring Camp* should appear in the very next number of the *OVERLAND MONTHLY*, or he would resign his office. Wisdom finally prevailed; the article appeared. The *OVERLAND'S* success was assured, and its editor famous.

That Bret Harte worked for his success there is no doubt. I knew him best when he was editor of the *OVERLAND MONTHLY*; I saw much of him then.

Fortunately for me, he took an interest in me at a time when I was most in need of advice, and to his criticism and his encouragement I feel that I owe all that is best in my literary efforts. His humor and his fancy were not frightened away even when he was in his severest critical mood. . . . I am sure that the majority of the contributors to the *OVERLAND MONTHLY*, while it was edited by Bret Harte, profited, as I did, by his careful and judicious criticism. Fastidious to a degree, he could not overlook a lack of finish in the manuscript offered him. He had a special taste in the choice of titles, and I have known him to alter the name of an article two or three times in order that the table of contents might read handsomely and harmoniously.

One day I found him pacing the floor of his office in the United States Branch Mint; he was knitting his brows and staring at vacancy, — I wondered why. He was watching and waiting for a word, the right word, the one word of all others to fit into a line of recently written prose. I suggested one; it would not answer; it must be a word of two syllables, or the natural rhythm of the sentence would suffer. Thus he perfected his prose.

Once when he had taken me to task for a bit of careless work, then under his critical eye, and complained of a false number, I thought to turn away his wrath by a soft answer: I told him that I had just met a man who had wept over a certain passage in one of his sketches.

"Well," said Harte, "I wept when I wrote it!"

Towards the close of the first year of the *OVERLAND MONTHLY*, when I [Stoddard] was in the Hawaiian Islands, I received a letter from Bret Harte, in which he said:

"The *OVERLAND* marches steadily along to meet its fate, which will be decided in July, but how, I know not. Decency requires that you should be present in prose and poetry at these solemn moments, so send along your manuscript."

So the story of Bret Harte in California and his editing of the *OVERLAND* runs on, full of charming little word pictures and interesting bits of personal reminiscence.

### Yosemite National Park.

COLONEL S. B. M. YOUNG, U. S. A., Acting Superintendent of the Yosemite National Park, has submitted his report to the Secretary of the Interior for the season of 1896. The report covers an occupation of four months, although Colonel Young stayed at Wawona with two troops of the Fourth Cavalry from May until the 1st of November. The duties of the Superintendent have been many. He policed the vast tract in the interest of its natural state. He arrested sheep herders who were trespassing, in one case driving out seven thousand sheep and taking into custody their owners. He guarded against campers' fires and conflagration from lightning, stocked the streams with fish, and relieved campers and tourists of over two hundred stand of arms. He repaired bridges and trails and saw that the 1,114,000 acres under his supervision were properly policed and kept inviolate. Colonel Young earnestly recommends that no syndicate, company, or individual, should be granted any concessions whatever beyond that contemplated in the act setting apart and establishing the Park. As a whole, the report shows that good work has been done and that it must be carried on year after year. In order to protect Yosemite itself from fires, and in order to give it a proper setting, the woods and game of this larger surrounding park must be carefully guarded. We believe with Colonel Young that not a stick should be cut in the government park or a fire allowed. Even the floor of the forest should be left as it is, covered with leaves, twigs, resinous cones, and fallen timber, in order to conserve and equalize the surface drainage. For on it depends the water supply of the Bridal Veil, Yosemite, Nevada, Vernal, and other falls, which lend so much to the Yosemite Valley. With all this surrounding wilderness of primeval nature one can appreciate the lawn-like floor of Yosemite proper. For the reasons that make it desirable not to touch the forest growth of the larger park do not exist in the smaller valley. Yosemite Park should be kept clear of underbrush. It is the theater, while the government reservation is the dressing rooms. As it is, Yosemite is rapidly growing up to underbrush, destroying the views and ruining its meadows. Let nature be the landscape gardener of the National Park where wildness is courted, but in the Yosemite — God's most wonderful show place on earth — do not let nature unchecked by fires run riot, let the ax take the place of the lightning among the underbrush and accumulation of dead trees. We think Colonel Young would agree with us in this.



W. J. Corbet, M. P.

WILLIAM J. CORBET, Member of the Royal Irish Academy and contributor of the able article to the November and December numbers of the OVERLAND on the relations of Ireland and England, is a member of Parliament from East Wicklow, which he has represented almost from the beginning of the Parnell movement. Charles Stewart Parnell was his neighbor, living in the same county, and between these two gentlemen existed not only close political but personal relations, and Mr. Corbet has spent the latter part of his public life in vindicating the memory and policy of Mr. Parnell against his detractors. As a member of the famous "Eighty-six" when the Land League was revised under the name of the National League, Mr. Corbet took his seat in Westminster. It will be remembered that it was in order to meet this strong and uncompromising party that Mr. Gladstone introduced his celebrated Home Rule bill. Mr. Corbet lives in his beautiful country place called "Spring Farm" in the mountains of Wicklow. He has accomplished a great deal of political and literary work in his time. He is highly esteemed by his countrymen as a worthy type of the Irish race. T. P. O'Connor, in his work, "The Parnell Movement," says Mr. Corbet "is a member of an ancient Irish family, and a man himself of culture and literary power."

He has written an historical poem entitled "The Battle of Fontenoy," and minor verse under the heading of "Songs of my Summer Time." He has also written sketches of Irish history, and in the London magazines in recent years he has discussed scientific and economic questions. During the year he has reviewed the "Ascent of Man" and discussed the causes of increased insanity. In this scientific inquiry the *Westminster Review* contains his statement of the case in its March number, and in the current October number of the *Fortnightly* he is answered by Thomas Drapes, M. B. We expect other contributions for the OVERLAND from this versatile gentleman.

To Max Nordau.

DOES that pessimistic fellow who lives over there in France  
Think that he can take the world in with a sour,  
sarcastic glance,  
An' declare th' ain't no good in all the world from  
top to toe?  
Do you think that I'd believe it 'cause a French-  
man says its so?  
Does he think th' ain't no gladness in our hearts  
when bluebirds sing?  
Does he think th' ain't no charm about the  
flowers a-blossoming?  
Does he think that he can make us b'lieve that  
music is n't good?  
Or that sunshine on the meadows or that wild-  
flowers in the wood  
Do not fill all life with rapture an' make glad the  
heart within,  
Drivin' out the world's tem'tations an' eliminatin'  
sin?  
Does he think th' ain't no place on earth where  
life seems good an' sweet?  
Does he think th' ain't no country where God's  
work seems quite complete?—  
If he does! well, then I bid him just to come  
across the sea,  
An' to come to Californy, and to take a trip with  
me  
To the mountains, or the redwoods, or the coast-  
lands, — anywhere!  
And we'll look each other in the eyes an' speak  
out fair an' square;  
An' I'll say: "I guess this country must be diff-  
'rent from your France,  
An' I wish you'd gaze about you with a penetra-  
tin' glance.  
Breathe the air, an' view the scen'ry, — see the  
soft blue sky above,  
An' now tell me, honest Injun, ain't th' some-  
thin' here to love?"  
An' if that foreign feller has the nerve to an-  
swer "No!"  
Then the question will be settled, an' the truth at  
last we'll know,  
For 't will prove beyond all doubt an' just as sure  
as there 's a sun  
That there is a great degenerate — an' Jingoos!  
he's the one!

Louis Wesley Jones.

### Lloyd Tevis.

THE face of Mr. Lloyd Tevis among our frontispieces this month will be recognized as a fitting tribute to a man who has done an enormous amount of work in developing the industries and fostering the interests of California. The tendency during the political campaign just closed has been in many quarters to disparage the capitalist, and to depreciate the part taken in production by the "captains of industry." Yet nothing is more certain than that the brains, the industry, the enterprise, of such men as Mr. Tevis are the moving force in our civilization today. Without them the pastoral days would have marked the highest reach attainable. Even the discovery of gold would have brought but a temporary change. A crowd of gold-seekers would have come to the placer mines and would have turned over the soil with pick and shovel, and when their pans failed to bring them over a bare living, they would have moved on. Soon the old quiet days of hides and tallow would have returned and there would have been hardly more to San Francisco itself than there was in the Yerba Buena days.

But it did not happen so. Among the newcomers were a few men who had the seeing eye, the active brain, the "sand," to find and improve the opportunities that lay hidden. They it was who started in to make California, as we know it today. Leaving the active work of mining to others, they entered commercial life. They believed that the soil had possibilities other than the gold it hid. They set about acquiring portions of it, and improving their acquisitions in permanent ways. They introduced settled law, and the regular operations of commerce and sound methods in finance. And thus California, the Mexican province, became in turn California, the Golden State, the wheat field, the orchard, and finally the manufacturing and industrial center that we know, a land where the camp has changed into the home.

Here are only a few of the many enterprises in this development that Mr. Tevis actively helped, as president, manager, or large stockholder: California State Telegraph Company, Southern Pacific Railroad Company, California Street Market, Pacific Express Company, Wells, Fargo & Company, California Steam Navigation Company, California Dry Dock Company, the gas, water, and ice companies of San Francisco, Pacific Coast Oil Company, and the Anaconda, Ontario, Homestake, and Highland mines. Bakersfield and dozens of towns in California have been built on his land and with his help.

These are only a few of his activities; hundreds of others must pass unmentioned here.

And when we speak of the enterprises that such a man has helped we have given him but half the credit due. The other half is no less real because it is negative. There is no counting how many specious and plausible schemes have been presented to him that his acute foresight has condemned as not feasible, thus saving the expenditure of untold effort and uncounted wealth. The persons whose pet plans have thus been interfered with may not at the time have recognized the service done them, but it is none the less real for all that. It has thus come to be recognized in this community that any project that Mr. Tevis has endorsed is a safe investment. So his brain has not only controlled his own extensive interests but has directed a vast amount of the energy and capital of the State, often entirely unknown to him.

Mr. Tevis was born at Shelbyville, Kentucky, of old Maryland stock. His father was a lawyer, and besides gentle blood and a strong character, gave his son a good collegiate and legal education and exact business methods. After having been Clerk of the Circuit Court of Woodford county, salesman in a large dry goods house at Louisville and its assignee when it failed, a banker, and an insurance man, he went to California in 1849 at the age of twenty-five. He mined in El Dorado county for nine months, was employed in the Recorder's office at Sacramento for a time, and then formed his notable partnership with James B. Haggin. In 1853 the firm moved to San Francisco and began the career briefly referred to above.

The OVERLAND owes Mr. Tevis a large debt of gratitude, for in its days of greatest struggle his wise counsel and substantial help have more than once been its salvation.

### The Japanese Warships.

WHETHER the trade of this Coast is in danger of Japanese commercial competition or not in the future, the placing of an order by the Japanese Government with Irving M. Scott, a director of the OVERLAND MONTHLY Publishing Company, for the construction of a battleship by the Union Iron Works, conclusively proves that for the present we have more to gain than to lose by the march of modern ideas in Japan. The class of vessel to be built is described as a deck protected cruiser of the second class, something similar to the Chicago. It is to be hoped that this order will be but the first of many.

### New School of Methods in Public School Music.

MODERN education is criticised as being but a series of fads. Yet the sum total of what is good in these fads represents a striving toward that ideal which we call "a liberal education." A liberal education is a development of all the faculties and all the powers of both body and mind—curbing some tendencies, strengthening others—till perfect harmony prevails. That harmony cannot exist without well-controlled emotions, and one of the most potent factors in educating the emotions is music. Consequently musical training is no passing fad; it is a part of the general scheme of a liberal education. Through the instinctive love of melody and harmony appeal may be made to much that is noblest and best in life.

But such education must be step by step, and never with the use of any means but the best. These are not the complex at first,—that were contrary to all pedagogical principles; and often the simplest in education, as in life, is the best. The education of a little child begins always with the elements pure and simple; gradually, the difficulties appear, and as gradually as they are mastered. So a child's musical education should begin with exercises which, simple though they are, illustrate fundamental principles of melody and harmony. With nothing but the best before him, (and nothing but the best is good enough for a child,) simple at first, then more and more complex, will he not inevitably grow toward an appreciation of the great and good in life as well as its outward expression as found in all art? From his first instinctive pleasure at his mother's lullaby, may he not be brought step by step, to feel and see the grandeur and the simplicity of that wonderful creation, "The Messiah"? And if he sees it and feels it, why may he not live it as well?

To make life deeper and better is the function of music. And since it can be brought to be a part of a child's life, is any education complete without it? No one disputes that education is for life, that its aim is to develop character. Can we afford to leave out that part which "begins in æsthetics, leads on to ethics, then to religion," where its spirit comes out in life each day? If that be omitted we have defeated our own aim and purpose. For no person exists who has not a sense of art of some kind. It may be well nigh unappreciable, yet it is there. And educators have failed signally if the love of the good and pure and beautiful in art be omitted. And art is harmony, and harmony *heard* is music.

If one would see the practical side of this part of education, he should be present when a number of people having in common a love for music, a strong desire to make other people love it, and the great purpose of bringing into public school work a little of the great world of harmony, meet to discuss available ways and means, and to give and receive help. Such a meeting was the New School of Methods in Public School Music, which met in Chicago, August 10-22, under the management of the American Book Company. The system advocated there was the Natural Music Course, by Messrs F. H. Ripley and Thomas Tapper of Boston, although in a broad sense there was no clinging to one system. There was rather the strong purpose of accepting and giving nothing but the best to any who want the inspiration and the education of music. But there is a certain amount of technical work to be done in music as in any other department of education. Certain vital principles must be not only laid down, but illustrated, and that according to some definite plan which shall give not simply the required knowledge, but present it along well-defined pedagogical lines. No system yet formulated seems to so well illustrate these points as the Natural Music Course.

This course consists of seven charts and five readers, so arranged as to represent eight years' systematic work. It begins with the presentation of the scale as a musical thought, and proceeds step by step to the end, which is not only a recognition and an appreciation of good music, but a feeling and a living it as well. All this development is in accordance with correct psychological principles. No new thought is introduced until the pupil has made the previous thought his own. Then the new idea, a little more difficult, is presented, first in connection with the old, then alone, and finally applied to all the knowledge previously acquired. The technical work is interspersed with little songs, which are always pleasing to a child, because they seem more real than an ordinary exercise. And the teacher's ability is shown nowhere more clearly than in making the exercise as real as the song. The exercises as well as the songs, are all representative of the best music the world knows. It is not possible for any child who has seen and heard the best music, and caught its spirit to be content with the mediocrity of thought and harmony found in much of the so-called music of the day. And that is certainly a goal worth striving for. Contact with master minds in any line of thought cannot be other than elevating and inspiring. This is particularly true in music, where one needs not only the mind

but the personality of a Mendelssohn or a Beethoven.

The instructors in the school were but the fitting exponents of harmonious blending of the practical and the ideal which is worked out in the course itself. Mr. F. H. Ripley, Principal of the Biglow School in Boston and a practical teacher, gave a general idea of the application of the Natural Music Course. In this he was aided by Mrs. Emma A. Thomas, Supervisor of Music in Detroit, and Miss Nannie C. Love, Supervisor of Music in Muncie, Ind. Mrs. Thomas took up primary work, and gave most excellent devices for making the work interesting and real to little children, while she never lost sight of the fact that the various devices were but a means to an end—that of actually laying a foundation for a good musical education. Miss Love's work began where Mrs. Thomas' ended, thus making the practical demonstration of the course complete. Mr. Ripley exemplifies what so many of us are apt to forget; that a teacher can be practical and yet never lose sight of the ideal. In knowing him, one felt that he applied the ideal not simply in his work but in his life.

Mr. Thomas Tapper, of the American College of Musicians, explained the construction of the course, and the constituent elements of each part. The course is made up of cycles, and Mr. Tapper showed the composition of each cycle, with its application, until one felt that one knew not only its musical construction, but the author's thought as well. In his lectures, Mr. Tapper left one with the impression of having given a well arranged summary of much thought; and that the simplest statement had carried with it a wealth of suggestion.

One of the most enjoyable features of the school was the work in kindergarten music given by Miss Mari Hofer, of Chicago. She illustrated admirably the spirit of music as applied to kindergarten work.

Mr. Herbert Griggs, of Denver, and Mr. P. M. Bach, of Milwaukee, assisted in chorus drills and in the private classes. The fact that they are both music supervisors of wide experience and acknowledged ability is sufficient evidence of the excellent quality of their work.

The work of each day reached the climax when the last hour of the session came. Then Mr. Wm. Tomlins, of Chicago, with his splendid force and his wonderful inspiration, showed the possibilities of music in human life. His sincerity is so evident, his mode of expressing his thoughts so varied, and his ideal so high, that one cannot help being at first deeply impressed,

and finally awed. One sees and hears so much of the materialistic side of life now-a-days that even an occasional glimpse of the ideal is at once restful and uplifting. Surely music in its broadest and deepest meaning never had a more intelligent and sympathetic interpreter than Mr. Tomlins. And he has the faculty of imparting to others something of that inspiration which comes only from the divine.

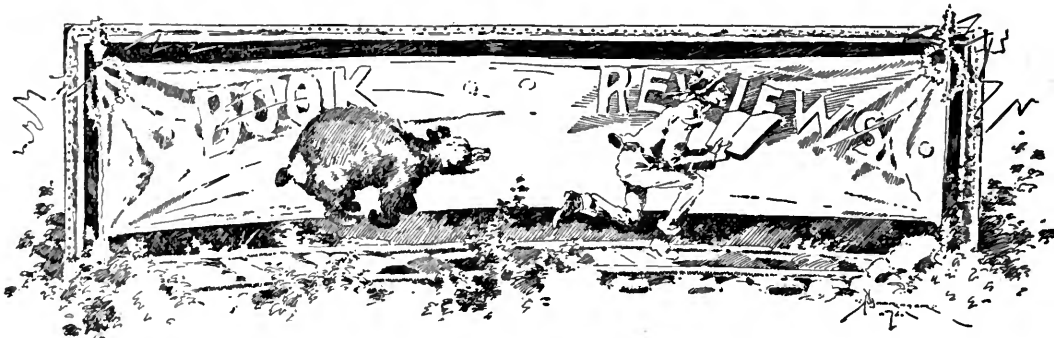
Allied with the teaching of music in public schools, in the sense of requiring special instructors, are physical culture, drawing, and penmanship. Mrs. Louise A. Preece, of Minneapolis, gave work in the Preece system of physical culture, Miss Mary Gilbert, of New Bedford, Mass., in the Prang system of drawing, and Mr. C. C. Curtis, of Minneapolis, had charge of the work in penmanship.

At the close of the school, examinations in music were conducted for those who wished to take them. These examinations were of two kinds, one for the grade teacher, the other for the supervisor. The latter are given in order that the instructors of the school may be able to furnish those requiring supervisors of music some guarantee that the attendants at the school are competent to take charge of independent work. Moreover, the certificates given are an evidence of a certain amount of work done and done well.

The successful management of the school was due in large measure to the personal efforts of Mr. Clarence C. Birchard. He spared neither time nor strength in making the school successful. Nor did he neglect the social side. The receptions, concerts, and evening lectures, were not the least enjoyable features of the school.

The spirit of the school was just what one would expect under such direction and such instruction. Lofty purpose of any kind cannot fail of noble expression; and lofty purpose naturally finds expression in outward harmony. And there was harmony everywhere; not only in community of idea and purpose, but socially as well. There was always, among instructors and those attending the school, the desire to do the best and be the best, that in them lay. Nor did the desire die when the school was closed. All felt that they were going out not simply to teach exercises and scales and songs, but as missionaries in the great cause of music,—to try to bring to every child, no matter how poor or how degraded, a little of the beautiful things in life whose very existence would otherwise be unknown.

*Lois Carter Kimball.*



### Balzac's Sons of the Soil<sup>1</sup>.

*Sons of the Soil* is a study that is so strong and so savage in its strength, that one does not know which to wonder at most, the power of the painter or the semi-barbarism of the characters and the life painted. It does not seem possible that the peasantry of the post Revolutionary era in France could have been so immoral and inhuman as we find them in *Sons of the Soil*. They are more brutal even than the actual actors in the awful tragedy of the 14th of July and the beheading of Antoinette. The peasants of rural France hated the landowners because they felt in a dim way that they would never be fully their own masters until they owned their own homes. They believed that the end justified the means, and the means of making the lords sell their estates were fire, murder, and larceny. Balzac takes the case of one of Napoleon's marshals, the Count de Montcornet, as typical of the struggle between man and master. The master was vanquished. The sympathies of the reader are with the master but the result was for the good of France. "The object of this particular study," says Balzac, "startling in its truth so long as society makes philanthropy a principle instead of regarding it as an accident,—is to bring to sight leading characters of a class too long unheeded by the pens of writers who seek novelty as their chief object. . . . In the midst of the present democratic ferment, into which so many of our writers blindly rush, it becomes an urgent duty to exhibit the peasant who renders law inapplicable, and who has made the ownership of land to be a thing that is, and is not." Like all of Balzac's moral or social lessons the *Sons of the Soil* is a story, so intensely interesting that one need not see the lesson unless he chooses. The present edition is one of the careful and sympathetic translations of Miss Wormeley and is published uniform with the entire "Comedy of Human Life."

<sup>1</sup>*Sons of the Soil*. By Honoré de Balzac. Boston: Roberts Bros.

### Poems of Robert Browning.<sup>2</sup>

ROBERT BROWNING, in making a representative selection of his own poems for the British public, which, by 1879, had begun to love him well, strung together a number of pieces on what he called "the thread of an imaginary personality."

The second series of Selections, made by Browning, eight years later, follows, in general, a similar line of "evolving thought and experience."

These poems are selected from four great sources,—subjects "derived from history, from personal experience and biography, from true incidents, popular legends, the classics, and from his own fertile imagination." The editors of *Poet Lore*, knowing by wide experience, the exact amount of difficulty which readers in general find in disentangling the meaning of Browning, especially in his dramatic monologues, have with great skill formulated a series of explanatory notes admirably adapted to cover these puzzling questions which arise.

"In making the æsthetic part of the notes," they say, "the aim has been neither to paraphrase, nor to give comment about the poems, but to epitomize the gist of each one, or, at most, where the poem demanded such treatment, to summarize its leading traits and show its outcome." The text has been scrupulously compared with the author's own revised readings of 1889, and may be relied upon as the best, in fact the only edition of the Selections in which the numerous changes made by the poet have been embodied.

For school use and particularly for clubs where the study of Browning is pursued, this edition is confidently recommended as ideal. The typography is perfect, the illustrations are pertinent and attractive, and the appearance of the volumes leaves nothing to be desired.

<sup>2</sup>Robert Browning's Poems. Edited by Porter and Clarke. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co. 2 vols. Per set \$3.

**Books and Their Makers.**

GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM, whose charming "Authors and their Public in Ancient Times" was commended and reviewed in these pages some two years ago, has contributed another valuable and fascinating work to the libraries of the world. He has told in a series of chapters that are essays or romances as you choose to consider them the history of *Books and their Makers During the Middle Ages*—(476-1600). It is a careful and most interesting study of the conditions of the production and distribution of literature from the fall of the Roman Empire to the close of the seventeenth century. A few of the chapter headings will give a comprehensive idea of the general scope of the work, although no adequate idea of its charm of style and grace of diction,—

"The Making of Books in Monasteries," "Public Libraries of the Manuscript Period," "The Making of Books in the Early Universities," "The Book Trade in the Manuscript Period," "The Invention of Printing and the Work of the first Printer in Holland and Germany," "The Printer Publishers of Italy, 1464-1600." The bringing together of all these scattered and neglected data regarding a little understood profession makes a work of surprising interest and value. One can not but be thankful that we have scholars who are not only capable but willing to undertake it. Every lover of books will enjoy and profit by this work.

**Peacock's Melincourt.<sup>2</sup>**

ONE cannot but wonder if the publishers are being financially repaid for the expense and care they are lavishing upon their republishing of the old English standard novels. Lovers of good books and handsome editions are certainly thankful to see their old favorites in such a fine dress. Maria Edgeworth, Captain Marryat, Michael Scott, John Galt, Jane Austen, and Disraeli, are among the authors that have so far been reintroduced to the public. The last so honored is Thomas Love Peacock, the author of "Headlong Hall" and *Melincourt, or Sir Oran Haut-ton*. It is charmingly illustrated with pen sketches by F. H. Townsend, and opens with an introduction by George Saintsbury. The paper and binding are of the best and the book should be in every private or public library.

<sup>1</sup>Books and Their Makers During the Middle Ages. By George Haven Putnam. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons: 1896. 2 vols. \$2.50 per vol.

<sup>2</sup>Melincourt. By Thomas Love Peacock. New York: Macmillan & Co.: 1896. \$1.50. For sale in San Francisco by the Emporium Book Department.

**Dumas's Ange Pitou.<sup>3</sup>**

DUMAS has found it necessary to devote two volumes under the name of their hero—*Ange Pitou*—to one year, 1789, of French history. A tremendous year not only in the history of France but the history of civilization. The year of the downfall of the Bastille and the virtual overthrow of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. The wonder is that two volumes could contain the tragic story. *Ange Pitou* should be read hand in hand with the recorded history. It is the story of the most wonderful true romance of all time. Its characters with whom we became acquainted in the "Queen's Necklace," are the leaders of both factions. They are nobles and sans culottes. They are the "stars" in a national tragedy. No words can add one iota to Dumas's fame. Words can only reiterate the praise of thousands.

In the edition under review, which has been often commended in these pages, Dumas is seen and known at his best in English. The illustrations are spirited and from the pen of Courbain. It is just the edition for all the high class libraries.

**Bret Harte's Barker's Luck.<sup>4</sup>**

WHEN the time comes that the first editor of the OVERLAND no longer writes and we no longer review, it will seem as though the magazine, which will ever be associated with his name, had lost one of its pleasantest duties. The reader of Bret Harte knows exactly what to expect in every new book of short stories. *Barker's Luck* is no exception. It is built on the same model as the scores of tales that have preceded it,—which means that it is just as delightful. The life Harte depicts has long since gone,—if indeed it ever existed,—not a vestige of it remains. Yet his descriptions of atmosphere and scenery are as fascinating as they were when the first number of the OVERLAND came off the press. The eight stories and sketches in the little volume have to do with as many phases of old California life,—the mine, the mission, the tule marshes, the gambling hall, the "boom" town, and the mixed Spanish-American life of the fifties. It is needless to take up each story in detail, we know it all, and we look forward to it with ill-concealed pleasure. Neither is it needful to claim that each succeeding story is better than the others,—they are all best. Bret Harte is Bret Harte and never anyone else, and the freshness of everything he does is irresistible.

<sup>3</sup>Ange Pitou. By Alexandre Dumas. Boston: Little, Brown and Co.: 2 vols.

<sup>4</sup>Barker's Luck. By Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1896. \$1.25.

**Tracy's Final War.<sup>1</sup>**

WHY any publisher should waste paper, engravings, printing, and binding, on such a book as *The Final War*, by Louis Tracy, is beyond finding out. This writer makes an imaginary sketch of a war to occur between now and 1900, and his descriptions of conversations between diplomatists like Hanotaux and Caprivi are like the prattle of school-boys. The Prince of Wales is lifted clear out of his Hanoverian mediocrity and made to figure as a military genius. In a conversation with Kaiser William, Mr. Wettin addresses him, "My dear Nephew." This English writer makes the same error that all English writers make, and imagines that, owing to the fact that "blood is thicker than water," England in a war against the United Continent might depend upon the support of the United States. Englishmen always forget that there are in the United States millions of descendants of the Latin, Teutonic, and Keltic races that will never countenance any attempt in aid of England, and in whose veins flows not one drop of Anglo-Saxon blood. The author has some slight knowledge of military science, but his description of the calvary charge by the American Battalion at Wessenburg is ridiculous in the extreme. The whole scheme of involving Germany in the war with England seems to be for the absurd purpose of rehabilitating Jameson of unsavory Transvaal notoriety. Ridiculous as it seems, after England has condescended to allow the United States to help her out of her difficulty, Her Gracious Majesty, as a sufficient reward, confers some trivial decorations upon the President and "the Secretary of State for War." The American generals and diplomats have the deportment of lackeys and use the language of cowboys. This book may amuse the hypertrophied English, but it irritates the reviewer who has to plod through it.

**Macmillan's Dickens.<sup>2</sup>**

*Martin Chuzzlewit* and *Nicholas Nickleby* are the last two accessions to the popular editions of Dickens that Macmillan & Co. are bringing out. The edition, which is a reprint of the first edition with the illustrations, and an introduction, biographical and bibliographical, by the younger Dickens, has been often commended to our school libraries both for its excellence and cheapness. An extended review is unnecessary. Simply to call attention to this edition is all that is required, for it speaks for itself.

<sup>1</sup>The Final War. By Louis Tracy. G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York: 1896.

<sup>2</sup>Dickens's Complete Works. New York: Macmillan & Co.: \$1 per vol. For sale in San Francisco by Doxey.

**Short Stories by Uncle Remus.<sup>3</sup>**

BRER RABBIT and Brer Fox are elder brothers of Baloo, the Bear, and Bagheera, the Panther, despite the fact that the first two saw the light in the New World, and the latter came from the hoary jungles of India. And surely Uncle Remus is akin to Mowgli. Like the foundling of the Seeonee Wolf Pack, Uncle Remus knows the master words of the beasts in his domain. A new edition of *Daddy Jake* has been called for, and most appropriately, the publishers have issued it as a companion volume to the "Jungle Books." Fourteen stories make up this book, the budget that the kindly old negro opens up after dark to the little boy who wins his confidence. Mr. E. W. Kemble, who is in particular sympathy with his subject, furnishes many illustrations to the volume. The striking likeness between these stories and those of Mr. Kipling, and the no less striking differences, will be emphasized by the appearance of the books in a form that invites comparison.

**A Wide Awake Book for Boys.**

MR. J. MACDONALD OXLEY has in *The Boy Tramps*<sup>4</sup> opened up a new and hitherto unexplored field. Many delighted travelers have crossed the continent on the line of the Canadian Pacific, but it was a new idea to convoy two enterprising boys afoot through that wonderful stretch of prairie and mountain. Mr. Oxley's perfect familiarity with the whole region enables him to give the accuracy of a guide-book to his descriptions of scenery; but these details are introduced with a sparing hand. It is the adventures of his heroes that occupy the most of his and the reader's attention.

A Scotch lad and his chum have been for a number of years at an English school. They set out to return to their parents who are engaged in trade at Shanghai. Having the whole summer before them, they determine to take their time in reaching the Pacific, and while they do not hesitate to make use of trains to shorten the less interesting wastes of distance, they tramp the most of the way, meeting with no end of exciting adventures, and escaping dangers.

The illustrations by Mr. Henry Sandham, who is thoroughly acquainted with Canadian life, are far above the average in truthfulness and artistic quality. Instructive and yet deeply entertaining, *The Boy Tramps* is a book that ought to be in every house where there are young people.

<sup>3</sup>Daddy Jake, the Runaway. By Joel Chandler Harris.—"Uncle Remus." New Edition, New York: The Century Co. \$1.25.

<sup>4</sup>The Boy Tramps. By J. Macdonald Oxley. T. Y. Crowell & Co.: New York: 1896. \$1.50



**Coupon Bonds.<sup>1</sup>**

J. T. TROWBRIDGE'S short stories will live. How many editions they have already gone into, we could not hazard a guess. Thousands have read them and reread them with ever increasing delight. "Coupon Bonds," "Madam Waldo-borough's Carriage," "Fessenden's," "Preaching for Selwyn," "The Man Who Stole a Meeting House," and the other quaint, humorous stories that make up the volume are so different, so far removed, from the ordinary, every day story of this decade that one feels as though he had invaded another language. They contain no tiresome analysis, nothing impure. They are bright, fresh, and laughable, and will well repay rereading.

**History of Modern Painting.<sup>2</sup>**

IT WOULD be difficult, if not impossible, to convey in a few sentences an adequate impression of the richness of the data brought together in the two thousand pages of Muther's *History of Modern Painting*. No such complete history of modern art has ever before been attempted.

The story opens with the English art of the eighteenth century and treats at length of the English painters and illustrators of the nineteenth century, of the schools prior to 1840, of the artists in water color, of the *plein-air* school of Constable, and of the realists, omitting neither the new Pre-Raphaelites, Burne-Jones, Morris, Walter Crane, and Watts, nor James McNeil Whistler, and the "Boys of Glasgow." France receives a large share of the author's space; and from France we are led to America and American painters living abroad; to Germany, Belgium, Denmark, Holland, Italy, Norway, Sweden, and Spain; whilst the influence of Japan on the development of European art is not overlooked.

Yet, however fascinating the letterpress of such a work may be, a history of painting without illustrations would fail to convey a sufficient conception of the subject. In Dr. Muther's work there is an average of two illustrations—comprising portraits of many of the artists, and reproductions of their most important pictures or drawings—to three pages of the text. Thus the *History of Modern Painting* appeals to all lovers of art who possess pictures or would fain possess them, to all who crowd exhibitions and picture galleries, and indeed to every one who is interested in art and history.

<sup>1</sup>Coupon Bonds. By J. T. Trowbridge. Boston: Lee & Shepard. \$1.50. For sale in San Francisco by Wm. Doxey.

<sup>2</sup>The History of Modern Painting. By Richard Muther. New York: The Macmillan Co.: 1896. 3 vols. Imperial 8 vo. \$20.00 per set.

**Brander Matthews's American Literature.<sup>3</sup>**

BRANDER MATTHEWS, professor of Literature in Columbia College and one of the first of this country's writers, has prepared for the use of schools and as a handy reference book *An Introduction to the Study of American Literature*. It is something of a relief to be able to study the literature of our own country without having it all mixed up with long-winded dissertations on Britain's glorious dead. Here in the small space of 250 pages is a bundle of light, bright, and sympathetic essays on Americans by an American. In his introduction the author says:—

We believe that there is such a thing as Americanism; and that there have been Americans of a type impossible elsewhere in the world.—impossible, certainly, in Great Britain. Washington and Franklin were typical Americans, different as they were; and so were Emerson and Lincoln, Farragut and Lowell. . . . This Americanism has left its mark on the writing of the authors of the United States.

After a short essay on the Colonial Period the author takes up the really first true American writer, Benjamin Franklin. In him he sees the dawn of an American literature. Washington Irving comes next, and is followed by James Fenimore Cooper, and so on down the line to James Russell Lowell and Francis Parkman. If we were to find any fault with the book, we should say that while it is capital as far as it goes it does not reach the Pacific Coast. Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Joaquin Miller, and Charles Warren Stoddard, are overlooked. Western scholars are as patriotic as the Eastern, and it is to be hoped that Professor Matthews will remedy this oversight in his next edition.

The book is well illustrated with portraits, pictures of famous homes, and reproductions of handwriting. We gladly recommend it to schools.

**A Napoleonic Story.<sup>4</sup>**

*A Conspiracy of the Carbonari* is a short semi-historical romance of the Napoleonic era by that prolific writer, Louise Muhlbach. Myth and mystery is so interwoven with truth in the career of the world's greatest soldier that whatever is written by the careful student of history which shows a desire to throw any new light on the actors or the times is worthy of attention. *The Conspiracy of the Carbonari* deals with an unsuccessful attempt made after the battle of Wagram, while Napoleon was resting in Vienna, by a number of the Emperor's officers to kidnap him and

<sup>3</sup>An Introduction to American Literature. By Brander Matthews. New York: American Book Co.: San Francisco Office, 101 Battery St.

<sup>4</sup>A Conspiracy of the Carbonari. By Louise Muhlbach. New York: F. Tennyson Neely: 1896. 75c.

take possession of the throne. A beautiful female spy and a Polish nobleman are the chief actors, while most of the prominent characters of the day play leading rôles. The story is stirring and well worth reading. The translation is by Mary J. Safford and the print and binding are good.

#### An Iceland Fisherman.<sup>1</sup>

PIERRE LOTI has introduced the reading world to a new land. He has surrounded the rugged Breton coast of France with the same delicate halo of romance that he has in his former books thrown over and around Japan, the South Seas, and the Orient. He has dealt with the pathos and tragedies of the fishermen, their wives, and their homes, in a manner that makes them real. He sees in their long voyages into the northern nights about Iceland, in their hilarious home comings, in their almost barbaric courtships and weddings, a poetry that while it is delightful to share with him is nevertheless hard to understand. Yet whether he has overdrawn the picture or not, he has made one that will last. Mrs. H. B. Dole has undertaken the difficult task of rendering into English the story. She has succeeded better than one would dare to expect. The illustrations by Rudeaux are excellent and the volume is certainly a fine specimen of book-making.

#### A New Edition of Don Quixote.<sup>2</sup>

JOHN ORMSBY, the most satisfactory translator of Cervantes's immortal *Don Quixote*, says in his admirable introduction: "Except the Bible, in fact, no book has been so widely diffused as *Don Quixote*. The 'Imitatio Christi' may have been translated into as many different languages, and perhaps 'Robinson Crusoe' and the 'Vicar of Wakefield' into nearly as many, but in multiplicity of translations and editions '*Don Quixote* leaves them all far behind." He might have added with perfect modesty that his own translation was the best of them all, as the edition under review is one of the very best in point of all that makes a book valuable in the book buyer's eyes. It is in two handsome volumes, lavishly illustrated by full page pictures from etchings by Ad. Lalanze. The introductory notes by the translator are very complete, giving a history of the many translations, a record of its wonderful success, and an extended life of its author. It is, moreover, heavily annotated.

<sup>1</sup>An Iceland Fisherman. By Pierre Loti. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co.: 1896. \$1.00.

<sup>2</sup>Don Quixote. By Cervantes. New York: Thos. Y. Crowell & Co.: Two vols.

#### Birds of Southern California.<sup>3</sup>

PEOPLE live more out doors in this Golden State than in any other part of the country. It is aggravating not to know the names of the millions of flowers that at certain months of the year carpet the fertile earth as it is annoying to be aware of the wealth of bird-life about without being familiar with their names and habits. Florence Merriam has come out from New York and made the acquaintance of our birds. It is quite wonderful to contemplate the extent of her friendships when she states in her charming little volume, *A Birding on a Bronco*, that the notes contained in the book were taken from March to May one year and from March to July in the next, and in one small valley near San Diego. Even a partial list of her bird finds would fill a column. The book is carefully illustrated with clever pen sketches and the descriptions are graceful and instructive. It is just the work for the wide awake lover of nature.

#### Prang's Holiday Cards.

MESSRS. PRANG AND COMPANY have for years sent out each Christmas and Easter tide a series of cards, calendars, and gift booklets, that have called forth the admiration of the public. The set issued for the present holiday season upholds the reputation of the house. The card, pure and simple, is not so conspicuous as it has been. Ever since the days of the silk-fringed absurdities that used to empty the pockets of gallant swains, cards have been "going out." Their place is most sensibly and acceptably taken by the exquisite calendars. These have a usefulness that causes them to be kept the year through, and they never become the nuisance that the card was. There are the booklets too of verse, or of other dainty excerpts, illustrated with a wealth of floral beauty and charming landscape and figure work. Reproductions of famous photographs, patriotic, religious, and so on, are also catalogued for school use, being stronger and more permanent than photographs for framing.

Altogether any taste and any purse may find its needs met in the fine work of the Prangs.

#### Fisher's History of Progress.

IN his *Brief History of the Nations and of their Progress in Civilization*<sup>4</sup> for high schools, Dr. Fisher of Yale has given us what is by far the most attractive and scholarly text-book on this

<sup>3</sup>A-Birding on a Bronco. By Florence A. Merriam. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1896. \$1.25.

<sup>4</sup>A Brief History of the Nations and of their Progress in Civilization. By George Park Fisher, LL. D. American Book Company: New York: 1896. \$1.50.

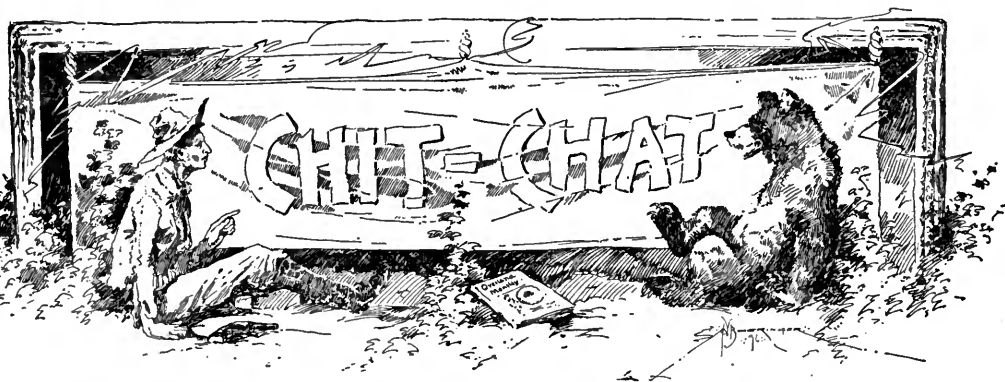
subject yet written. The leading events of ancient, mediæval, and modern history are fully presented, yet in such compact form that the whole work may readily be compassed in the time usually assigned to this study in schools.

Dr. Fisher's former work for advanced students—"Outlines of Universal History"—is well known, and is, indeed, the recognized standard in its field. The present book is a re-statement of the subject in the light of the most

recent discoveries. Although ancient history is fully treated, a larger amount of space than usual is given to the more modern periods.

Dr. Fisher has a mind of exceptional fairness; and a faculty of presenting a subject justly, lucidly, and attractively.

In the number, beauty, and value, of its illustrations and maps this history far excels anything that has hitherto been published in this field.



THE *Western Monthly*, formerly the *Household*, is the brightest monthly publication published in the southern part of the State. Its November number is very attractive and timely and contains articles by several writers well known to OVERLAND readers, Charles Fuller Gates, Clara Spalding Brown, J. Torrey Connor, and others. The illustrations to Mr. Gates's article on "Chinese Characteristics and Customs" are very striking. In the department "Commentaries," the editor speaks kindly of the OVERLAND, closing:—

The editor of the OVERLAND is to be commended for refusing to notice silly and childish attacks of a personal nature, and very wisely concludes that such amenities as making faces and calling names may best be left to the editors of "Jim Crow" newspapers.

The January OVERLAND will contain the following illustrated articles:—

Siskiyou County and its Resources, by S. G. Wilson. Unexplored Regions of the High Sierra, —V. Some New Yosemite, T. S. Solomons. The California Market, Pierre N. Boeringer. Snow Slides in the Rockies, J. M. Goodwin. The White Rajah — Sir Chas. Brooke, Rounseville Wildman. Should the California Missions be Preserved? John E. Bennett. Kings River Cañon, Thomas Magee. Art and Heart, Joaquin Miller.

THE beautiful photograph of a pilot boat which heads Mr. Chas. E. Naylor's article on "Compulsory Pilotage," was taken by Mr. H. B. Hosmer, whose marine work in photography has attracted much attention at the exhibitions of the Camera Club, of San Francisco.

MR. ALFRED WILKIE is doing good work for the patriotic societies in the way of fine music. His latest enterprise of that kind is the production at the California Theater on December 4th and 5th, of the patriotic opera, "Heroes of '76," under the auspices of the local chapters of the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution, the Colonial Dames, Children of the American Revolution, and the newly instituted commandery of the Military Order of Foreign Wars.

STONE & KIMBALL of New York are to bring out Horace Annesley Vachell's "Chronicles of San Lorenzo," a series of short stories that ran through the OVERLAND during 1895.

F. TENNYSON NEELY has brought out a good edition of Zola's celebrated novel, *Lourdes*. Those who have not read this wonderful study of the so-called cures at Lourdes previous to reading the second volume of the great trilogy "Rome," will thank the publisher for so good a rendering of the work into English. The book contains a half tone portrait of Zola, and a preface, relating how he came to write it.

IF NOTHING else caused the OVERLAND to feel crowded in its offices, it would be the lack of wall space properly to display all the diplomas it has won. The Columbian Exposition, the California Midwinter Fair, and now the last Mechanics' Fair certificates of superiority, make quite a showing.

CHARLES HOWARD SHINN, a well known contributor to the OVERLAND and at one time its manager, is the author of a work, "The Story of the Mine," in Messrs. D. Appleton & Co.'s "Story of the West" series. Mr. Shinn has chosen the great Comstock lode as most representative of all phases of the history of mining in the West.

BATTERMAN LINDSAY, author of "Under the Headin' of Thruth," now running in these pages, is contributing clever Western sketches and stories to the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Black Cat*, and other Eastern magazines.

ARTHUR GRISSOM, author of poems in the OVERLAND, "An Indian Ceremony," and others, and of a volume of verse "Beaux and Belles," to be reviewed in the next number, has accepted the managing editorship of the *Kansas City World*.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY has to congratulate itself on the fortunes of war. The result of the late election in this State places two of its leading stockholders and supporters in the highest offices in the gift of the people: Hon. Irving M. Scott, a director of the OVERLAND MONTHLY Publishing Company and a well known contributor on economic subjects to its pages, has been elected a Republican Elector in the National Electoral College. Hon. James D. Phelan, an ex-director and an active stockholder and contributor, has been elected by an overwhelming majority Mayor of San Francisco. One of the most energetic and telling canvasses for the Democratic party in the State was made by another director of the company, Hon. W. W. Foote, who, had the legislature gone Democratic, would without doubt have been its choice for the United States Senate. A fourth ex-director and present stockholder, United States Senator George C. Perkins, has given his time to the Republican canvass as freely as Mr. Foote did to the Democratic, while Henry J. Crocker, a director and Vice-President of the OVERLAND MONTHLY Publishing Company, organized and managed the "Sound Money League," which did sterling work for the cause of sound money and the Republican party on the Coast.



UNCLE SAM AS A PEACEMAKER.

UNCLE SAM—"I've just settled my quarrels at home, and you fellers will find I'm ready to attend to you, if you don't keep quiet."

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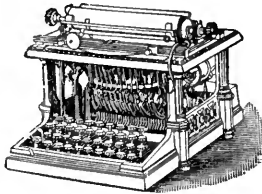




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AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS JUNE 30, 1896.

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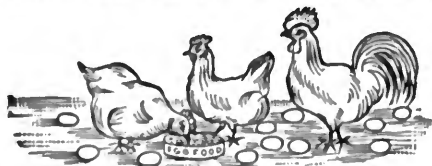
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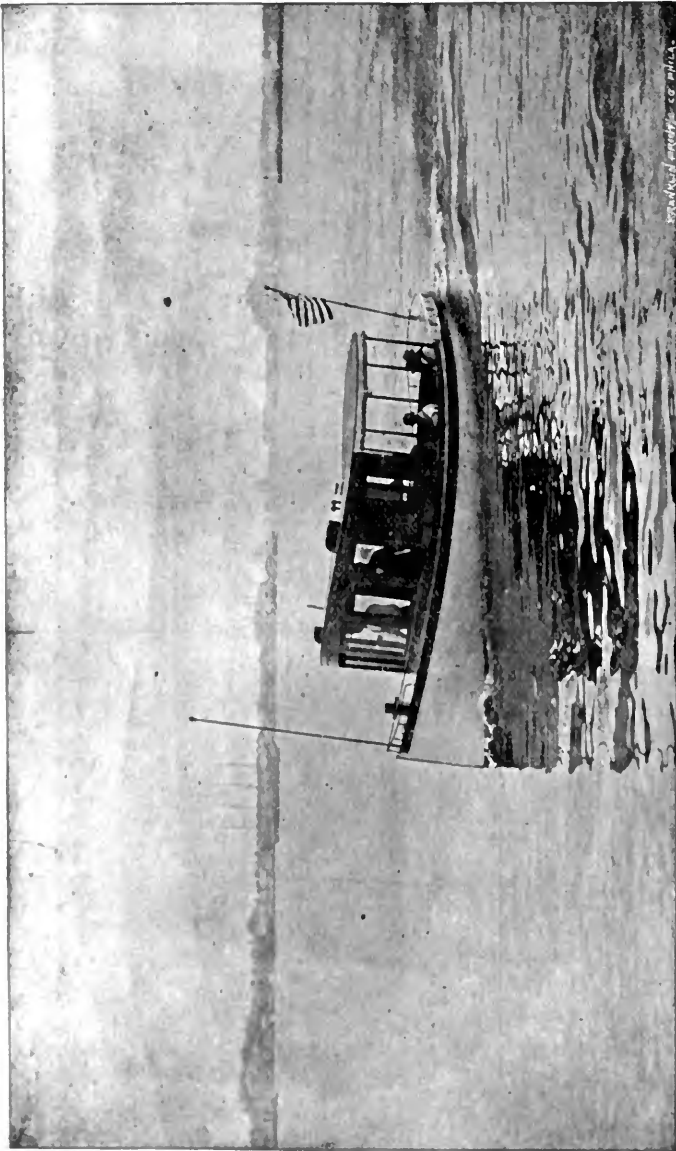
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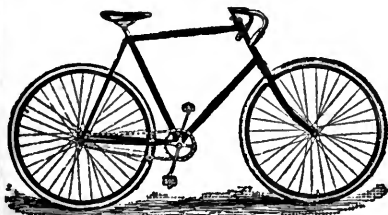
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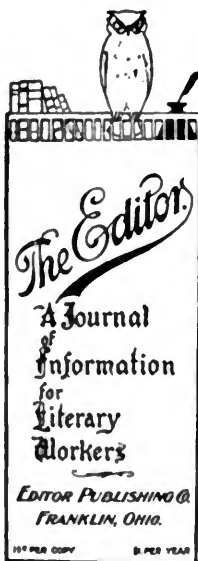
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BREWSTER, N. Y., SEPT. 14th, 1896.

Yours truly,  
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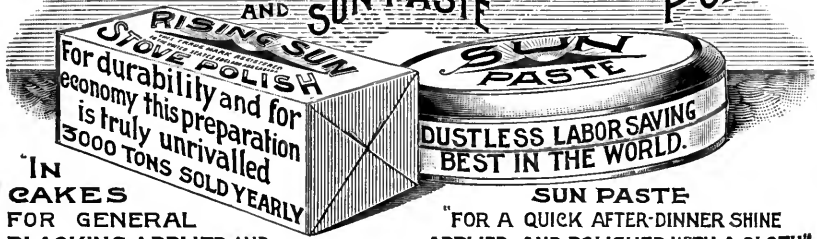
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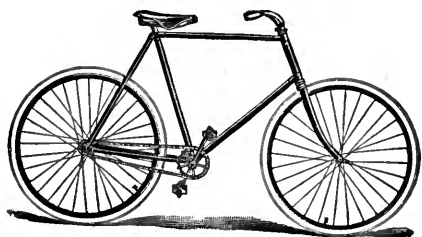
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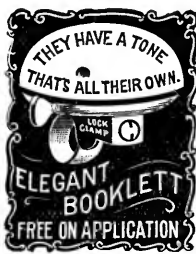
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Fine iron steamboats fitted with electric lights and bells, convey the passengers from Honolulu to Hilo. A greater part of the voyage is made in smooth water. The steamers pass close to the coast so that the shore can be readily seen. Natives engaged in their simple occupations, planters raising sugar-cane, and cattle men in the midst of their herds give life to an ever varying scene. The scenery is the finest in the world. Leaving Honolulu the rugged coast of Oahu and Molokai is passed, thence the beautiful and fertile island of Maui. After crossing the Hawaii Channel a continuous view of sixty miles of the coast can be had. First high cliffs, against which the ever restless waves dash. Just above, the black rocks and further up, the cliffs are decorated with a most magnificent tropical growth. Every few hundred feet cataracts and waterfalls lend an ever changing beauty to the scene. From the brow of these cliffs fields of sugar-cane stretch back for miles; beyond, the heavy dark green of the coffee plantations and the tropical forest form a sharp contrast to the lighter shade of the fields of cane.

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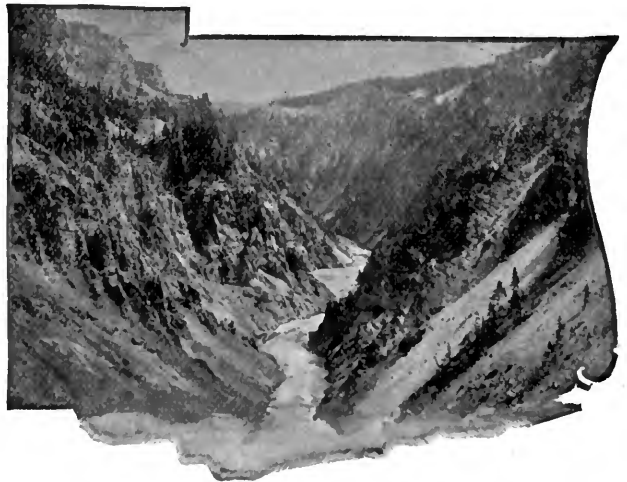
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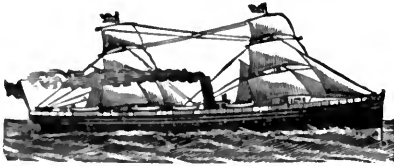
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OF NEW YORK

*RICHARD A. McCURDY, President*

*ROBERT A. GRANNISS, Vice-President*

## STATEMENT FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1895

Assets, - - - - -	\$221,213,721 33
Liabilities, - - - - -	194,347,157 58
Surplus, - - - - -	\$26,866,563 75
<hr/>	
Total Income, - - - - -	\$48,597,430 51
<hr/>	
Total Paid to Policy-holders in 1895, - - - - -	\$23,126,728 45
<hr/>	
Insurance and Annuities in force, - - - - -	\$899,074,453 78
Net gain in 1895, - - - - -	\$61,647,645 36

NOTE.—Insurance merely *written* is discarded from this Statement as wholly misleading, and only insurance actually issued and paid for in cash is included.

I have carefully examined the foregoing Statement and find the same to be correct.

CHARLES A. PRELLER, Auditor.

From the Surplus a dividend will be apportioned as usual.



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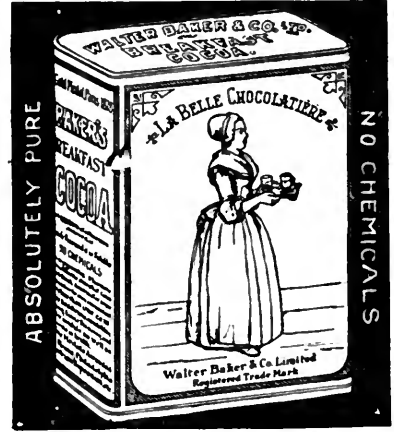
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